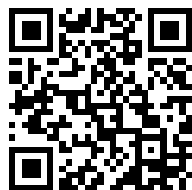

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 "On Guard."
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 The Mirror.
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 The "Walf."
 Fashions for April, colored.
 The Pets.
 Fashions for May, colored.
 A Modern "Corinne."
 Fashions for June, colored.

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 Happy as the Day.
 In the Snow-Storm.
 The "Angel" of our Home.
 Working the Slipper.
 A Promise of Spring.
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 "At Twilight."
 The Rival Grandfathers.

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 Tidy, on Java Canvas.
 Lavender-Sachet.
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 Pinks.
 Bunch of Daffodils, in Painting or Embroidery.

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 March number, Fifty Engravings.
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 May number, Fifty Engravings.
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MUSIC.

Snow-Bells.
 Heather-Rose.
 The Butterflies' Ball.
 The Melodies of Many Lands.
 Oh! You Little Darling.
 Now Was I Wrong?



FAR FROM THE FOLD.

[See the Poem.]



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.



WALKING-DRESS. BONNET. AIGRETTE FOR THE HAIR.



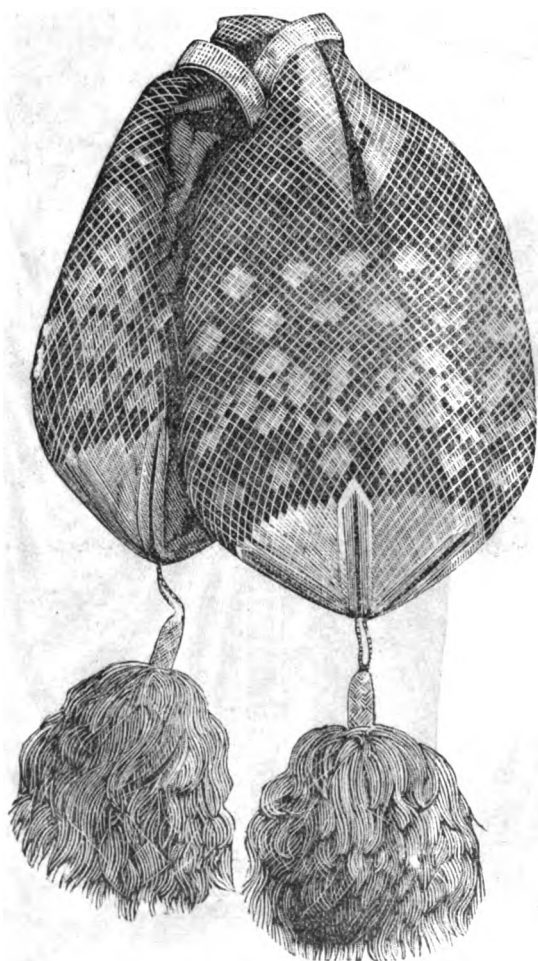
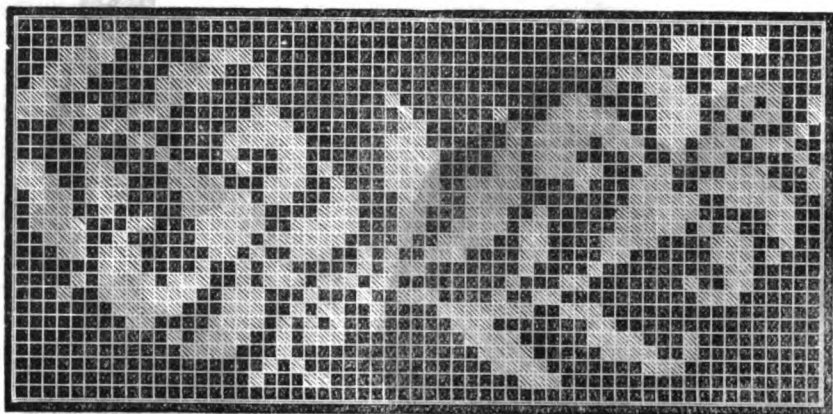
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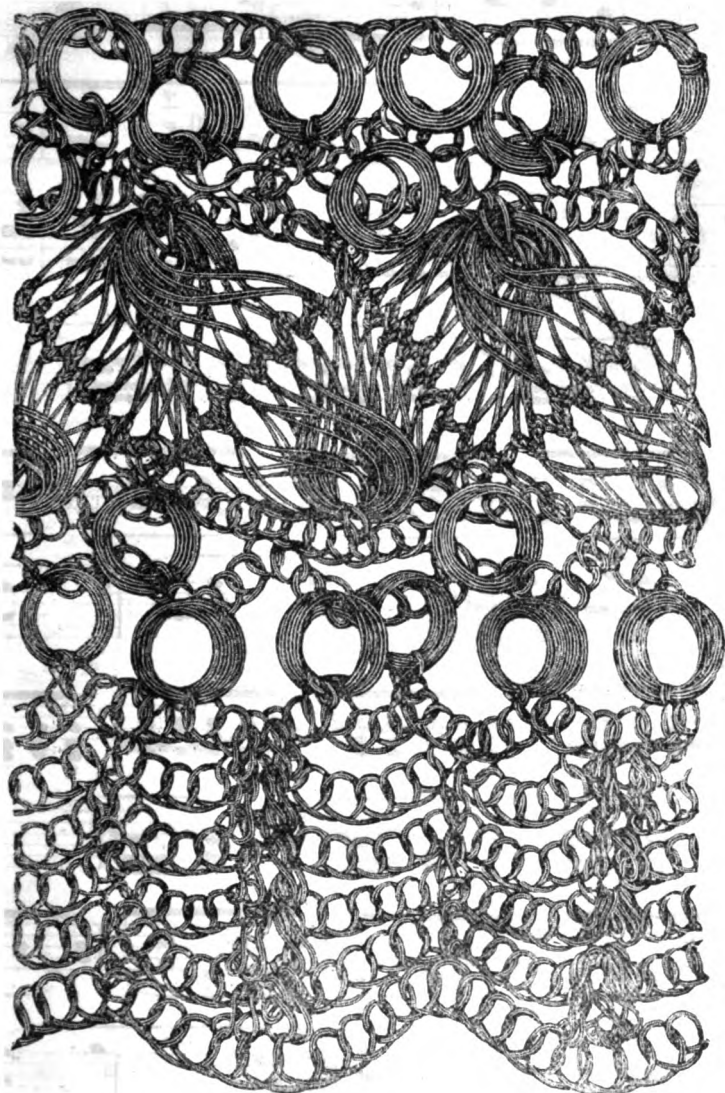
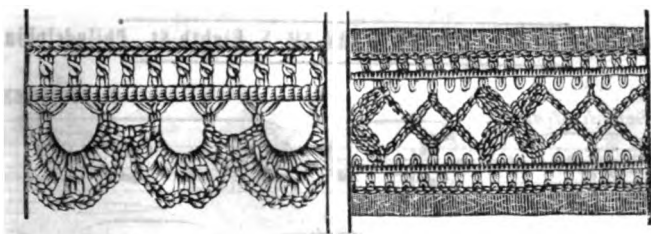
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STRIPE IN CROCHET. WALLET-SHAPED WORK-BAG.



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As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

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p

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mf *p*

SNOW-BELLS.





HOUSE-DRESSES.

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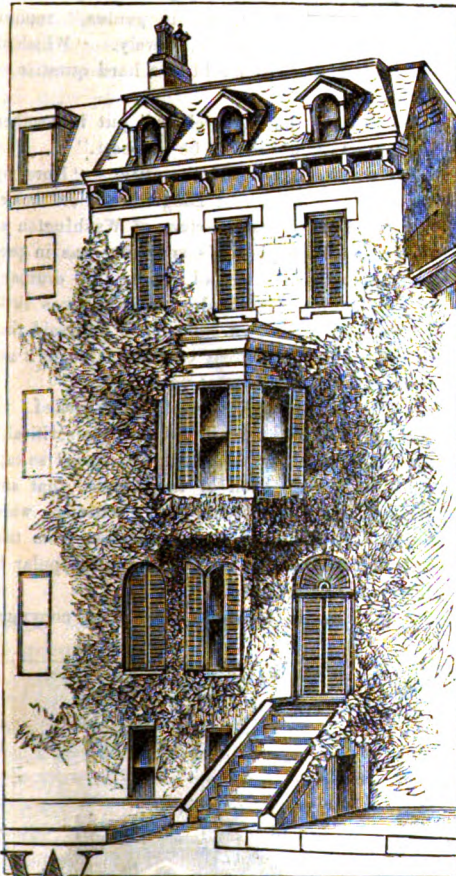
Vol. XCI.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1887.

No. 1.

HOMES OF AMERICAN POETS.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

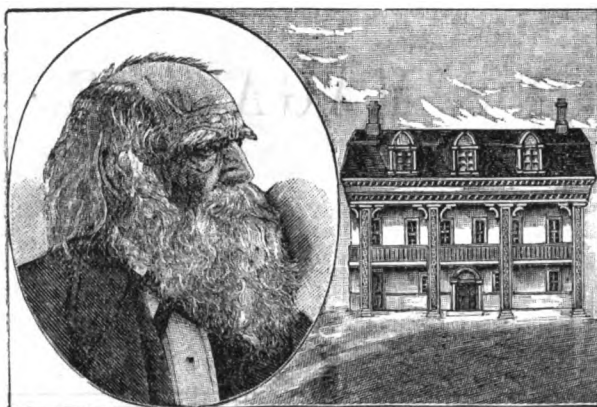
conversation restricted entirely to abstract subjects. It is something like what the "Nineteenth Century Club" of New York was, when it met at Cortland Parker's, and before it adjourned to Chickering Hall and became, in a manner, public.

The talk, the other evening, fell on the American poets. The meeting was at the house of a well-known critic, whose splendid library was thrown open for the occasion. He began the discussion by calling our attention to a series of water-colors, representing the homes of the principal poets of America; or, to speak more accurately, of the United States.

"Let us begin with Holmes," he said; "because, just now, in consequence of his recent visit to England, and his triumphal reception there, everybody is talking of him. But, after all, great as was his ovation, the English consider Holmes more a humorist than a poet even. Perhaps, critically speaking, they are not far wrong. But his *vers-de-société* have a fluent

(33)

WE have a club, which we modestly call "The Reading-Class," but which is, in reality, a club to discuss literature and art. We meet once a week, at the house of one of us, and listen to a lecture or reading, and afterward spend an hour or two in talk. All personal gossip, on these occasions, is forbidden and the



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ease that is only rivaled by Præd. His 'Old Po'shay' may be taken as a good specimen of his poetical ability in one direction; while his ode on the frigate 'Constitution,' which was immensely popular a generation ago, may be quoted as another, in a different line. Here is a picture of the house in which he lives, in Beacon Street, Boston."

"You think, then," I said, "we must go to Bryant and Longfellow for our leading poets?"

"Yes. This is where Bryant lived," he said; "at Roslyn, Long Island. The house was so concealed by trees and vines that one could not see what it really looked like; hence, I have had them left out in this picture: and I have done the same with the homes of Longfellow, Lowell, and others, for the same reason. Bryant was the first of our poets, in point of time, of any prominence. We ought, perhaps, to have begun with him instead of with Holmes. Joel Barlow, in the 'Columbiad,' undertook the 'heavy line,' as they say on the stage. But the era of the epics has passed, and the 'Columbiad' was hardly second-rate, even as an epic. It was the 'Thanatopsis' of Bryant that first convinced Europe that we had a poet in America; and, so far as his range went, a first-class one. Afterward, his 'Waterfowl,' his 'Marion's Men,' and others, all more or less different, proved his versatility as well as his genius. He has but recently

gone from among us. Many of us knew him quite well. Yet his 'Thanatopsis' first appeared nearly sixty years ago. To realize how long that is, we must recollect that, when it came out, California was almost unknown, and that no railroad had been built across the continent. Oregon, so to speak, was an unknown quantity."

"Do you, then, think Bryant," asked a lady present, "the best of our poets?"

"I only gave him priority in time, not in genius," replied the critic, suavely. "Which of

our poets is the best would be a hard question to decide."

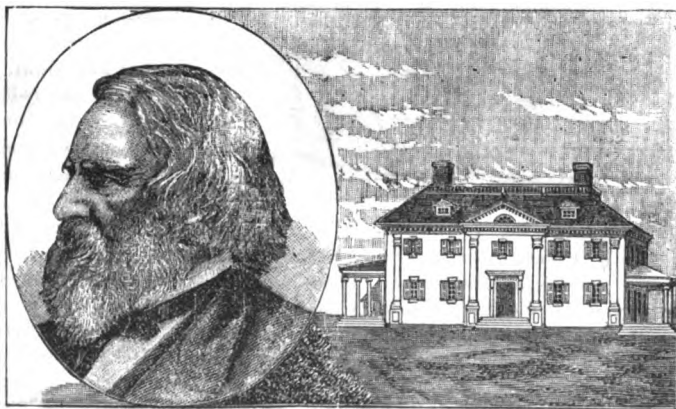
"I thought that Longfellow," put in another lady, "was conceded to be the best."

"That depends," said the critic. "Here, by the bye, is a sketch of Longfellow's old home, the well-known headquarters of Washington at Cambridge. Longfellow's specialty was in presenting the thoughts and feelings of ordinary people, in language and with imagery a little better than their own. Someone has said that this is the test of a great orator. If so, is it not equally the test of a great poet?"

"Of a popular one, at least," I remarked.

"Just so. But we will not be hypercritical," replied the host. "Longfellow is armed so cap-a-pie in the affection of the people, that any attempt to assail him must fail: criticism, when hurled at him, rebounds harmless from that impenetrable coat of mail. He is as popular in England, too, as here."

"Ah, that is because there is no copyright



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

on his works," said one of the party. "When I was in England, I found his poems for sale at every railway-stall, at a shilling a volume; whereas, Tennyson could not be had for less than a guinea."

"And the consequence?"

"The consequence was that twenty people read Longfellow, in England, where one reads Tennyson, whom I consider incomparably the greater poet of the two."

"It is difficult for an American," said our host, "to speak of our poets critically. For, if he does, he is at once suspected of personal friendship. I remember once hearing, at a dinner-party, a gentleman—let us call him Jones—remark that he considered the quality of Lowell's genius to be much rarer and finer than that of Longfellow's. But, before I go on, let me show you Lowell's home, which is also at

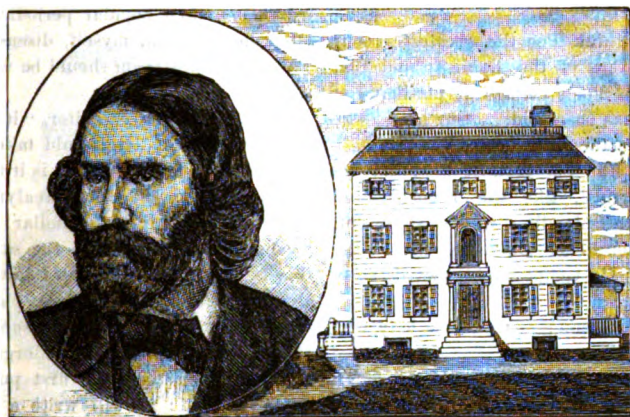
Cambridge: another of those old-fashioned but spacious wooden houses of the last century."

He passed the water-color, as he spoke, from hand to hand.

"But about your story?" I said, at last.

"Oh, yes. Well, the speaker said that Lowell had written less than Longfellow, but bits might be picked out from his works far excelling anything in Longfellow's."

"Ah, I understand that," whispered my next neighbor; "Jones is an old chum of Lowell, and wrote the first really critical article that appeared on his poetry. He sticks by his pet, for it is sticking by himself. You see, cynically, 'his geese are all swans, naturally.' And I could tell of dozens of such cases. Nevertheless, to say nothing of Lowell's 'Legend of Brittany,' his 'Sir Lamfal,' and others of his poems, his 'Ode on Lincoln' will live



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

when most other American poetry will be forgotten."

"But what do foreign critics say?"

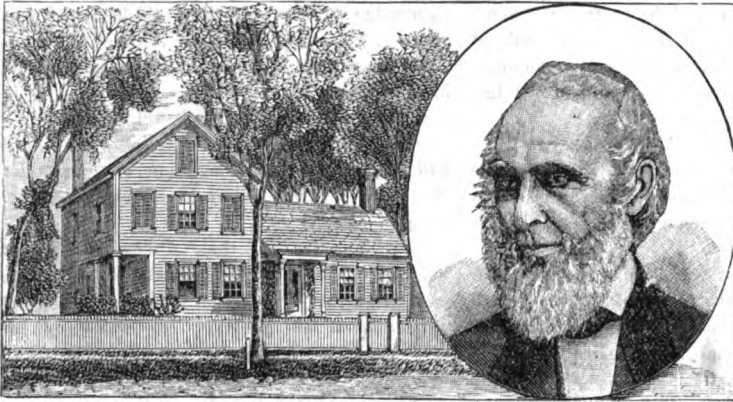
"Lowell is a great favorite, not only personally, but as a poet, with Englishmen. But, generally, English critics rank Bryant first. His love of nature has led them to compare him to Wordsworth. Others place Longfellow at the head. But, as a rule, Englishmen regard Bryant's muse as more exclusively and purely poetic, more thoroughly American, and more full of the calm and grandeur, the silence and immobility of nature, the universal and eternal aspects of human life and thought and feeling, than Longfellow's. They urge that Longfellow, except in a few of his best lyrics, has never approached the passion of Byron, or the vigor and fire of Scott. They say he is sentimental rather than strong, pretty rather than powerful."

"That is severe, and even unjust, I think," interposed one of the party, rather warmly.

"I am only repeating what the English critics say, not giving my personal opinion," replied our host. "Their verdict is that Longfellow is the poet of the home and the affections—the poet of the domestic hearth—nothing more."

"Where do the English place Whittier?"

"Here is Whittier's house; quite an unpretentious one, as you see," said our host, taking another water-color out of the portfolio. "An almost Quaker-looking residence in its simplicity. Yet, of all our poets, he is the most controversial as well as the most passionate and fiery. A 'mighty man of war' rather than a disciple of George Fox. Many of his poems are highly dramatic. He excels in invective. His indignation often reaches white heat. He is less finished than Longfellow, though he has more real force."



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Of course, I still speak as English critics speak. I am trying to give the general drift of their opinion."

"How about Poe?"

"The French think Poe the greatest of our poets. Some, even, of the English hold that opinion. Here is Poe's cottage at Fordham, of which so much has been said." Our host, as he spoke, took up another water-color.

"The French like Poe because his mind was essentially analytical, like the French mind itself," said a retired editor who was present, and who had heretofore taken no part in the conversation. "He composed backward, so to speak."

"What do you mean?" It was a lady who spoke.

"I mean, that he said to himself: 'Given an effect to be produced, how is it to be done?' And he proceeded coolly to do it. Now, this is the very opposite of the way a synthetical mind works. In the latter case, the idea begins to glow as in a volcano; to boil to white heat; finally, to pour forth in a fiery torrent—to carry on the metaphor—of lava and of flame. Shakespeare and Burns were synthetical. Poe was analytical; he worked backward, as I have said."

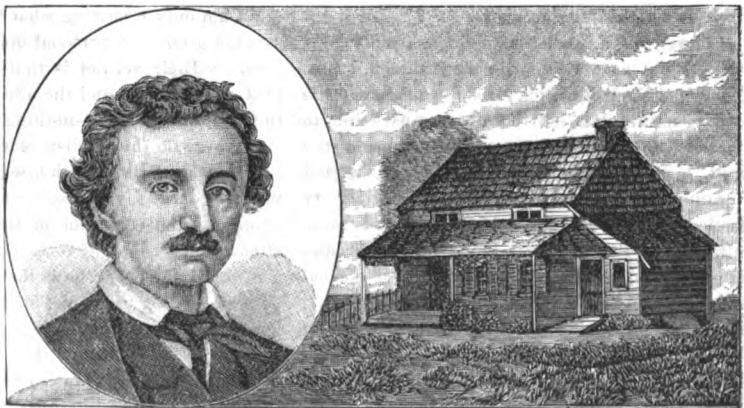
"Do you really mean it?" I

asked. "I always heard that 'The Raven' was written in that way, but I never believed it."

"If there is anybody living that can tell us about the processes of Poe's mind, it is our friend here," said the host, laying his hand on the ex-editor's shoulder.

"He and Poe, to my personal knowledge, occupied opposite chairs at the same table, in an editorial room, for years. For they conducted, together, a then popular periodical, and I have often heard them, myself, discuss what genius was, and how a poem should be written or a tale told."

"Yes," said the ex-editor, "it was a favorite theme with Poe. He would take up a passage of Milton, and say: 'What is it that makes this so fine?' Then he would analyze the passage. 'Now,' he would say, 'similar effects will be produced if one works in the same way.' But this is only repeating what I have already told. However, to make it more plain, let us go back to his story, that made such a sensation: 'The Murder in the Rue Morgue.' We were together when that was first published. One day, Poe said: 'I will write a story about a murder; but I will have it committed by an ourang-outang, instead of a human being. I will do this because, in most respects, an



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ourang-outang would act like a man in such a matter, while the things in which he would act differently would be so few and so obscure that they would not be noticed—at least, at first. I will,' he continued, 'have all the best Paris detectives try to solve the mystery. Of course, they will all fail, because they will start off with the presumption that the murder was perpetrated by a human being; and so they will finally be foiled, because they will be met by certain facts that will utterly contradict their theory. Then I will let an amateur come in. He will say: 'Let us first look at these strange facts, gentlemen, that upset all your theories. What are they? They point unmistakably, in my mind, to the conclusion that the crime was committed by some creature which, though it had many of the attributes of a man, was really a brute, stronger than a man, and certain to

leave behind traces of a brutishness—as it has—that not even the most brutal man would leave. Now, who or what is such a creature? Why, some variety of the ape. And, of the apes, the ourang-outang comes nearest to man.' Acting on this principle, he wrote that remarkable tale, and brought it to us a few days afterward. And that is what I mean by his writing backward."

"Did he write poetry in the same way?"

"Precisely. The weird atmosphere, which makes mystical so much of his poetry, was deliberately chosen, to produce the very effect it did produce. The music of his verse—and few have approached it—was the result of a thorough study of the capabilities of the language in that direction. He would scan Shakespeare or Milton just as one would scan Virgil or Horace. Now, with most poets, rhythm comes by instinct; at least, to a great degree. It is born with



BAYARD TAYLOR.

them; and, if they scan, they scan by ear. With Poe, it was principally acquired. It was a work chiefly of mechanism, if I may say so."

"But wonderful mechanism."

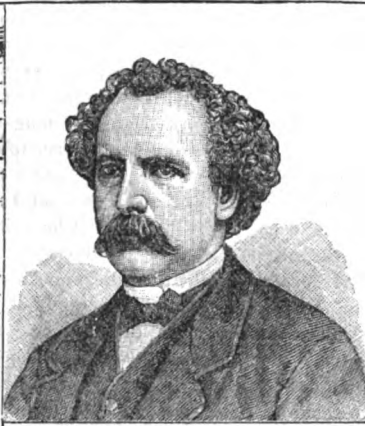
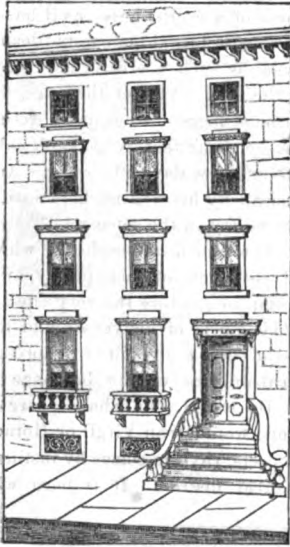
"Well, perhaps mechanism is too strong a word. Let us say, Poe was a great artist, and analytical in intellect rather than synthetical."

"I hardly understand yet."

"I will illustrate with Burns. His wife has left on record that, one evening, he went out into the farmyard, seeming preoccupied; there he walked up and down, crooning to himself, for half an hour or so; finally, coming in, he sat down and wrote 'Highland Mary.' His ideas, you see, overpowered him; they fermented, they burst irrepressibly forth. They were complete, too, at once. Now, Poe would sit down and say, as I have already told you: 'I am going to write a poem to produce certain effects.' And then he would proceed to build up his structure,

just as a mason lays stone on stone to make a house. Of course, it takes intellect to do this. But what kind of intellect? The analytical, I answer—working, so to speak, backward. Whether it is genius or not is another question. For my part, I think it is, though not of the highest kind; for the highest kind is synthetical. This is the kind of genius that Burns had. Now, as the analytical is not so spontaneous, it does not seem such first-class genius as the other."

"I think our friend's remarks," said the host, "will apply to all poetry—even to all fiction; and we ought to thank him for a very subtle bit of criticism. In fiction, for example, one sees at once that Dickens was a synthetical genius and Thackeray an analytical one. What our friend says about the French mind seems to me also to be quite true: it is analytical rather than synthetical. The English, Germans, and we



GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

Americans,
are the latter.
Of course, I
speak of the

mass. France has produced synthetical poets, just as we have had an analytical one in Poe. The distinction is too often overlooked, but it is because people do not go deep enough into the subject. All really great poets, moreover, are great artists. But, when you come to speak of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Burns, who were essentially synthetical, you must put them in a different class from Pope or Poe, who were primarily and principally analytical."

"Dear me," said the editor's wife, a bright sparkling creature, "all this is quite above me; I don't understand a word of it. It puts me in mind of our clergyman, who, when I was young, said to me and other Sunday-school scholars: 'Children, the human mind is to be considered in two aspects, the concrete and the abstract.'

Now, to this day, I don't understand what concrete and abstract mean, any more than I do what synthetical and analytical mean."

We all laughed at this sally, especially as the speaker, whatever else she could be accused of, could not be said to be either stupid or ignorant. She was

simply "chaffing" our critical talk.

"You saucy skeptic," said our host, laughingly. "If you are so ignorant, your husband should send you back to school. But we all know you better. We are forgetting our water-colors, however. Look at this. It is Cedarhurst, the country-house of the late Bayard Taylor."

"I remember some of his poems," said one of the party. "They were really very good."

"Yes, he just missed being first-class. He was a Pennsylvanian born, though he lived for much of his life in New York. The late Buchanan Read was another Pennsylvania poet. I remember that the North British Review said, some years ago, that one of his poems—I can't just now recall its name—was second only to Gray's *Elegy*. Certainly, no American poet has ever had more local color. Witness his 'Waggoner of the Alleghenies' and others."

"Is not Boker also a Pennsylvanian?"

"Yes. Here is where he lives, on Walnut Street, in Philadelphia. And his 'Francesca di Rimini,' by the bye, is the best acting play, which is yet also a poem, ever written by an American. The genius of Boker is essentially dramatic. Yet he has also great lyrical power. His 'Dirge on a Soldier' you must all remember. Like Lowell, he has been in diplomacy; was Minister, first to Turkey and then to Russia."



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"You have forgotten Emerson."

"Ah, so I had. Well, here is a drawing of his home at Concord. I have read, in some English review, that Emerson was 'often praised, occasionally read, but never understood.' Perhaps Matthew Arnold was the author of that sneer. Emerson's mind, in my opinion, was essentially Greek. Lowell, in his 'Fable of Critics,' says 'two-thirds Norseman and one-third Greek.' But I think the proportion should be reversed."

"You confine yourself to the older poets," said I. "What of the younger ones?"

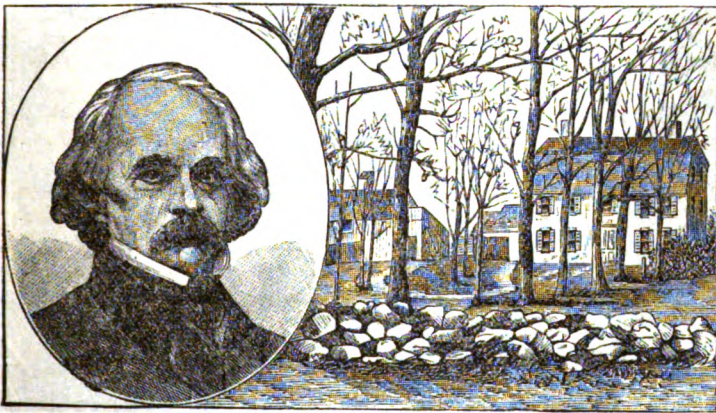
"Well, we have not time to discuss them. Their names are legion. Moreover, they have not yet been long enough before the public for one to venture on pronouncing a verdict as to their merits. The wine, so to speak, must first settle to the lees. Yet I could select, or think I could, poems from these younger poets that quite equal anything written by our older ones."

"I see you have one more water-color."

"It is the celebrated 'Old Manse,' at Concord, where Hawthorne lived. Hawthorne, himself, was not a poet in the technical sense of the word, as he never wrote in rhyme. But, in all the other qualities that make a poet, especially in imagination, many English critics say that he stands head and shoulders above all. I still quote the English, in preference to giving any private opinion of my own, for I might be accused of partiality, as the mythical Jones was in the case of Lowell."

"Oh, the English," said one of the ladies, with some little heat. "They write about what they don't understand, when they depreciate Longfellow and say Emerson is unintelligible."

"Have it your own way, my dear," replied our host, with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile all round. "Certainly, a pretty woman ought to know better than a cynical old critic what is a good poem, for she is a poem herself."



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

FAR FROM THE FOLD.

BY BYRON WEBBER.

Kiss thy babe, happy mother, while sweetly at rest;
It is well it is housed; in your love it is blest.
Smile down into eyes laughing back into thine,
Proud mother, blessed richly with corn and with wine!
Far lands and fine looms clothe thy darlings, and thou
Mak'st happy thy then with the beautiful now.
But the mother whose children are crying with cold,
She is borne down, and hopeless of finding a fold.

The bound's in his kennel, the steed's in his box,
And sheltered for night are the shepherded flocks;
In his cave coils the fox, to her form cleaves the hare;
The crows to their crazy tree-cradle repair;

In his belfry, the owl finds enough for his need;
While the rats, in the granary, revel and feed:
But the poor human sucklings are crying with cold,
Nigh starved and nigh naked, and far from the fold.

They always are with us—so near, ah so near—
The pitiful poor folk, and craving no tear.
They always are with us; the torn garment's hem
Our velvet invades: and so, let us to them
With blessings God giveth us, that we may give
To His wandering weaklings, just asking to live.
Then hither, ye little ones, crying with cold:
Here are warm arms of welcome, and here is the fold!

THE NEW-YEAR BELLS.

BY J. C. TILDESLEY



Oh, New-Year bells, your silver chime
Ring out, to greet this gladsome time ;
And let your sacred chorus rise
In echo to the moonlit skies :

“Glory to God in highest heaven,
Peace and good-will to man be given !”

Oh, New-Year bells, your legend tell
To noisy mart and leafless dell.
Ring out : proclaim, with every chime,
(40)

The story of this gladsome time :
“Glory to God in highest heaven,
Peace and good-will to man be given !”

Oh, New-Year bells, you bring to me
Glad promise of the months to be.

Ring out, and teach our hearts and tongues
The noblest of earth's noblest songs :
“Glory to God in highest heaven,
Peace and good-will to man be given !”

IN SIGHT OF DEATH.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE yacht put into the little harbor of Sealcliffe, a watering-place in Maine, late in the afternoon, in order to land Jack Inglesby, who had to return to New York.

There was a hop at the hotel, that night, and Jack, though despising such frivolities, donned his evening costume with a cheerful resignation. He even danced one or two sets, and had just restored pretty Miss Seymour to her chaperone, and was quietly wondering whether—to use his own expression—"he had not seen the business far enough out," when somebody said suddenly, close at his elbow:

"You impossible Jack Inglesby! How, in the name of wonder, do you happen to be here?"

Jack turned, and saw Mrs. Falconer. She was the brightest, cheeriest old woman imaginable, who had been a dear friend of the mother whose loss Jack still deplored.

"How glad I am to see you!" cried Jack, grasping her two hands warmly. "Who would ever have expected to find you in this out-of-the-way spot, so dull and quiet as it is?"

"Very natural that one should, just because it is quiet and respectable," she retorted. "Being so, it is wonderful that you should stray here. Come, tell me all about your wicked doings. I've not set eyes on you since early spring."

"Yes, I'm a graceless sinner," Jack said, complacently. "You see, I want to do credit to your bringing up."

They passed down the room, skirmishing gayly in a fashion habitual with them, and encountered a knot of Mrs. Falconer's acquaintances, who had just entered. Jack was duly presented to such of the party as he did not chance to know, and received cordial greeting on all sides.

Presently, he was seized on by a portly dame, who, aware of his fortune and position, and possessing a couple of marriageable daughters, deemed it fitting to pave the way to his introduction to those damsels by an exhibition of their mother's conversational gift. Some awkward passer-by finally relieved him from the lady's eloquence and insidious civility, by treading on her train, and causing a rent which necessitated her retiring into the background "for repair," as Jack wickedly said.

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He was meditating an escape before his persecutor should be free again, but he wanted to speak to Mrs. Falconer first. Everybody was talking busily; and, as he glanced about for his old friend, Inglesby caught sight of a face, at a little distance, the sudden recognition of which sent the blood to his head with such force that the floor seemed to mount and the ceiling to descend, while people and furniture appeared to be circling about in an insane dance.

The brief space which elapsed before he could stir seemed interminable to Jack. Then he tried to collect his senses, and stepped quickly aside, furious at his own emotion. An abrupt movement of most of the party toward the refreshment-room checked his course, and just then he heard Mrs. Falconer say laughingly:

"Asleep, Jack? I have spoken twice."

While he was stammering some apology for his stupidity, she laid her hand on his arm. Obeying her impulse, he turned round, and found himself just in front of the beautiful apparition whose appearance had so unnerved him.

"Mrs. Landor, let me present the very worst of my collection of bad boys," Mrs. Falconer was saying. "I think you and Mr. Inglesby have never met—you're both such Wandering Jews; though it's odd, now I think of it, that you never have, as I've known the pair of you since you were little tots."

Then, with her usual brusqueness—which was generally voted permissible, and even charming, in a woman rich enough to do as she pleased, and who was as careless in small matters of etiquette as if she had been a born Bohemian instead of a potent society-leader—Mrs. Falconer walked away, and left the pair standing there together.

"How do you do, Mr. Inglesby?" the lady asked, quietly, with a slow indifferent smile. "Mrs. Falconer said she wished to introduce one of her favorites; but she did not mention the name, and I had not heard of your being here. Am I so completely forgotten that an introduction was needed?"

A bitter retort sprang to Jack's lips. But the very anger which the consciousness of his agitation roused in him helped to restore his composure.

"I am delighted to meet you, Mrs. Landor,"

(41)

he rejoined, in his laziest voice, and forcing his lips into a chill smile. "You have been quite well, I trust?"

She laughed—a laugh that sounded one of genuine amusement—as she answered:

"Thanks for your kind inquiry. But, as we have not met for over five years, I have had an opportunity to be ill and well again several times in the interval."

"Ah, yes," Jack said, raging inwardly to perceive that he had carried his attempt at ease and unconcern so far as to utter a perfectly absurd remark. He wanted to make amends for his unworthy beginning; but speech was not so easy as dignity and self-respect demanded, and all he could manage was a platitude, the inanity of which he felt keenly, even while entering upon it.

"You see, when one looks at you, it seems impossible that it can have been so long," he began, rather hurriedly.

But she interrupted him without mercy.

"Please don't say that I haven't changed in the least," she said, laughing again; "that would be worse than your first speech."

Jack looked at her out of eyes which ached with a sudden sharp pain, and stood silent for a moment. Changed? Yes, but only into fuller-developed beauty. Heavens, how lovely she was, with her bronze-tinted hair, her proud delicate features, and her marvelous dark eyes; and oh, that syren voice, with the old music still in it—that voice which had stolen his heart away, years before, to be played with, broken, flung aside like a worthless bauble!

She was thoroughly at ease, he thought, wrathfully. Oh, she should not move him to any outward show of emotion. He would not afford her vanity that gratification, nor shame his own pride by such weakness. He began to talk gaily on the first subject which he could snatch at, which was independent of themselves, and she replied in the same strain, as calm as if this idle conversation were following after the parting of a single day, Jack thought, instead of a separation which she knew must to him have been as unexpected as death, and far more bitter.

Then the orchestra struck up the bewitching strain of the "Blue Danube."

"Can you resist that?" Jack asked; and, before the words were finished, grew furious with himself for the yearning that rose in his soul to clasp her once more in his arms.

"I seldom dance," she replied.

"That used to be your favorite waltz; mine, too," he said, goaded into another speech which he could have wished unsaid.

"Did it?" she asked, with the manner of a person essaying, out of civility, to recall some forgotten trifle. "Then we will try it for old times' sake."

She took his arm, and they joined the dancers. Jack Inglesby wished they might fall dead before the enchanting measure ended, so full of ecstatic pain was the sort of phantasmagorical likeness of that past life which possessed his soul.

"I will sit down now, please," she said, abruptly. He glanced at her. She had grown somewhat pale. "It is only that I am not used to it any more," she added, as she caught his eyes fixed on her.

"Don't be afraid I should have thought there was any other reason," retorted he, unable to keep back the thrust.

She looked at him with a strange light in her eyes; it faded as quickly as it came, and she said, with a smile of cool sarcasm: "It seems scarcely worth while to refute charges which it would not have occurred to me to make."

He was saved from the difficulty of a reply by the return of Mrs. Falconer and her party. The old lady seated herself beside Mrs. Landor and immediately burst into voluble speech.

"So you two have been dancing. As good a way as any, I suppose, to make acquaintance: only, Jack, I thought you were grown too grand for that sort of youthful amusement."

Jack felt vexed with his kind friend for almost the first time in his life, and Mrs. Landor said:

"I think I recollect Mr. Inglesby used not to be too dignified really to enjoy dancing."

"Why, then, you knew each other already?" demanded Mrs. Falconer, in surprise. "Why didn't one of you say so? What do you mean, Jack Inglesby?"

"I tried three times to tell you that Mr. Inglesby was an old acquaintance," said Mrs. Landor, laughing, "but you persistently refused to hear."

"Did I? Well, that's all right enough—I mean your knowing each other; though Jack might have mentioned the fact four hundred times during the past year, but he didn't."

"I dare say I should, if you had spoken of Mrs. Landor," rejoined Jack, cool enough, to all appearance, though raging inwardly.

"Oh, blame me!" retorted Mrs. Falconer. "And as for you, my dear Mabel, if you will go off and stay five years in Europe, you deserve to be forgotten; only, somehow, one can't forget you," she added, patting her favorite's arm. "Five years since you went—how time flies! Jack, where were you when Mrs. Landor was married?"

"Really—I don't know," said Jack, as if trying to recollect, though, in fact, his slowness of speech rose from the difficulty he found in articulating at all.

"Oh—it was just after you rushed off to South America," pursued Mrs. Falconer, with that lack of tact and comprehension which even very clever people will sometimes display. "But where did you know each other? I've not heard that yet."

"My dear Mrs. Falconer, what a perfect notebook of questions you are, this evening!" returned Mrs. Landor, easy and composed as ever. "Let me see—I met Mr. Inglesby six years ago. You remember, I went South with my aunt, then to White Sulphur Springs. Now, I trust that is a clear, categorical, and satisfactory answer."

They all three laughed; but Mrs. Falconer still persisted in following out her train of thought, blind and deaf to the possibility of having chosen an unpleasant theme upon which to enlarge.

"Oh, yes," she said; "that was the summer before you were married. Yes, nearly a year; for your wedding took place in May. I recollect perfectly how the news of your engagement surprised me, and your wedding-cards followed before I had got used to the idea."

At this instant, some man came up and asked Mrs. Landor to dance. She accepted with an alacrity which might have led one to suppose dancing her chief interest in life, and the dandy led her off in triumph.

"What a beautiful creature she is!" Mrs. Falconer exclaimed. "Jack, did you ever see such a lovely woman?"

"Yes—no—I believe I hadn't thought about it," returned Inglesby, pulling at his mustache, as if he were trying to hide a yawn. "Oh, certainly—very beautiful."

"Now, don't talk to me, Jack, as if you were muttering in your sleep, for I'll not endure it," cried Mrs. Falconer. "There were a thousand things I wanted to say to you; but my astonishment at finding that you knew Mabel Graham—Mrs. Landor, I mean—has put them all out of my head."

"You shall ask them to-morrow, before I leave," said Jack.

"You are not going away to-morrow? I'll not hear of it," Mrs. Falconer pronounced, automatically. "Such nonsense! What did you come for, if you mean to fly off directly in that ridiculous fashion?"

"We stopped here to get our letters. I told you I had been off on a cruise, with Leverett and some other tiresome fellows—"

"Like yourself," interrupted Mrs. Falconer. "I don't wish to hear that again; and it has nothing to do with my question."

"I was going to account for leaving to-morrow," said Jack, meekly. "I found a letter from my lawyer—"

"That was the excuse you made those men, in order to get away from them," Mrs. Falconer broke in. "You surely have not the assurance to try to pass it off for gospel on me?"

"Well, he does want to consult me," Jack persisted, a little taken aback at having forgotten that his confession, earlier in the evening, left this reason without much force.

"He can't consult you to-morrow," said Mrs. Falconer, decidedly. "We have planned a delightful excursion, and the whole party is to dine with me in the evening. I told you I had a cottage here; I don't see why you can't make me a visit."

"Why, you've your house full of guests now," Jack replied; "a lot of women, too; and I've nothing but my reputation, in this sinful world."

"Then you have come to a bad pass," said Mrs. Falconer. "Mabel Landor is stopping with her cousins, the Maynes; they've a fine old place near my hermitage. Do you know them?"

"Oh, a little, I think—or did, ages ago," rejoined Jack, wondering how he could escape from a renewal of the species of pin-and-needle torture she had unconsciously inflicted upon him.

"That marriage was a hasty affair," continued Mrs. Falconer; "I never understood it. I doubt if Mabel was very happy. I only saw Mr. Landor once; but he seemed, to me, a testy ill-conditioned old animal. I have heard, too, that he was horribly jealous. Did you ever meet Landor, Jack?"

"No," cried Jack, desperately; "and don't want to."

"Why, the man has been dead nearly three years," cried Mrs. Falconer. "What on earth ails you, Jack? You're daft."

"To be sure. I didn't think what I was saying," said poor Jack. "It is really horribly hot here."

"Nothing of the sort—Seacliffe is never hot," rejoined Mrs. Falconer, hastily, then plunged back into the subject which occupied her. "Luckily, Mabel was not obliged to endure his caprices so very long—a real servitude, though, I am certain, those two years were."

"Ah, well, after all, she bought her golden prize cheaply enough," said Jack, with a bitter laugh.

"I don't believe she married him for money:

I know people said so; but she was not a girl to do that."

"Is there any girl who would not do it?" retorted Jack, savagely.

"Don't be cynical and sneering—that style is getting old-fashioned," said Mrs. Falconer. "I have always suspected that Mabel's step-mother made the match; she ruled the whole family with a rod of iron. Mabel was not mercenary. You didn't know her well, Jack—you couldn't have done—else you'd never believe that."

"Oh, Aunt Fanny, I'll believe whatever you like," cried he, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, for which he would have been severely rated, only a number of people came up at the moment and protected him.

But Mrs. Falconer took a little revenge: she introduced him to another young lady, and he was forced to ask her to dance. When the two returned to their places, Jack found himself near Mrs. Landor again. An eager conversation was in progress, concerning the morrow's excursion; but Inglesby noticed that the beautiful widow took no part therein—sitting quite silent, with that air of calm indifference which had irritated him so sorely when they two talked.

"I suppose that's her dodge," he thought: "too lofty and grand for ordinary people and things. What a mass of deceit she is; but, no doubt, everybody believes in her. However, she's nothing to me—nothing whatever: she's not worth even hatred."

He was roused by somebody's making a direct appeal to him in regard to the matter under discussion.

"I'm afraid I can't have the pleasure of joining the party," he said. "I ought to leave for New York to-morrow—"

"Take care, Jack," broke in Mrs. Falconer, her sharp ears having unluckily caught his words. "Take care, young man."

Jack was mortally afraid she would betray his secret; still he persisted laughingly:

"I told you I had a letter, dear Mrs. Falconer."

"I remember," she answered; "and, I dare say, most of us have told equally pretty fibs in our turn. The truth is, you want to be coaxed; and, I suppose, you must be. Mrs. Landor, will you just please oblige me by taking the trouble to say a word on my side?"

"Oh, nobody ever disobeys you, Mrs. Falconer," cried some young lady, enthusiastically; and two or three others immediately echoed the sentiment with such fervor, that Mrs. Landor's silence might have passed unremarked, except by Inglesby, had not the evil spirit which had

already forced Mrs. Falconer unintentionally to torment her two favorites so severely, that evening, now forced her to add:

"Just add your command to mine, my dear Mabel."

Thus forced to speak, that lady said quietly:

"Mr. Inglesby may have some reason so good that any insistence would be inopportune."

That half-smile, which had before irked Jack, crossed her perfect lips, and it seemed to him that her eyes filled with a mocking light.

She meant that he was afraid to stay—that he dared not trust himself near her, lest he should betray the fact of her still possessing power enough to make him suffer—that was what she meant. Having snatched at this conclusion, Jack would have staid if he had been forced to let her walk over his bared heart and give no sign.

"Of course, Mrs. Falconer, I never dreamed of going, after you bade me stay," he said. "I only mentioned that I ought to go, in order to prove how readily I always sacrifice even duty, at your command."

"Oh! oh!" Mrs. Falconer cried, lifting her hands and joining in the laughter which Jack's speech caused; but Mrs. Landor had risen and was walking away on the arm of some naval man, who was one of the lions of the evening, and so, apparently, did not receive the full benefit of Inglesby's words, as he had meant her to do.

There was no sleep for Jack that night; he sat at his window, staring out across the sea, shining in the moonlight, but seeing nothing of the calm loveliness about, his soul busy with the pictures of the past, which memory kept forcing upon him with a persistence as cruel as that of fate.

It was early one spring, down in New Orleans, that Inglesby had first seen Mabel Graham. The two met daily, for weeks; and, when Mabel and her aunt started on their northward journey, Jack took passage by the same boat. The two ladies went to visit some friends in Kentucky, and Jack pursued his homeward trip; but, when July came, he appeared at White Sulphur Springs, where Mabel was established for the summer.

He had already told her that she had won his heart, that he had loved her from the first moment they met; and she had listened, shyly admitting all that he was to her, and promising to be his wife. Jack was not rich then, and had no expectation of inheriting the fortune which had since fallen to his lot. In September, Mabel returned to her stepmother's house in New York, and, about the same time, business called Inglesby to California.

Several months passed. Mabel's letters, which had reached him regularly, suddenly failed, and Jack endured a period of suspense so full of suffering that he thought no after-pain could ever equal it; but he was new to trouble then, and did not know how much poor humanity can bear.

One day, the inexplicable silence was broken by the reception of a packet directed in Mabel Graham's hand, at sight of which his heart stood still, in a terrible conflict between fear and hope. He opened the envelope: his own letters lay there before him—sent back without a single word of explanation.

Two months later, he heard of her marriage to the millionaire—Herbert Landor. Her conduct was fully explained: she had deserted him for the sake of wealth. Whether she had, from the first, wantonly amused herself at his expense, or whether she had really cared for him, but prized worldly advantage more highly than love and honor, mattered little—she was married.

Within a twelvemonth, a cousin of Inglesby's father—who had, years before, quarreled with his entire family—elected, on his death-bed, to send for Jack and appoint him his heir: so the young man unexpectedly found himself possessed of riches at least equal to that for which Mabel Graham had perjured and sold herself.

Since that time, Jack had been an almost constant wanderer in nearly every quarter of the globe, and had only within the past year returned to America, after one of his prolonged absences.

His devious course had never before led him within reach of the woman whose treachery had so completely denuded existence of the brightness it ought, at his age, to have possessed; and Jack had vowed, over and over, that they should not meet for years to come, even while declaring to himself that he had long learned to regard her with the utter indifference which she merited.

And now, against his will, the meeting had been brought about, and Jack learned that he was far from indifferent, though his pride asserted doggedly that the tumult in his soul was the voice of his wrong crying out, the long-repressed sense of injury, the bitter wrath at the desolation which she had brought into his life—that was all—and that only caused by the suddenness of the encounter: to-morrow, he should be himself again.

And the morrow came—a day which Jack thought he could never forget, even though his course were to be prolonged for centuries. The suffering and the pleasure of a whole life seemed concentrated in those hours, and he could not

tell whether he despised himself most for being capable of the pain or the enjoyment.

It came to an end at last. Even the gay dinner and the gayer evening which followed were over, and Jack reached his own room; but only to begin another Walpurgis night, worse than the preceding one.

He had hoped to convince his soul that this woman had lost her power. Often and often, he had asserted and believed that his love was dead; but now, after all he had undergone, knowing her as he did, he learned that it still lived, and had flamed up at sight of her through the ashes of the past—through the grave in which it had lain so long.

Still another day found him within reach of her spell; but he swore to himself that this should be the end. He had seen her in the morning; they were to meet again, that night, at some fresh festival which indefatigable Mrs. Falconer had devised; but that should be their final meeting.

It was late in the afternoon; the sunset was gathering in the west; great masses of red-and-yellow clouds hung low over the horizon, turning the long stretch of beach to silver, dyeing the gray cliffs with rainbow-tints, and trailing a supernal glory across the sea.

Jack had wandered far from the village, along the shore, unconscious alike of the distance he had walked and the lateness of the hour. He suddenly became aware that the tide was rising rapidly. It was too late even now to retrace his way across the sand; he must push on to the cliffs he was nearing, and find a path which would lead to the road at the top.

As he rounded a shoulder of the bluffs, he saw a lady a little in advance. He recognized Mrs. Landor. She looked back, at the sound of footsteps, and in another instant they were exchanging commonplace salutations, as any two ordinary acquaintances might have done.

"We are belated," Mrs. Landor said, pointing to the swift inward sweep of the waters. "However, we are safe enough. I am sure there is a path up the cliffs, just beyond that bend yonder."

They walked on, conversing quietly enough, and soon reached the spot she had mentioned, but only to be confronted by a steeper height, along whose rocky face no trace for foothold was visible. Neither had dreamed of the possibility of danger, and here they stood face to face with death—the waves rushing each instant more violently in, the beach narrowing with frightful rapidity.

"There must be some way up," Inglesby said,

and hastened along the sands a little distance, but only to be met by an impassable barrier—the cliffs there jutted out into the sea; the two were shut in the hollow of the curve, the beach along which they had come already a mass of white foam.

Mrs. Landor stood mutely awaiting Inglesby's return. As he reached her side, they gazed at each other with blanched cheeks but steady eyes.

"There's no path—no way up," Inglesby said slowly, as they both turned automatically and stared at the beetling rocks.

"Go," she said. "You may be able to climb up—you cannot save me."

"Then I'll die with you!" he cried, flinging off the last vestige of the self-control he had with such difficulty preserved, and giving free vent to the frenzy which had been consuming him for hours. "I'll die with you—I, the man who loved you—whose heart you broke—oh, with death staring us in the face, I may speak the truth! Mabel, at least say that you did care—that it was not a mere pretense—"

"What are you daring to accuse me of?" she broke in, so excited that, like him, she momentarily forgot their peril.

"Tell me you cared!" he repeated. "Oh, I can easily understand that wealth and luxury were tempting; but you need not have been so cruel—need not have sent back my letters without a word!"

"Could I do less, after you returned my last one, in which I put by girlish pride—said I was ready to dare poverty, my relatives' opposition, to marry you at once? Have you no memory, Jack Inglesby?"

"God is my witness that I never received such a letter! Mabel, believe me—believe me—oh! believe me."

"I do," she answered, pointing to the rising waves; "dying people are beyond falsehood! I have sometimes thought there must have been treachery—it was my stepmother's work."

"But you married Landor—"

"Can't you understand?" she moaned. "They appealed to my pride—said you were to marry your rich partner's daughter—that you had deceived me from the first—oh, I went mad!"

"You loved me then—you loved me?" Jack cried, while a great joy fairly transfigured his face.

"And I love you still," she answered.

"Oh, my God!" he groaned. "To die now!"

"At least, we are together," she murmured.

He lifted her in his arms and carried her a little way up the cliff; but there he had to pause, for the wall grew almost perpendicular. Jack sank down, holding her fast, while the tide surged and leaped higher and higher, till their faces were wet with spray.

"My darling—my darling!" he groaned, as he felt her arms relax their hold about his neck.

"Don't let me faint, Jack—don't!" she pleaded. "I want to see your face to the last!"

He pressed his lips to hers, and they sat silent for a few moments. Then a great wave rolled up, and broke almost at their feet.

"It is death!" Mabel said.

But Jack's practiced eye perceived that the tide had reached its full height now—the rocks bore no sign of the water ever passing its present limit.

He waited a little longer. The waves roared and boomed, but rose no further: they even began to recede. Then he kissed her again, saying:

"Look up, love! It is life, not death, that we are to meet together."

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

In the north, by the sea, where the gray mists hover,
She sits alone, as the days go by,
And ever dreams of her absent lover,
Under the blue of a southern sky.
She measures his love by her own, and wonders
How he can linger away so long;
And the sad wind moans, and the fierce sea thunders,
And she looks to the south with a yearning strong.

In the south, by a fountain that sings and glistens,
Where roses are red the whole bright year,
Her lover walks, and idly listens
The tinkle of lutes in a garden near,

And lists to the mocking-birds, gayly trilling
Mid spicy shadows of tropic trees;
Here the breeze blows soft: but the blast is chilling
On the rough bleak coast of the northern seas.

He bends his lips to the dusky tresses
Of a beautiful maid with deep dark eyes.
Ah, me! it is love his glance confesses,
And love that breathes in her tender sighs.
Alas! fond watcher, so pale and lonely,
Your one dear dream can never come true:
They drain love's rosy nectar, and only
The lees, so bitter, are left for you.

THE DUKE'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FIFTH AVENUE ROMANCE," "LORD AVALON," ETC.

I. THE MORLEY MANOR FARM.

"WHAT is it, gran'pa?"

These words were spoken in a sweet childish voice, by a little girl, who had come running in from play, and had stopped suddenly, appalled at seeing her grandmother, and even her grandfather, in tears.

The scene was the Morley Manor Farm, one of the quaintest in all broad England. For the old mansion had been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when that most beautiful of all domestic styles of architecture, the Tudor, was in its prime. With its red-brick walls, mellowed by age; its sandstone window-frames; its mullioned bays, each two stories high; its beautiful oriel over the principal doorway; its steep-pitched roofs; and its many picturesque gables: it was such a house as artists delight to sketch, and poets would choose, before all others, for the home of a heroine. Although, in the mutation of fortune, it had sunk to a farmhouse, its original owners—or, rather, their descendants—still occupied it; but now, alas! as tenants, not as proprietors. For, in the Great Rebellion, the Morleys had taken sides with the king, and had been nearly ruined by fines when the Parliament triumphed. But the stout old cavaliers did not give up the combat without a desperate struggle. They fought long for their heritage, like one of the grand old oaks that had once stood on the lawn, and which they had seen fall, battling, like some living thing, to the end, in the great tempest which Addison has immortalized in verse. The manor-house and the home-farm were the last to go. The Morley who sold them was so bound up in them, as if part of his life, that he sacrificed his pride, and consented to remain as tenant where he had once been proprietor; and there his descendants were now.

The farm-buildings lay behind the house and somewhat out of sight, being screened by a row of low thick-set trees, over which, however, the red-tiled roof of the great barn could be seen, with its antique dovecot near by, in front of which the pigeons were pluming themselves, or about which they were whirling and tumbling in the sunshine. Between the rear entrance and these buildings lay the old-fashioned garden, now very much in decay, but still retaining

relics of its past grandeur, in its overgrown box-borders to the paths, and in various clipped yews, which had once represented griffins and other monsters of arboriculture. In the middle of this garden was a dilapidated stone fountain, a cupid riding on a dolphin; but the water had long since ceased to spout from the nostrils of the fish, and the whole was green with the lichen of centuries.

The old house was as picturesque, moreover, within as without. Its low-studded rooms still retained something of their original splendor, in the ornamented ceilings, the oak wainscoting, and the carved chimney-pieces. One cozy little apartment was effulgent, this morning, from the sunshine pouring in through the great bay-window that entirely filled one end of it. The only occupant was Mrs. Morley, an elderly woman, with silvery hair, who wore a look of extreme anxiety, as if some great trouble was impending. She sat by the open casement, and had some sewing in her hand; but she only took a few stitches occasionally; for she was watching the path that led to the front door, as if expecting someone. Now and then she would sigh, and glance around the room, and then sigh again, and after that perhaps take a stitch or two, and again begin to watch the pathway outside.

Suddenly, she gave a quick start, and, clasping her hands nervously, rose to her feet, trembling violently. An old man, older than herself by nearly ten years, was coming up the path. It was her husband, the last of the Morleys—a man of seventy and more. Up to within a few days, he had been as hale and strong as if only fifty; but now he walked with feeble uncertain steps, vainly trying to steady himself with his stick. His whole air was dejected and hopeless, like that of one who has received some great blow, and for whom life is over.

"It has been of no use, I see," she cried to herself, bursting into tears. "We shall have to go—we shall have to go; and after all these generations—"

She stopped, at this instant, however, and turned aside quickly; for her husband had glanced up and nearly caught her in her grief. Then, having brushed away her tears, she first looked out of the window, with a nod and a smile, and

next hurried to the door of the room, to receive him. Brave old soul, she would have died, like a true woman, rather than betray her own regret!

He tottered into the room and sank into the first chair, his stick falling unnoticed to the ground. Then he took off his hat, and wiped, with his handkerchief, the great drops of perspiration that had gathered on his brow, not so much from the heat of his long walk as from his mental anguish. His eyes were fixed piteously on her face.

"It is all over," he said. "We shall have to go. The agent won't hear a word. After," repeating unconsciously her own exclamation, "after all these generations—after all these generations."

His wife made no reply; her emotion choked her: all she could do was to stand by him and stroke his thin white hair.

He looked up at her with a sad smile, as if to thank her, and one hand stole into hers, as it rested on his head. Then his eyes wandered around the room, as if taking in every little detail—details familiar to him from his childhood, for seventy years and more. The fortitude which he had struggled so bravely to maintain gave way at the spectacle, and he burst into an almost hysterical passion of tears.

His wife had never seen him shed a tear but once before: and that was when the news came of the death of their only son and child. The sight, so terrible to see in a man, broke her down completely, notwithstanding all her resolution. She sank on her knees by his chair, flung her arms about him, and buried her face in his lap, while the tears rained down her aged cheeks, and her whole form shook with the effort to control her sobs.

II. THE LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER.

On this pitiable group, this scene of hopeless and despairing misery, there had suddenly flashed a vision of youth and energy, in the shape of a little girl, about seven or eight years old, with the question so tenderly put:

"What is it, gran'pa?"

She asked her question in a voice quivering with sympathetic tears.

She was dressed in a simple calico gown, ruffled down the front, and with ruffles at the sleeves, and wore an old-fashioned sunbonnet, that gave her a peculiarly quaint yet picturesque appearance. Her cheeks were like roses; her golden hair fell in curls on each side of her face; her dark-blue eyes were full of expression; and she had one of those sensitive mouths that quiver with every thought and emotion. She had

evidently come in with some little story to tell, in her childish enthusiastic way—some adventure with the cat, or the big dog, or one of the Alderneys, or the great turkey-gobbler—for her face was all aglow with excitement and delight; but, at the spectacle of her grandparents' grief, the sweet lips began to tremble, the eyes filled with tears, and all the joy went out of her bright countenance. She stood, for a moment, with steps arrested, then she rushed to her grandmother's side, fell on her knee, and tried to fling her little arms around both the old people.

"What is it, gran'ma?" she said, finding that her grandfather did not answer: for he was silent, from sheer inability, for the moment, to speak, his sobs choking him. "What makes you cry, gran'ma? Oh, it must be something dreadful, for gran'pa is crying, too; and I never saw gran'pa cry before." And she began to cry herself, as we have seen.

Her distress did more to rouse her hearers than anything else could have done. The grandmother was the first to conquer the grief to which she had momentarily given way. She rose to her feet and took the child in her arms.

"My dear," she said, "we are in great trouble. You know already all about the farm, for you are sensible beyond your years. But, to spare you, we never told that the lease is up, and that the agent will not renew it."

The little girl nodded her head, as if quite understanding, but asked:

"Why not?"

By this time, her grandfather had also mastered his emotion, and now joined in the conversation:

"Because I would not vote for his candidate at the last election. He says the Squire will not keep on any tenants who go against his nominees. You understand, dear? It is his nominees for Members of Parliament."

"Oh, yes, I understand," nodding brightly. "I have often heard you talk of such things, gran'pa. But that is very wrong in the Squire, isn't it?"

"We are not sure, darling," said the grandmother, who had now taken a chair, and was holding the child in her lap, "that the Squire ever said so. It may be only a trick of the agent. He has always hated your grandpa, and wanted to get rid of him, because he is not like the other farmers, you know, but has an opinion of his own."

"Yes, I know," said the child, with a certain proud air, "because he is a Morley."

"Yes, and because, being one," interrupted the old man, "he has something of the independence of his race still left, and will not be at

the beck and call, will not be the bond-slave, of a low-born factor. Dictate to me whom I shall vote for! Me, whose ancestors held this land when his were serfs of the soil! No," straightening himself up in his chair; "much as I love this dear old place—much as I would sacrifice to die where I was born, and where my father and his fathers before him, for hundreds of years, lived and died—I would not only give up the familiar walls, to die in a hovel, as I shall now have to, but I would go to the stake itself sooner than yield." And all the old fire that had glowed in the Morley who fell at Marston Moor shone in his eyes now; and his voice had the ring of a trumpet as he spoke.

"Your grandpa," said the wife, "has just come from the agent. It was a long walk, and too much for an old man on so hot a day"—she spoke as apologizing for his tears—"and it broke your grandpa down. But you mustn't think we care so much; not so very much, at least. It is really more for you we care than for ourselves. We are old, and will soon die. But what will become of you, darling, if we have to go and live in a hovel, as grandpa says, and he has to go out at day's-work? Though he is too weak for such work, at his years." And she looked at him with a look so sad that the child was moved again to tears.

"Oh," she cried, clenching her little fist, "I wish I had the wicked agent here. I—I—would kill him."

"My dear," said the grandmother, feeling that she must reprove the utterance of such a sentiment, much as she admired the child's spirit, "little girls should not talk so."

"Then I wish I was a boy," interrupted the girl, defiantly, shaking her fist as if at some imaginary object in the air. "I wish I was Jack the Giant-Killer. I'd cut him into inches—that I would."

"But, my dear—"

The grandmother, with the long training—perhaps we should say the instinct—of her sex, was beginning to remonstrate again, when her husband stopped her by a look.

"I like the little one's pluck, at any rate," he said, nodding at the child proudly. "I only wish she were a boy, and older, for then she might be a help. If my poor son had only lived! But, to find oneself, at over seventy, with not a friend left in the world, and no one to stand in the gate to meet one's enemy"—unconsciously using the very words of the great Burke, though he had never heard of Burke—"that is what breaks me down. But I am ashamed of myself. He may turn us out on the

moor, to starve, but he shall never know I shed a tear. I will be a Morley from this to the last."

"But, gran'pa," asked the child, "what did this agent say? Wouldn't he, if you paid a bigger rent, give you a new lease? We—we—might save, mightn't we? I could do without any new gowns. I wouldn't eat so much."

The grandmother pressed the child to her heart, inexpressibly moved at the poor little offer of self-denial, and kissed her rapturously, while the old man, with a voice shaking with emotion, answered:

"Not on any terms. Not if I paid double rent, he said. He wouldn't have any traitors on the estate. Oh! if I had been younger, I think I would have struck him down. To call me a traitor! After that, I came away. I saw it was no use."

"But, gran'ma dear," said the child, suddenly, looking up into the old grief-worn face with a curious wise look, such as we sometimes see on young faces, and which seems so strange there, "didn't you say, just now, that you didn't believe the Squire knew anything about what the agent was doing?"

"I did, darling. The Squire is a kind-hearted man, and, though he leaves things to his steward more than he ought, for he is indolent and likes his ease, I don't think he would be really cruel, if he knew."

"He don't care to know," interposed her husband. "He is in the hands of his agent, looking on the man as invaluable, and wouldn't dare to interfere in this or in any case. All the tenants complain of it. Your easy-going good-hearted men," striking the arm of his chair emphatically, "do more mischief than the bad-hearted ones."

All at once, the little girl slipped down from her grandmother's lap, and, standing in front of her, smoothed her dress, straightened the sun-bonnet, which she had kept on all this time and which had got somewhat awry, and, looking up, said:

"I am going to the Squire. I will find out if he knows what this bad man is doing. Please, gran'pa," and she turned now and faced the old man, "write a letter, and let me take it."

"Oh! but, my dear child," said her grandfather, shaking his head hopelessly, though he could not help admiring her pretty air of courage, "they would never let you see the Squire. The footman at the door, the miserable flunky, would chase you down the steps."

"No, he won't," cried the child, straightening her little figure with an imperious air. "If

you'll write the letter, I'll take it; and I'll see the Squire, and give it to him myself, or stay all day on the steps."

Still, her grandfather shook his head. Old age never has the hopefulness or energy of youth, and hard fortune had made him less hopeful than most. But the grandmother now interposed.

"It is worth trying," she said. "The child may succeed where everyone else would fail. I do not see, myself," catching the little girl in her arms, in a sudden access of love and admiration, "how anyone can resist her sweet face and her pleading voice. Go, father, and write the letter, while I put on her Sunday frock."

"No," said the child, with the inspiration that comes sometimes to the youngest and those most innocent of the ways of the world, "I will not be fixed up at all. I will go just as I am. Only, gran'ma, you may put around my neck the gold beads that you say belonged to my great-great-gran'ma, ever so far off, that I've heard you talk of, and who lived when the Morleys still owned Morley Hall. I'll think who once wore them, and maybe they'll keep me from being frightened, if I'm treated too bad."

III. "IS THE SQUIRE IN?"

SQUIRE HETHERINGTON'S handsome mansion was quite three miles from the Morley Manor Farm. But there was a short cut across the fields, which reduced the distance to two. Our little heroine knew this route well, for everybody preferred it to the dusty highway, and she had often traversed it with her grandfather, and accordingly she took it now.

She set forth in high spirits, for she was of such a nature that the very daring of her enterprise had a peculiar charm for her: if she had been a soldier, she would have been the first to charge a battery or lead a forlorn hope. Life, with all its possibilities, lay before her, and she was afraid of nothing. She did not say this to herself. Well-balanced characters never do, except in certain kinds of novels. Self-analysis is the exclusive gift of morbid natures: wholesome healthy ones act, as it were, instinctively. And what is natural to the adult is natural to the child.

The path lay generally along the edge of the fields, with the yellow wheat on one side and the fragrant hedges on the other. Wild flowers were everywhere, and to a greater extent than would be seen in America, for nothing in England strikes the visitor so forcibly as the profusion and beauty of the wild flowers.

Every few steps, the child would pause to pick a blossom, or to watch some birds that her footsteps had startled. By and by, she broke into song, in the exuberance of her spirits. She had, by nature, a sweet and sympathetic voice, and a stranger, passing, and not seeing her, might have thought he listened to an angel, singing up in heaven.

At last, she came in sight of "the great house," as it was called everywhere in that district. Squire Hetherington, though only an ordinary country gentleman, had a more remote lineage and more extensive possessions than many a peer. For miles and miles, in every direction, his farms extended, with here fat meadow-land, and there noble wheatfields, and yonder a wooded hillside, until they were lost in the blue haze of the Malvern hills to the westward; for the scene of our story lies in that beautiful and fertile vale of Evesham, where many a knightly battle was fought in other days, and where now the wheat ripens and the grass grows more luxuriantly than anywhere else in all England.

Hetherington Hall was a noble and stately mansion, even though it had been built in the worst age of English domestic architecture: that which is called Georgian, but which began really in the reign of Queen Anne—or, rather, in that of William of Orange, her predecessor. It was intended to be Palladian, but had a certain heaviness, the result of its half-Dutch origin. A pediment in the centre, with an imposing portico, whose columns extended to the roof, gave it rather the air of a Greek temple than of an English everyday mansion, however.

Notwithstanding her brave little spirit, our heroine's heart beat faster when she came to the portico-steps. But, after pausing for a moment—to get her breath, as it were—she courageously ascended them, and as courageously lifted the great knocker at the hall-door. The mighty sound, echoing and re-echoing under the pediment, and coming booming back at her from the great marble columns, quite frightened her; and, for a moment, but for a moment only, she was on the point of running away. Even if she had attempted this, however, she would have failed; for, the next instant, the massive portal was flung open and she was confronted by a tall powdered footman, with enormous calves, set off by silk stockings—altogether the most consequential individual she had ever seen—far excelling, in that respect, the beadle of the parish, even in his Sunday uniform.

As soon as this mighty personage saw that the visitor was only a farmer's daughter, and not one

of the county gentry, an arrogant superciliousness took the place of the obsequious air which he had worn at first.

"Hi, hi, now," he said, in an authoritative voice. "Who are you? What do you want? Why didn't you go to the back-door?"

The child, holding the letter in her hands, which were folded before her, looked up into his face with her sweet innocent eyes and answered:

"Please, is the Squire in?"

The pleading look which accompanied these words would have touched the heart of anyone but a pampered lackey. The footman, however, was immovable.

"And what if 'e is?" he replied, with a taunting jeer.

"Please, I want to see him."

"Want to see 'im?" cried the footman, with a coarse laugh. "That's too good. Want to see the Squire—sich a one as you!"

"I have a letter for him."

"That is better still. Wouldn't it do, now," with a sarcastic air, which he sometimes employed to the discomfiture of the maids in the kitchen, and which he thought the perfection of wit, "if I gave it to 'im? Perhaps, if you'd give me a kiss, I might do it—ch?"

Our little heroine drew herself up as haughtily as if she had been a young princess.

"No; it would not do," she retorted. "And I didn't come here to be insulted."

"Hoity toity," cried the footman, elevating both his hands, "what a spitfire you air! Farmer Morley's grandchild, since I come to look at you; I've seen you before. A chip of the old block: always saucy to your betters. But come: I've 'ad enough of this nonsense. Be off, I tell you."

The child did not move.

"I want to see the Squire," she said, looking up at the footman, unmoved. "I am to give him this letter myself. I must see him. If he is busy now, I will wait."

"Must see 'im?" with another guffaw. "That's a pretty 'owdy'do. The impurance of these people! Come: be off, I say."

"I will not be off," answered the child, her color rising. "I will stay here all day, or until I see the Squire."

"You'll stay 'ere all day, will you? I'll see about that. You—you—" He could not find an expletive strong enough to express his rage. "I'll set the dogs on you first, you little she-devil."

"Hillo. here, what's the row?" cried a boyish voice, at this juncture. "Whom will you set the dogs on, James? Not this little girl, surely?"

The speaker had been crossing the tessellated marble floor of the hall, when his attention was attracted by the angry tone of the footman; and he now came forward with rapid steps. Our little heroine looked up at him, as she had looked up at the footman—with her hands before her, clasping the letter, and her sweet pathetic pleading face cherubic in its sweetness and innocence. She saw a lad of about sixteen, tall and gracefully formed, with a frank open countenance and an air of easy superiority, even of command. Never had she beheld anyone so grand, so noble, so beautiful, she thought. He seemed like some prince out of a fairy-tale.

"Please, sir," she said, in her soft musical voice, lifting her great eyes to him, "is the Squire in?"

The lackey, all at once, had dropped his imperious consequential air, and stood before the lad a miracle of obsequiousness.

"'Er's only a farmer's child," he said, in apology, "with a beggin'-letter for the Squire. Lots of sich tramps come 'ere, every day a'most; but we never lets 'em in."

The young lad turned to the child again. The earnest pleading look of her eyes went to his soul.

"I'm from Morley Farm," she said, "with a letter from gran'pa. I am to give it to the Squire, and to nobody else. Please, sir, can I see him?"

"It's only 'alf an 'our ago," broke in the footman, "that Mr. Cottier, the agent, was 'ere, and said that, if anyone came from Morley Farm, wantin' to see the Squire, they wasn't, on no account, to be let in."

The child still stood there, a quaint little figure, her hands clasped before her, holding the letter, her innocent pleading eyes fixed on the lad. There was no resisting that look—at least, for him.

"See hero, James: I'll take the responsibility of this affair," he said, in his masterful manner. "Old Cottier be hanged! Come, little one: you're not afraid to trust yourself to me, are you?"

She looked up at him with her sweet smile—that sweet smile which was her specialty—and placed her hand confidently in his. She felt as if she could go to the end of the world with this handsome brave boy.

"My uncle," he said, looking down at her with an answering smile, "is usually in his study at this hour. We will go there."

And he led her across the vast stately hall, and disappeared with her through a door at the further end.

The Squire, as the lad had expected, was in his study, and looked up at this sudden intrusion.

"What is it, my boy?" he asked. Then, seeing the child, he added: "But what have we here?"

"It is a little girl," replied the boy, "whom the footman was about to turn from the door; but she said she wanted to see you, and I told her she should. Tell the Squire all about it."

The Squire, as we have said, was a just man, though an indolent one. No sooner had he heard our heroine's story, than he took her grandfather's letter from her and read it.

"This is an outrage," he said, when he had finished. "I shall have to take things more into my own hands, if such cruelty is practiced in my name. To think that a Hetherington would discharge a tenant for so base a reason. And a descendant, too, of the Morleys! As for the footman, he ought to be turned off. My dear," addressing our heroine, "you can go home and tell your grandpa not to worry himself. His lease shall be renewed."

IV. ON THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

THE courage of little Maud—for that was the name of our heroine—in going so boldly to the Squire, exercised the greatest influence over her future. For, when the Squire's eldest daughter, a girl of seventeen, heard of it, she immediately became interested in the child. Nor was it long before the winning manner of Maud, her sweet temper and her bright ways, made her a favorite with everybody at the Hall. She was always there; and, eventually, it came to be understood that she was to share in the lessons of the Squire's children. At the end of five years, her grandfather died suddenly, sitting in his chair—"of old-age only," the physician said. Her grandmother, already feeble, did not long survive. The household at the Morley Manor Farm was thus broken up; and now Maud went to live at the Hall altogether. Just at this juncture, also, her old friend, Miss Hetherington, was to be married; and now she said: "Things always come round right, if we only wait. Maud will make a capital nursery-governess here, and I can go away more contented than I expected: for the children could not be in better hands."

Then more years passed. Finally, the old governess died, and our heroine was promoted to the vacant place. Her evenings now, instead of being spent in the school-room, as before, were spent in the drawing-room, and she had the opportunity of seeing how "grand dames" deported themselves, and of acquiring that style and manner which can only come

from observation and is never to be learned by rule. She had a fine voice, and the Squire was never satisfied if she did not appear, after dinner, to sing for him. She sang only simple ballads, but she sang them to bring tears to the eye.

Meantime, she had grown up rarely beautiful. Her deep-violet eyes, with their liquid expression; her profusion of golden hair; the peach-bloom of her complexion, that, delicate as it seemed, was yet perfectly healthy: these were but secondary attractions, however; it was the soul within her, the soul that illuminated her countenance, and, at times, when she became interested, actually transfigured it, that made her so exceptionally attractive. And her figure was as perfect as her face. Rather above the medium height—a real "daughter of the gods" in this respect—she yet did not appear to be so tall, for every separate part, from the exquisitely-shaped head to the rounded bust and arms, was symmetrical with the rest, making a perfect whole. She had that rarest of all things, too, in modern civilized women—and why is it?—a graceful walk. "I never saw anyone, outside of Andalusia," said a celebrated traveler, who was on a visit at the Hall, "walk in that way: it is poetry, it is music, in motion."

In all these years, however, she had never seen the youthful hero who had rescued her from the impudent lackey. He had gone back to Eton after that, thence to Oxford, and finally into the Guards, his vacations always being spent at home, with his family, in a distant county. At first, Maud had often thought of him, and, in her childish fancy, had woven more than one romance about him. But, as time passed, his image gradually became fainter and fainter. Still, the memory of his kindness on that far-off day, the bright smile with which he had answered her own, would often come up to her, and it was finally recalled in something of its original force by hearing a conversation that took place, respecting him, at the breakfast-table, one morning. For the Squire had received a letter from his nephew, who had been long abroad, announcing his speedy return to England.

"It has been years, May," said the Squire, addressing his wife, "since either of us has seen him. I wonder if he is much altered. He'll come next month, he says, and pay us a visit, after he has been to the Duke's."

Maud also wondered—though to herself—if he was much altered, and concluded that he was. "He must be," she said, "and very much so." She could hardly realize that there would be any resemblance between the boy of

sixteen and the man of twenty-seven, between the honest-faced young Etonian and the probably drawling, dandified Guardsman. Her heart gave a little flutter, as she asked herself if he would recognize her. To think it all over at leisure, she took a book, after luncheon—for the children's lessons were then over for the day—and sought her favorite retreat in the park, which was by the side of a rapid little river, with overhanging trees, where the seclusion was so perfect that the only sounds which ever disturbed the silence were the twittering of the birds, the swift rush of the almost cataract-like stream, and the clatter of the mill-wheel which it turned in the near distance.

She sat here, on a mossy bank, under a century-old oak, for more than an hour, trying to read her favorite Tennyson. But even the glamor of the Idylls of the King failed to keep her attention fixed. Her thoughts were continually wandering to her young hero. "Perhaps he has grown up to be as knightly as Sir Launcelot," she said, with a blush. "I wonder if he has ever thought of me since. But," suddenly interrupting herself, "what a goose I am! Of course, he hasn't."

Finally, she let the book fall into her lap, and sank into a dreamy reverie, from which she roused herself at last, by an effort, exclaiming: "You silly little fool! He won't look at you, even. You are only the poor governess."

There was a tiny foot-bridge close by, spanning the little river. She went to this now, and, leaning on its rude rustic railing, commenced to watch the water gliding away beneath. About a hundred yards below was quite a cataract, and from the bridge to this the

stream descended rapidly, eddying and whirling, as it rushed downward toward the old mill. The play of light on the water when the sun shone, as it did to-day, was surpassingly beautiful: now glistening like golden stars on the crests of the ripples, now flashing off into silver ribbons as the wild current sped swiftly on.

So absorbed was she that she did not hear the approach of a huge dog, which came bounding toward her, until, startled by his bark, she beheld him almost at her side. He was of such gigantic size, and of a species so utterly unknown to her, that at first she thought him some wild beast, escaped from a menagerie. He seemed about to spring at her, too; his eyes on fire with rage, and his blood-red mouth gaping for his prey.

She gave a quick shriek of affright and started back, pressing unconsciously against the railing. But the railing was old and rotten, and it broke under her weight. The next instant, she was precipitated into the river.

Once, twice, thrice she rose to the surface. The first time, she was close to the bridge, and made an effort to catch at it, but failed. The second time, she rose near the bank, further down, where a branch of an elm drooped into the water. This, in turn, she tried to grasp, but failed here also. When she rose the third time, she was close to the waterfall, directly in the middle of the stream, where it was deepest, and where it was already beginning to boil and foam before taking its leap into the gulf beyond. There was nothing here within reach even to try to seize. She gave a despairing cry on realizing this. Then she sank again, and was swept away, rising no more to sight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PROMISE OF SPRING.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

There's a promise of spring in the winter,
When the earth is still covered with snow,
When the sky hangs so dreary above us,
And, chilling, the wintry winds blow—
For, sometimes, through gray clouds up yonder
Comes a gleam of the yellowest gold—
And a breath of the balmiest zephyr
Blows soft o'er the trees bare and cold.

There's a promise of spring in the bird-songs,
That we hear through the loud wintry blast,
Which tell us that winter is going,
And spring will come back at the last.
When the streams break their icy-bound fetters,
And rush along wildly and free,
We know that the springtime is coming,
With sunshine on land and on sea.

There's a promise of spring in the sunbeams,
As they shed o'er the earth warmth and light;
For, before them, we see disappearing
The snowdrifts that gleam cold and white.
And, 'neath them, we know, are the flowerets,
Which will wake with the sun's genial kiss:
For the sweet springtime surely is coming,
And, with it, what hours of bliss!

So, content with the promise of springtime,
We wait through the long wintry days,
And we watch for the first tender flowerets
That shall bud 'neath the sun's glancing rays,
For we know spring is surely advancing:
We can hear the swift tread of her feet.
Oh! we'll wait for thy coming, dear springtime,
With thy buds and thy blossoms so sweet.

NORMAN PINKNEY.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT,

AUTHOR OF "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE," ETC.

PART I.

A good many years ago, when New York had not dreamed, as now, of stretching its ambitious avenues to Harlem and beyond, there dwelt in a house not very far from the breezy and salubrious Battery a gentleman named Duyckinck Van Ness. For many years, Mr. Van Ness had been a widower, with an only child, a girl, as his sole household-companion. Intensely representative as a member of what even then was called our Knickerbocker aristocracy, Duyckinck Van Ness had, notwithstanding, an individuality which separated him from all associates. In the first place, he rather turned up his nose at trade, which it was the rankest heresy to do, in those simple, early days of mercantile decorum and dignity.

Then he was fond of Europe, and had actually made six voyages across the ocean, taking his daughter Rose with him every time. Six voyages were a surprising number for any New York citizen then to have made. Van Ness dined at five o'clock, too, and employed a butler. He did not keep his carriage; there would have seemed an insolent sumptuousness about his doing so, which he, perhaps, duly appreciated. But, in all his method of living, he was fond of little foreign touches which surprised and even shocked many of his sober constituents. Rose Van Ness, his daughter, differed widely from her New York friends of both sexes. She spoke French with a neat accent, and dressed with what, for her time and surrounding, was a most stylish foreign air. She had not a few male admirers, most of whom declared her a confirmed coquette. But Rose was not a coquette: she merely stood as the result of a different training, a wider and more liberal social experience, than that which belonged to the New York maidenhood of her particular epoch. She had a face as winning as her name, and a tender trick of fleeting and returning color in her soft cheek which easily suggested it. Her eyes were dark and full of a sleeping mirth; their tender wickedness had already dealt more than one pang.

When Rose had reached her twentieth year, it had become generally conceded throughout her circle of friends that she had finally looked with significant favor upon a certain quiet yet ardent

suitor, named Norman Pinkney. He was a sort of cousin of her father's, and had come from the South several years previously, to accept a position which his kinsman had secured for him. It was a clerkship in a bank, with a salary of not more than twelve hundred dollars a year. This was handsome, at that time, for a young man of five-and-twenty; and, if Norman Pinkney had not been a clever well-equipped fellow, it is doubtful if he could have secured anything half so lucrative. As it was, his talent and education were both exceptional. He had been reared abroad, and, until his twentieth year, had been amply given to understand that he should inherit large estates in central Virginia. But, one day, he awakened to the fact that his father—Peyton Pinkney—had ruined himself utterly, at the gaming-tables of Baden, and that he—Norman—must look to his own pluck and industry for anything like a decent maintenance. He had not inherited his father's indolent and voluptuous nature; he was like his mother, who had been of Dutch stock. He sailed promptly for America, after a long residence in Europe, and soon afterward learned that the wretched father, whose shattered estate he had hoped in some manner to mend, had blown out his brains, in a fit of impecunious despondency. Norman behaved with thorough honor; to the last dollar of what remained from his once-proud patrimony, he paid his dead father's debts. He then wrote to his kinsman—Duyckinck Van Ness—in New York, whom he had already met and known well in Paris.

The consequence of Norman's appeal was the bank-clerkship already mentioned. He had acquired no vicious taste abroad. He possessed a dogged determination to succeed in life, if possible; and his mind tended toward the practical turn needed for deft dealing in finance. He was good-looking, with a cool gray eye, a sedate well-cut face, a flexible figure just at the average height, and a carriage of placid unassuming efficiency. You somehow granted that he was capable, after exchanging a few words with him; but you had to know him much longer before you recognized in him that changeless tenacity which is apt to accompany a clear brain, a limited imagination, and a firm nerve.

Norman was not the man to fall passionately

in love, you would have said, and yet the regard which Rose Van Ness inspired in him, after he came permanently to live in New York, was strong as the man's own nature, and unalterable as his iron will. He realized, of course, that she was an heiress, and hence, from a worldly point, no fitting match for himself. But he meant, nevertheless, to marry her, although he would, indeed, have preferred that she should come to him without either dower or expectation. During a remarkably short period, he had made his service needful at the bank; his alert intelligence, unswerving punctuality, extreme sense of order and discipline, had all notably told with his employers. He had youth, temperance, ability, discretion, and a vast calm belief in himself. He wanted no help from anybody, and he had stolidly made up his mind to rise without it. And yet his kinsman, Duyckinck Van Ness, was now past sixty years old, and at his death Rose must inherit a copious income. He did not at all desire the income, but he desired Rose; and he was bent upon winning her.

At first, he appeared to stand no chance whatever of doing so. Rose thought him cold, unsympathetic, almost repulsive. She admitted that he satisfied her somewhat difficult and half-foreign definition of a gentleman; she graciously approved of him in more than one respect: he lacked the awkwardness, the provincialism, the bourgeois traits—Rose was fond of a French word now and then, to explain both her dislike and her preference—which were abundantly evident in many of her devotees. Still, as a prospective husband, she found him objectionable, and told him so with much candor—and, perhaps, considerable pertness as well—on at least four or five separate occasions.

But Norman was unflinching in his addresses, and won her consent at last. They were engaged, and Mr. Van Ness had given a kind of jaunty sanction to the union. Duyckinck Van Ness did nearly everything jauntily—flippantly, most of his staid conventional friends and relatives would have called it—and one evening he said to Norman, with a very genial smile gleaming under his white French-looking mustache:

"My dear Norman, I haven't the slightest objection—not the slightest in the world. You're a splendid fellow; you are going to do yourself great credit at some future day; I've enormous faith in you, and I'm deuced if I don't think my Rose ought to feel honored by your choice."

"The honor lies altogether with myself, Cousin Duyckinck," said Norman.

He made Rose a most devoted lover, but a singularly methodical one, it must be admitted. His hour for calling upon her in the evening seldom varied by as much as five minutes; Rose often kept him waiting, but he never kept her. His sweetheart was fond of the theatre—though she drew scornful enough comparison between theatrical pleasure here and that to be experienced oversea—and he promptly made an arrangement by means of which they could be sure of certain seats on two special evenings each week. He was always making some "arrangement," systematizing, formulating. Rose freely allowed that he was in love with her, and yet she confided to one or two of her friends that his sentiment narrowly escaped the ludicrous. Its bursts of impetuosity were all so neatly calculated that they reminded Rose of the balloons which roam air with a stout string tethering them to earth. His ardor suggested a phlegmatic person in a fever, who puts a thermometer under his arm for the purpose of correctly ascertaining its intensity of degree. It often struck poor Rose that he had fallen out of the groove, so to speak, which belonged to his character and personality, by falling in love at all. It might be said that there was something in his peculiar manifestation of attachment which, at the same time, fascinated and shocked her. But she had never quite made up her mind as to whether the attraction of the whole proceeding exactly outweighed its repulsion.

This was surely a most deplorable frame of mind for a young fiancée of nineteen years old. It is not meant that she confessed so unsettled and complex a condition even to herself, and most certainly she did not impart the fact of its existence to her odd lover. Had she done so, Norman would, no doubt, have made a fondly logical demonstration—or surely have attempted one—to the effect that she gave him an adequate and sensible return for his own devotion. But, as it was, Rose remained silent, with something of that passive acquiescence which we attribute to the demeanor of a half-mesmerized subject, and grew to regard his mode of tepid yet profound courtship with much the same matter-of-course complaisance as the pretty evidence of her milliner's taste or the pleasant assiduity of her maid.

And, while matters were at just this amiably receptive standstill with Rose, she, one day, met Mr. Fanning Charlton.

Fanning Charlton was an Englishman of good birth, who had sailed to New York from his native country with letters to Rose's father. He was only three-and-twenty, and had deter-

mined to try his fortune in America, being a younger son, with no prospect whatever at home. He was a handsome blonde, six good feet in height, with a silky yellow beard, a pair of eyes as blue as an English sky in May, and a soft frank effusive manner that well matched the nimble fluency of his rather commonplace conversation. He had already obtained a good position in the silk-importing house of Digbee & Company, one of whose partners claimed relationship with his father. Charlton embodied the complete reverse of Norman Pinkney. He was no less agreeable than superficial, no less spontaneous than unassuming. He had crossed the sea with a genial determination to make himself as speedily at home in New York as possible, and he lost no time in fulfilling this resolve. He liked everybody whom he met, and everybody seemed briskly to return his facile overtures. There was no hint of condescension about the fellow; he had not subtlety enough to deal in hints of any sort whatever. Perhaps the only person whom he met, for a long time after landing, whose reception really chilled and disconcerted him, was Norman Pinkney.

The two men were necessarily thrown much together. Charlton dined often at the house of Duyckinck Van Ness, and saw much of his blooming daughter. For many weeks, their acquaintance gave no sign of a tender termination. He and Rose had a number of things to talk about, which Norman, having long lived abroad, could gracefully and even intelligently discuss. Rose loved England, and her new friend, although so consoledly exiled, might well be supposed to love it still more than she. Hospitality on Rose's part demanded that her full attention should frequently be given to Fanning Charlton. Was not Norman like one of the family? Indeed, from the latter, no less than from herself, a certain attitude of hostship would seem sensibly requisite. So, at least, Rose argued; and, once or twice, in a fit of rather imperious punctilio, she rebuked her lover for his apathetic treatment of their guest.

"If you don't smoke and he does, Norman," she once said, in vehement reproach, "that is no reason why you should not remain with him and papa for at least twenty minutes or so, after dinner. He looks upon you as quite one of us, you know: although I must say that I should like to give you some of papa's real affability."

"He is affable enough for any six," said Norman, referring to Charlton, and with a fairly grim intonation as well. "I thought most Englishmen were rather austere."

"Oh, by no means," exclaimed Rose, self-

forgetfully. "I found many of them just as sunny and jovial as he is. True, those to whom I refer were mostly young men—men of about his age. And yet I can't say that I met anyone with just his brightness and buoyancy," she added.

"Brightness?" queried Norman, a little sharply and curtly. "If you mean brain, I have not seen the slightest trace of any."

Rose bit her lip, and swept with one quick glance her lover's demure staid face. There are seconds that narrate volumes to the heart. Rose was passing through such an episode now. She could almost feel the sparks of anger kindling in her usually gentle look, as she said:

"We can, all of us, willfully shut our eyes."

"What on earth should make me willfully do so?" asked Norman, with a great deal more surprise than annoyance.

"I don't know, I'm sure," declared Rose, tossing her head: "perhaps vanity and egotism."

He repeated her last words with an accent of quiet wonder. But this appeared only to irritate Rose the more.

"Measure everybody, if you please," she went on, annoyed, "by your own personal standard of solemnity and reserve. I am not surprised that, in doing this, Norman, you should find Fanning Charlton grievously deficient. But there is one thing that I think I ought boldly to tell you."

"And, pray, what is that?" asked Norman, who had turned somewhat pale during her outburst.

"You might profitably take a good many lessons from Mr. Charlton in amiability and ease of deportment. There—I've spoken my mind, and, if you don't like it, I can't help it. Be as much offended with me as you please; only, don't, for the love of justice, visit any spleen or displeasure on my father's guest!"

She swept very haughtily from the room, a moment later. Norman, still paler than before, sank into a chair, and let his gray eyes scan the floor for a long while. He had no thought of feeling resentment against Rose. He was troubled solely by the possible motive of her little tirade. Nature had gifted him with much keenness of insight into the working and impulses of human character.

While he sat there, in the room where Rose had left him, a creeping terror laid its slow and cold clasp about his heart. But, with no light effort of will, he shook off the distressing influence. Why, he told himself, might Rose have had any more serious prompting toward her recent irate personalities than a mere girlish

willfulness? Besides, was it not possibly true enough that his own manner was uniformly too cheerless and frigid? What was more natural than that she should take a wholesome pride in having him appear cordial, entertaining, and debonaire? Was he not her accepted future husband, and had she not the right to chide, to admonish, and even to roundly scold him at her own discretion?

During the next week, he assiduously strove to treat Fanning Charlton with the warmest courtesy. He did not succeed in making the merry-souled Englishman like him. Norman could no more effectually play a social part than a turtle could leave its shell. When endeavoring to be other than his authentic self, he always narrowly missed a pitiable awkwardness. Rose saw through the masquerade, but perhaps failed to value its real pathos. Charlton observed it with secret consternation, and told himself that this dull grave lover of Duyckinck Van Ness's daughter was more eccentric than he had originally thought.

Meanwhile, Rose had realized, with secret dismay, and with a terror something akin to what Norman himself had not long ago felt, that fate was wreaking upon her a stern revenge for her own past weakness. She had never loved Pinkney; she had simply let herself be loved by him. That, and no more. She had had no right to acquiesce, to concede, as she had done. She now found herself staring, in wretched mental disarray, at the nude bald consequence of her own mistake. She was engaged to marry Norman Pinkney; she had fallen in love with Fanning Charlton.

And her love was returned. Charlton had made this truth mercilessly plain to her. He had not the slightest fineness or delicacy in the way of reluctance when his own awakened regard called him to face the present situation. He thought that Rose was throwing herself away on a tiresome bore; it seemed to him a horrid shame that she should do so. Rose was lovely, and, whatever way she married, ought to marry a good fellow. Charlton believed himself to be that; he had no fund of conceit, but he felt firmly assured, nevertheless, that he was a good fellow. Rose did not care a straw for Pinkney, and it was quite in the proper order of things that she should decisively and expeditiously repair her blunder. If Pinkney was going to hate him afterward, Charlton could not help it. Such things as the discreet rupture of an imprudent engagement had taken place lots of times before, since our planet had begun to be inhabited. Of course, Pinkney would take it

frightfully to heart; those sober deliberate chaps, when they had once got head-over-ears in love, usually did. But the matter could not be helped. He, Charlton, might be accused of treachery. So might Rose, as far as that was concerned. But the accusation wouldn't be a fair one. Circumstance, and Rose's youthful inexperience of her own true feelings, would be solely to blame.

Thus airily argued Fanning Charlton, as shallow natures like his own are inevitably given to argue. Nor did he leave Rose in ignorance of his specious and cruel conclusion. She listened to him with guilty dread, at first. But she loved him. His golden beard had grown full of sunshine to her maiden eyes, his rippling and dulcet voice held cadences that could drown conscience. I think she was no weaker than thousands of other women—placed as she had been placed—would have proved themselves. Her heart spoke to her at last, and she let it speak.

She pitied Norman Pinkney keenly enough. She knew that he was yet in absolute ignorance of her new attachment. The full scope and fibre of his love were known to her. The anguish that would be dealt him had by no means escaped her recognition. The strength of the blow which he must receive roused already her deep compassion. And yet this blow must fall. There was no other way. Charlton, during the stolen talks which he held with Rose, advised her to seek an interview with Norman Pinkney and firmly present the bitter facts. But Rose preferred a more roundabout, and indeed a less honest, course. She was not brave when she thought of the thunderbolt which lay ready for her hand to use. Perhaps she merits being called thoroughly cowardly. But she had known Pinkney a long time; the magnitude of the agony which her future action would inflict was, for excellent reasons, appallingly clear to her!

One evening, a little while before the dinner-hour, she knocked at the door of her father's sitting-room. Duyckinck Van Ness was seated before a glowing fire, which the outside wintry weather made very desirable, deep in a new novel by George Sand. He was always supplied with the latest French novels, even in those days, when such specimens of Gallic literature were looked upon by the majority of New Yorkers as a waste of time no less flippant than pernicious for the readers able to understand them; and it is safe to say that, from the South Ferry out as far as the almost suburban Canal Street, there were not many readers who did.

Rose looked very pale and worried, as she laid a hand caressingly on her father's shoulder and seated herself at his side.

"I have something terribly important to tell you," she began; "and you must listen, papa dear, with all your best attention. Will you promise me to do so?"

"I suppose I must," said Duyckinck Van Ness. after he had scanned his daughter's face well, as if to make sure that she was in positive earnest. "But I don't like terribly important things one bit. Rose, as you perhaps know. Indeed, to be frank, I am afraid I don't like important things at all." Here the irrepressible smile showed itself, under his white mustache. "That is one of my chief quarrels with life—that it contains altogether too few of my favorite trifles."

"Ah, you will find that I have to deal, just now, in the very reverse of trifles," answered Rose, her lips quivering as she spoke. "Papa," she went on, letting both hands slip about his neck now, until they met each other with locked fingers, "I fear you will think me quite abominable when I tell you something."

"Is it about Norman Pinkney?" asked her father, with a kind of sympathetic twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, yes," eagerly exclaimed Rose, feeling encouraged and assisted by this unforeseen question. "Tell me," she hurried on: "do you guess anything else, papa? It is so much nicer to have you guess the truth, than to make you an out-and-out confession."

"Well, then, my dear," said this most complainant of fathers, while he kissed Rose's heated cheek, "I will do all the guessing for your ladyship that I conveniently can. I guess, in the first place, that Norman Pinkney, with all his rectitude and principle, is a little tedious—a little 'collet-monté,' as the French have it. And I guess, in the second place, that Fanning Charlton is the precise opposite of this." Here, Duyckinck Van Ness paused and made a funny little grimace, almost good enough for the low-comedy-man in a play. "But I guess something else," he added, with a droll tone or two entering his altered voice: "and that is, my dear daughter, that there is going to be what one might call 'the devil to pay.'"

But, "au fond," Van Ness did not at all care whether there would be the devil to pay or not. He detested New York; he detested the formality and provincialism of those surroundings which circumstances had of late permanently forced him to endure. He rather relished the coming excitement which would result from his daughter's

ruptured engagement. His was the lightest of light natures, and he entirely sympathized with Rose. He thought Fanning Charlton a most delightful fellow. One must be a delightful fellow who could talk to you so for an hour at a time about the joy of deer-shooting in the Scotch hills; Van Ness adored deer-shooting in the Scotch hills. Of course, it was all going to be hard lines for poor Norman Pinkney. But, however you pitied the vexatious disappointment from which Norman was to suffer, you must more or less enjoy the novel little romantic episode—novel and romantic enough for this prim "ennuyeux" New York, where nobody ever did anything, except get up at seven o'clock in the morning and go to "business," and own a pew in Trinity, and gossip gelidly about the peccadilloes of his next-door neighbor—who never had any worth remembering.

Readily enough, Rose's father took upon himself the task of enlightening Pinkney as to his future unhappiness. About a week later, on a certain evening, when dinner was over, he invited his kinsman to join him in the same sitting-room where Rose had made her avowal of disloyalty. Charlton had not dined at his house, that evening. The Englishman knew that Rose's bonds were summarily to be unriveted before another day dawned, and that the morrow was to make him a free and recognized suitor.

It was to Rose an almost ghastly dinner. She had thrice her father's innate depth of feeling; she knew what red blood ran in the hope which was ruthlessly to be lopped away. She could scarcely trust herself to speak a word; she dreaded lest her own covert agitation should betray her, and force from her own lips disclosures which would be worse than merely tragic in their result.

Her father, on the other hand, was unusually gay and courteous toward their sole guest—if Pinkney, now so long accustomed to his hospitality, really deserved the formal name. He spoke, with rambling abandonment, of his life abroad; he narrated one or two humorous stories of his life in Paris; he insisted upon filling Norman's glass with claret, though the latter, who disliked all wine, gently protested against this civility. and afterward took but a few unwilling sips of the smooth red potion. Van Ness, for his own part, drank more copiously than usual. He was, perhaps, mildly stimulating himself for the due appreciation of his forthcoming entertainment. But, in justice, it should be said of him that, if he thus regarded the near interview, he did so with nothing of the cruelty which a spirit of stronger calibre and equal

frivolity might have felt. It was going to be an exciting little contretemps, however disagreeable; "and what wonder," Van Ness may perhaps have asked himself, "that even the explosion of a small bombshell should hold its element of actual diversion where the pleasurable little sputter of pin-wheels occurred with such exasperating rarity?"

"I want to see you, for a short private chat, in my den, you know, after dinner," he had contrived to murmur to Pinkney before the meal had ended; and his hearer, when he had quietly nodded assent, had wondered, with complete innocence, what could be the subject of this proposed private meeting. As it was, he followed Rose from the dining-room, hastily excusing himself to her father after the girl herself had risen. Pinkney had had but few opportunities, of late, for a tête-à-tête with Rose. He had shown no glimpse of anger at her reprimand, given him several days ago, and he had sought, with an almost devout obedience, to fulfill her wishes regarding his own personal deportment toward Charlton.

Rose by no means wished that he should follow her as she left the dining-room. She flushed hotly, and then paled, as she heard his pursuant steps.

"Papa wished to speak with you, I thought," she faltered, miserably, as he joined her in the dim-lighted parlor, with its stiff hair-cloth furniture, and its solemn mahogany clock that rose from one gloomy corner. The word "drawing-room" was then unknown in New York; and, indeed, the existence of such a chamber, as we employ it now, was still a future luxury.

"Why, do you know that, Rose?" he asked, in much surprise.

"Yes—I—I heard papa say it," she stammered. The dusk made her face very indistinct to him as she thus spoke.

He started a little. "Do you suppose," he said, "that your father has anything of moment to talk with me about?"

"Yes," said Rose.

He drew nearer to her in the faint light, and put his arm round her waist, leaning his face toward hers, in the way of a lover.

Rose sprang from him. She felt that there would be more than shame and humiliation, just then, in her letting him kiss her.

"Go to papa," she said. "Hear what he has to tell you. It will be better to hear at once."

She hastened from the parlor, after thus speaking, and left him alone in its dimness. But he did not remain there long. He soon

passed, with a firm slow step, back into the dining-room. Van Ness was no longer here. A finger-bowl, a half-filled wineglass, and a tumbled napkin told of his recent departure.

Pinkney absently looked at these signs for a moment; his grave face wore a dazed expression; he moved out into the hall with a still slower step than before; he had drooped his head as he did so.

What Van Ness had lightly termed his "den" was just at the upper landing of the first staircase. He could not yet have seated himself, for, when Pinkney's knock sounded at his closed door, he almost instantly opened it. "Oh, it's you," he said.

"Yes, it is I," answered Pinkney. He was very pale; he spoke swiftly, but with no trace of any tremor. "Rose has acted strangely," he went on. "She knows you have something to say to me. She dismisses me, herself; she sends me to you. What does it mean?"

PART II.

VAN Ness threw himself, with a good deal of grace, into a big armchair. "My dear Norman," he said, looking at the fragrant cigar he had just lighted, "you don't smoke. How I wish you did, at the present moment! There are some unpleasant things which a mutual cigar can make so much pleasanter in the telling!"

Pinkney hurried toward him. His face was almost livid now. He seized Van Ness's arm, and with no slight force.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Is it about Rose and—Charlton?"

"My poor boy—yes. It is about Rose and Charlton. Please don't grip me, my boy, like that. Remember, I have nerves, if you haven't."

Pinkney withdrew his hand. He still stood at Van Ness's side. He gave a faint chill laugh.

"Oh, I too have nerves," he said. "Well, go on."

"Charlton and Rose should have met earlier," said Van Ness, in his cool soft tone. "How horribly commonplace that sounds, doesn't it? But all life, my boy, is such a tissue of commonplaces! Rose has always respected you enormously. How could she help it? How could anyone help it? But there's a ridiculous disease which attacks young women and young men, called 'an affinity.' Rose and Charlton have been simultaneously stricken by this malady. They want to get cured; that is but natural, I suppose. They think there is only one way—marriage. Well, I'm not a cynic; but I will wager they're right. Marriage is a cure—nearly always—"

But here this dainty commentator upon matrimony paused. The deathly look of anguish on Pinkney's face made him do so.

About a half-hour afterward, Rose—who had been leaning over the balustrade of an upper staircase, who had seen a certain form descend into the lowest hall, and who had, later, heard the front-door clang in signal of an evident departure from the house—hurried down to the door of her father's sitting-room.

"Well, papa?" she asked, meeting her parent, as he was in the act of relighting his extinguished cigar with a hand that shook somewhat uncharacteristically. "Do tell me all that passed."

Van Ness had a slight pink tinge on each cheek, which became him, by contrast with his crisp white mustache.

"It's all ended and settled, Rose," he said, perhaps as seriously as he had ever spoken in his life. "But I shouldn't care to go through it again—that's all. The man acted and looked as if he'd got his death-blow; and I shouldn't be very much surprised if he had."

The stars were shining keenly in the January night, as Norman Pinkney, with both horror and agony in his heart, went forth from the Van Ness dwelling. For some little time, his movements were automatic; an iron band seemed tightened mercilessly across his temples, yet the pain of its pressure still somehow left thought not only possible, but clear. Without knowing whither his random steps had borne him, Pinkney at length found himself among the paths of the Battery. They were very different paths then from now: they were not macadamized, and skirted by breadths of trim granite; nor did the handsome esplanade rise, as at present, between the park and the water. Fewer lamps lit the expanse then than now; and, southward, where well-built ferries cluster to-day, was a wider and lovelier view of the river. The years, which have brought such marvelous changes for New York and Brooklyn, were yet to invest with bustle and a sense of crowded habitation this noted domain.

Pinkney went almost to the water's-edge. The lamps were well in the rear of him; he saw the shining yet sullen black of the tide below him heave and pulsate, looking not unlike the dark shoulders of a throng of spirits, pressed close and actively strained beneath some viewless burden. Beyond, in the direction of Staten Island, only two or three passing boats gave a gleam of light: where now, at almost any hour, from evening until dawn, so many such lights are visible. It was all intensely dreary, solemn, and still. The breeze blew fresh and fleet, but

by no means violent, under the calm brilliant January stars.

"The tide is nearly in," Pinkney thought. "I cannot swim. If I leap down, no one would see me."

But he presently turned away. His was not the nature in which a suicidal impulse gains control or ascendancy. Something else soon rose uppermost with him, instead. It thrust through all his suffering—and this was of the deepest and bitterest. And it never left him afterward.

He would punish both Rose and her lover. He would become an instrument of their future torment. It seemed to him as if the silence and darkness through which he passed inland, toward his home, had become his mute accomplices in this unrelenting scheme. He would be quiet and stealthy. He would wait. Perhaps he might wait for years. But, in the end, reprisal would come to him. They deserved, both, to be tortured, and the aim of his life should henceforward be to that end.

About a month later, Rose and Charlton were married. The wedding was unusually gay, for that sober and almost colonial time. The breaking of Rose's engagement had made a great scandal, and many people were inclined to be profuse in their condolence toward the man whom she had apparently jilted with so little hesitation or ruth.

But Pinkney repelled all such advances. Sympathy of this sort was only a fresh stab to him. He refused to speak on the subject of either Rose's or Charlton's behavior. His habits, always method itself, became still more strict and disciplined. On the day of the wedding, he went about his business-duty with a visage that betrayed no least sign of his inward turmoil.

Afterward, he and Rose would often meet face-to-face, and he, as often, would see both Charlton and Duyckinck Van Ness. But he passed them, ostensibly as unconcerned as if they had been the merest chance-strangers. New York was then so small, that such meeting could not but be of more or less frequent occurrence for people dwelling in anything which at all resembled the same sphere of social life.

Two years elapsed. Pinkney heard that a child had been born to Rose—born dead—and that she herself was most perilously ill. He showed not the slightest interest in this intelligence.

Rose recovered: and, shortly afterward, Duyckinck Van Ness, with whom the young pair had always dwelt since their marriage, suddenly breathed his last. The funeral was at Trinity

Church, and, for those days, exceedingly large. Not a few of the old merchants closed their places of business while the funeral occurred. After all, in spite of his objectionable flippancy, Van Ness had been an important personage; and then, too, his unfailing amiability now took that memorial distinctness which death may alone convey. Besides, had he not been a Van Ness, tracing straight back through a line of decorous ancestors to the New Amsterdam and Peter Stuyvesant era? Some of the many mourners at his obsequies even expected that Norman Pinkney would so far forget old scores as to appear among the throng at the church.

But Norman Pinkney did not appear.

A little later, it was found that Van Ness's fortune had not amounted to more than half what the general belief had held it. He had lived expensively while abroad; he had spent with little forethought while here; he possessed no capacity for judicious investment; and so, doubtless, thousands of dollars had drifted away.

A hundred thousand dollars, at that time, was considered to be a really superb fortune. It had been almost universally credited that Van Ness's fortune amounted to this sum. But the truth soon widely transpired. He had not left more than thirty thousand dollars, exclusive of the large mansion facing on the Battery, which may have been worth eight thousand at the most.

These bits of astonished gossip readily found their way to Norman Pinkney's ears. It would have been strange enough, if they had not done so. But he received them with an unvarying composure.

He had risen to a place of high trust in the bank. He had already saved considerable money; five hundred dollars afforded a good income to a man then; and Pinkney, in his modest boarding-house, with his utter freedom from all expensive taste, probably did not spend more than two-thirds of that amount.

About a year later, on the death of one of the principal trustees of the bank. Pinkney was chosen to succeed him. He now began a series of very safe and cautious investments. These were principally concerned with real-estate. The city had begun rather briskly to grow. No one knew just in what direction it would grow; but Pinkney, with regard to its special line and region of development, showed an almost unerring prescience. He bought largely; and whatever he bought seemed in a few years to double and triple its previous value.

He began to be spoken of as a rich man. Meanwhile, from his former landlady—Mrs. Pryce—he had purchased the boarding-house

in which he had dwelt for a long time, making it his private residence. Private it indeed was, in every conceivable sense. Its windows were kept closed with a prisonlike sternness; no visitor ever rang at the slim-handled door-bell beside its white arched doorway, so similar to those which we see in Philadelphia houses now. Even the butcher's or grocer's wagon rarely stopped there. Mrs. Pryce, who was a woman of no patrician assumption, could easily transport beneath her shawl everything which from day to day filled her own and her master's slender want. She was a spare angular woman of about sixty, with a pair of lustreless eyes and a sour infrequent smile. She kept her own counsel with an unchangeable reticence. As Pinkney grew richer and richer, she found herself more and more questioned concerning his personal habits. But she had an evasive and somewhat tart answer for everybody. There was really nothing of the slightest import to discover. Pinkney's habits were as monotonous as clockwork, and just about as uninteresting.

With Charlton and Rose, affairs had been considerably less prosperous. Charlton had speculated with his wife's money in ventures of real-estate purchase, and had invariably lost. Always a generous liver, he had lapsed, of late, into a course of easy-going but precarious intemperance, which Rose strove vainly to check. One day, he lost his position with Digbee & Company on this very account. He openly declared his discharge to be an outrage, and commenced suit against his former employers for defamation of character.

Hearing of this, Norman Pinkney smiled to himself. It was a very furtive smile, and it did not at all become his hardened and somewhat yellow visage. He was now about forty years old, and yet he looked fully fifty. Something had prematurely aged him. He had grown thin, sallow, almost cadaverous. He stooped abnormally when he walked, and his gray eyes, always so cold, had got a trick of twinkling oddly, which his enviers and detractors charged to the thrill of avarice.

Perhaps it was these people—success always engenders malice, as light does shadow—who whispered that the lawyer employed by Charlton to conduct his case against Digbee & Company had allowed himself to receive a fat bribe from Norman Pinkney. However this may have been, Fanning Charlton disastrously, and somewhat disgracefully, lost his suit.

Rose's family now all abandoned the cause of her husband. Till now, they had rather strenuously endorsed it; but, during the trial,

certain very unpalatable facts had transpired concerning her husband. The Van Nesses, Van Antwerps, Amsterdams, and Manhattans—all near kindred of Rose's—were conservative as any landed gentry of Sussex or Kent. They urged Rose to seek a divorce, and asserted that, if she did so, they would receive her once more most protectively beneath the august family "ægis." But Rose unconditionally refused. She was in miserable domestic circumstances; the household-funds had dwindled to a very small amount; her husband's angry lawsuit had materially drained them, and his previous ill-luck had rendered such expenditure doubly unfortunate. Still, she clung to Charlton. Her fidelity was now, perhaps, much more a matter of pride than affection. But, at the risk of desertion by all her blood-relations, she nevertheless refused to desert the man whose vice had, in reality, cost her more real suffering than many of his hottest accusers really knew.

Just at this time, nearly all the old residents of the city were moving further uptown. The Battery had lost its vogue. Broadway had become a far more fashionable and desirable street, and many other streets contiguous to it offered almost equal attraction. Stores and warehouses began to open on every side of the old Van Ness dwelling. But Rose and Charlton still remained there. The truth was, they could not depart, unless the compulsory consequence of a heavy mortgage drove them elsewhere.

At this distressing juncture of affairs, Fanning Charlton was taken severely ill. His illness was long and tedious. Rose, at times, had barely the money to pay for needful immediate want. More than once, she sought certain debtors of her husband—men who had inveigled him, for the most part, into his late wasteful career. But, usually, these men either procrastinated payment, or, with knowledge of her husband's reported dying condition, boldly denied their indebtedness.

Rose had now quarreled with all her family. Charlton lingered for two years, and, during this time, she made no advance whatever toward any of her relations. She considered, whether right or wrong, that they had behaved shamefully toward her, and repeatedly she told herself that she would rather starve outright, and see her husband die before her eyes, than seek aid at their hands.

It was not cruel indifference on their part—it was, rather, entire ignorance. The city had changed so, that blocks and blocks of houses now intervened between Rose and all her kindred. From being provincial, New York was rapidly becoming cosmopolitan. She had little

doubt that all her cousins had already forgotten her—and this was, in a measure, true. The region of the Battery was looked upon, even at this date, as vulgar and deserted. No one connected with her by family-tie knew if she were still there or not. If she had gone to them and solicited help, they would, no doubt, not have refused it. But she would not go.

Sometimes she thought of Norman Pinkney, and wondered if he would help her. Her husband was partially insane during his illness; it was a paralysis of the spine, complicated with other difficulties. He needed the most competent nurse, and Rose had only her own power to use in his behalf.

"Shall I go?" she often asked herself. "He is immensely rich, they say. He once loved me. Is he waiting for me to come? I treated him infamously. Perhaps I have made him the strange moping recluse that he now is. But how could he forgive me if I really went? I have lost all that must once have charmed him. I am no longer Rose Van Ness. My face is wrinkled, faded, old before its time. Not a shadow of my old self remains. No; he would laugh at me. Perhaps he has been waiting all these years simply for the vengeance of having me come to him and plead for aid!"

Rose was right. He had been so waiting. Her cast-off lover, living alone, taciturn and friendless while he accumulated money, had been waiting for precisely this aim and purpose.

His personal needs were few; his life was that of an absolute anchorite; he had gathered thousands together, and he now enjoyed not a dime of them. The resolve made in the dimness of the Battery, on that misery-laden night, abode with him always. He would wreak vengeance upon both Rose and the man who had abetted her in her frightful deceit. It was just and right that he should do this. No man had ever been more woefully injured than he. In the whole history of the wrongs of mankind, nothing more infamously treacherous had ever occurred.

His wrong had bitten and burned into his brain. He brooded over it, day by day. He scarcely ever slept without seeing Rose and Charlton, in his dreams, come to him and beg for mercy. He was, beyond doubt, monomaniacal on the subject of Rose's ultimate appeal for his assistance.

He had weighed, calculated, measured every chance of her so coming. In his seclusion, his solitude, this expectation had assumed weird and unnatural shapes. Old Mrs. Pryce had repeatedly stolen to the door of his chamber and found him pacing it with excited mien and muttering half-incoherent words.

He was waiting.

She would come. Not an item or detail of her wretched household-affairs had escaped him. She would be certain to come. There lay his immoderate anticipated joy. And when she came—

He always paused there, in thought. There lay the summit and the exquisite reality of his vengeance. He would listen, and then laugh his unutterable contempt.

Knowing Charlton's illness, knowing Rose's poverty, this waiting on the part of Norman Pinkney slowly grew into a torment of suspense. He found that it had begun seriously to wear upon his health; he lost appetite; he would wake from hectic and sinister dreams at night. A violent palpitation of the heart would at times assail him, followed by such sinking-fits that it seemed as if one or two slight degrees of exhaustion must ensue to bring death itself. Thrice he was attacked by these spasms in the street, and brought home, ghastly pale and almost lifeless, to Mrs. Pryce. And once when the latter, leaning over him and watching him with eagerness, had assured him unmeaningly that he was better and would soon be strong again, he had answered, in a hollow gasping voice:

"Yes, I—I shall live, Lydia. I—I shall live till she comes and—asks for help!"

At last she did come. Fanning Charlton had died on the previous day. Rose had nothing wherewith to bury her husband. He lay dead in a bare room, despoiled of all its furniture. She had sold or pawned everything that she had the right to pawn or sell. The mortgage on her house had been foreclosed. She must leave it as soon as Charlton was buried. Again and again she had thanked God that no child had ever been born to her except one, and that child dead!

In her dire extremity, she rang the bell at the door of her old lover's house. Pinkney had heard of her husband's death. The hour was just at twilight, on a sultry midsummer evening. As Rose was admitted by Mrs. Pryce, he called from upstairs:

"Here, to my library."

His library was grim enough, but he, with his bent figure and glistening eyes, looked grimmer still.

"So you come to me, Mrs. Charlton," he said, facing Rose, after he had silently ushered her into the chamber upstairs. "You come to me. And why?"

It was the supreme hour of his vengeance. It was what he had waited for through years.

He himself was totally changed. Latterly he had been called a miser, and his shriveled face,

his uneasy attenuated hands, his stooped figure, all suggested what one would call the accepted miserly type.

Rose looked at him with her tearful altered eyes. Not a trace of her past loveliness remained. She was rustily clad in black; her face had not a hint of its old sweet bloom; her hands, so slender now that her wedding-ring hung loosely on its especial finger, were knotted in agitation very close together. She seemed like a pauper of the commonest kind—she, Rose Van Ness, whom he had worshiped once as the blooming belle!

"I come to you," she said, in a feeble hesitating voice, "because my husband lies dead, and I have not money to bury him! In the old days, I wronged you. You may or you may not, Norman Pinkney, have waited for vengeance."

"Vengeance?" he repeated, and his gray eyes glistened.

Rose dropped at his feet. "Not vengeance now," she moaned. "Mercy!"

"Mercy?" he repeated.

"Help!" she cried, tears streaming from her eyes as she lifted both hands in supplication. "You might deal vengeance! It is so easy to send me away. But I am utterly without aid—and he lies dead! Have mercy, now! I come to you before I go to my kindred! And why? They, who have deserted me without real reason, make it harder for me to beg from them than from you, whom long ago I wronged!"

He stood perfectly silent, looking down at her upturned face, so informed with the pathos of her past suffering.

He had loved her once. He loved her no more, in that ardent fleshly way. She was only a dim memory of the woman he had once so prized! All that past was dead.

But his desire for vengeance—that still lived. What he had waited for had come at last!

And yet he grew deathly pale with a new emotion—an unforeseen rush of feeling.

"Go away," he said. "I will not help you. I will never notice you hereafter. I waited for this. I somehow knew it would come, and it has come. Go away!"

But she still knelt before him, silently pleading him.

How was it that his words had not stung and pierced her more than they had seemed to do? This was the thing for which he had so long waited—her supplianee, his own scornful refusal. Yes, he had known that it would come, and it had come at last!

At last!

And yet where was his wild revengeful joy?

Where was his triumph, his exultation? He had accomplished his revenge, yet how had his appreciation of it, his delight in it, utterly missed fire—miserably and tamely, so to speak, snapped in the pan?

Where was he? Who was he? Could it be possible that he was Norman Pinkney, who for years had hugged this one passionate desire of revenge?

And here, at his feet, was revenge at last! And what was it worth? The mere seeing a wretched woman beg of him the burial-fee of her dead husband!

He recoiled backward, shading his eyes with one hand. All the reading and meditation of his younger years flashed in potent yet brief retrospect through his mind. He remembered the wisdom of Plato, the calm high reasoning of Kant, the gracious and beautiful meditation of the English philosophers. What had all their teaching really taught him? Had he been mad all these years? Was it a good thing or a vile thing to heed the hurt done to oneself, so that one grew like a panther, watching in a jungle to strike its prey? Were the better issues and aims of life resignation and endurance, or reckless impulses of mere personal retaliation? Had he wasted his intellect in making it the slave of an individual resentment, or had he served its highest use by self-control and—pardon? For what had these great philosophers lived and died? What was the lesson of infamous weakness taught him by his own suicide-father, there among the gambling-hells of Baden?

Her voice seemed now to sound to him like the voice heard in a dream.

"It has come," she said; "your vengeance has come. But the higher vengeance, I think, must always be pity."

"Pity?" he thought. "And I have lived for years thinking only of vengeance."

He drew nearer to her. He stooped and caught both her hands. Their touch did not waken one memory of the old thrill. He realized, then, that love may die in us, but that pity, mercy, and pardon may abide till our death. Atheist or zealot, we can all reach one realization at last—that simply to be human in this life may mean to be godly as well.

"I forgive you," he said, under his breath.

He had drawn nearer to her, as he spoke. She still knelt. She caught his hand, and pressed it to her pale mouth, covering it with kisses.

* * * * *
Rose buried her husband decently. Not many weeks afterward, Pinkney, seized with a recurrence of the malady from which he had already suffered, breathed his last, in Rose's arms. And to Rose he left his whole fortune.

At his own request, Rose caused to be cut upon his tomb these simple lines:

NORMAN PINKNEY,
A MAN WHO LIVED WITHOUT THE GRACE
OF PARDON,
BUT WHO DIED REALIZING ITS WORTH.

This legend was put on his grave, in Old Trinity. Here are many tombstones on which it is now scarcely possible to decipher a single line. Yet, on Norman Pinkney's—by what is doubtless merely an odd accident of survival—the one word "pardon" still remains clearly visible.

MISSPENT.

BY GEORGIA A. PECK.

To-day, at memory's telephone,
I stand in silence, and alone—
Faint, shrinking with a nameless fear—
The voices of that realm to hear,
Whose fast-receding shore
I tread no more.

Grim Time, who guards this telephone,
Has made life's secrets all his own:
The haunting fear, the grief suppressed,
The deep life-purpose unconfessed;
The crring thought and deed,
The outworn creed;

The spirit's ever-widening zone,
The old heart-idols overthrown;
The struggling soul's deep penitence,

The unseen saving Providence;
The conflict—fierce, life-long—
'Twixt right and wrong.

Oh, dreary to my soul hath grown
The signal from time's telephone.
Accusing phantoms, night and day,
Murmur along its shadowy way:
"Bower, forbear thy cheer—
Harvest draws near."

Alas! regret's despairing moan
For misspent years may not atone;
But, weeping at the vineyard-gate,
The willing laborer, entering late,
May hear, at set of sun,
His Lord's "Well done!"

PRUE'S FRIEND.

BY M. E. HOLAHAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE table is all prepared, with its burden of flowers, gathered by Prue's little brown hands, and glittering with the family silver and crystal.

The minister has come, and been ushered into the best parlor, where all the guests are assembled. The old-fashioned clock on the mantel has just struck nine, the hour appointed for the ceremony. But Prue is too far removed to hear even the murmur of voices: for she has passionately refused to be a witness of Cleo's marriage—Cleo, her pride, her beautiful darling, now to be the wife of that selfish old half-idiotic millionaire, Jasper Marion.

Tears start afresh to dim the anger and disappointment in Prue's large gray eyes. To her, no wealth in the world, not all the carriages in New York nor opera-boxes in Paris, could ever atone for a life with the mumbling old bridegroom and for the loss of Hugh Langworthy. Prue had done all in her power to prevent the marriage—to dissuade Cleo, the exquisite worldly-wise Cleo—even growing passionate, in her anger and scorn. But it had all been of no avail. Cleo, her beautiful elder sister, her only sister, with all her exquisite fairness of face and form, all her dainty refinement of manner and mind, to be thrown away on such a hideous decrepit old ogre! Prue shuddered, as she thought of it. But it was Cleo's own fault entirely. The diamonds with which she had been wooed had dazzled her beautiful blue eyes, until—

Prue, at this thought, goes to the window and draws the curtains, looking out silently upon the night, her sweet white face all stained with tears. There has been a storm, but it has cleared off, and the air comes with a soft wave, like a sigh, laden with the breath of the June roses, that have twined themselves around the railing of the balcony. Down by the garden-path, the day-lilies are drooping their white heads in slumber. The water of the tiny fountain—Prue's especial pet and care, as the lilies are her "earth-stars"—bubbling upward, makes music on the night-air. And even while Prue gazes, spell-bound by the beauty of the night, and thinking sadly of Hugh, her dear old friend and Cleo's lover, the clouds roll backward, flooding hill and glen and river with the white light of the moon.

At this moment, the little gate at the end of the tangled garden is swung open by an impatient hand, and a man—apparently scarcely more than a boy, so tall, slim, and young he looks—comes swinging up the narrow graveled path.

"It is Hugh," cries the girl, in an ecstasy of delight, running to open the dining-room door. But, the next moment, with a pang of pain, she remembers that it is Cleo's wedding-night, and that Hugh, by the divine law of God, should have been the bridegroom, instead of Jasper Marion.

As he reaches and crosses the threshold, she can see how white and haggard the handsome boyish face has grown. She takes his passive hands in hers, with a low cry of mingled pain, sorrow, and surprise.

"Hugh!" she gasps, with her sweet sad face uplifted to his—so ghastly, so hopeless, yet so handsome withal. "Hugh, are you ill? We did not think—"

Like one in a stupor, his dark eyes look past her, straying vacantly to every familiar article in the old room—the room which had been his home until one short year before; for, until then, his twentyfirst birthday, old Captain Warrack, the father of Cleo and Prue, had been his guardian.

"You wrote me that she was to be married, Prue," he says, at length, mechanically allowing the slim childlike figure to remove his hat and coat, which were drenched with the recent rain: "to someone—some old millionaire from the city. You were jesting, little Prue. It was not so—it could not be."

Prue's little hands have fallen to her sides now, while her heart—the dearest, truest, and warmest on earth—is dull with agony that he must know the truth, and she must tell it to him: she, who would gladly give her life to save this dear old Hugh one throb of pain.

"It is true, Hugh," she answers, at length, with the great gray eyes, that seem too large and wistful for the small sweet face, by some fascination chained to his. "It is too true. Cleo bade me tell you. And—and oh! I had hoped you might get here before—"

"There was not time," he answers, wearily; "though it would have done no good. Where are they now? And why," seeming suddenly to

wake from his dream, "why are you here alone, dear?"

Her immediate answer is a gesture of passionate protest. Then:

"I could not," she says, half wearily. "It seems such a sacrilege—such a shame! It is not the same as if we were starving: though, even then, I would have chosen starvation, in preference. I," sudden tears dimming the sweet upturned eyes, "I tried to prevent it, Hugh; but—"

Her voice dies away in a choking sob; and, quite as of old, he takes her hand in his.

"I know, dear," he says, gently, but in such a sad weary voice. "Don't sob, Prue—not for me: I am not worth it. Come with me. Of all persons on earth, Prue, you and I should be present at Cleo's wedding. Shouldn't we?"

Silently and together they enter the best parlor by a back-door. Perhaps because the parlor is so dimly lit, they are unnoticed or unseen at first. But Prue trembles before the look, so vacant and hopeless, of the man beside her, as they rest on the beautiful face of the bride, as the last words are spoken:

"I then pronounce you man and wife."

CHAPTER II.

It is over at last—that mockery of a union. And still Hugh, with that dreamlike look in his eyes, has stood as he now does—his dark eyes on the bride's face, faultless as a priceless and flawless cameo. Like one in a stupor, he beholds the aged groom bend, with a gay Lothario-like air, to kiss the bride, and sees the suppressed shudder with which she shrinks back from him, and draws her veil across her features, perhaps more to hide his from her eyes than to conceal her own.

"Come, Hugh," whispers Prue, "it is over. They are even wishing her joy. We have no congratulation to offer. Let us go back!"

With a shuddering long-drawn sigh, Hugh suffers her to lead him away. Up the long old-fashioned stairs they go swiftly, into Prue's own private sitting-room—"den," she calls it. Then she gently pushes her companion into a chair near the window, and stands before him, her great eyes solemn and dilated with pain and pity.

"We must think, Hugh," she says, taking one strong shapely hand in both her own, perhaps the better to claim his attention. "It is not a dream, but all stern reality. Those careless people below must not see you as you are. You look as if you had not eaten or slept for a week!"

"I scarcely have," he groans, in the misery of his pain. "Hardly since I got your letter, Prue; and then"—bitterly—"to be too late!"

Suddenly he breaks down, crying, with a sob of passionate despair: "Prue, Prue, I am going mad. I have lost her, my life, my beautiful Cleo, forever!"

Prue does not check, or even attempt to check, the outburst by vain pleading. "Better," she thinks, "let the passion and grief have sway. Better that the battle should be fought and conquered at once, that he may come forth strong and sure to meet the world!"

So Prue stands silently before him, her eyes full of sad pity. There is a spirituality about her, a tender solemn faith, the light of a pure soul and warm heart shining out, shy and trusting, from the long-lashed eyes. She is not dazzlingly beautiful like Cleo: hers is not the perfection of features or coloring; but she is sweet, shy, and sensitive as an opening flower, with a tender mouth like the heart of a rare red rose, and eyes that, though touched by a dreamy melancholy when in repose, are full of that content and peace, the lack of which had made the lovely Cleo's life a purgatory.

Because of this, because Cleo had dreaded being poor. Because she shrank from the petty toils and trials which a small income brings, she had married Jasper Marion, sacrificing true happiness for wealth and position. To be one of the "lilies of the field," she had forgotten, or rather ignored, the faithful young lover, who, in the hope of gaining a fortune worthy of her, had been toiling away, far off in exile, until Prue's letter had summoned him back.

Suddenly the sound of wheels grates on the gravel below. Prue's heart rises and almost suffocates her.

"It is the carriage to take them to the station," she whispers. "You are so grand, so noble, so strong, Hugh! Bear up now. Almost everyone, I think, has broken hopes in his or her life; and perhaps it is best so. They will soon be gone—to Europe, Hugh. Is there anything you wish me to do? In life or in death," hurriedly, "I am—your friend!"

As her voice dies away, he looks up, a passionate entreaty in his dark eyes—a look that, to the day of her death, she never forgets, so feverish, so pleading, it is.

"Prue," he whispers, "Prue, I must see her, or go mad. I must see her, Prue"—she fears he is mad already, so fierce his grasp on her hands, so feverish his eyes gleam into hers—"before she goes, if never again. I will do nothing rash, I promise you. You shall stay and hear every

word I say. For my sake, Prue, bring her to me one moment!"

A sudden flush crosses her face and dies away. Like a reed in the summer air, she trembles a breath. Then, suddenly stooping, with a gesture of passionate feeling, she drops a kiss on the top of his dark head. So sacred a kiss might surely bring the benediction of peace to his heart.

"At any cost—right or wrong," she says, "I will bring her—for your sake, Hugh!" As she speaks, she leaves the room.

When she has gone, he rises in a fever of unrest, and is standing by the moon-lit window, looking out into the deep shadow, when suddenly the door opens again and admits Prue, and, following her, a shining vision in bridal robes and wearing the exquisite face of Cleo Warrack—alas! his Cleo never again.

She suppresses a cry at sight of Hugh; but Prue draws her within the room, and locks the door behind them.

"Hugh!" gasps the bride, tremblingly; "I—I"—with a sobbing little laugh—"you looked so uncanny in the moonlight! I thought it was your ghost. Prue did not tell me it was you, else—oh, Hugh, Hugh, why did you come back?"

"Neither to haunt nor taunt you, Mrs. Marion," he says, mockingly, with a bitter laugh, more terrible to Prue than his tears. "I simply wished to congratulate you and say good-bye!"

She lifts her face to his—the fairest face that ever drove man mad by its beauty. It is too much for his self-control. He falls on his knees before her, and, covering both her hands with wild burning kisses, cries:

"Oh, my darling, my darling, why could you not have been faithful a little while longer? I had worked so hard, Cleo. The very day I heard of your intended marriage, I had become a rich man—the mine had yielded more than ever we dared to dream possible. Another day, and I would have started home; then—"

He pauses to look at her—the weak beautiful thing that had spoiled his life—to look at her with love and despair unutterable.

With a gesture of entreaty—passionate, scornful, hopeless—she flings out her white arms, all covered with glittering diamonds, the price for which she had sold herself.

"Don't, Hugh; I cannot bear it!" she half sobs. "It is too late now. I am beyond hope. It is all the work of my own vain ambition. I—I was not worthy of you, Hugh, and— Don't make it harder to bear. God knows what I would give now to undo it all; but"—with a despairing glance at the third finger of her left

hand, where her wedding-ring gleams—"it is too late. I am bound for life to— Oh, Hugh, Hugh, how shall I ever live out the long dreary years with him, when I loathe him so?"

Even thus early does the fruit she craved prove itself of the Dead Sea—ashes to her touch. All the resentment and reproach of both Hugh and her sister vanish forever, as the beautiful sinner falls on her knees, in the agony of her vain regret and wild despair, staining her white robe with tears, begging them to save her from him—from herself.

"You do not love me less, Hugh?" she says, at last. "You love me still the same? If I were free—free again, and faithful—"

"No power on earth should take you from me," he answers, heedless of Prue's great dilated eyes. "I can never love you more—or less."

"Oh, hush," whispers Prue, in a frightened whisper. "You must not speak in that way. Come, Cleo: you will have barely time to change your dress and catch the train. Already they are calling for you, below. Wait until I come back, Hugh."

When the wedding-party and guests have gone at last—to Prue, it has been ages—she returns to find Hugh looking gloomily out the window, a melancholy in his eyes which never quite deserts them.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN to-morrow comes, Hugh is raving with delirium—"brain-fever," the doctor calls it, but "heart-fever" Prue knows it to be, as she stands by his bed and listens to his raving. And the raving is all for Cleo—none for her, who nurses him so tenderly and efficiently, moistening his lips, administering the medicine, or cooling the flushed handsome face tossing on the pillow.

The weary days and weeks drag by, with their weight of terrible suspense; but, at last, the turn of the fever comes, and they know that, for better or worse, Hugh Langworthy will "take up the burden of life again," leaving the hope of his life a "might have been," as many others have before him, and as millions will, in the years to come.

"To think that he loved her like that," Prue whispers, softly, gently smoothing the pillows around the handsome wan face, so different from that of the old Hugh. "To think that he loved her like that; yet she could give him up, to marry such an old ogre! If he had only loved me, now. Why, there is not gold enough in the mines of California to atone for one year of

Hugh's loss. But then," with a low philosophical sigh, "he did not love me. What a ragged ill-fitting old world it sometimes seems!"

And the sigh that follows speaks volumes—volumes of love, not friendship, as she supposes: love that would die for his sake, if the sacrifice could lighten his burden of pain.

"Prue," says her father, gently stroking her hair, when she comes down from the sick-room for a few minutes, "you are like a shadow. You must take some rest, and let Betty nurse Hugh, else you will fall sick. I could not lose you, dear."

"No, no," she answers, eagerly, kissing the hand that stroked her head. "I'm all right. Hugh likes me best to talk and read to him. He will soon be up, now."

The father kisses the little face and smiles.

"Well, well," he says, "tell Hugh to hurry, then. It's lonely since Cleo has gone, and I see so little of you now."

One day, in passing the tall old mirror in the library, Prue sees a little form, slim as a hazel wand, in a clinging white dress, with a whiter face and great sad eyes, that tell a pathetic story of heartache; but not until she has passed does she realize that it is herself, so different is she from the Prue of old, with the merry mischievous face that she used to have.

At last, Hugh is able to leave his room; and, leaning on her shoulder, they stroll together slowly through the old well-known garden. Each day his step grows stronger, and Prue experiences a dull sense of pain and loss, as he leans less heavily on her loving arm. But the hopeless look never leaves his eyes.

"It seems so terrible," Prue sobs, to her pillow, crushing her fair head and tear-stained eyes against the snowy linen: "all the life and light and hope gone from his beautiful eyes! Cleo was not worth it."

But the lovely gray eyes are doomed to shed many more tears, in the days to come: tears for which—God pity us—we poor mortals can find no remedy while the human heart knows loss.

"I am going away, Prue," Hugh says, one day, turning suddenly from the window—the same in which she had stood on Cleo's wedding-night. It is near four months since then. The roses that clambered over the balcony-railing have withered long ago, the sleep of the lilies has become death, and the trees in the valley have changed their luxuriant green robes for garbs of crimson and russet and gold.

Prue starts suddenly, almost dropping the ten-things which she has been removing. There is a momentary silence, a gasped "Going away?"

and her heart beats with such force that she fears he may hear its agony. But, when she looks up to meet his dark eyes, her own are as calm as her voice. She has learned to control herself well.

"Are you strong enough, Hugh?" she asks, gently. "It would be wicked to endanger your life. Climatic change—"

He answers with a short mirthless laugh.

"It would be well," he says, bitterly, "if a climatic change were to carry me off. Nothing can kill the miserable, Prue, but hard old-age. I left in—in such a hurry: my affairs at the mines are not half settled. I shall start to-morrow, I think, Prue."

The change in his voice, as he utters her name, is so great that she starts again, and even flushes, mentally chiding herself for her foolish weakness.

"Well, Hugh?" trembling in every limb.

"Have you heard from them?" he says, at last.

"I had a letter from Cleo yesterday," Prue answers, a trifle of latent weariness in her tone. "They are going to spend the winter in Florence."

A change that is almost a flush mounts to his white brow, as he comes toward her, with a tender light in his eyes.

"I had loved her from childhood, Prue: you know that," he exclaims, softly. "Perhaps all the better because she and you were a distant kin of my own. You have been awfully good to let me rave on, in my madness and folly, Prue. But, knowing all, you do not blame me for my weakness? I, who have had so few loyal friends, will always remember you as the truest and dearest friend ever God gave—"

He pauses; for, with a passionate sob, Prue has hidden her face—such a wan white face, with its long watching—in her hands, crying out all the suppressed agony of her yearning, desolate heart at last, poor child.

"Don't, Prue," he says, gently drawing the hands from her face and holding them in his. "Don't cry for me. I am not worthy one little friendly tear of yours, though in the generosity of your heart you cannot think so. When I am gone"—in his ignorance, man-like, he tears open the gaping wound—"you will write to me often, telling me how happy you all are—father, and you, and Cleo. She was so miserable when we saw her last, Prue. Sometime, when the pain is less keen, I may come back. In case I do," with a faint fond smile, "what shall I bring you?"

As she lifts her fair head, one tear, large and glistening, has fallen on his hand. He smiles as

she endeavors to wipe it away, but does not loose his hold of her hands.

"I shall remember it in my exile," he says, tenderly. "Let us call it a tearful prayer for me, Prue. And, if I come back—"

"Bring me yourself, my old, old friend, happy and well," she sobs out, "with the same love and respect you give me now. Not all the wealth of the world could ever atone for the loss of that!"

As she speaks, she bends her head with a fresh outburst of grief, kisses his hand where the tear-drop lies, and then rushes wildly away to her own room, to sob herself into unquiet slumber.

CHAPTER IV.

"No woman," says Cleo, now a widow, "ever appreciated her freedom more than I do. I say this to you, Prue; with you, I can speak the truth. Oh, it does seem good and restful to be back in the old house, though money has added wonderfully to its appearance, hasn't it, Prue? And a good thing for inside comfort, the way the weather is acting!"

She rises as she speaks, shakes out the rich folds of her sable, and walks to the window, through which the rain-soaked world is visible.

She is right. A steady pouring rain makes the grass outside hopelessly wet, but vividly fresh and green. Anyone else might be content to stand considerable rain in the spring-time of the year, knowing that it is the "tears of nature that woo the flowers," but to Mrs. Marion it is rain, steady rain, and—a bore.

She turns back from the window with a little moue, wrinkling her pretty brow into a frown.

Prue, in a clinging black gown, is almost buried in the depth of a great velvet chair, swaying back and forth and singing a tender little chant to a child that she holds in her arms—a child scarcely two years old, and so closely resembling Cleo in beauty of form and feature that one must readily see she is his mother.

"He is asleep at last, the darling," says Prue, gently. Then she rises and places him on the little silken cot, kissing the tiny face before she releases him from her strong young arms.

"Come here, Prue," calls her sister, surveying her keenly as she approaches. "Do you know you have grown quite beautiful—just the flower-like type of beauty that takes nowadays!"

Prue laughs lightly, carelessly, and swings around to survey herself in the long French glass, which has replaced the old-fashioned one of bygone days.

And it is a radiant vision the glass reflects, although it is clothed in mourning-garments—a vision full of tender grace and beauty. Very shy

and sweet, very carelessly merry, with long-lashed softly-brilliant eyes and parted lips, sweet and lovely as the slumbering child's.

As the child of sixteen was, so is the woman of twenty—still slight and slim as a hazel wand, still sweet and tender as a rare white rose.

Even yet, when in repose, her mouth is touched with the suspicion of melancholy that pervades her lips—a melancholy which was not always there, but which only renders lips and eyes a degree more sweet and earnest.

A few moments, she lingers before that perfect picture; then, with a smile that ends in a sigh, she turns away, saying in that low sweet voice of hers, more gentle and cultured than it used to be:

"As everything else but the very heart of nature has, so have I changed. Four years ago—"

"Of an earthly purgatory to me," drops in Cleo's finely-modulated voice. "I could almost hate the child yonder"—with a jarring little laugh—"for his father's sake. I was actually wicked enough, Prue—now don't look shocked, you little saint!—to kneel down nights and beseech fate to carry off the old ogre. Then I gave up in despair, and never knelt down to pray, when—presto, change! in the quietest and most obliging manner possible, he 'shuffled off this mortal coil,' or rather"—with a wry face—"it was shuffled off for him."

Daintily—she could not do it otherwise—the beautiful fashionable woman sinks into the chair Prue has deserted, and acts her elbows on the arms, drawing her hands so near together that the tips of her fingers meet. Then, after a side-long glance at Prue's protesting face, she breaks into a little laugh, silvery and sweet as a flute-note, and—as heartless.

"However, it is all over now," she continues, thoughtfully. "I can begin life where I left it off, four years ago, with the additional advantage of money."

A flush crosses Prue's face and dies beneath the frill at her throat. To conceal it, perhaps, she turns suddenly to the window, while her beautiful eyes—that speak a story of weary vigil and hard-won peace—rest on a dimly-distant hill, where heavy shadows are chasing each other around the gray stone church and white-flecked churchyard.

"Never again as it was four years ago," she answers, quietly, but with a sob in her voice. "Father"—using the old pet-name—"is gone." That comprehensive glance, which includes church and churchyard, tells the tale of where he is gone, only too well. Then, as if afraid of silence, she continues, hastily:

"And Hugh is not here." To her, they are equally sacred.

Cleo rests her lovely face on one white jeweled hand, with a little laugh.

"But he will be, Prue, just as soon as he hears that I am free. And we shall ask down a few particular friends from New York—only a few. Say Colonel Alderwold, Walter Endicott, his wife and daughter, Ethel Murray, and her cousin, Captain Gray. That will be a nice little party, and we shall have a lovely summer, even though in mourning. Hugh—of course he will be here. Oh, Prue"—in sudden retrospective regret—"the bonded slave I was, when, if I had only waited a little longer, I might have married Hugh, and been just as wealthy!"

"It was your own fault," in a somewhat resentful tone. "I do not think"—doubtfully—"that Hugh will come back again."

"Tell him that I am free," laughs her sister, "and await the result. Of course he will; he loved me to distraction. After all," with a sigh, "it is but a few years lost from happiness."

And she, who would have been his murderess had he died, as surely as if her white hand had been red with blood, regards it all—the suffering, the pain, the shattered faith—in that light.

But Prue writes the letter, and mails it with a weary little heart, telling herself:

"He will come back, now that Cleo is free again. That last night"—she trembles, as she recalls it—"he had even said that, if she were free again, no power on earth should take her from him."

The house is thrown open, with all its rich new adornment; the guests come down from the city, full of life and gayety; and straightway Mabel Endicott, a saucy gay little blonde, and Captain Gray, a tall young naval officer, begin a desperate flirtation, having eyes and ears for each other only.

Mrs. and Mr. Endicott are the dearest and jolliest couple on earth, and Colonel Alderwold gives free rein to the love he has had for Cleo ever since he first saw her, on that fatal wedding-night.

It is nine o'clock, just one week after their arrival. All the guests are assembled in the drawing-room, around the piano—all, indeed, except Prue and Ethel Murray: they are standing on the balcony, looking out into the beauty of the night.

"Let us go into the garden," whispers Ethel, throwing one arm gently around her companion and drawing her down the gravel-walk, where the music from the drawing-room follows them, to blend with the harmony of the night. A gentle

wind is shivering through the valley, causing the elms to sob; a glorious moon, as though conscious of its grandeur, lifts its face against the pearly sky just beyond the churchyard.

Prue, looking like some lovely white shadow from the white moon above, glides softly along, conscious of a vague, sad, yearning pain in her heart, as she wanders among the tall white lilies and dainty roses. She is thinking of life and its mystery. She is saying to herself what a short space it is, after all, from earth to heaven—though, measured by the eye, it seems infinite. A step, a breath, to close one's eyes forever to the care of the world, the perfume of the lilies: then to open them beyond the stars—the "lilies of the angels."

"Let us go farther yet," says Prue, tempted by the beauty of the night: "into the glen yonder. It must be glorious. I feel as if the moon were beckoning me on."

So hand-in-hand they go, two lovely white forms, round which the moonbeams play, round which the shadows creep, trying to hold them as they pass.

CHAPTER V.

THEY reach the glen, wild and picturesque in its night-loveliness; with its great trees, gnarled and moss-grown, and glistening with the dew; and with its tangle of brake and wild-flowers, that lean over to view their own reflection in the brook, that laughs at them as it runs away.

Suddenly, they see the figure of a man—tall, young, and handsome—standing beside the stream, half in the moonlight, half in the shade. Even as they discover him, he turns and moves toward them; but he does not see them, for he is lost in too deep thought for that.

But, with a great rush of glad pain to her heart, Prue recognizes him.

"Hugh! Hugh!" she cries.

When next she remembers anything, the glen is swimming around, and the trees appear to be running away with the brook; Ethel is staring at her with amazed eyes; and Hugh is holding her hands in his, saying:

"You are the same, yet not the same, Prue. I took a short-cut from the station, through the glen. It reminded me of old times; and," gazing eagerly and admiringly into the little upturned face, "it seems so good to see you again."

Ethel is duly made known, and together the three walk back to the brilliantly-lit house—Prue strangely silent, Ethel and Hugh keeping up a merry laughing conversation. But, every

little while, Hugh's dark eyes turn admiringly and tenderly to the little face, so thoughtfully sad.

Hugh is warmly welcomed by all, but most of all by Cleo, who quite snubs Colonel Alderwold now. It is as natural for her to flirt as it is for the birds to sing; and Hugh has grown to be, she thinks, by far the handsomest man she has ever seen.

"Good-night," whispers Prue, as she hands Hugh his bed-room candle. "To-morrow, we will go through all the old places."

"Prue," he says, suddenly: they are standing on the stairway, and can hear the others laughing in the corridor above: "can you give me no warmer welcome than a handshake?"

Tenderly, he lifts her face—she does not resist—and lays on the forehead a reverential kiss, then silently they part for the night; but the heart of Prue is throbbing strangely and joyously—more so, alas! than mere friendship can explain.

The days go on, with music, singing, and dancing; but the treasured hours, to Hugh, are those he spends with Prue, out in the evening dew-kissed air.

Cleo has lost her old power over him. He can even smile back into her lovely eyes, without one extra heart-throb; while, with Prue—but she never meets his eyes now, as in the old days; and Cleo's child is her constant companion, as well as himself.

"We are going to sacrifice on the shrine of our love," says Prue, as she steps down airily from the porch, a basket of flowers in one hand, the child by the other. "The others are not yet up, although it is near nine, and the middle of June. You may come, if you like, Hugh."

He does like; and, flinging away his cigar, takes the basket from Prue's hand. Until they

reach the churchyard, no word is spoken. Each is busy with thoughts that arise—

"As the glimpse of a burnt-out ember
Recalls a regret of the sun."

The child chases a butterfly in the distance. With a gentle loving hand, Prue strews the white blossoms on her father's grave, while Hugh watches her, thinking how rarely lovely and sweet she is.

"Prue!"

A sudden flush crosses her face, as her eyes meet his—so full of love and passionate entreaty. Then he catches her little hands in his, and holds them prisoner.

"Can I never, on account of my past folly, be anything to you, Prue?"

"I know of no folly of which you have been guilty," she says, in a low whisper. "You have all you ever desired—my friendship."

"Not now," he says, suddenly. "I do not wish friendship: I want your love, or nothing, darling. I have learned to love you, dear, as I would love my life. If you could only think me worthy, Prue—"

"Worthy? Oh, Hugh!"

So full of love is the cry, that he takes her in his arms at once, the dearest joy of his heart.

"And it is not in pity?" she asks, at length, with a shy shadowy smile. "Not because you knew I always loved you—"

"Because you are my life, my love, now," he answers, tenderly. "You have always been so much to me, Prue. I could not live without you."

And Cleo does not marry Hugh, but Colonel Alderwold—who, after all, is a distinguished man of the world.

"To me," she whispers to her own exquisite reflection in the pier-glass, "the world must atone for love."

As if it ever could: at least, to a true nature.

A PROPHECY: AT SUNSET.

BY HELEN A. MANVILLE.

I know, beloved, it is a sign
Of better days to come—
This glory 'fore these eyes of mine,
As I am coming home.
The angels, looking farther than
Our human sight can see,
Are smiling through "the gates ajar"
Their promise unto me.

I know it is a happy sign,
And so my heart is glad.
I can forget the grief, the doubt,
The sorrow, I have had.

What are the shadows we have known,
Before this light divine?
This sunset-glory is, my own,
A happy, happy sign.

I know it is a promise sure
Of blessed days to come—
A prophecy, my dearest love,
That greets me coming home.
I see our happiness portrayed
Within the sunset-glow:
The picture in the heavens made
Means joy for us, I know.

“PRINCESS” BAB.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

“I guess she’s pretty enough,” said Jack. “If she is like Aunt Dalrymple, she is; and papa says she is like Aunt Dalrymple, Bab.”

Bab, who sat on a low stool by the fire, with her slender little crutches lying at her feet, did not speak for a minute or two, but looked into the hollow of red coals very seriously. She felt rather dubious about this new visitor who was coming; but, in her conscientious old-fashioned way, she would not have hinted at her fear for the world. She would not for the world say a word to Jack that might prejudice him against their Cousin Regie; but she could not help hoping that Mrs. Dalrymple’s daughter was not quite like her mother.

“I hope that she isn’t exactly like Aunt Dalrymple, Jack dear,” she said, directly, laying quiet emphasis on the word “exactly.”

Jack—or “Prince John,” as they sometimes called him—went on rolling his ball of string.

“Well, of course she won’t be exactly like Aunt Dalrymple, you know. She’ll be younger and not so big, but she will be like her for all that. I say, Bab, didn’t Aunt Dalrymple have lots of money?”

Bab nodded her small mouse-colored head.

“She is the grandest person I know,” she said, after awhile. “Jack, I do wonder if she is a good woman.”

“She’s good enough,” said Jack. “She’s as good as most people. What made you ask?”

“I was wondering,” Bab answered, staidly. “But how good is ‘good enough,’ Jack?”

“There you are again,” Jack cried, “asking questions! You are always asking questions that nobody can answer. How’s a fellow to know how good it is? I never saw such a girl. It’s as bad as mental arithmetic.”

Bab’s affectionate eyes were raised deprecatingly. She did not mean to ask queer questions, and somehow her questions never sounded queer to herself; and yet they so often puzzled people, particularly papa and Jack.

“I didn’t know I was saying anything odd,” she said, apologetically.

“But you were,” said Jack: “and you always are. You have such old-fashioned notions, Bab. Papa says you have, and so did Aunt Dalrymple, when she was here.”

Bab made him no reply. She never quarreled

with Jack—she loved him too well for that. And then, was he not her charge, notwithstanding his greater age? Her queer old-fashioned ways had made a little woman of her, at least: and that perhaps was why, when her mother had died, two years before, she had left Prince John to her to be taken care of and helped. But she was old-fashioned, there was no denying that. Everybody said so, and Jack only accepted public opinion. It was Bab’s great trouble that she was old-fashioned, and not like anybody else. She even looked old-fashioned, with her small pale face and mouse-colored eyes and small light figure.

“Bab is not like anyone else,” her father would say, looking up from his books, when she entered a room: “she makes no noise.”

And she rarely did; and, though she liked to hear her father say so, she always wished he would not begin with reminding her that she was not like other people. Since her mother’s death, the three had lived together as before, and Bab had taken quite as much care of her father and Prince John as if she had been twenty, instead of twelve. She had poured out the tea, and tried to remember everything that her father might have forgotten to tell the housekeeper. She had taken care that no one interfered with his papers, and had always stood by while the chambermaid dusted the study. She had been cheerful and sweet-tempered in her manner, and had always tried to behave to visitors just as she had seen her mother do. And, as for Jack—well, she had waited on him when he was exacting, and had never murmured. She had learned to make tails for his kites and sails for his toy-ships. She had lent him her books, and tried to assist him with his lessons: and, she had loved him with all her heart.

But now somebody else was coming. Mrs. Dalrymple was her mother’s sister, and now, after traveling for three years, was obliged to accompany her husband to India; and, as the climate did not agree with Regina, she was to stay at home with her cousins. But Aunt Dalrymple was not at all like Bab’s mother. She was a proud handsome woman, and had thought the child more old-fashioned than anyone else did, and had told her so; and, in the end, Bab had learned to be a little afraid of her,

and a little afraid of Regie's proving like her. But there was no use in troubling beforehand!

"It is seven o'clock, Jack," she said, after a moment, glancing at the timepiece; "and she will be here at half-past. Perhaps I had better go and see if tea is ready to be brought in."

Prince John thrust his ball of string into his pocket, thereby making a large lump appear, and then threw himself into an armchair.

"I wish you would, Bab," he said: "I'm awfully hungry."

"Awfully hungry?" Bab began, picking up her crutches. "I wonder if—"

And there she stopped, being fearful of wounding Jack's feeling by wondering whether it was correct to say "awfully hungry." She stopped a great many "wonders" for such womanly little reasons, and so she stopped this one, and fluttered out of the room on her crutches as lightly as a bird.

Perhaps she found some small preparation yet to make; at any rate, she did not return again until the rolling of wheels in the street aroused Jack from a light nap.

The next minute, the door was thrown open and they came in—Bab, her father, and an easy-looking little lady in a blue traveling-dress, who could be no other than Regie Dalrymple, and whom Jack thought the loveliest creature he had ever seen in his life. Her dress was such a pretty bright color, and her eyes matched it so beautifully; her blonde hair was so long and wavy and bright—and, altogether, she was so bright herself that it was no wonder Master Jack was charmed. She was almost like a princess, he thought—like the Princess Roseleaf or the Princess Goldenlocks. What a contrast there was between her and Bab!

He thought of this more than ever when, after they had greeted each other, Bab took Regie upstairs to remove her wrappings: the poor little halting figure showing to such a disadvantage beside the other's lithe straight form and somewhat haughty carriage.

But, by the time the wrappings were removed, Bab had found her fear realized. She had discovered that Regie was very like her mamma indeed. She had Mrs. Dalrymple's coldly-curious half-patronizing manner, and the first words she spoke on entering the bed-room sounded so like her that they made Bab catch her breath shrinkingly.

"You're lame, ain't you?" she said, looking at the little crutch-supported figure.

"I have been lame ever since I was a baby," Bab answered, in her staid way. "I never walked in my life."

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Miss Regie stared at her again.

"Didn't you?" she said. "How queer!"

"That was queer," Bab thought, secretly. "It was queer to make such a speech as that. Oh, dear! she is exactly like Mrs. Dalrymple, quite as grand, and quite as"—rude, she was going to add, but she paused even in the thought, for fear that it might not be quite respectful to even think in such a strain about a grown-up lady.

"You haven't got a maid, I suppose," was Regie's next speech. "Mamma said you did everything for yourself. She said"—with a little laugh—"that you were as old as the hills."

Bab's countenance fell. Even this little girl knew that she was not like other people. But she managed to hide her discomfort.

"We have plenty of servants," she said, "but I don't need much waiting on, so I don't call any one of them my maid. I think I would rather do things for myself."

"Would you?" said Regie, with positive amazement. "Dear me! I wouldn't. I never did my own hair in my life, and I should think you would need a maid more than I do, because you are lame."

To the last part of this speech, Bab made no reply.

"If you will sit down," she said, "I dare say I can brush your hair for you, and to-night I will tell the chambermaid to wait upon you."

Regie sat down complacently. She was accustomed to taking people's services as a right, and it did not occur to her that it might be awkward for Bab to prop herself upon her crutches and use her hands. But Bab did it. She was used to doing many things people wondered her lameness did not interfere with, and so she managed to brush out Miss Regie's fair hair and tie it with its blue ribbon very nicely.

Tea was awaiting them when they got back to the parlor, and Jack was awaiting them too. He was getting very hungry, and the muffins and quince-preserves on the table had aroused his appetite. But neither muffins nor preserves interfered with his admiring Regina very much and contrasting her again with Bab, who sat at the head of the table and poured out the tea as usual. He did not think it was at all ungrateful to admire his pretty cousin's fair supercilious face so much more than he did Bab's quiet ways and sweet patience. He did not often think the part was, and he was so accustomed to Bab's self-sacrifice that he forgot that it was self-sacrifice at all.

"Your cousin is so old-fashioned," Regie said to him, after tea was over. "But she is very good-natured. It is a pity she is lame, isn't it? But you are very fond of her, I suppose."

"Yes," answered Jack, "of course I'm fond of her. She is queer and old in her ways, but she's real good to a fellow. I wish she wasn't lame, though. She can't go out with me you see."

Poor little Bab! She found herself very much neglected, that evening. Jack and their visitor chattered incessantly. Regie was inclined to be very talkative, and had really a great deal to talk about. Her three years of travel had rendered her very self-possessed, and she had seen so much in her wanderings that Jack began to regard her as not only the prettiest but also the cleverest girl he had ever seen. Bab had always staid at home, and, though she had read a great deal for a little girl, she was rather apt to be silent on the subject of what she knew. But Regie was not. She told them about everything she had seen, perhaps feeling some triumph in her greater experience. She told them about the Louvre, and the Tuileries, and the great Column Vendôme, in Paris; she had been to Venice, and seen the gondolas and palaces; she had been to Norway, and seen the funny little Norwegian children, in their wooden shoes and queer caps; she had been here and there and everywhere, and was quite willing to relate her adventures. So Bab sat in her corner and listened. They did not talk to her very much, she found. Jack had no eyes for anyone but Regie, and Regie cared for nobody but herself.

"It's because I'm so odd and old-womanish," Bab sighed, softly. "It is because I am not like anybody else. I wonder if it would be wicked to wish to be like other people. I am glad Jack likes Regie, though."

And Jack certainly did like Regie.

"She's just the nicest girl I ever saw," he said, when Bab came down again, after having taken her to her room. "She's almost as good as a boy. It was just as interesting as Robinson Crusoe to hear her tell about those queer places. She can always go out with me when you are tired, can't she? She can ride your pony, you know, Bab."

Bab balanced her ring of keys thoughtfully on her finger as she answered him:

"Yes, Jack dear," she said. "She can ride my pony. Feather is very gentle, and—and I'm glad you like Regie, Jack."

But, when Jack was gone too and she was alone in the room for a few minutes, she felt almost lonely. They had seemed to forget her so entirely, and she had been all in all to Jack before.

"But I mustn't be foolish," she said to herself, with quaint gravity: "and it would be very foolish to be jealous of Regie, because she is so

pretty and bright. The Lord made her so, and the Lord made me, and mamma always said the Lord knew best."

But, though she tried hard to be content and as fond of Regie as possible, her trouble did not end here. She found herself not only almost, but quite, lonely in the days that followed. It seemed that Jack had no thought for anyone but his cousin; and then, too, Regina was by no means a pleasant girl. She cared for nobody but herself, and for nothing but her own pleasure. She was vain and selfish and unamiable, and, but for Bab's patience, would have quarreled a hundred times. She took possession of Feather, and borrowed her little hostess's books, and did not take good care of them; she was not particularly truthful, and she made Jack believe that Bab was not exactly kind to her. Still Jack was as fond of her as ever. She was so pretty and strong, she could ride so fast and walk so far, and, in the end, it almost appeared that he did not care for Bab at all. Once or twice he spoke crossly to her, and he never stopped to think that she was lonely when he and Regie were out enjoying themselves. But Bab bore it all bravely.

"I am trying to be a peacemaker," she would say. "I am bearing things because I want to be as good as mamma was. She never got out of patience with people, and I mustn't."

So things went on for some time; but at last came a day of deliverance, though it came through a great deal of pain, as good often does.

The two ponies were at the door, one day, and Jack stood in the hall, cricking his whip and waiting for his cousin, when the postman came up the steps and handed in a letter directed to Regie herself. It was from one of her mother's friends, who wrote from her country-house, inviting the little girl to pay her a long visit. But, when Regie had read the letter, she looked doubtful.

"I don't think I shall go," she said. "It's quite as nice here, and, besides, I don't believe Flora Leith has a pony. I can make some excuse, can't I, Jack?" So the letter was laid aside, and the ponies cantered away, and the last that Bab saw, as they turned the corner, was the fluttering of the selfish little princess's blue habit.

"It was rather ungrateful in her to speak that way," Bab said to herself. "I wonder if she would care for Jack much, if he was sick or had no pony." She swung herself back into the parlor, and sat down to work on a pair of slippers she was embroidering for her father, and, in the busy attention she was forced to give to the stitches, she almost forgot her trouble.

But she had not been seated more than half an hour when she heard the clatter of horses' feet coming rapidly up the street, and she looked out of the window and saw Jack's pony all alone, without rider and with his bridle hanging loose.

She threw down her work then and caught up her crutches, but she did not go to the door at once; she had presence of mind enough, in her terror, to remember that it was Jack she cared for, and not the pony. She almost flew, in her light way, to the kitchen.

"Jack's pony has come back without him," she said, to the first servant she met. "I am afraid he has been thrown, and there was no one with him but Miss Regie. You had better follow them as fast as you can, Francis."

But, before Francis could reach the street, a crowd of people turned the corner, carrying poor Prince John, with a great red gash on his forehead and one arm hanging loose. Regie was with them, and rode along by the side, trembling and crying aloud.

Bab had no eyes for her. She could only see Jack's white face and closed eyes.

"My room is the nearest," she said, when he was brought in. "Carry him there, please; and, Francis, go for Doctor Craig."

She did not tremble or cry, though she was as pale as Jack himself, and she did not ask any questions. It was Bab who knew where there was cloth for bandages when the doctor came, and it was Bab who made them and stood by the bed, while the big out was dressed and the poor hanging arm set.

"You are a brave little woman," said the doctor, when all was over. "I am not afraid to leave Master Jack in your care."

And it was Bab who sat in the darkened room all day, and even all night, and who did everything so much better and more gently than anyone else could; and it was Bab who would not leave poor Jack when he was hot with fever, and knew nobody, and talked about Regie, praising her, and wishing that Bab was more like her.

But, downstairs, Regie was getting lonely and cross. She did not like to go out alone, and reading tired her; so, at the end of a few days, she came to her little cousin and told her that she had decided to accept Mrs. Leith's invitation.

"But—" hesitated Bab, looking at her very seriously, "I thought that, when Jack was well enough to know us, he would want to see you, and you would be better able to amuse him than I am."

"Oh, no," returned Regie, quickly; "he wouldn't care. He always said he liked you to

be with him when he was ill, and—and, besides, it will be so long before he is well, and—and it is so dull."

So, while Jack lay unconscious, Miss Regie carried her pretty face and bright ways to a more agreeable place: and Bab said nothing about it; but, after she was gone, went back to Jack's room, and took better care of him than ever.

Still, it was a long time before he was even well enough to know people; it was nearly three weeks before his mind was quite clear, for the blow upon his head had given the poor boy an attack of brain-fever.

However, one fine morning, at the end of the three weeks, Master Jack opened his eyes to see a familiar little halting figure moving noiselessly about the room, on a pair of slender little black crutches, and he called to this little figure in a weak strange voice.

"Bab!" he said. "I say, Bab, come here!" Bab turned round-about, hurriedly, looking quite pale with joy and surprise.

"Why, Jack dear," she said, "you know me again, don't you?"

"Yes," answered Jack, with two tears running down his cheeks, for some reason or another; "I know you and I love you, Bab."

"I can't tell how I found out—whether I dreamed it or not," he said, a few days after, when he was strong enough to be allowed to talk; "but I knew somehow that Regie had gone away, and I believe I always knew that it was Bab who was taking care of me, though I never could say anything to her that I wanted to say. It's you who are the princess, Bab, and I never loved you so much in my life before. I never did, Bab." And he moved his curly head to lay it on her hand, and cried again for very gratitude and penitence.

And for the first time Bab cried a little too, but it was only for joy.

"And you won't mind my old-fashioned ways, will you, Jack?" she said. "I can't help it, you know, and I believe I was made so."

"Mind them?" cried Jack. "I love them—they're the nicest ways in the world, Bab, and they ain't old-fashioned, either; they are new-fashioned, and that is why people don't understand them. No one else has ways like them. I shall never have any princess but you, Bab, again."

And he never did; for, even when he was a grown-up gentleman, with little children of his own to take care of, there was no princess who seemed so dear and sweet and true, to any of them, as his wife, the "PRINCESS" BAB.

BORROWING 'PETERSON.'

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

JOSIAH had been to Jonesville, to the post-office, and got my last number of "Peterson," and I was jest lookin' at the pictures, which are always as pretty as a pink, when, happenin' to cast my eyes out of the window, I saw Miss Gowdey and her little boy comin' up the road.

Now, some childern I am attached to, and some I ain't; and, when I ain't, I don't want to touch 'em with a 40-foot pole. Or—I don't know—sometimes I would like to touch 'em with one. I have seen childern that was so sweet-lookin' and innocent, that it seemed as if they wouldn't want much fixin'-over to make angels of 'em; but Johnny Gowdey would want an awful sight done to him, to make an angel of him. Thomas Jefferson says he had as leave have a young tornado let loose on the farm, as to have him come here a-visitin'—and his mother always brings him.

Wal, as I said, I see 'em comin' up the road; and, jest as I expected, they came up to the door and knocked. I got up and opened the door, and set 'em some chairs, and sez I: "Lay off your things, won't you?"

Sez she: "I can't stop long." But she sot about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour; and, jest before she went, she took up the magazine, the Christmas number it was, that lay on the stand, and sez she: "I should be dreadful glad to borrow this fer a day or 2."

"I hain't read a word in it," sez I, "fer I jest got it."

"Should you be likely to read any in it to-night?" sez she. I told her I didn't know as I should. "Wal," sez she, "if you'll let me take it, I'll send it home by to-morrow noon at the outside, and I'll try not to let you come after it, as you have your other ones."

"I suppose you can take it," sez I, in a cold tone; "but I wish you would be careful of it, fer I want to get 'em bound."

She said she would lay it right on to the parlor-table, and, when she read in it, she would hold a paper around it. Sez I: "You needn't do that," and, I must confess, from that very minute I had my mind. I always mistrust folks that are 2 good; there is a mejum course that I rather see folks pursue. I always love to see folks begin as they can hold out, and folks that are 2 good hardly ever hold out. When I see such folks, I always think of the poor sick

woman that lay sufferin' in total darkness fer a week, vainly urg'in her husband to buy some candles, till finally he went, one night, when she was asleep, and bought 12 candles, and lit 'em all and sot 'em in a row in front of her bed. She, dreamin' of conflagrations, wildly started up to see what was the matter, and sunk back, sayin' in low and faint accents: "Daddy, when you are good, you are 2 good."

When Miss Gowdey said she would keep it on the parlor-table, I had my doubts, and, when she said she would hold a paper round it when she read it, I thought more'n as likely as not the book was lost; but I didn't say nothin'. I kep' in, and done up the book and handed it to her. She took a large clean handkercher out of her pocket, and folded it round it and started up to go.

If you will believe it, it run along as much as 2 or 8 weeks, and no book sent home; and one night, when Josiah and I was a-settin' there alone—the childern was out to one of the neighbors—I jest broke out, and sez I:

"It is a shameful piece of business, and I won't stand it."

"What is the matter?" sez Josiah, layin' down his newspaper.

"Miss Gowdey is the matter! My magazine is the matter," sez I. "There she has kep' it 'most 8 weeks, and she knew I hadn't read a word in it," sez I. "It is a burnin' shame."

"Wal, what made you let it go?" sez he.

"Deacon Gowdey is worth 8 times as much as I be. Why don't they take their own magazines? What made you let 'em have it?"

The next day, after I done up my mornin's work, I went down to Deacon Gowdey's; I wanted to know about my magazine. There wasn't anybody in the settin'-room, when I went in, but Johnny; he was settin' on the floor, playin' with some pictures.

Sez I: "Where is your ma, Johnny?"

Sez he: "She's in the kitchen, huskin' some beans fer dinner; but see what I've got, Aunt Allen," and he come up in front of me, with the picture of a woman cut out of a book. As he come up close to me, and held it up in front of me by the head, I knew it in a minute; it come out of my magazine—it was the very handsomest figger in the fashion-plate. For a minute, I was

speechless; but these thoughts raged tumultuously through my brain: "If the child is father to the man, as I heerd Thomas Jefferson readin' about, here is a parent that I would like to have the care of fer a short time." At this crisis in my thoughts, he spoke up agin:

"I am goin' to cut her petticoats down into pantaloons, and paint some whiskers on her face, and make a pirate of her."

Then the feelin's I had long curbed broke forth, and I said to him in awful tones: "You will be a pirate yourself, young man, if you keep on—a bloody pirate on the high seas," sez I. "What do you mean by tearin' folks'es books to pieces in this way?"

Jest at this minute, Miss Gowdey come in, and heerd my last words. She jest said: "How d'ye do?" to me, and then she went at Johnny:

"You awful child, you! How dare you touch that book? How dare you unlock the parlor-door, and climb up on the best table, and take the clean paper off of it, or handle it? How dare you, John Wesley?"

"You give it to me, yourself, ma; you know you did, last night, when the minister was here. You said, if I wouldn't tease for any more honey, you'd lem'me take it. And can't I have some honey now? Say, ma, can't you gim'me some?"

"I'll give you honey that you won't like," sez she: "takin' the advantage of your ma, and tearin' folks'es books to pieces in this way—books that you know your ma is so careful of." And she took him by the collar of his little gray roundabout, and led him into the kitchen, and, by the screamin' that I heerd from there shortly, I thought he didn't like his honey. She come back into the room in a few minutes, and sez she: "I am so mortified, I don't know what to do; I never did see such a child. He see me settin' down shellin' beans, and he took the advantage of me, and got the book. That's jest the way with him; if I don't keep my eyes on him every minute, he'll get the advantage of me. I am mortified 'most to death," sez she, gatherin' up the pieces and puttin' 'em into the book. As she handed it to me, the leaves kinder fell apart, and I see, on one of the patterns, a grease-spot as big as one of my hands. She see it, and broke out agin: "I declare, I am so mortified; I was goin' to take that all out with some powder I have got. My Sophrenie wanted to take a pattern off, the night before she went away, and she hadn't any thin paper, and so she greased a piece of writin'-paper and laid onto it and took it off. But I was goin' to take it all out, every speck of it. I will give you some of the powder to take home with you."

"I don't care about any powder," sez I, calmly; and I jest held on to my tongue with all the strength I had; and, with that, I up and started home'ards.

I never got over the ground and sensed it any less than I did then. When I am mad, I tell you I always step pretty lively. Josiah was jest startin' fer Jonesville, when I got home. I jest walked right through the kitchen, and went straight to the buro-draw in my bed-room, and took out 2 shillin's, and sez I: "Go to the bookstore, and get me the last number of 'Peterson.'"

"Why, where is your'n?" sez he.

"There is where it is!" sez I, showin' him the danglin' leaves. "There is where it is!" sez I, displayin' the mutylated picture. "There is where it is!" sez I, p'intin' out the grease-spot.

"Wal," sez he, "I wish you would button up my shirt-sleeves."

"You take it pretty cool," sez I, as I threw off my shawl and complied with his request.

"I knew jest how it would be when you let her have it. You might ha' known better than to let it go." He spoke with aggravatin' coolness.

"Wal, you might ha' known better than to let old Peediok have your horse-rake, and tear it all to bits," sez I, aggravatin' in turn.

"Throw that old rake in my face agin, will you?" sez he.

"How do you expect, Josiah Allen, that I am goin' to button your shirt-sleeves, if you don't stand still?" sez I.

"Wal, then, don't be so aggravatin'; you keep bringin' up that old rake, every time I say anything," sez he.

Josiah is a pretty even-tempered man, but he had a dreadful habit when we was first married, if any of my plans come out unfortunite, of sayin' "I told you so," "I knew jest how it would be," "You might ha' known better." I am breakin' him of it, fer I will not stand it. But, before I had time to pursue my remarks any further, there come a knock at the door. I went and opened it, and there stood Betsey Bobbet. I see in a minute somethin' was the matter of her; she looked as if she had been cryin', but I didn't say anything about it till Josiah had started off.

Now, I always notice, Mr. Editor, that, when one thing happens, 'most always something more like it happens right away; good-luck generally comes in batches and swarms, likewise sorrows; when company gets to comin', they will come in droves, and, when I break a dish, I am pretty certain to break more. Havin' noticed this fer years, what follers didn't surprise me so much. Betsey looked so cast down, that, to kinder take

her mind off, I told her what a tower I had had with Miss Gowdey about my magazine.

"Truly, this is a coinsidence," sez she; "that is jest my trouble." And she took out of her pocket a magazine which was worse off than mine, fer, whereas mine was cut clean with shears, hers seemed to be chewed up.

"See," sez she. "It looks nice now, don't it? Look at that cover; only a few days ago, there was a lady on it, with a guitar in her hand. Who could make out a lady now, with her head cut off, and her hands chewed to bits? And, as fer the guitar, where is it?" sez she, wildly.

"It ain't there," sez I, in a tone of sympathy: her story struck a vibratin' cord in my sole.

"And look there," sez she, turnin' over the mangled leaves and holdin' up the tattered remains of the most danglin' one. "Look there! If it was any other leaf but the one my poetry was on, I wouldn't care so much; but there it is, tore right into in the middle, and the baby has chewed up half the page. I hope it will lay on its stomach like a flatiron," sez she, vindictively.

"The baby ain't to blame; it is his mother," sez I.

"I hope she'll have to walk the house, with him, every night fer a week, barefoot, on the cold floor! I should be glad of it. Mebby she'd feed him on borrowed magazines agin. It does seem to me," sez she, relapsin' into her usual manner, "that fate is cruel to me; it seems to me that I am marked out fer one of her victims that she aims her fatal arrers at, in the novels of the poet:

'I never tamed a dear gazelle,
But 'twas the first to run away.'

"This is the first piece of poetry I ever had printed in a magazine. I thought I was happy when I had my first poetry printed in the 'Gemlet.' But my feelin's wasn't any more to be compared to what they are now—when it comes out in 'Peterson'—than a small-sized cook-stove to a roarin' volcano. To have a piece of poetry printed in a magazine was a pinakel I always thought would make me happy to set on; and, when I got up there, I was happy—I was too happy," sez she, claspin' her hands together. "Fate loves a shinin' mark; he aimed another arrer at me, and it has struck me here," sez she, layin' her bony hand upon the left breast of her brown alpucka bask.

"I was jest as careful of this book as if it was so much gold," she continued. "I have refused to lend it to as much as 2 dozen persons; but Miss Briggs, she that was Celestine Peedick, wanted to take it. She said a cousin of hers, a young man, was comin' there a-visitin', and she

wanted him to read it; he was a great case fer poetry, and was real romantick, and wanted to get a romantick wife. And she urged me so to let her have it, I consented. And now look at it," sez she; "and he didn't come, and Celestine had a letter from him that he was married and couldn't come." She looked as if she would bu'st out cryin' agin; and so, to kinder get her mind off of her trouble—not that I care a straw for poetry—I spoke up and sez I:

"What is the poetry? I suppose you can read it out of the fragments."

"Yes," sez she, in a plaintive axent, "I could rehearse it without anything to look at." When anybody has had considerable trouble, they don't mind so much havin' a little more.

So sez I: "Rehearse it." And she rehearsed, as follers:

STANZAS ON DUTY.

BY BETSEY BOBBET.

UNLESS they do their duty see,
Oh! who would spread their sail
On matrimony's cruel sea,
And face its angry gale?
Oh! Betsy Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

Shall horses calmly brook a halter,
Who over fenceless pastures stray?
Shall females be dragged to the altar,
And down their freedom lay?
No! no! B. Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

Beware! beware! oh, rabid lover,
Who pines for intellect and beauty;
My heart is ice to all your over-
tures, unless I see my duty.
For Betsy Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

Come not with keys of rank and splendor,
My heart's cold portals to unlock;
'Tis vain to search for feelin's tender—
Too late you'll find you've struck a rock—
For Betsy Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

'Tis vain for you to pine and languish;
I cannot soothe your bosom's pain.
In vain are all your groans; your blandish-
ments, I warn you, are in vain;
For Betsy Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

I cannot stanch your bosom's bleedin'.
Sometimes I am a yieldin' one,
Sometimes I'm turned by tears and pleadin';
But here you'll find that I am stun.
Ah, yes! B. Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

You needn't lay no underhanded
Plots to ketch me—men, deist,
Or in the dust you will be landed,
For to the last I will resist;

For Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

Fond men, there ain't no use in kickin'
Against the pricks; you'll only tear
Your feet, for I am bound on stickin'
To what I've said. Beware! beware!
For Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,
Unless I see my duty plain.

"You see I have come out in my right name," sez she, as she concluded. "When a person gets famous, there ain't no use in concealin' their name any longer; it looks affected."

"You be a nateral," says I to myself; "a nateral fool." But I didn't speak it audible—outwardly, I was calm; fer there was still a gloomy shadder broodin' over her eyebrow, and I didn't want to bruise her lacerated feelin's any further. Pretty soon she spoke up agin.

"What do you think of the poetry?" sez she.

That was a tryin' time fer me. As a general thing, I don't mince matters. I won't; but now, fer reasons named, I didn't come right out, as I should on more festive occasions. I kinder turned it off by sayin' in a mild yet impressive tone: "Betsey, I believe you want to do your duty; and I believe you will, if it is ever made known to you by anybody's askin' you."

Sez she: "Josiah Allen's wife, duty has always been my aim."

Any further remarks was cut short by old Mr. Bobbet's goin' past, and Betsey's hollerin' to him to ride home with him. And she went in such a hurry, she left her magazine behind.

When Josiah got home, which was 'most night, he threw a "Peterson" into my lap, as I sot knittin', and sez he: "I'll bet 45 cents against nothin' that you'll lend it to some woman in less than a fortnit." I looked at him with my most collected and stiddy gaze, and sez I: "Josiah Allen, do you consider me any of a lunnytick?" He didn't say nothin', and agin I inquired firmly, with my eyes bent on his: "Josiah Allen, do you see any marks of lunny in my glance?"

Sez he: "You are in your right mind; no trouble about that."

"Wal, then," sez I, "know all men"—there wasn't any other man or woman around but Josiah, but I began jest as solemn as if I was writin' my will—"know all men, that I, Josiah Allen's wife, have stood it jest as long as I will; and, as fer havin' my books ravaged to pieces, as they've been, I won't. I, who set such a store by my magazines, and was jest as careful to keep 'em whole and clean as I was of my Sunday bonnet, now, after all my pains, have got a lot of books on my hands so dirty that, to discern the readin', the strongest spectacles are powerless in spots; and I have had to trapeze all over the neighborhood to get their mangled remains together, to mourn over, rememberin' what they was. Thank fortune, when I borror anything, I know enough to take care of it. But my books!" sez I, extendin' my hand, as the memory of my wrongs flooded my sole. "My books! Old men have burnt 'em by holdin' of 'em 2 near the light, old women have peppered 'em with Scotch snuff, young men have sowed 'em with tobacco and watered 'em with tobacco-juice, young women have greased 'em for patterns, childern have stuek the leaves together with molasses and pried 'em open with their tongues; they have been cut with shears, gnawed by babies, and worried by pups; they have been blackened with candle-snuff, and whitened with taller; and I have had to spend money fer new ones, to pay fer their ravagin' my other ones to pieces. And now," sez I, layin' my hand on the magazine in as impressive a manner as if I was takin' my oath on it, "now, anybody that gets my magazines will get 'em over my prostrate form. If they want 'Peterson,' they must subscribe fer it."

"Wal," sez Josiah, who was standin' with his back to the fire, warmin' him, "I wish you'd get me a little somethin' to eat; I should think it was about supper-time."

I rose and walked with an even and majestic step into my bed-room, put the magazine into the under buro-draw, locked the draw and hung the key over my bed, and then, with a resolute face, I calmly turned and hung on the teakettle.

LOST HAPPINESS.

BY BRAINERD P. EMERY.

The waiting silence and the first faint drops,
The pattering growing into steady pour,
The wind that breathes across the green tree-tops—
I know them all, have heard them all before.

I used to laugh and toss the drops aside,
And make a tiny shower at my feet;

My happiness the dark and rain defied—
But oh, to-day my heart is not so fleet!

I need the sunshine and the breath of bloom
To cheer my heart, that used to be so gay—
The heart that used to laugh at rain and gloom
Needs all the sunshine for itself to-day.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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I. THE PEASANT FAMILY.

A TALL grandly-formed girl stood on the threshold of her father's cottage. It was years and years ago, when England and Burgundy were preying on the vitals of France. The girl's hand was uplifted, shading eyes of that rare unfathomable gray, which grow black when sorrow or great joy throws light or shadow out from the soul.

This girl, though of full stature, was but just eighteen—vigorous, graceful, rich in color—a creature who graced the threshold on which she stood as she might have graced a throne: for the morning sunshine bathed her from head to foot, and gave a glow that was almost regal to her red garment, adown which her thick dark hair fell in loose abundance. Her waist—subtle and not too slender—was clasped by a leathern girdle; and her uplifted arm, left bare to the elbow by the open sleeve, was perfect in its roundness.

This peasant girl was looking out on the beautiful valley of the Meuse, which lay before her rich in pasture, corn, and meadowland. A primeval forest clothed the western hillside, from the old castle that crowned it down to the cultivated slope below.

These objects had been familiar to the girl all her life; and, though she loved the old Druid forests, they alone could not have drawn her to the door, arrayed in her holiday-dress, and with that anxious look on her face.

It was "High-Day" in the village, and the girl was looking eagerly toward a giant beech of immemorial age—a traditional tree—with broad-spreading branches that curved down from a trunk of enormous girth and height, under which the villagers were to assemble for their yearly festival of flowers.

This tree, grand in its magnificent old-age, and covered with a mass of foliage of a rich bronze-color, was an object of romantic reverence to the inhabitants of the valley, and was known far and near as "The Beautiful May," or "Tree of the Elfin Ladies." Within its shadow, a spring of cold sparkling water gushed up through the ruins of an old Druid font, which its spray had covered with moss inches thick.

This fountain, also, had its tradition and its yearly festival, known as "The Sunday of the Fountain."

On this day, the poor, the fever-stricken, and crippled came with the young villagers, who brought little seed-cakes baked by their mothers over-night, which they feasted on while drinking of the water. This "Beautiful May" feast always took place when the flowers were most abundant. Then the lady of the manor came down from her castle on the hill, and gave to all that found a livelihood on her husband's estate plenty of wine and white bread; while she, her lord, and all the inmates of her aristocratic home, for that one day, threw off all state, and joined heartily in with the merriment of the tenantry. Nay, the lady always insisted on being second in rank to the maiden chosen at each festival as "Queen of the Beautiful May."

This year, it chanced that "The Festival of Flowers" and "The Sabbath of the Fountain" came close together; for one ended on Saturday and the other commenced on Sunday morning.

It was this festival that had drawn the girl out from the hearth, where her mother was baking cakes for the morrow. She had become impatient, and was looking eagerly after her companions, who had left the village in troops, and were pillaging the meadows of foliage and flowers, while she was kept at home.

"Jeanne, Jeanne, is thy basket finished?" cried her mother.

The girl started, and turned indoors, saying:

"Oh, mother, I was drawn away from my work. The handle of my basket is still lacking. It seemed to me that voices called me from the elfin tree, so I dropped everything and listened."

"Nay, that is but fancy, child. The elfin tree is full half a mile away," answered the mother, who stopped to turn a quantity of dainty seed-cakes, which were baking on a flat stone placed edgewise to the fire, before she took her daughter's place on the threshold. "It is as I told thee, Jeanne: the children are scattered abroad in the fields. The old tree is all astir with the sunshine and the wind, but no one is under it yet."

Jeanne had snatched up a basket which she had almost completed, and was twining the

siers in and out with a swiftness that promised speedily to complete it, as she answered:

"The basket will be done in a minute, and then I can be with them to choose a 'Queen of the Beautiful May.'"

"And who will be queen, this year?" asked a pleasant manly voice from the doorstep.

Jeanne looked up and smiled, but did not stop her work for an instant.

"I do not know, father," she replied. "It may be Hermette. There is not a comelier or better maiden in all the village. If my will counted for aught, it should be Hermette."

"Hermette is a pious maiden, and modest," replied her father, hesitatingly. "Still, I do not know—"

"It must be that they will choose our Jeanne, instead," interrupted the dame. "Where is there one to match her, in castle or cottage?"

"Here is the basket, mother. Now, may I go?" said Jeanne, blushing at the praise.

The dame took the pretty basket from Jeanne's hand, replying:

"Yes, get thee away, Jeanne. Later on, thy father and I will come up to the elfin tree and take a look at the dancers."

Here, the old man remembered that he had something to do, first, and left the cottage.

"I will stay at home till my cakes are well browned," said the dame, "and there shall be plenty for Hermette and Mongète; for they will have nothing but black flour at home, and little enough of that."

Jeanne threw her arms around her mother's neck, thanking her both with kisses and words.

"Thou art kind, to think of them. Oh, mother, mother, how I love thee!"

The girl's voice faltered, as she spoke. Then she left the cottage, moving with the grace and almost the swiftness of a bird.

The kind housemother turned from her cakes on the hearth, and watched her daughter.

"How modest she is!" she said, speaking to herself. "See, see how the young people come forward to meet her! I wonder, now, if they will crown her queen? I am sure a better or more comely has never danced under yon elf-tree. And yet, in some things, she is so strange. She is constantly hearing voices. I often wonder that she can have been a child of mine. It will not be long now before our lady of the manor comes down from the castle, in all her bravery, with lords and dames, to join the dance. But our maid will carry herself just as bravely, if her mates should choose her for their queen. Ah, now she has gone out of sight, and I stand here while the cakes may be burning."

Here, the good dame hurried back to the hearthstone, and, kneeling down, began to transfer her cakes from the hot stone to the dainty little basket which Jeanne had woven for them. This she set away in a cool place, and then began to prepare herself for the festival.

II. AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Most of the young people of Domremy were in a meadow which sloped greenly down to the river, where a wild abundance of flowers gave out gorgeous tints from the grass. When they saw Jeanne coming, a shout of welcome went up, and the young girls crowded to meet her.

She sorted out the different colored flowers they brought, and flung them in heaps. White, purple, gold, rose-tint, blue, and scarlet were soon glowing around her in gorgeous masses, fairly bathing her in perfume.

For awhile, amid a tumult of sweet voices, the work went on. But directly the girls began to scatter again, and dropped away, one by one, with shy looks and mysterious whispers, as if there was some secret among them which they did not wish to share with Jeanne.

The intuition of genius is sometimes almost superhuman. But, in this case, the beautiful humility of Jeanne's character made her blind. She felt this desertion with strange misgiving. Why had the girls all at once grown so silent and cold to her? Even Hermette and Mongète had stolen away, and kept aloof; and they were her own special playmates, and the creatures she loved beyond all the maidens of the village.

It was true, these girls had been among the first to abandon the old oak, and had hid themselves down in a hollow of the meadow, where other deserters joined them from time to time.

The elder of these two girls was not much removed from Jeanne's own age; but two beings more unlike could not well be found. Hermette's slender form, pure blonde complexion, and abundant golden-brown hair formed a perfect contrast to the robust strength and darker coloring which distinguished Jeanne. The other girl—Mongète—was scarcely more than a child, though her large hazel eyes were full of womanly feeling. A sweet prayerful little creature was Mongète, delicate almost as the flowers that filled her lap, and they were snow-white lilies.

There was evidently some secret intelligence between these two girls, in which Jeanne, above all the rest, was not to participate. Hermette was busy at work, twining a wreath from the white lilies that Mongète gave her from time to time. Not a spray of green or a detracting

tint broke the perfect purity of this crown, which was all whiteness and perfume.

"We have done well to choose these," whispered Mongète, looking wistfully around, as if fearful of being heard. "They are white as snow, like her soul—beautiful, like her body."

"And, above all," said Hermette, "it is the royal flower of France; and Jeanne loves France better than her own soul."

"A leaf more or less would mar it, to my thinking," answered the younger girl.

"Then hide it under thy kirtle, Mongète, and lay it down under yon moist rushes near the brook, where no sunshine ever comes."

Mongète took the crown, and sped away to a little brook that curled through a hollow in the meadow, where she concealed it under a clump of blue grass and tall fern, over which the soft spray was dissolving itself into mist. Then the girl came back and nestled down by Hermette, saying:

"No one has told her—she cannot guess what we mean to do." She spoke in a whisper, breathless with excitement.

"Hush, hush; we must all keep silent, or she may guess."

Then the church-bells began to ring.

"It is time," said Hermette.

"It is time," answered Mongète.

"It is time," shouted one sweet voice to another, all over the field. And, out from the river-bank, out from the hollows and the woods, the young people started into sight—some with finished garlands, some twining them as they ran, some with both arms full of loose flowers, and all bearing toward the "Beautiful May."

Jeanne heard the bells, and dropped upon her knees: for, to her imaginative soul, those bells had voices from heaven. An undercurrent of silvery music, that no one else could hear, called her to prayer.

When she arose, all was silent around her. She stood alone under an old oak, beneath the swaying music of the bells. All her companions had gone. Without a word, they had left her, with the rejected flowers withering around her feet—Hermette, Mongète, and all.

She looked wistfully after the friends who had forsaken her. They were crowding toward the elf-tree, singing as they went. Their soft voices blended in with the bell-chimes with a harmony that seemed born of the flowers.

She listened in grieved silence, first to this gentle song, then to the far-off bells, that had changed, and now seemed ringing a wedding-peal.

"Why have they left me? What have I done?"

she said, looking wistfully toward the beech-tree. "Hermette, Mongète, and all; oh, what have I done?"

"Jeanne!"

The girl started, and drew one hand across her eyes, in vague bewilderment. It was not until her name had been twice repeated that she turned to look upon the person who uttered it, who proved to be a young man, and one evidently belonging to the nobility.

Then, suddenly, the whole expression of her face changed. Her eyes filled with a soft tender light, which the black lashes, on which tears still hung, half concealed. A rosy glow spread over her face.

"Jeanne, Jeanne," cried the young cavalier, reaching out both his hands.

Hers trembled, but she gave them willingly, and a radiant smile broke over her face, dimpling her mouth and brightening her lips as sunshine falls on ripe cherries.

The young man saw this, and covered her hands with the kisses which he dared not offer those lips.

But, at this, Jeanne began to tremble violently. A sort of terror seized upon her, and she made a sudden effort to free her imprisoned hands.

"Do not strive against me, Jeanne," he cried, passionately. "Is it not fighting thine own heart, while it wounds mine? You love me, I know."

"Ah, but it is periling my soul, perhaps," answered the girl, drooping beneath his ardent gaze. "I dare not, I dare not! Something tells me love is not for me. But I hear voices that call me—"

"Give not way to such fancies," he cried, vehemently. "They are only delusions."

"Nay, nay, they are real to me. And I dare not, dare not disobey them."

"They mean nothing. Pledge thy troth to me. Hold back no longer. Yes, to-morrow. Nay"—for she shook her head—"sweetheart, thou must, for it is the 'Sunday of the Fountain.'"

"At the fountain, Robert, or elsewhere," she said, blushing under his gaze; "if I do so at all. What matters it as to the place?"

"Nay, but I would have the place holy as a shrine, where we break bread together," answered the young man, with quick enthusiasm.

"Then—but I must ask leave of my mother, first," answered Jeanne.

"Is that needful? Bethink thee, Jeanne, of all the trouble that may follow. Let us keep our secret for awhile."

"Yes, it will make trouble. My mother," she said, sadly, "would fain that I shared my cakes to-morrow with my Cousin Jacquemin, I think."

I fear, too, she would object to the difference in rank between you and me."

"Jacquemin? What, the young peasant from Burey-le-Petit?" questioned Armoise, flushing angrily. "Do they wish you to marry him? Besides, if I make no trouble about rank, why should she? I only ask for a little time to prepare my people."

"I dare not," she faltered.

"Then let us do it secretly, sweet bonnibell. No man ever loved woman as I love thee, and always will. So the mystic water shall do its work to-morrow. Only let our true love-pledge be secret as it is sacred."

"But my mother?" said Jeanne, hesitating. "I feel that I ought to tell her."

"She would urge the cause of Cousin Jacquemin," answered the young man, bitterly. "Perhaps command thee to marry him."

"No command of mother could make me consent to that," she said, thoughtfully. "I will marry thee, or never marry. Yes," hesitatingly, "I will meet thee. Neither mother nor anything on earth can recall my heart now."

A look of infinite, almost holy, tenderness broke into her eyes, as she thus spoke. She laid her clasped hands in his.

"To-morrow—yes, to-morrow, we will pledge our faith at the fountain," she said.

He seized her two hands, and kissed them passionately.

"Bless thee—bless thee, my beloved. Look! look! as if to grace these sweet words, the 'Beautiful May' is blossoming."

III. UNDER THE "BEAUTIFUL MAY."

JEANNE turned and looked eagerly toward the mystic beech. In a minute's time, all the multitudinous flowers of the valley seemed to have burst into bloom among its leaves. Had its wide-spreading branches been interlaced with rainbows, they could not have given more vivid color to the sunshine.

She turned her radiant face on the young man, and clasped her hands in an ecstasy of mingled dismay and admiration.

"Ah, the beautiful, beautiful May! And I not there with a single wreath! Never, since I can remember, has it blossomed without my help before."

"Nor shall it now," exclaimed the young man. "Here is a garland which someone has forgotten. It shall be our tribute to the old tree—thine and mine."

As he spoke, Armoise leaped down into a hollow, along whose bottom a brooklet ran sighing among the rushes. Upon the margin

lay a tangled rope of flowers, kept fresh and cool by the shadowed water. This he seized and dragged triumphantly up into the sunlight.

Jeanne sprang to meet him, beaming with smiles.

"It is mine," she said. "Here it was that Hermette and Mongète hid themselves. The little ones left half their work behind, that I should not alone be without an offering."

"We will together deck the old beech with it," said the youth. "What their hands have woven, I will carry."

"Nay, nay; give me a portion," cried Jeanne, seizing one end of the massive garland, and throwing it over her shoulder like some gorgeous scarf.

"Be it so. And, thus chained together, we will go through the world, both captives," was the laughing answer.

The youth flung the other end of the garland across his own shoulder: and, thus linked together, they turned toward the elfin beech, which stood out alone in advance of the other, forest-trees, clothed gorgeously, like some Eastern monarch.

"See how busy they are; singing, too—I can hear the chorus. Come!"

Hand locked in hand, pulse beating to pulse, the young couple moved forward, entangled in that flowery chain, every breath a happiness, every movement a delight.

That moment, Hermette and Mongète saw her. Their work was done: everything was ready. A shout rang up from under the tree; a group of maidens came trooping toward them, Hermette and Mongète foremost. Up they came—some running, some dancing. The two friends outstripped the others, seized upon the trailing garland, and followed Jeanne, half joyous that she had come, half jealous that another had usurped their place by her side.

"Ah, Hermette, how beautiful she has grown since we left her!" whispered little Mongète. "Her eyes are like stars under water."

Jeanne looked around. The great tree was one tint of flowers mingled with bronzed leaves rich as dusky blossoms themselves. Children were singing in the woods and around the spring.

"This is Paradise," she said; and, as she spoke, she began freeing herself from the chain of flowers. "Was ever anything so beautiful?"

"Now, said the young man, gathering up the chain of flowers in his arms, "I will fasten this to the topmost branch of 'The Beautiful May,' where it shall stream out like a pennant, above all meaner things." And, as he spoke, he sprang up the beech-tree, till the very topmost bough

was reached; and there, nearly seventy feet from the ground, the garland was fastened, and flaunted out bannerwise.

A shout rang up from the beech, the spring, the woods. The bells, that had been silent for a time, began to ring again; and the villagers, who had strayed away in groups, came back, and, gathering in a circle around Jeanne, with a sweet chorus of voices, proclaimed her "Queen of The Beautiful May."

She stood among that rejoicing crowd, dumb with amazement. She heard the shout, and received this homage in bewildering dismay. Was it intended for her? What had she done to deserve this great honor—this outburst of love from her old neighbors? Surely there was some mistake. They must mean *Hermette*.

"It is *Hermette* whom ye should crown," she said. "Indeed, indeed, she is far more deserving."

"Nay, nay!" shouted the villagers. "It was *Hermette* who spoke first. We will have none but Jeanne. She is fairest and best. No maiden in the village compares with her. So said *Hermette*, and so we all say. Jeanne shall be crowned, and no other."

Jeanne bent her head, and the neighbors saw that her eyes were flooded with tears.

"Come with us," said *Mongète*, taking Jeanne by the hand. "Our queen must not weep under the tree of the *Elfin Ladies*."

"It were an evil sign," said *Hermette*.

"Nay," answered Jeanne, gently. "I was not weeping. How could I, being so glad?"

"Still, thy lashes are wet, and thy lips tremble, as if tears might come any minute. Why, we thought to make thee the happiest maiden in all *Domremy*," said *Mongète*, kissing the hand she held, with tender fondness.

"And so I am, *Mongète*. Still, I feel like weeping over my own wicked folly. Thou wilt not believe it, child, nor thou, *Hermette*; but, only a little time ago, my heart was heavy with a doubt that ye had willfully deserted me. See how my ingratitude has been rewarded."

Hermette and *Mongète* looked at each other and laughed.

"She thought us little traitors. We seemed like it, too; and that was hard; for how could she know?"

IV. CROWNED WITH THE LILIES.

But, at this instant, they were interrupted by a shout:

"They are coming! they are coming! We saw them from the treetop—on horseback, on foot, and with a sumpter-mule creeping behind."

The shout came from two lads perched on the topmost branch of the beech as scouts. The crowd, swaying, moving, and encamped about the old beech, was in instant commotion: hats and kerchiefs were tossed in the air; groups of children rushed forward, ready to scatter flowers along the woodland-path cut through the forest. All stood waiting, as if some important event was about to happen.

Directly, glimpses of warm color—scarlet, blue, and gold—broke through the green of the forest-trees. Then came the mellow sound of hoofs upon turf and sweet musical laughter, to which the morning wind whispering in the leaves was lacking in richness, while a group of cavaliers and ladies emerged into the open glade, and drew up gayly under the shadow of "The Beautiful May."

Down from the castle, with all the pomp of a royal procession, had come that gay cavalcade of lords and ladies. Foremost of them all, and most joyous of them all, rode a stately gentleman—owner of the valley and of the hoary old forest that clothed one side of it from river to hilltop, lord of the castle that frowned above them all—*Pierre de Baudricourt*, Lord of *Domremy*. By his side rode his lady, and a half-score of noble guests followed.

"Good-morrow, my people. Go on with the sport," said the baron, lifting the velvet cap from his head and bowing right and left. "If our coming hushes the music or checks the dance, we shall feel ourselves unwelcome."

"They do but wait the consent of their *chatelaine*, before crowning the elf-tree queen, my lord," said young *Armoise*, approaching *Baudricourt*. "Will it please her to dismount?"

"That will I," said a bright and fair-faced lady, urging her horse up to the side of her husband. "Come, Robert, and help me."

Armoise came forward, and stood ready to lift his sister from her saddle.

"Ah, Robert," she cried, "how does it chauce that thou art under the 'Beautiful May' before us? We waited full half an hour for thee, at the castle."

"I came early, hoping to be of use with the villagers," he answered, in some embarrassment. The lady shook her head and laughed.

"It is easy guessing what all this means," she said. "Point me out the rustic beauty whose heart is to be broken."

The young man blushed, but made no reply; and the lady, resting both hands on his shoulders, leaped lightly from her saddle.

The group of ladies who had accompanied her dismounted also, and followed her to a grassy

mound within the shadow cast by the beech. On this rustic throne of turf was a seat, lined with moss and wreathed with flowers, to which young Armoise led her, and around which the other ladies grouped themselves.

Near this rustic throne was another, with a wide mossy seat, around which two girls were weaving roses, while a low sound of voices, chanting what seemed like a wedding-hymn, was heard: and a procession approached, led by Jeanne. She walked quietly, but with a graceful and gracious movement which the Lady of Domremy had never witnessed out of her own rank in life before.

As the lady of the manor became conscious of the wonderful, almost supernatural, beauty of this peasant-girl, she beckoned to Armoise, and whispered:

"Is yon beautiful face the lure? Is that what brought you here? Who is she? What is she?"

"She is the daughter of a peasant, with the heart and mien of a queen," was the prompt answer. "They call her Jeanne."

"Robert, Robert, this is more than a passing fancy. Take care, brother mine," she said.

"Do creatures like that inspire light fancy?" answered the young man, turning his eyes proudly upon Jeanne, who was walking forward with her eyes cast down and smiling fondly on the two girls that clung to her garment.

That moment, a group of persons that had just come up from the village approached Jeanne. One was a stout middle-aged man, garbed in a peasant's dress, put on with more neatness and care than was usual to his class. By his side walked his dame, a comely robust woman, who still retained signs of buxom youthfulness, and was evidently a person of consequence in the village. With these two came a young peasant, more jauntily dressed than most of his class assembled there, and with a brighter, handsomer, and far more intelligent countenance.

"Ah, here is Jacquemin! Here is Jacquemin!" cried Hermette and Mongète, running toward the youth and seizing, one his hand, the other his garment. "Now shall our Queen of the Beautiful May be crowned."

"And who has been chosen Queen of the Beautiful May?" said the young peasant. "But I need not ask, need I?"

"Ask? Who should it be but our Jeanne? We chose her just now, in the Druid dell. But our lady of the manor must have the last say. Till she speaks, no one can be crowned. Go, ask her, Jacquemin."

Jacquemin went straight up to the lady of the

manor. Lifting the cap from his well-formed head, he bent, with some grace, before her.

"Madame, the lads and maidens of Domremy," he said, "have chosen Jeanne as Queen of the Beautiful May, and wait permission to crown her, as all former queens have been crowned since the old tree was won by cross and mass from the fairies of the wood. Will madame, in her goodness, allow the pageant to go on?"

"Before I answer," said the lady, with a gracious bend of the head, "let my sister queen stand before me. As yet, I can but guess who Jeanne is."

Jacquemin made a reverence in reply, and, going up to Jeanne, took her hand, which she gave with a hesitating glance at Armoise, who stood behind the mossy throne of his sister, the lady of the castle. With a strange sinking of the heart, Jeanne was led forward by her cousin, while a crowd of young men and maidens gathered behind her.

"As I thought," whispered the lady, smiling back upon her brother. "Now, what am I to do—send her away in disgrace, or seem to sanction thy mad folly? Answer me, Robert."

"To disgrace her among these people would be impossible. Far easier to make her a martyr, and thyself hateful to them all. I tell thee, Ellanor," he answered, hotly, "no absolute queen was ever so rooted in the hearts of her subjects."

"I think the girl has bewitched thee, Robert," she answered; "but I have no heart to punish her. Only, my brother, you are laying up sorrow for her, as well as yourself. Eagles cannot mate with doves, and less than mating were dishonor."

During this low-toned dialogue, the villagers were getting impatient, and a murmur was heard on the edge of the crowd. The lady of the castle, at this, arose with graceful alacrity.

"Heaven forefend," she said, "that I should have any choice against that of our people. Nor could I choose a fairer—or, in good faith, a prouder—sovereign for the Beautiful May."

With these gracious words, she descended from her grassy throne, and, taking Jeanne's hand, led her to the chair prepared for the queen.

V. CROWNING THE QUEEN.

CALMLY, and with more real composure than most queens mount a permanent throne, Jeanne ascended the turf steps and seated herself, amid such shouts as few monarchs ever receive. Directly after, her throne was surrounded by a band of pretty peasant-girls, while Hermette and her companion mounted the steps, bearing a cushion of delicate fern-moss set thickly with violets, on which lay a coronal of white lilies.

As they approached, Jeanne bowed her head to receive the crown. But, as her eyes fell on the lilies, a faint cry broke from her lips, and her eyes filled with tears. Somewhere buried mistily in the past, she had seen that crown—the lilies of France, blooming white and pure as snow—on her own head. Why had they chosen lilies for her? For a moment, the breath of these flowers seemed to stifle her. A pang of sorrowful prophecy rent her heart. Had the voices she had heard, which had told her she was destined for some great mission, as yet unrevealed, come to reproach her, in the guise of these lilies, for listening to words of human love?

"The scent is too strong—she sickens under it," said Hermette.

"Is she ill? What possesses her?" questioned the lady of the castle, with wondering impatience. "She sits like a statue of stone, heeding none of us."

Young Armoise stepped out from the group around his sister, and approached Jeanne. She seemed to feel his footsteps thrill through her with a shudder of mingled ecstasy and pain.

"Jeanne! Jeanne!" he whispered. "Why dost thou sit so still, and look so white? Has some illness smitten thee?"

The girl's senses had been wrapped deep from the shouts of her neighbors, but this gentle whisper reached them. She started. Her eyes grew bright as stars: a flood of soft warm life came to her face. She looked around upon the beech, the crowd of her old neighbors, and that gorgeous group of cavaliers and ladies, with a sweet but half-bewildered smile.

"Hail to our Queen of the Beautiful May!" shouted the peasants, roused to enthusiasm, crowding around her.

Before the shout died away, a choir of fresh young voices filled the woods with music, out of which these words came:

From the depths of the tangled forest,
Where the dusk is ever glooming;
From the hollows blue as heaven,
Where forget-me-nots are blooming;
From the mead where stately lilies,
With sunshine overflowing,
Gleam coldly as if winter
Had filled their cups while snowing;
We have pillaged buds and blossoms
In the mistiness of even,
While the dew lay thick upon them
As it fell last night from heaven.

While the night was all sleepy with fragrance,
And waiting impatient for day,
We have plundered her bosom of jewels
For our Queen of the Beautiful May—
For our Queen of the Beautiful May.

Where the sunshine softly rested,
We gathered sweet wild roses;
From banks all violet-crested,
Where the latest dew reposes,
We robbed the grass of purple;
And, where the brooklet gushes,
We tore the golden cowslips
From the shadow of the rushes.
And we stole the nodding daisies
That sleep when the sun is shining,
And we wreathed them all together—
Twining, forever twining!

At the foot of yon gloomy old mountain,
Like elves, we have gathered the spray
Shot up from the old Druid fountain
For our Queen of the Beautiful May—
For our Queen of the Beautiful May.

Beneath the gnarled branches
Of oaks so old and hoary,
We searched with prayer and patience
For the mystic mandragora.
Where the Druids come for worship,
And the fever-stricken, kneeling,
Pray to our sweet Madonna,
We found the plant of healing.
Then we laved it in the water,
The water softly chiming,
While the wind, in gentle whisper,
Joined in the mystic rhyming.

Where the earth was made holy, we sought it,
When the morning was misty and gray;
As a charm for all sorrow we brought it,
For our Queen of the Beautiful May—
For our Queen of the Beautiful May.

As these wild sweet words rang through the glade of the Druid wood, there was deep silence under the May-tree. Jeanne leaned forward in her mossy chair and listened, like one entranced. At last, tears stole into her eyes, and her breast began to heave with emotion. The voices of her playmates thrilled her with tender memory. Her soul was borne away on the loving pathos of their song. She forgot the mystic voices and the vague mission they told her of: she remembered only that Armoise was at her side, and that he loved her. She smiled up at him, all the woman in her eyes.

Suddenly, a wild crash of bells came up the valley. That which had been sweet music broke forth into a fearful clangor; and a lad, high up in the beech, called out that a party of armed men was crossing the Meuse a couple of miles below.

At the period of our narrative, France was not only distracted by civil broil, but more than half conquered by the English. The rival houses of Burgundy and Orleans were the original cause of this deplorable condition of affairs; for the English king, allying himself with the Duke of Burgundy, was able easily to overpower the rightful king—who, being half the time insane,

was really incapacitated to govern. At the time when our story opens, Henry the Fourth had just died, having first married the Princess Catharine of France, and claiming, through her and a treaty at Paris, the crown for his son. The King of France had followed soon after, leaving only the name of royalty to his son. Meantime, the whole country was torn with dissension—some nobles taking one side, and some another. Bands of robbers traversed the kingdom, preying on both parties alike, and especially on the peasants. Hence the terror and fury which this alarm raised.

"To arms! to arms! Soldiers in the valley! The English are upon us!" This was the cry.

The lord of the manor, hearing the alarm, rode into the midst of his people.

"Go on with the sport," he called out. "Though it should prove a band of roving Burgundians or English, we are not to be frightened from our 'High-Day Festival.' If they go to our castle, our seneschal will give them a hot welcome and short shrift. If they dare to come this way, our young men know how to pull a crossbow, and have their sweethearts to protect. Let such of my men as are panting to chastise this scum pause in the dance long enough to seize spear or crossbow."

Here Baudricourt, however, was interrupted by loud shouts from the peasants:

"To the village! To the village! To arms! To arms!"

Jeanne had listened to the tumult, up to this point, in silence. But her varying color betrayed the intensity of her emotion. Like all the best and noblest of the time, she had seen the distraction and distress of her country with an almost breaking heart. To her imaginative and excited mind had appeared visions, as we have said, telling her that a great mission lay before her, and

that she was to be the savior of her country. It was to these that she had alluded, when she told Armoise she did not dare to think of human love.

For, one day in the forest, she had accidentally met this young *Sieur Armoise*, who, struck by her great beauty, had since then sought every opportunity to pay his court to her. Though fully aware of the difference in their birth and station, Jeanne did not attach as much importance to these things as most others would; for her nature was so high, so grand, that rank seemed to her but a petty distinction after all, and one that true love would scorn to regard as an obstacle. She loved for the first time, and she loved with her whole soul; and, if there had been nothing else, she would not have held back. But, behind all this, there lay her passionate love of country. This was now, all at once, rekindled in its full force by the sight of the approaching enemy. She saw, as by a flash, what her mission was, what the voices had meant: that human love was not for her, that her task was to suffer, perhaps to die, for her country. She forgot even that *Armoise* was at her side.

Suddenly she rose from her mossy throne, and, lifting her hand to heaven, echoed the alarm.

"To the village! To the village! They shall find us in arms," she shouted.

As she spoke, she sprang down, and leaped on the back of the horse, from which the lady of the manor had dismounted on arriving.

"Forward!" she cried, turning to the crowd of excited peasants. "Forward, for God and country!"

With that she gave rein to the horse, and dashed forward, her scarlet garment glinting in the sunshine, and her radiant head crowned with the white lilies of France.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONG AGO.

BY MARIAN AINSWORTH.

We stood beside the moonlit stream,
And heard its rippling water flow;
And watched the stars, as in a dream,
Oh! happy dream of long ago.

But fairy dreams must have an end,
And all save mem'ry, sweet and low,
Has vanished since we parted then,
Oh! saddest day of long ago.

The years like phantoms pass along—
Life's empty lamp burns dim and low.
I watch, through shadowy light, the throng
Thro' slow the dim-aisled long ago.

Among the spectral forms, I see
The face I loved pass to and fro;
And then I cry: "O past! to me
Give back my love of long ago!"

Back from the past an echo rings,
In plaintive tones so sweet and low:
"No, never! till thy angel wings
Sweep o'er the tide of long ago!"

Life's chain is breaking! Sever'd links
Lie scattered o'er its evening slinks.
My last sun, setting, slowly sinks
Into the realm of long ago.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



No 1.

No. 2.

No. 1—Is intended for a house-toilette, but will be quite suitable for a walking-costume. The combination of plain self-colored camel's-hair suiting with novelty-plaid velvet and silk, for skirt, sleeves, bodice, and revers, will make a very handsome and stylish costume for home or visiting: while, if made of the plaid woolen, for skirt, etc., combined with the plain woolen,

a very elegant walking-costume will be arranged. The skirt is entirely plain, of the plaid. The long-pointed front-drapery is faced with the plaid on the left side, and turned back, forming

quarter yards only will be necessary, if the goods are fortyfour or fiftytwo inches wide.

No. 2—Is a promenade-costume. It consists of a redingote of dark-green bouclé-cloth, trimmed with gray Astrakhan-fur or Astrakhan-cloth. It opens in front, to display a silk skirt to match, woven with plush bands. The back is velvet of the same color. This will make a very elegant costume, made of this expensive material; but this model may be used for a costume of cloth, camel's-hair, or serge, and be exceedingly stylish, using Astrakhan-cloth for the trimming: the bouclé-cloth being equally



a rever. The back-drapery is simply puffed and rather short. The bodice is cut plain from neck to basque; and the front yoke, which is slightly full, is put on to the plain waist in the form indicated by the illustration. A broad band of the plaid is inserted at the armholes, and ties in front with a knot. The edge of the basque is cut in square, lined with silk to match. Tight coat-sleeves of the plaid, with cuffs of the plain. Six and a half yards of twentytwo-inch plaid velvet, five yards of fortyfour or fiftytwo inch camel's-hair, will be required. Or, if plaid woolen be used for skirt, etc., three and three-

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No. 4.

appropriate for a redingote, combined with plain woolen for the remainder of the costume. One and three-quarter yards of bouclé-cloth, three yards of fiftyfour-inch material for skirt.

No. 3—Is after a tailor-made model, and is composed entirely of lady's-cloth. The skirt is laid in double box-plaits all around, and mounted upon a waist-yoke. The plaits are fastened underneath by tape at intervals, to keep them in place. The apron-front is long and very much plaited up high at the sides. The back is simply puffed. The long bodice is very plain, fitting exquisitely, pointed in front, with a short postillion at the back. Small buttons. Long tight sleeves, with turned-up cuffs bound with silk braid. Collar to match. Six yards of fifty-four-inch cloth, two dozen of buttons, will be

a full puff at the back. The bodice is made with long revers in front, folded back over a vest of the stripe. This vest is prettily fastened with a double row of ball-shaped buttons in mother-



No. 5.

required for this costume. In cloth, seal-brown, invisible-green, and navy-blue are the most desirable colors.

No. 4—Is a very stylish combination of plain material with a stripe—one of Worth's costumes, showing what the celebrated man-milliner can do in a comparatively simple and economical dress. It is made of plain navy-blue serge, used together with the same kind of serge striped with cream. The border of the underskirt is of the striped material, as well as the drapery, which forms a loose kind of scarf in front, and



No. 6.

of-pearl, the cuffs being trimmed with striped revers and buttons to correspond.

No. 5—Is an exceedingly pretty and easily-made dress for the house. The material is a soft woolen plaid. The foundation is of alpaca, which



No. 7.

keeps its shape and place much better than muslin, though the latter material is generally used. The plaid is put on the foundation quit plain, and forms the underskirt. The overskirt

is gathered to the round waist, quite full at the back, more scant in front and at the sides, and it is draped according to fancy. The bodice is laid in plaits back and front, and is finished with a waistband of velvet, of one of the colors in the plaid. The high collar and cuffs are also of velvet.

Nos. 6 and 7.—We give the back and front of this paletot for an infant of two to four years, also with and without the cape. This costume is rather a dress, with adjustable cape, for walking; and the dress may be worn without the cape, at pleasure. Make of serge or diagonal

with brandebourgs in silk cord. The hood and collar are trimmed with velvet. The back is in full plaits.

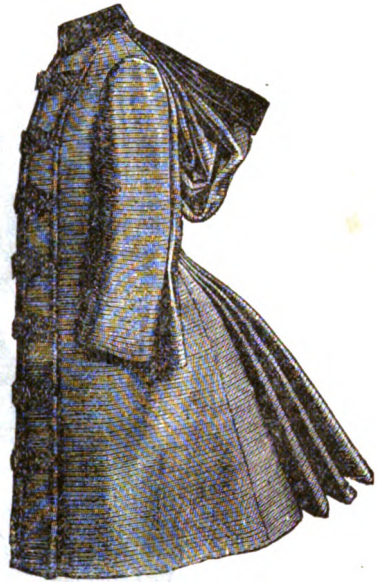


No. 8.

woolen, and trim with plain or ribbed velvet or plush. The waist is full, and the skirt gathered on to it, as seen. The cape and collar are tied with ribbon-strings.

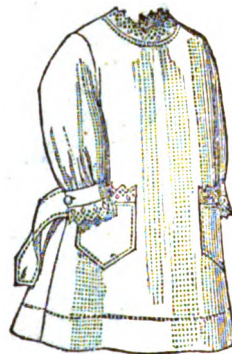
No. 8.—A walking-costume, for a girl of six years: fancy cloth, bordered with fur. The bands for collar, waist, and cuffs are narrower than that which edges the skirt. The front is plain, the back in box-plaits, for the skirt.

No. 9.—We give, here, an entirely new design for a girl's paletot, from six to eight years. It is made of fancy cloth. The paletot fastens



No. 9.

No. 10.—Paris pinafore. Speckled or fine-checked zephyr-gingham, trimmed with torchon



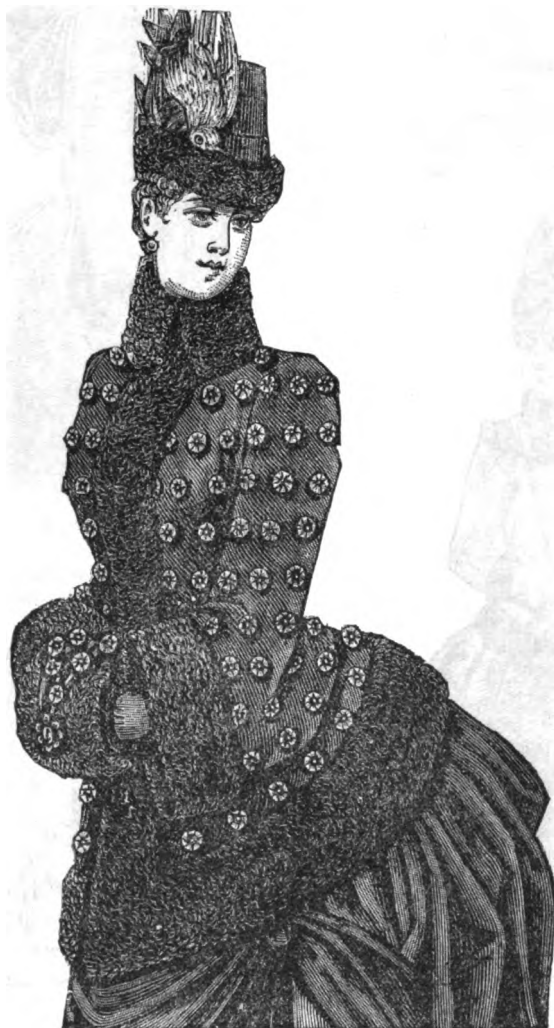
No. 10.

lace. The pockets, neck, and cuffs are all edged with it. A belt from beneath the arms confines the back.

Marguerite

MANTEAU "VICTORIA," WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



The purpose of this department is to furnish, every month, the most stylish and recent novelty of its kind—a waist, a wrap, a polonaise, a child's dress, etc., etc.—and also a full-size paper pattern, printed as a Supplement, and folded in with the number, so that any lady may cut it out for herself. In this way, the subscriber gets, during the year, the twelve most stylish affairs that appear, and so is kept abreast of the progress of fashion, always with the freshest novelty at her command.

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To tell what is really the most fashionable costume, at Paris and other centres of fashion, is the mission, so to speak, of "Peterson," and is one that is not fulfilled by any other magazine: the rest giving only second-rate costumes, got up in New York and Philadelphia, most other magazines being interested, as dealers, in puffing their own patterns.

We give, this month, a new and stylish wrap—part jacket, part dolman—called the "Manteau

Victoria." An engraving of it, as it appears made up, is presented here. Folded in with the number, is a Supplement, containing full-size diagrams from which to cut it out. It consists, as will be seen, of four pieces, viz:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. SLEEVE.
4. COLLAR.

The notches, dots, and letters show how the pieces join. The pattern turns over in three places: once on front, and twice on sleeve. The dotted line on the sleeve is where the pattern turns over, and the solid line on the front shows where the pattern turns over there.

In making this garment, it would be advisable to cut out first, in muslin, the entire garment

carefully, and baste and fit in the sleeve. The sleeve of a dolman is always difficult to adjust; therefore, it will be better to fit a pattern-lining before cutting into the material. In fact, all patterns for dresses should be fitted and altered before cutting into the material. No two ladies, hardly, are of the same size. The "cut-paper patterns," so called, that are turned out by the hundreds, all precisely alike, are practically worthless, while the flimsy material of which they are made renders it impossible to alter them.

Make of brocaded velvet or cloth, and trim with Astrakhan or other fur. Feather-trimming is still fashionable.

We give, also, on the Supplement, a very beautiful design for a washstand-splasher, for which see description elsewhere.

CROCHET-WOOL LACE SCARF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here an engraving of a new and very pretty article, a crochet-wool lace scarf, and in the front of the number give a detail of part of it—sufficient, however, to be a guide for making the whole.

The material is black mohair wool, and a medium fine crochet-hook is used. The wool, being very fine, is taken double. The scarf consists of four bands of gimp crochet about two and a half yards long, which are connected to one another by rows of crochet-work, and then surrounded with a crochet-edging. For the gimp

crochet, a metal or wire fork, shaped like a hairpin, with the prongs two and a half inches apart, is required. To begin the work—see detail in front of the number—form a loop with the crochet-needle in the usual manner, withdraw the needle from the loop, and hold it between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand; take up the fork in the same fingers, the closed end downward, placing it so that it lies upon the end of the wool below the loop; bring the wool between the two prongs, around behind the one to the right, and then around the fingers of the left hand, as in ordinary crochet or knitting. Insert the needle into the loop, put the

wool around it once and pull it through, turn the fork from right to left, so that the wool will now lie on the right prong, *, put the wool around the needle and form a new loop, work a single crochet around the upper coil of the loop on the left prong, turn the fork from right to left, and continue to repeat from *; work the single crochet-stitches very tight. After completing the four lengths of gimp, work in rows around them as follows: First row: a single on the stitch before the first loop, five chain-stitches, *, catch the next sixteen loops together with a single, five chain, one single around the stitch before the following loop, five chain, repeat from *; at the end of the gimp, work five chain, and catch the first eight loops on the other side together with a single, so that the pattern will alternate with that on the first side, then continue the pattern. The crochet must be quite loosely worked. Second row: three chain, one single on the second of the first five chain, three chain, a single on the following second stitch, three chain, a single on the second of the next five chain, *, three chain, a shell on the next single (for the shell, four times by turns put the wool around the needle, and take up a

loop through the single, grasping over the wool with the needle, pull a loop through all the loops on the needle, and then work a single around the coils of the shell), twice by turns three chain and one single on the middle one of the next five chain; repeat from *, but across the ends of the strips work chain-scallops instead of shells. Third row: along the sides only, not across the ends, work by turns a shell on the middle chain of the next three, and three chain. To connect the bands of gimp crochet, catch together the middle one of every three chain of both with a single, and work three chain between the singles. Having connected the four bands, work the edging around the outside as follows: First row: by turns a single on the middle of three chain, three chain. Second row: a single on the middle of the next three chain, two chain, four double on the middle of the following three chain, two chain, repeat. Third row: a single on the next single, two chain, four double between the middle two of the next four double, two chain, repeat. Fourth, fifth, and sixth rows: work as in the preceding row, but in the last row work six double instead of four.

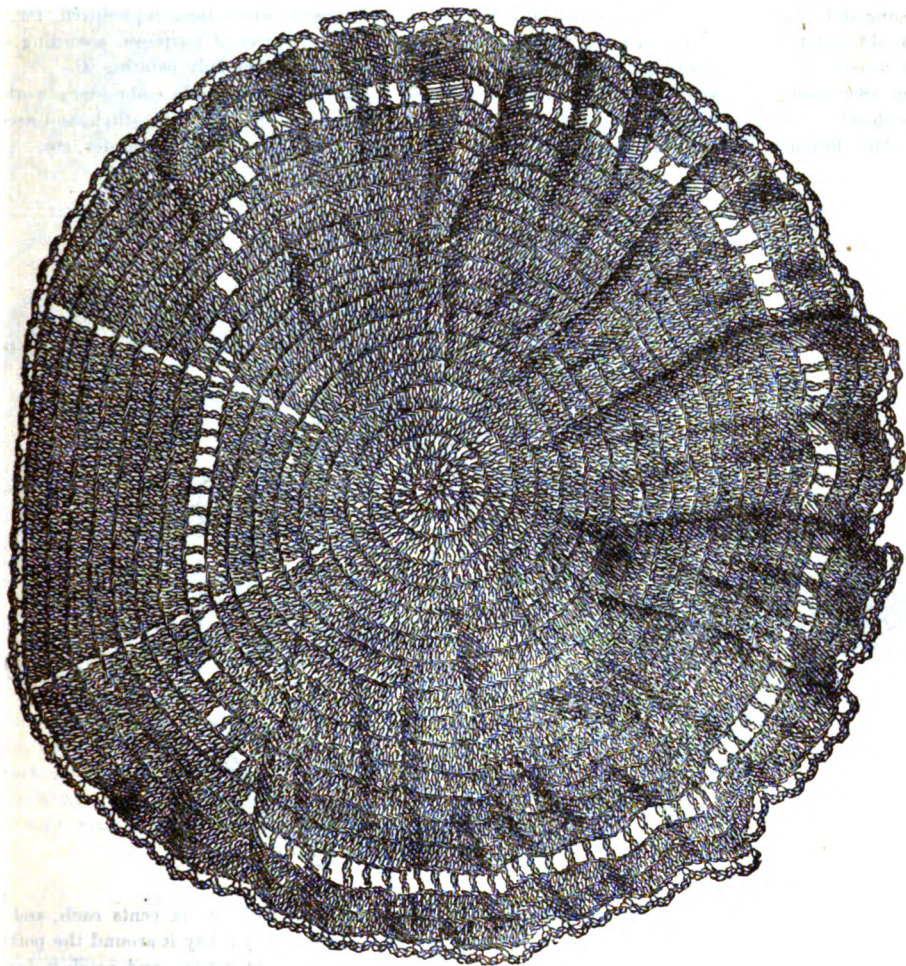
CHILD'S HOOD, IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give here an engraving of this pretty affair, and on the next page an engraving of the detail for working the hood. The material is single zephyr, with a very fine bone crochet-needle.

This hood is made in a circular form, and consists entirely of long stitches. The spaces seen in the detail for working the hood indicate where the drawing-string is to be inserted. There are eighteen rows in all. Begin in the centre, with an end of the wool tied in a small ring; into this ring, work eight long crochet-stitches, and in the next row work sixteen, two in each loop. Increase in the next row, and again in the next row, only so many times as needed to keep the work flat; then increase two stitches in one, as seen in the engraving, but at intervals only, and not always on the same place. At the back, no increase at all, excepting in the first six rows, reckoning from the centre. A narrow ribbon drawn through the border-spaces draws the hood into form, to which bows-and-ends of ribbon and strings are added. The edge is of silk. Seven chain—DC—stitches on each fourth stitch.





DETAIL OF CHILD'S HOOD.

DESIGN ON SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement folded in with this number, not only the pattern for the new and fashionable "Manteau Victoria," but a very beautiful design for a splasher, to be pinned on the wall, back of a washstand. The design is exceedingly appropriate and artistic.

It is to be done in outline-stitch, on crash or other suitable material. It is so arranged, as will be seen, as not to interfere with the dress-pattern, and can be transferred in the usual way. "Peterson" is the only magazine that gives these large-size patterns.

DESIGN FOR PAINTING ON SATIN, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give another of which "Peterson" has long been celebrated, and these costly and beautiful colored patterns for which appear nowhere else, no other magazine

being able to afford them. This pattern, at retail, would cost from fifty cents upward, yet we offer it to our hundred and fifty thousand subscribers for 1886, gratis, as a New-Year gift, with our best wishes for their happiness and long life.

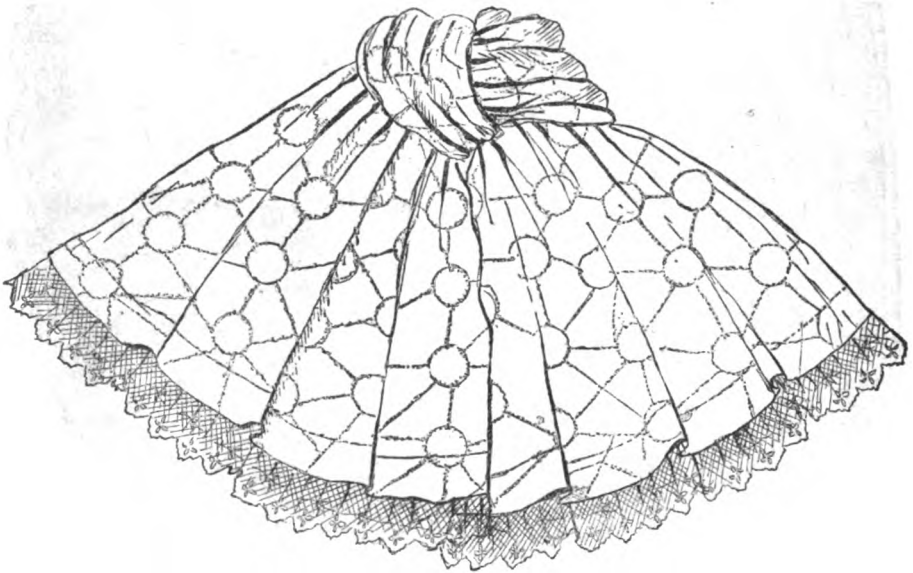
The design is for painting on satin, silk, etc.

It may be used, when thus reproduced, for a dress or for a variety of purposes, according to the taste or wish of the lady painting it.

Or it may be reproduced in embroidery, working in Kensington-stitch or satin-stitch, and used for a curtain-border, table-cover border, etc.

SCARF-TIDY

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.



We give here a very pretty scarf-tidy, made of cream-colored Swiss, with large polka-dots woven in it.

It is material that comes for curtains, and can be bought for fifty cents a yard; one yard and an eighth is sufficient for one.

It is first hemmed on the sides with a very narrow hem, and the bottom with a hem two inches deep. The polka-dots are outlined with silver tinsel, and a network formed between them, of the tinsel.

This comes in balls at six cents each, and is sewed on in this way: Lay it around the polka-dot, a small space at a time, and catch it down with fine silk. "The lines between can be marked on with a lead-pencil, and covered with the tinsel in the same manner. The ends are finished with lace. It is tied in a loose knot, and fastened on the corner of a large chair.

It is nice work to pick up, and requires very little thought. It is quite a new idea—being, in fact, the first pattern out.

STRIPE IN CROCHET, Etc.

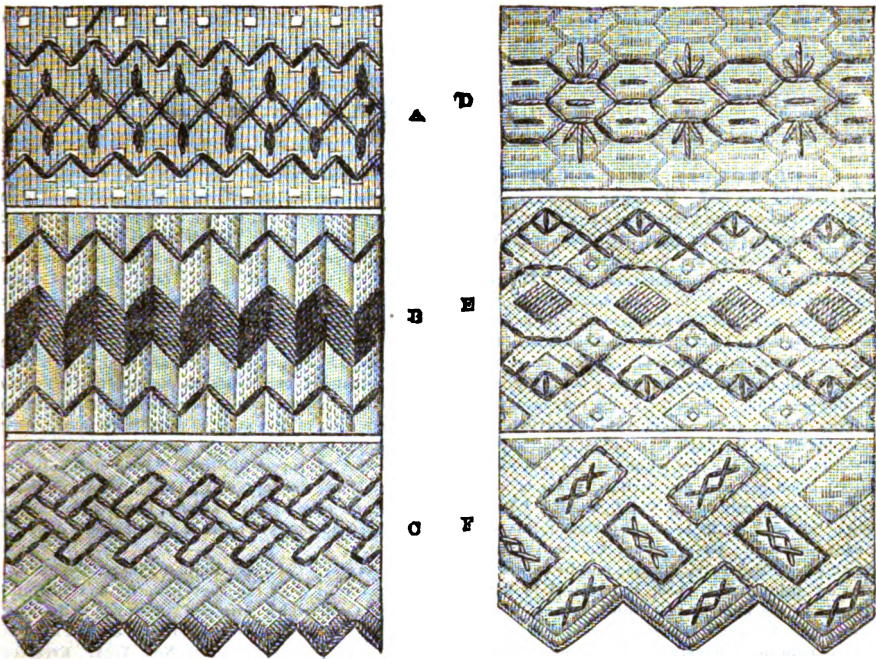
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a very pretty design of a lily, to be done in crochet, or it may be netted, and used with stripes of furniture-lace embroidered. The union makes a pretty chair or sofa tidy.

Again, it may be beaded on canvas, tucked

on stripes of short plush, or worked in cross-stitch. The canvas cut away on the left side of the work and the bottom also. The canvas then drawn out on the right side and the top. This mode of drawing away the threads of canvas prevents the "roughing" of the stitches.

BORDERS: EMBROIDERED.



Useful for the ornamenting of children's frocks, aprons, etc. Worked with fast-colored cotton, on the designs woven in the material.

Work A in point-russe, with red and dark-blue cotton. B in satin-stitch and point-russe, with blue cotton in two shades. C in stem

and buttonhole stitch, with red and light-blue cotton. D in point-russe, with brown cotton in two shades. E in stem, feather, and satin stitch, with red cotton. F in cross-stitch and buttonhole-stitch, with red and blue cotton.

WALLET-SHAPED WORK-BAG.

For design, see front of number. Should be netted with the coarsest netting-cotton procurable. Mesh half an inch wide. Largest steel netting-needle.

Tie the cotton in a loop to go over the foot, or less, if it is to be fastened to a lead cushion. Into the long loop, net five perfect stitches: tie the cotton tight in which the stitches are netted. In the next row, two stitches in each loop. In the third row, two stitches in each second loop. Continue to work this, increasing two stitches in each division of the row at each of the increased loops in the third row, but nowhere else.

Continue thus till the wallet is sufficiently large. (See the white angles at the pointed end of the engraving.) This will be about twelve rows, or, reckoned diagonally, twelve squares. The bag does not increase after this.

Net a row, making two loops together at each corner where increased in former rows.

Then another row, netting together another two stitches in the same place. *. Now net twenty-four or thirty rows round, till an aperture is to be made, then as many rows as required forward and back, not round, till the length of the opening is sufficient. Then repeat from * and work to the end in the same way as commenced, or this end may be made square. Then, of course, there is no increase or decrease; but, if both ends are to be pointed, each side must be made alike.

The darning should be with maize-colored or any other colored wool (six threads), the lining of crimson sateen. The tassels are made of maize-colored wool, mingled with a few strands of crimson silk. At the end of the wallet, five strips of whalebone are covered with maize-colored or crimson sateen, and sewed to the five sides of the points. If it is wished to have the bag smaller, of course the meshes must be smaller and the cotton finer.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1887. MAGAZINE BETTER THAN EVER!—We offer this number to the public as a proof of the continued enterprise and progress of "Peterson." We also again call attention to the prospectus for 1887, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. Hence it has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's-book* in the United States. But, for 1887, it will be greatly improved. Among these improvements, as will be seen, are new type, a new cover, etc., etc.

Remember that "Peterson" is the only magazine that publishes, *all the year through*, steel-engravings; and a steel-engraving is the finest and costliest of all engravings. Its stories, too, are the best published; no lady's-book has such contributors; and new writers, when of sufficient merit, are constantly being added, keeping "Peterson" always "ahead." In its fashion-department, it is conceded to be pre-eminent; its styles are the newest and most elegant, direct from Paris, always; and its superb colored plates are printed from steel, and colored by hand, the only ones of the kind in the United States! Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be it; and every family of refinement should take at least one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is the unrivaled illustrated "Book of Beauty," or the large engraving, "Mother's Darling," whichever is preferred. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1887. For still larger clubs, there are more premiums, for which see the prospectus. No other magazine offers such inducements for getting up clubs. Only our immense circulation enables us to do it.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Every lady will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness be fairly put before her. *Go to work at once.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for in good faith.

THE FASHIONABLE MATERIALS for this winter may be summed up in a few words. Silk will be little worn; woollen material will have the preference. Vicugna, bengaline, bure de Palestine, sanglier, and the ever-popular serge will share favoritism. Large checks will take a fresh lease of life, but these should be chosen with care; people of short stature will be wise to continue with their stripes. Corsets will be heavily embroidered, and extravagantly large buttons will be carried on waistscoats. The tournure is rapidly diminishing in size, and underskirts with stiff flounces are taking its place, which is more graceful.

THE ONLY FASHION-LETTERS really written in Paris are those that appear in "Peterson," from the pen of the accomplished wife of the American Vice-Consul, Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper. Other lady's-books pretend to have such letters: but they are concocted in America, and are altogether a "delusion and snare." If you wish to know the real Paris fashion, you must come to "Peterson": for no other lady's-book has enterprise enough to pay for real Paris letters.

"CAN'T KEEP HOUSE WITHOUT IT."—A gentleman from Janica, Ill., subscribes for his wife, and says: "My wife thinks she couldn't keep house without it. It is a great favorite hereaway."

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AN EXTRA COPY OF THIS MAGAZINE will be sent, as a premium, for two subscribers at \$2.00 each, or \$4.00 in all. Or an extra copy will be sent for three subscribers at \$1.75 each, or \$5.25 in all. These offers are in answer to numerous inquirers, who wish to get up small clubs, and say they prefer an extra copy to any other premium. Such a premium certainly has this advantage: It keeps coming every month in the year.

We have also reduced our club of four, with an extra copy, from \$1.62½ each (\$6.50 in all) to \$1.80 each (\$6.40 in all), so many of our friends complaining that the extra two and a half cents are such an inconvenient amount to collect. For our club of five, at \$1.80 each (\$8.00 in all), we give, remember, *two premiums*, the extra copy of the magazine, and either the superb illustrated "Book of Beauty" or the splendid large-size engraving (21 x 27), "Mother's Darling." If *only the extra copy* is asked for, however, for this club, a suitable deduction will be made from the eight dollars.

MUNKACSY'S "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."—This wonderful picture, one of the most powerful and realistic ever painted, and which attracted thousands daily wherever exhibited in Europe, has been brought to the United States, and is now on exhibition at New York. Everybody is enthusiastic over it. To show how "Peterson" is always ahead, we had this great picture engraved some years ago, as one of our premium-pictures. We offer it now, again, for getting up clubs, instead of either of the other premiums, if preferred. To subscribers, we will furnish it for fifty cents, the mere cost of printing. To persons not subscribers, the price is one dollar. It is such an engraving as could not be bought at a dealer's for less than five dollars.

OUR NEW COVER preserves, as will be seen, "the old familiar look" of "Peterson," without which the magazine would seem a stranger, instead of a friend of years' standing. The alterations are only in the details. The substitution of the panel at the bottom, with Minerva in the centre, and the symbols of art, music, literature, and domestic life, instead of what was there before, is, we think, a great improvement.

"A NECESSITY OF MY LIFE."—A lady at Wilmington, Del., who subscribed for 1886, has sent us already a club of nine, all new subscribers for 1887, and says: "I subscribed last year, and would not like to dispense with it, as it seems to me one of the necessities of my life. I think there will be more subscribers at New-Year."

WHERE IS ANY OTHER LADY'S-BOOK—or, for the matter of that, any magazine whatever—with such an array of first-class contributors as is to be found in "Peterson" this month? Any one of them would be called "a card" in any other magazine. But we give such "cards" every month.

"GROWS BETTER ALL THE TIME."—A lady, sending us a club, writes: "It grows better and better all the time—unlike other magazines, that grow less interesting each year." Yes, the motto of "Peterson" is: Onward!

"THINK IT UNSURPASSED."—A lady, renewing her subscription, writes from River Falls, Wis.: "I am a constant reader of your magazine, and think it unsurpassed."

THE "BOOK OF BEAUTY," AND OTHER PREMIUMS.—One of our beautiful premiums to *persons getting up clubs for "Peterson,"* for 1887, is the "Book of Beauty." This unrivaled gift-book is a volume of poetry, devoted to fair women, and illustrated with nine steel-portraits of celebrated beauties, etc., etc. It is bound in patent morocco, gilt, and will be an ornament for any centre-table. Every lady should have a copy of it. To earn a copy, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson."

Another of our premiums is a fine large steel-engraving, size twentyone by twentyseven inches, called "Mother's Darling." To secure it, you have only to get up a club for "Peterson." Or both it and the "Book of Beauty" can be had by getting up one of our larger clubs.

Another of our premiums will be an *extra copy of the magazine for 1887.* Many persons will prefer this to any other premium. But it, and one or both of the other premiums, can be earned by getting up certain large clubs. See the Prospectus for all these.

In short, for 1887, "Peterson" will not only be more desirable than ever, but the premiums for getting up clubs are more beautiful and even costly. *Now is the time to get up clubs. Begin at once.*

SKIRTS COMPOSED OF THREE FLOUNCES, such as were worn about twenty years ago, are to be revived; embroidered lace being a material that will be extensively used. Of course, it is not everyone that possesses or can afford real old lace, but the imitations are so lovely that no lady need be afraid of wearing them. Machine-made laces are now brought to perfection, and, as we change our dresses nowadays more frequently than our grandmothers did, a number of lace skirts would be costly; but, as a black lace dress now occupies the same place as black silk did in the days of the past, no lady's wardrobe can be considered complete without at least one, and that one should be of the best. Beads are much used for embroidery, the gold, steel, ruby, and iridescent kinds each having adherents.

"JOSHUA ALLEN'S WIFE" ON MAGAZINE-BORROWING.—A particularly racy sketch by "Joshua Allen's Wife" reappears in this number, the subject being "Borrowing 'Peterson.'" We were induced to reprint it in consequence of so many complaints about "borrowing." Those who have read it before will thank us for the chance to read it again, while to most of our readers it will be new, it having first been printed nearly twenty years ago. "Joshua Allen's Wife" has rarely written anything so good. Others of her articles, which we have on hand, but have never yet been able to print, will appear during the year.

"THREE CHEERS" FOR "PETERSON."—A lady, sending us a club, writes: "I wish that every person who has the honor of getting up clubs for you could meet somewhere in your good old Quaker City, in a body, and give you a hearty hand-shake and three rousing cheers, in appreciation of all you have done and are still doing for us. To think that, for the little trouble we take in getting up clubs, you present us with not only the magazine, which alone is worth twice its weight in gold, but two other premiums! Why, I cannot understand how you can afford to do it. May God bless you, and may you live forever."

FANCY MUFFS WILL BE FASHIONABLE this winter, and will be even more popular than fur ones, for the reason that they admit of greater change, and can be easily made to match the costume. The prettiest we have seen are made both in velvet and plush, and are in the form of a bag gathered at the top, and much trimmed with bows and long loops of narrow ribbon; others, in beige felt guipure, are lined with satin of bright color—such as red, blue, pistachio-green, etc. At the top, a nest of ribbon loops to match.

THE PATTERNS IN "PETERSON."—A lady from Indiana writes: "I make a present of the magazine to my daughter; but it does not go out of the family: nor will it ever. I cannot speak too highly of it. I have used the patterns, and they are perfection itself. I have just received the premiums on two tidies that I sent to the fair, the patterns having been taken from 'Peterson.' One I crocheted, the other I worked on Java canvas."

"NEED IT WORSE THAN EVER."—A lady recently married writes to us: "I took your magazine before I was married, and afterward thought I could do without it; but I find I need it worse than ever."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Queen of the Kitchen. With One Thousand Receipts. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—For practical everyday purpose, this is the best cook-book published. It contains more than a thousand receipts, most of them from Southern kitchens, compiled when Southern cooking—always pre-eminent—was at its best. Francatelli's Cook-Book is unsurpassed in its way—for what are called "French dishes," it has no rival—but, for an ordinary table, and especially an American one, this "Queen of the Kitchen" leads all others. It ought to be in every family: for, with it, any woman can be her own cook, or can tell a maid-servant how to cook; and nicely-cooked dishes, if ladies but knew it, are a great assistance in making husband and household happy.

Dora. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated. 1 vol., small 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—If anyone wishes to make a New-Year gift, this is just what is required for the purpose. No present is so refined as a book—far ahead of any bric-à-brac, in fact; and this is about the most dainty and elegant book that one could possibly wish. The illustrations are by W. L. Taylor, and they have been drawn and engraved under the supervision of G. T. Andrew—a guarantee that they are first-class in every respect.

The Family. An Historical and Social Study. By Charles Franklin Thuring and Carrie F. Butler Thuring. 1 vol., 8vo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—In this handsome volume, we have given, in popular form, the latest knowledge, as well as the latest theory, as to the origin and development of the family. It is really very exhaustive, is written in excellent English, and can honestly be commended.

Zitka; or, The Trials of Ratona. By Henry Gréville. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of one of the very best of Madame Gréville's Russian novels—indeed, one of the very best novels written in this generation. Madame Gréville's Russian novels are all good; but this is altogether the best of them.

Vera Nevill. By Mrs. H. Locett Cameron. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—There is unusual force in this novel. The character of the heroine is drawn with great power, while the incidents fit into each other with rare skill, leading up to the denouement with an artistic fitness not often seen.

A Boston Girl's Ambition. By Virginia F. Townsend. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Miss Townsend has always had a large circle of readers. Her "But a Phillistine" was especially popular. This, however, we think, will be found the most interesting of all her novels.

Once Again. By Mrs. Forrester. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—A well-told story, by the author of "I have Lived and Loved": one of the most entertaining, indeed, of the season.

All Taut; or, Rigging the Boat. By Oliver Optic. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Another of the popular "Boat-Builder Series." It would make a capital New-Year gift for a boy.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

EDITORS SAY "PETERSON" IS BEST AND CHEAPEST.—The newspapers pronounce this magazine *the best and cheapest* of the lady's-books; and, as editors see all the magazines, this verdict may be relied on as impartial. We have hundreds of notices to this effect. Says the Denver (Ind.) Sun: "Peterson improves every year: in short, it is the cheapest and best for ladies: every lady should take it." The Waterville (N. Y.) Reflex says: "The very queen of lady's-books: Peterson promises even better things, however, and he always keeps his promises: how he can afford to keep improving, as he does, is a standing wonder; in short, the magazine will be, as heretofore, the cheapest and best." The Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot says: "Its illustrations are always art-works of the *highest order*." The Wyoming (Iowa) Journal says: "Not only one of the cheapest, but *very best* magazines published: it should be in every well-regulated household." The Fort Madison (Iowa) Democrat says: "Peterson has no rival." The Toledo (Ohio) Bee says: "In its literary, fashion, and household departments, it is unrivaled: as a fashion-magazine, it stands at the head of its class." The Saugerties (N. Y.) Telegraph says: "Peterson is the queen of the lady's-books; the matter is *always of the purest* and most edifying character, and it is furnished by the most cultured lady-authors of the day: the magazine should be in every family." The Prairie du Chien (Wis.) Union says: "The stories are all from the pens of eminent writers." The Athol (Mass.) Chronicle says: "As usual, first-class." The Clinton (Wis.) Herald says: "The best of the fashion-books." The Paris (Ill.) Gazette says: "A *real pearl of beauty* is this last number, with the handsomest steel-engraving we have seen for many a day." The Tarentum (Pa.) Times says: "The stories are all original and of unusual power: every lady should take this magazine: it is really a household necessity." The Lexington (Tenn.) Progress says: "The steel-engraving is alone worth the price of the number: we rarely see such a beautiful work of art, or a picture so impressive: besides this, the number is replete with the original stories for which 'Peterson' is famous." The Suncook (N. H.) Journal says: "As a lady's-book, *indispensable* in the family, 'Peterson' has no rival." We could fill pages with similar notices. But these are sufficient to show new subscribers what editors think of this magazine.

HOLIDAY-PASTIME.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD, ETC., ETC.—In our December number, we gave a description of some pretty tableaux for children, at this holiday-season, which we had witnessed. We add here a few more. A favorite one was Little Red Riding-Hood. For a background, a large folding-screen was bent about in various ways. A fox's head appeared looking over the top of one of its folds, and Little Red Riding-Hood stood knocking at another leaf, as if it were a door. She was dressed as usual, and with a basket on her arm. Large plants and ferns were placed on benches of different height, to form a background. In the second scene, the fox's head was in a pillow in a bed, which was arranged with blankets and sheets. Red Riding-Hood stood by, with her hand on the bed and her basket on the floor. The plants, of course, were removed for this scene.

Afternoon-tea was the next tableau. A small table was set with little tea-things, and at this table one little girl was seen standing, with a milk-jug in her hand, opposite a child sitting down, with a large old-fashioned bonnet slung on her arm. The child standing up was dressed in an old-fashioned lilac muslin dress, very full, and rather long short-puffed sleeves, a broad old-gold colored sash, and beads round the neck. The other child wore a pink dress with crimson sash and white beads.

This little scene was followed by the "Four Seasons." Spring, dressed in white, was found kneeling at Summer's feet, when the curtain went up. Summer had her lap full of flowers; she was dressed in very pale-green, and held up a wreath of roses before Spring. Autumn was dressed in brown, with large real autumn-tinted vine-leaves sewed in a garland round her dress, and holding a basket of fruit on her head. Winter was dressed in a white fur cloak and beard, standing with bent frame, leaning on a stick.

Dresden China followed the Four Seasons, and for this a fireplace was arranged at the end of the room by means of a broad shelf placed across two high square pedestals. This was draped with curtains, and a valance with a vase of flowers and other ornaments placed on the mantelpiece. The fireplace was arranged with charcoal and logs of wood. A shepherd and shepherdess were seen standing on either side of the mantelpiece. The boy was dressed in blue and white striped coat, blue waistcoat, blue and white striped knee-breeches. The shepherdess had on a blue and white striped short petticoat, blue pointed waistband, and a full white muslin body. Each child had a little crook. The light was dim, only two reflectors being used. The piano and a lady who sang Molloy's song of "Dresden China" were hidden from view. The children stood quite motionless during the singing of the first verse, on either side of the mantelpiece, which was much higher than themselves. The shepherd stood with his hand on his heart, and the shepherdess with her head turned half sideways, both looking at each other. At the second verse, where it comes in "he took her wee sweet hand, and, to and fro, in a measure slow, they danced a saraband," they slowly took hands, came forward a little, and, hand in hand, went round slowly together with a sliding step, and, at the words "as, dancing on, they fade away, and in the shadows die," they resumed their places again, remaining motionless as before, till the song was ended. A hamper, apparently full of nislotee, was next brought in—the fireplace, etc., being concealed by a bright screen—and the head of the smallest child appeared over the top of the basket. She held a scroll up with the words "Merry Christmas," cut out in scarlet and silver, fastened on it. The whole performance lasted an hour, and several people were occupied in dressing the four little children who acted. Between each scene, some appropriate music was played, which prevented the little pause being noticed.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"UNEQUIVOCALLY THE BEST."—The Des Moines (Iowa) Times says: "The most truly elegant and reliable of all lady's-publications is unequivocally 'Peterson's Magazine,' of Philadelphia. Unlike the other publications for the fair sex, the standard character of 'Peterson' never fluctuates. It has steadily maintained its unparalleled excellence for nearly half a century. 'Peterson' is sought and read by the ladies squarely on its merits, which have established themselves in their hearts and minds. 'Peterson' has been read by the great-grandmother, grandmother, mother, and daughter of the majority of American families, and thus holds its place without fear of imitators or competitors. For 1887, 'Peterson' will be better than ever, and the ladies of Des Moines can safely rely upon it as a fashion-guide, to say nothing of its delightful literature. It will publish in 1887 six special novelets and one hundred short stories, nine hundred wood-engraved fashion-plates, fourteen steel-engravings, fourteen full-page colored patterns, and twelve double-page richly-colored fashion-plates—in all, twelve hundred pages for two dollars."

THE THEATRICAL PROGRAMME says: "Edenia, having become the favorite perfume of the beau-monde, has now

found its way into the theatrical world, and such celebrated actresses as Miss Mary Anderson, Miss Ellen Terry, and Madame Sarah Bernhardt are loud in singing its praises. One of the chief advantages of the exquisite scent of Edenia is that its perfume remains the same for days and days, after it has been put on the handkerchief or sachet, and in this respect alone it may be said to eclipse all other preparations for the toilette."

WE WOULD CALL THE ATTENTION OF OUR READERS to the advertisement of the large and well-known seed-house of Peter Henderson & Co., 35 and 37 Cortland Street, New York, that appears on the third advertising-page in this issue. The new "Butterfly Pansy" is the most beautiful variety that has come under our notice. We would advise anyone interested in flower or vegetable culture to send for his new catalogue, which is sent for eight cents, in stamps, to pay postage and packing.

HUSBANDS SHOULD INSIST—in a gentle manner, of course—upon having the ladies of the family use Button's Raven-Gloss on their shoes. It is more economical than other dressings, and makes shoes always look new.

YOU "ARE NOT CHEATED."—A lady at West Baden, Ind., writes: "All praise your book as the best, and say they are not cheated when they subscribe for it."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUP AND OYSTERS.

Oysters on Toast.—Eighteen large oysters, or double that quantity of smaller ones, must be put in their own liquor into a very hot oven for three minutes. Put two ounces of butter to melt in a small saucepan, and, when liquefied, add a teaspoonful of dry flour, stirring it till quite smooth. Add a few spoonfuls of cream and let the mixture just boil up. Then put the oysters and their liquor to this, season with pepper and salt, and pour the whole over two or three slices of good buttered toast cut into smallish pieces on a hot dish. Garnish with slices of lemon. A very important item in cookery is cracker-crumbs, and another way of serving oysters on toast is to let them boil up in their own liquor and add a tablespoonful of cracker-crumbs, another of butter, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, pepper, salt, and cayenne to taste. When all have boiled for one minute, serve them as above.

Potato Soup.—Put two ounces of butter into a saucepan, cut two large onions into slices and fry a nice brown in the butter; add three pints of milk, and mix smoothly with it one pint of mashed potatoes, pepper and salt to taste; heat it almost to boiling-point, and serve with dried herbs.

Oyster Sauce.—Four or five dozen oysters are necessary, according to size. Let them drain in a colander, season with pepper and salt, roll them in finely-pounded biscuit-crumbs, and fry crisp and brown in butter. These should also be served on hot toast.

MEAT AND POULTRY.

Boiled Turkey and Pickled Pork.—A turkey of eight pounds, or of any weight, will take a quarter of an hour to each pound to cook; one of eight pounds, two hours. Turkey and fowls to be put into fast-boiling water, and the time reckoned from the moment the water boils up, and then be boiled slowly (the water just bubbling) for the time required; if boiled too fast, the flesh will be broken by the violent bubbling of the water. The stomach and crop of the turkey to be well cleaned and washed; then the crop to be stuffed with forcemeat of breadcrumb, a teaspoonful of flour, a little nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley,

a little bacon or pork dripping—no suet or eggs. This to be made into firm balls with a little milk, and stuffed hard into the crop. Then truss the bird, and cook it either in boiling water or in stock made from bones. Serve over it good butter-sauce made with milk. A very good and relishing addition is sausages of good flavor, each cut into three pieces, dipped in egg and breadcrumb, fried brown and somewhat crisp. The pickled pork should be boiled twenty minutes to each pound; if a pickled tongue, then twenty-five or thirty minutes to each pound, according to its thickness.

Roast Chickens.—Procure, if possible, chickens with whole breast-bones, truss them neatly, and let them be carefully singed; put an onion, and a piece of salt butter equal to it in bulk, inside each chicken; tie a piece of buttered paper or a slice of bacon over the breast, and roast at a moderate fire, basting frequently with the butter. Time of roasting, about half an hour. About ten minutes before they are done, remove the paper or bacon, and sprinkle them freely with salt. Serve with plain gravy in a boat—not in the dish; garnish with thin slices of broiled bacon rolled up.

Roast Turkey.—Stuffed the same as for boiled turkey, to have brown gravy and egg or bread sauce. Egg sauce: the eggs to be boiled hard, the whites chopped fine, and the yolks very little, and to be stirred into the sauce after the white portion is heated.

A Scrag of Mutton, stewed gently for three hours or more in three pints of water, is an excellent dish. A cupful of rice or pearl-barley should be washed separately and thrown into the water when it boils. The liquor will make excellent broth, and the mutton will be tender and good. If barley be used for this dish, the broth should be used quicky, as it will soon sour.

VEGETABLES.

Rice Croquettes.—Boil a handful of rice in just as much water as the rice will wholly absorb when done. When the rice has absorbed all the water, stir in a small piece of fresh butter, some grated or very finely minced ham, and some grated Parmesan cheese; add pepper and salt to taste, and spread out the rice on a plate; when cold, fashion it into the shape of croquettes; then egg, breadcrumb, and fry in plenty of hot lard to a golden color.

To Use Cold Potatoes.—An excellent way to warm over potatoes is to put a lump of butter into a saucepan; as it melts, add a tablespoonful of flour, stirring it so that it will not burn, then pour in a cup of sweet milk—if half cream, it will be all the better; season with salt and pepper; stir it with a spoon so that the ingredients will be well mixed, then put in sliced cold-boiled potatoes; let them boil for a few moments; send to the table hot.

DESSERTS.

Rice and Apple Pudding.—Boil an ounce of ground rice in half a pint of new milk, and mix with it the pulp of eight large apples, four ounces of loaf-sugar, and a few drops of essence of lemon. Whisk the whites of three eggs and mix with the other ingredients, pour into a well-buttered mold, and let it steam in a saucepan of boiling water for one hour, then turn it out carefully. It can be eaten hot or cold; if the former, pour a custard or sweet sauce around it; if the latter, serve with sifted sugar over and a garniture of preserved fruit. Quinces may be used instead of lemon to flavor this, but they must be well boiled.

Blanc-Mange.—It is better, if possible, to soak the gelatine for this cream all night, because it will then dissolve in warm liquid; whereas, if it is only lightly soaked, the milk must be boiling. Warm three gills of milk or cream, and dissolve in it half an ounce of gelatine, previously soaked in half a gill of water. Sweeten to taste, and flavor with extract of vanilla. When nearly cold, stir into the blanc-mange the whites of two or three eggs beaten to a strong froth. This blanc-mange will be found light and nourishing in cases of great weakness.

Fritters.—Delicious fritters may have stale bread for the foundation; if care be taken in removing any or all of the crust that is dark-brown, the fritters will be light-colored and very inviting in appearance. Eggs are a good addition in the proportion of four eggs to one quart of sweet milk; a saltspoonful of salt and four or five slices of bread are also required. The bread should lie soaking in the milk for two hours. It can be broken into small bits, and then it will not be lumpy.

New-Year Pudding.—Take a half-pound each of currants and raisins, and a quarter-pound of Sultana raisins, a half-pound each of breadcrumb, chopped suet, and moist sugar, a quarter-pound of boiled carrots, two tablespoonfuls of marmalade, three ounces of candied peel, a little allspice, a few pounded and blanched almonds, three eggs, and a teaspoonful of brandy; mix all well together, and boil for six hours.

Spanish Fritters.—Cut some slices of bread into any shape you like, pour a very little brandy on each piece; mix two eggs with two spoonfuls of flour and a little milk; cover the pieces of bread with this batter, let them rest for half an hour, then fry in lard or butter, and serve hot with a little preserve on each fritter.

CAKES.

Sponge-Cake.—Take the weight of half a pound in eggs and a half-pound of castor-sugar, whisk the eggs and sugar over boiling water till lukewarm; a wire whisk is best. Have the mixture in a large basin, and set this well into the top of a saucepan of water that has quite boiled. When it has become lukewarm, take it off the water and whisk till cold, white, and thick; add six ounces of finely-sifted flour, stir in lightly. Prepare the mold thus: clarify, in a small pan, two ounces of butter, do not let it boil, skim it, and keep back the sediment, pour it into a jar, put in one teaspoonful of flour, stir till quite cold. Rub the mold evenly all over with this, then sprinkle in very finely-sifted sugar, shaking out all that will not adhere. Pour in the cake-mixture, and bake from one and a half to two hours.

Rich Pound-Cake.—Ten ounces of fine flour, a half-pound of sifted sugar, four eggs, a half-pound of butter, the grated rind of one lemon, two ounces of chopped candied peel mixed, three ounces of currants, and three ounces of sultanas. Put the butter into a large bowl, beat it with the hand to a cream, then put in the sugar and go on beating, then a quarter of the flour and one egg, and so on till eggs and flour are all in; work well with the hand, grate in the lemon, add the candied peel and fruit, and mix all together. Oil the cake-tin well, and tie a band of oiled paper outside the tin. Bake in a moderate oven two hours.

Golden Cake.—Beat six ounces of butter and one pint of powdered sugar till very light, add one gill of milk, the yolks of six eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and one and a half pints of Hungarian or the finest flour, with which one teaspoonful of baking-powder has been mixed; add half a pint of raisins cut small. Place the cake in a small dripping-pan and bake. It should, when baked, be one and a half inches thick.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS, OF BLUE SILK AND BLUE TULLE. The deep-founced silk skirt is laid in small lengthwise plaiting. The upper part of the skirt is plain. The blue tulle overskirt is plaited full to the bodice, and caught up at the bottom underneath, forming a kind of puff. The tulle is put full on the plain silk bodice, and has bretelles of blue silk, finished with a ribbon bow at the waist. Small puffed sleeves. Blue flowers in the hair.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE GAUZE. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a deep-plaited flounce. At the back, the skirt falls in full folds. The front is draped with white lace, and is caught up on the hips on the left side

with loops of white satin ribbon. The bodice is of silk, and is round at the waist, with lengthwise plaiting of the gauze in front. A bow of white satin ribbon on the right shoulder, and a band of white daisies on the left. Daisies in the hair.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE-COLORED SILK. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a deep ruffle, laid in large box-plaits. At the lower edge, it is finished with a binding of satin, of the color of the dress. An overdress of tulle, embroidered in floss-silk, is caught up on the left side with long bow-and-ends of heliotrope-colored satin ribbon, which passes around the waist and is caught by a mother-of-pearl crescent. The silk bodice has a berth of the silk, caught in front and on the shoulders with mother-of-pearl crescents. Heliotrope-colored plumes in the hair.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS, OF SULPHUR-COLORED SURAH. The skirt is laid in wide box-plaits. The full paniers are gathered into the waist, and are caught up at the sides with bow-and-ends of black velvet ribbon. The front of the skirt is plain and of the sulphur-colored silk, over which fall two deep flounces of white lace. The high bodice has a low vest of black velvet, which is laced down the front, and is deeper than the silk bodice. The plastron is of white lace. The collar and cuffs are of black velvet. Bouquet of red roses on the left side of the neck.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-GREEN SILK, with overdress of light-green tulle studded with green balls. The back of the skirt is of emerald-green velvet, laid in full plaits, and the bottom of the skirt is edged with the same velvet. The side-panels are of rich gold brocade, and finished on the hips and at the bottom with rosettes of green velvet. The long pointed bodice is of the light silk, covered with the tulle, and trimmed with green velvet bands and rosettes. The sleeves are of white lace. Yellow chrysanthemums in the hair.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF MULBERRY-COLORED FOUFÉ-CLOTH. The underskirt is plain, with panels of black fur, separated by plaiting of black velvet. The drapery of the overskirt is full. The short pointed bodice has fur cuffs, yoke, and collar. Black felt hat, trimmed with black fur and mulberry-colored feather.

FIG. VII.—BONNET, OF BLACK SILK, studded with black jet. It has a coronet-brim, and is trimmed with yellow wings and an aigrette.

FIG. VIII.—AIGRETTE FOR THE HAIR, composed of bows of red ribbon and a jet ornament.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAID AND PLAIN WOOLEN MATERIAL. The bottom of the underskirt, the plaited side-panels, and bodice are of dark-green woolen. The drapery, front and back, is of green-and-blue plaid woolen. The simulated vest under the plain bodice is also of the plaid. Green felt hat.

FIG. X.—HAT, OF BLACK FELT, trimmed with a band of black fur, and a large bow of red ribbon at the side.

FIG. XI.—NORFOLK JACKET, OF CHESTNUT-BROWN ELASTIC CLOTH. This jacket is laid in plaits at the back as well as in front. The belt is of ribbed ottoman ribbon, and the collar and cuffs are trimmed with coffee-colored lace.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK CASHMERE. The back is slightly draped, and the sides are laid in panels. The jacket is of brown sealskin, cut to fit the figure, and has a tippet and cuffs of sable-fur. The muff is also of sable. This jacket is very beautiful made of seal-colored plush, and trimmed with fur. Brown felt hat, trimmed with stiff loops.

FIG. XIII.—CAPE, MADE OF HEAVY RIBBED SILK. The underfronts fit the figure closely, and are pointed, as is also the back. The cape reaches to the waist, and is edged with ball-fringe. It is full at the shoulders, and is lined with shot-silk.

FIG. XIV.—JABOT, OF EITHER SURAH SILK OR BRADED

NAT. The collar and band down the centre are gathered, and there is a cravat-bow in front.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN WOOLEN. The underskirt is of plaid woolen, in two shades of brown and ecru-color. It is made quite plain. The apron-front is square at the bottom, and is draped on the hips. The bottom of the skirt should have weights in it, to keep it in place. The back is full and slightly draped. The bodice has a binding—vest, collar, and cuffs—of the plaid. Large hat of brown velvet, with brown feathers.

FIG. XVI AND XVII.—BACK AND FRONT OF A JACKET. The front-view also shows the effect of a cape, to be worn with the jacket when additional warmth is desired.

FIG. XVIII.—MUFF, OF SEALSKIN, with bead-and-tassel trimming.

FIG. XIX.—COLLAR, OF SEALSKIN, made wide to fit the neck closely.

FIG. XX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF SOFT ALMOND-COLORED WOOLEN, plaided with pale-blue stripes. The skirt is laid in plaiting of the stripes, with panels of plain almond-colored woolen. The overskirt is of the plaid material, draped. The bodice is also of the plaid material, with a vest of the plain almond-colored woolen. At the back, the plaid joins in points, to give a good shape to the figure.

FIG. XXI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE AND GREEN STRIPED SURAH. The deep flounce is laid in side-plaiting. The long overdress is capriciously draped high on the right side, and falls much lower on the left side. The bodice is of dark-green velvet, opening over a vest of the striped material.

FIG. XXII.—CHILD'S DRESS, OF PLAID WOOLEN. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three rows of narrow black velvet. The bodice is long-waisted, gathered in front, and has a waistband and collar of black velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Plaids and stripes are very much worn, and even those dresses which are said to be made of a plain material often have a beaded or braided trimming woven to form a panel. The plaid or striped goods sometimes only form the panels at the sides, the vest, cuffs, pockets, etc.; or the whole petticoat may be made of it: or, if preferred, the petticoat may be of plain goods, and the upper-dress of the plaided or striped.

Woolen material is universally used for ordinary wear—silk being seldom seen, except as a trimming in combination with woolen. Of course, for a very ceremonious occasion, silk, velvet, brocade, etc., etc., are proper; but, even then, a woolen gown, jauntily made, is much worn. But a combination of two materials, or of two colors of the same material, is universal. Plush, velvet, and velveteen are all used for this.

All colors are equally worn. Tobacco-color is one of the newest, and is a most becoming shade of brown.

Skirts plaited to the waist are very popular for slender persons, but most unbecoming to those with large hips or waists; for the latter, the least fullness that can be obtained, the better.

Bodices are of all varieties. Those with habit-basques at the back, those pointed back and front, the round, are all equally popular. All bodices are trimmed, or fasten diagonally, or are made in some way that they will not have the plain severe look that was the style for so many years.

Vests are becoming to most figures, especially so to those who are stout.

The V-shaped plastron is sometimes seen on the back of a bodice, as well as on the front.

Large square pockets are often added to the basque, on the hips.

Pointed trimming of beads, either in jet or color, or made of cotton woven with beads, now comes ready-made to ornament the front of a bodice.

Tailor-made dresses are still popular for street-wear. The

jackets worn with these are made with a good deal of spring at the back, to allow of nice fitting over the tournure, and generally slope a little deeper toward the front.

Collars are made as high as they can comfortably be worn—indeed, often so high that they are exceedingly uncomfortable—though, during the summer, a strong effort was made to lower them, and expose the throat very fully.

Fur of every kind is used to trim walking-dresses; but black or gray Astrakhan is the most popular. For those persons who do not wish to go to the expense of the real fur, the excellent imitation of black or gray Astrakhan is admirable; it is called "Astrakhan-cloth."

In some respect, the same rule applies to the evening-dress, the ordinary house-dress, and the walking-dress: all are made of more than one material, often of three, and very often of two or three colors. But great care must be taken to combine the colors well, or a vulgar appearance will be given to the toilette.

Lace is much used, especially for evening-dress, and the new imitation is so wonderful in beauty, and so cheap, that it comes within reach of even a modest purse.

Mantles and wraps are of all descriptions. As we have said before, the long wrap is the most comfortable and most generally useful; but the shorter one is more dressy and jaunty. Fur wraps are much worn, but are expensive. Cloth and velvet trimmed with fur are very fashionable. Nearly all small wraps are shorter at the back than in the front, and are cut so as to fold over the arm like a sleeve, if they have not sleeves set in them.

The long wrap usually takes the shape of a long close-fitting coat or ulster. It is sometimes provided with a hood, sometimes with a cape or two or three capes, and is sometimes quite plain.

Bonnets and hats are still worn too high—or, rather, are trimmed to give the appearance of height. The bonnets are small and close-fitting. Some are made full, and plaited high, like a Normandy cap, others are put quite plain on the frame. Some have the old round crown, others the horseshoe-crown. Indeed, the latitude is as great in bonnets as in gowns—only, one must keep to the high trimming in front.

Hats are still high; but the toque or turban is now often seen, and this is usually more becoming than the higher hat.

The hair is still arranged high on the head, and, if prettily done, is very picturesque; though the catogan style, plaited and tied at the back, or the low Greek knot at the back, is extremely becoming to some faces. This is the more youthful way of wearing the hair; but it is not so stylish as the higher dressing, and is not so becoming to some faces.

We again mention as fashionable the slightly full bodices of the "Garibaldi" and "Norfolk-jacket" class, to be worn with skirts of different material. The lady's-tailors have taken up this idea, and such bodices will be worn more than ever during the winter season. Some of these have a yoke, and some have a straight band, on the shoulders, into which they are filled. They are made in flannel, linen, and twilled silk, in all colors—striped, spotted, and plain—and with them the becoming fashion of the full basque has come in. Yoked bodices will be a decided winter style. With these bodices, there is generally a turned-down collar and long cuffs of velvet, and the belt should be also of velvet. In other cases, the belt matches the full bodice, and is of moiré ribbon.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

I have never known a season in which the shapes and trimming of the fashionable hats were so varied as they are

during the present winter. Bonnets retain their small size and compact form. But every variety of taste may be gratified, so far as hats are concerned. The wide-brimmed high-crowned style in felt or velvet, decorated with a forest of plumes, contends for supremacy with the picturesque Russian toque in velvet bordered with fur, or wholly in sealakin, and with the round saucy bolero in felt, with a velvet-covered brim. Long pins, with large ball-heads in blonde tortoiseshell or in cornelian, are introduced now to hold down the large-sized birds that are still occasionally used for trimming. I am glad to notice, though, that ribbons and ostrich-tips, and sometimes flowers, are more in vogue than are the birds or even wings. High-pointed cockades, composed of long "rabbit-ears" in velvet or in satin (I am using the term by which these pointed cockades are really known, and it is very descriptive), are set in the front of the crowns of the small velvet capotes. On black velvet bonnets the cockade is often intermixed with sprays of small dangling jet flowers. Street-bonnets are worn with strings, but these appendages are dispensed with on evening-bonnets. These last are the prettiest and airiest structures imaginable; mere clouds of colored tulle, trimmed with gold or silver lace, or else with a cluster of flowers matching the tulle in hue. Pale-blue and lilac are the favorite tints for these vaporous bonnets, white being entirely out of favor. A very pretty trimming for the crown of a felt hat is a series of rings in cut jet, through which is drawn a faille ribbon. This ribbon may be either in black or colors, according to fancy. An odd idea is that of trimming seal-brown plush bonnets with clusters of chrysanthemums, but the flowers form a very appropriate and artistic decoration, suiting, as they do, with the wintry aspect of the bonnet.

Worth is introducing several noticeable innovations this season. One of these is the substitution of straight full-plaited breadths at the back of the skirt for the loopings and puffs that have been so long in vogue. In ball-dresses of rich material, the train is drawn into two small butterfly-loops just below the waist, at the back, and flows thereafter in full straight folds. Tulle ball-dresses have the back of the skirt formed of superposed breadths of tulle, the trimming being reserved for the front and sides. Plain tulle is generally used for these dresses, but a stronger net, dotted or sprigged with silver, is also very popular. Embroidery in gold or silver is much used on the richer dresses; it is very finely done, and is expensive in proportion to its elegance. It is only employed on the most costly of full-dress toilettes. For handsome carriage or reception dresses, embroidery in white silk and crystal beads, or in small colored jet beads matching the hue of the dress, is much employed. A very dark-amethyst satin costume, for instance, is ornamented with embroidery in white silk and crystal beads, and one in the new very dark blue-green is worked in a pattern of leaves with blue-green jet beads. A chaudron-colored velvet dress with a long train is looped in front and at the sides over a white tulle skirt thickly embroidered with gold, and made up over cream satin.

For street-wear, Worth has just introduced a new and very effective material, in wide stripes of steel-gray chenille-cloth alternating with stripes of the same width in dark-green cashmere. This material is made up in a corset and long overskirt, the latter being caught up over an underskirt of green cashmere, the striped skirt being cut on the bias. In plain material, as many as three different stuffs, all of the same color, are often employed in the same toilette, such as velvet, brocade, or stamped velvet, and satin, in a dressy costume, or cashmere, and faille, and velvet, in a less gorgeous one.

Worth's latest costumes have the waist and skirt in the same material, the latter being slightly caught up at the sides and shortened in front, to show the underskirt of a richer material and contrasting color. Thus, peach-kernel ecru is made up over dark-heliotrope stamped velvet,

and silver-gray over dark mouse-gray or ruby velvet. Another very elegant style for dinner-dress is to have the corset short and pointed in front, and forming at the back a full polonaise, cut square at the end and falling to the edge of the short rounded train. This train over a train is very rich and effective, but must not be made of too heavy material.

The new colors are a most brilliant shade of pink, something between shrimp-pink and rose-color, and an equally vivid and beautiful pale-green, called apple-green. A new and gorgeous material for dinner-dress is satin of the very palest shade of blue, covered with a design in velvet, of dark-blue ribbons confining at intervals sprays of strawberries. Another beautiful material is a pale-gray cloth, spotted at wide intervals with large chestnuts in dark-brown velvet.

Serge and cashmere walking-dresses are made with side-panels of striped or plaid velvet, matching the material of the dress in hue, and with short-pointed panier-drapes falling at either side over the panels. The plain waist has cuffs and collar of the velvet. The latter is now made very wide and entirely encircling the throat.

Platings of lace or tulle of all kinds to be worn at the neck and wrists have almost wholly disappeared. A bias fold of gauze or of satin replaces them, or, if the dress is worked with beads or trimmed with bead passementerie, a double row of small beads or a single row of larger ones, matching those of the trimming, edges the band around the throat. Plain round linen collars are worn with tailor-made suits. Narrow real lace is used to trim the open corsets and half-long sleeves of dinner-dresses. But the ruchings of muslin and crêpe-lisse have departed into the limbo of bygone fashion and are seen no more.

Undergarments of silk or of satin are very richly trimmed and elaborately made. Quilted satin petticoats, matching in color the dresses wherewith they are to be worn, are trimmed with wide flounces of imitation lace. And a recent lawsuit has revealed the fact that cambric undergarments at \$30 and \$20 each, and stockings in Chantilly lace costing \$50 a pair, are among the later feminine extravaganzas.

There is an effort now being made to introduce a novel and eccentric style of hair-dressing. The hair, arranged in short round puffs, is built up into a high-pointed structure at the top of the head, being interwoven with tulle scarfs, or marabout-tips, or other light adornment. In shape, this new edifice resembles the pointed crowns of the Tyrolean hats, and is excessively ugly.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S COAT, OF BEAVER-CLOTH. It is long and close-fitting. At the back, it falls in full straight lines. It has a band of gray Astrakhan in front, and fastens a little to the right side with large fancy buttons. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with satin ribbon and lace.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH. The knickerbockers are rather loose. The coat is double-breasted, trimmed with two rows of large black horn buttons, and the collar and cuffs are of black Astrakhan. The fisherman's-cap, of blue cloth, is also trimmed with a row of black Astrakhan.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COSTUME. The coat is of very dull red cloth. It is plain in front, and has large plaits at the back. The body fastens down the front with large oxidized buttons. The cape reaches below the waist, and there is a large collar. A dark-red worsted sash ties about the waist. Bonnet of black felt, trimmed with red ribbon.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S FISHERMAN'S-CAP, made of brown plush, to imitate sealakin.



HAPPY AS THE DAY.





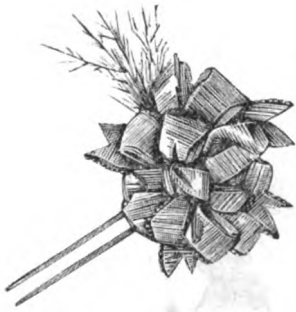
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.



WALKING-DRESS. HOUSE-DRESS.



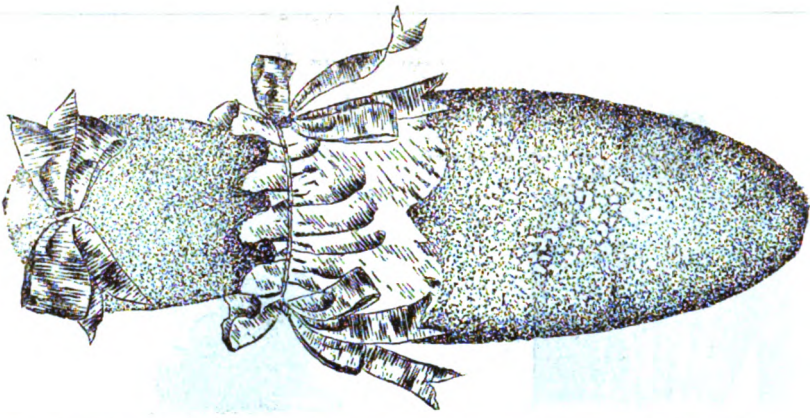
HOUSE-DRESS OR WALKING-DRESS.



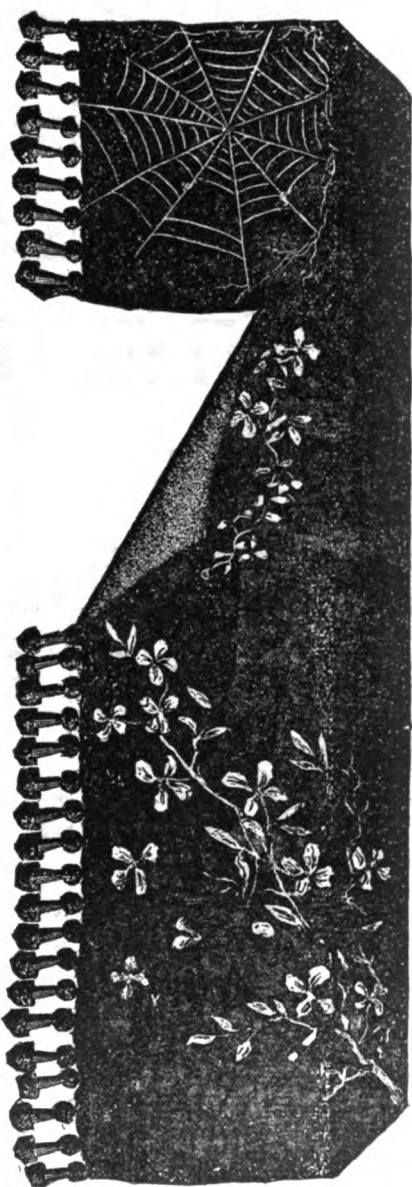
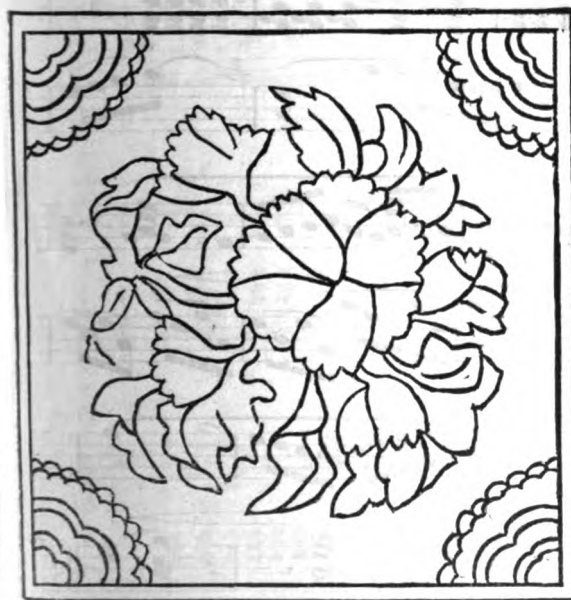
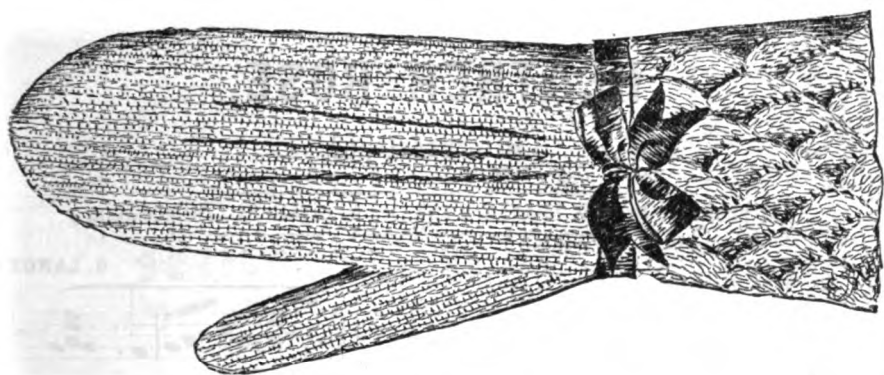
WALKING-DRESS. HOUSE-DRESS. GARIBALDI. ROSETTE FOR THE HAIR.



JACKETS. YOKE BLOUSE.



END OF BUREAU-COVER. SLIPPER HAIR-RECEIVER.



LAMBREQUIN. DESIGNS IN OUTLINE-WORK. MITTEN.

HEATHER ROSE.

(Heidenröslein.)

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

G. LANGE.

Andante cantabile.

PIANO. *mf*

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FINE.

HEATHER ROSE.





THE "ANGEL" OF OUR HOME.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

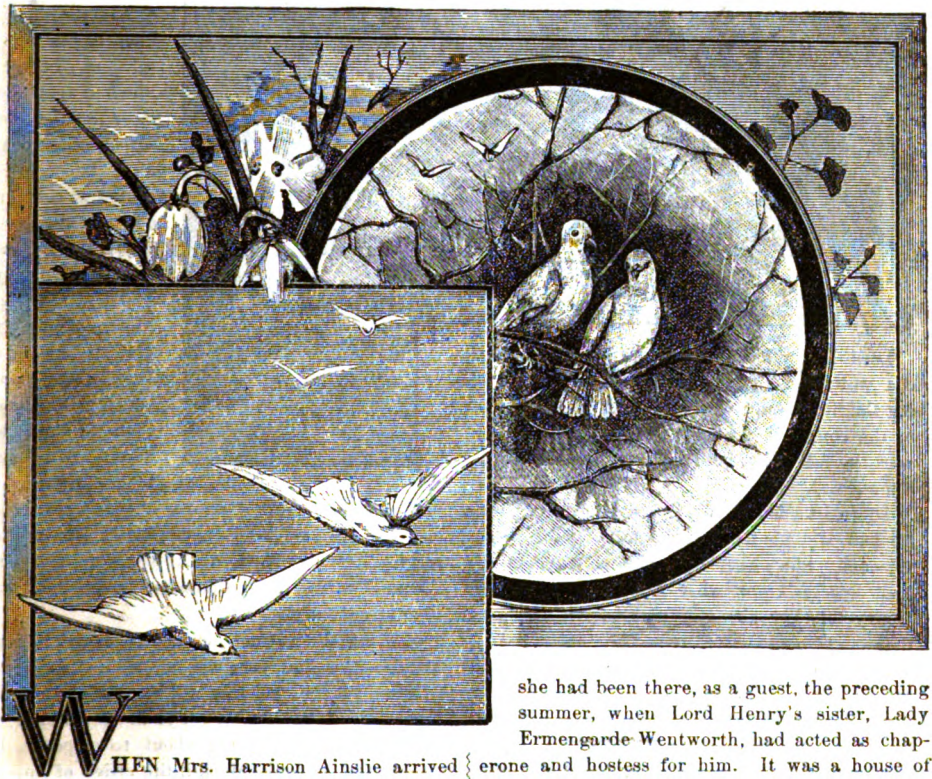
Vol. XCI.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1887.

No. 2.

ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

BY LUCY H. ROOPER.



WHEN Mrs. Harrison Ainslie arrived at Genoa, on her way from Cannes, it was St. Valentine's Eve. Mrs. Ainslie was a bright sparkling brunette, and, though not yet three-and-twenty, had been a widow rather more than two years. People wondered why she did not marry again, especially as she had a crowd of suitors, and, among them, no less a person than Lord Henry Douglas, second son of the Duke of Kelso, who had inherited his mother's large estate, and, with it, one of the most picturesque old mansions in all England, overlooking the Wear, in Durham. Mrs. Ainslie knew the place well: for

she had been there, as a guest, the preceding summer, when Lord Henry's sister, Lady Ermengarde Wentworth, had acted as chaperone and hostess for him. It was a house of which any woman might be proud to be mistress.

But she had been so happy in her freedom, and in the privilege that her widowhood conferred, that, up to the date of my story, she had been proof even against Lord Henry's rank and fortune, and even his personal accomplishments, which were many and rare. She had, in fact, definitely refused him. This had happened at Cannes, only a few days before, at a ball, one of the last of the season; for Lent was rapidly approaching, after which festivities of this kind would be out of season, as we all know, for six weeks.

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Lord Henry had danced with her; and, when the waltz was over, having asked her to sit out the next dance with him, had conducted her to the conservatory, where, though the dancers were in full view, both he and she were quite unobserved.

There, in a few words, in his manly frank way, he had laid his heart at her feet, but only to be rejected. She was frightened and embarrassed, and hardly knew what she said; and Lord Henry left her abruptly and half offended, so that she never expected to see him again.

Report explained her refusal by saying that Mr. Ainslie, who was quite old enough to have been the father of his pretty wife, had not made her the most amiable of all possible husbands, and that she was in dread of a repetition of her first experience. She often told her intimates that she was afraid to trust any man. Be that as it may, when, on the expiration of her two years' mourning, six months before, Florence Ainslie found herself still young and beautiful, and in the uncontrolled possession of a handsome fortune, she had set about very systematically to make the most of the goods wherewith Providence had provided her. She was fond of society, and had formerly indulged in the very cream of it, in her native land. She had spent a winter at Washington before

her marriage, and a summer at Newport after it. She had given a grand ball and a series of superb dinners at her New York residence. Now, when her two years of widowhood had expired, she had crossed the ocean, and had renewed her earlier triumphs by a series of fresh ones in the capitals of Europe. She had spent the close of the last season in London, had been presented at court in a dress designed expressly for the presentation by Worth, and had been favorably noticed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and even invited to visit Sandringham. After, she

had made one of the select party which had gone down to Kelso Manor, Lord Henry's beautiful place. Now, her villa at Cannes was, perhaps, the most attractive of the many social salons of that charming resort.

Mrs. Ainslie was on her way to Italy, to-day, because she had received an invitation to be present at the wedding of one of her most particular friends—Miss Sylvia St. John, of New Orleans—who was about to espouse, in Genoa, the Marquis Marini, the chief of an old historical family, and one closely affiliated with the reigning house of Italy. The wedding was to be a very grand affair, royalty itself having promised to send a representative in the shape of a second-cousin; while there was not one of the great Genoese families that would not contribute a guest or two. So Mrs. Ainslie had prepared her prettiest toilettes, put up her parure of diamonds in her hand-bag—that being, in her estimation, the safest way of transporting those valuables—and set out for Genoa the day before the wedding; and was now

rapidly approaching that picturesque town, in an express-train.

It must be confessed that the journey had furnished some disagreeable incidents. In the first place, Mrs. Ainslie's French maid chose to fall ill, of all days in the world, on the very day of her mistress's departure for Genoa. So Mrs. Ainslie was forced to start off without her, relying on Mrs. St. John's promise, by telegraph, to send an equally accomplished attendant to her friend, at the latter's hotel, on the following day, to assist in arraying her for the wedding. Secondly, her courier had engaged rooms for her, not at the newer and gayer hotels of Genoa, but at the antique and grandiose hostelry of The Cross of Malta, a magnificent old house that had once been a palace, but which, situated on the quay and at a distance from the more modern portions of the city, was as gloomy and depressing an abode as one could well be ushered into on a stormy winter evening, after a railway-journey of several hours.

At least, such was Mrs. Ainslie's opinion when she was shown into the drawing-room belonging to the suite of rooms which she was expected to occupy during her stay in Genoa. It was a vast apartment, with its stately proportions and lofty ceiling, its heavy furniture and curtains, with only here and there a picture or mirror to brighten it up. It was now lighted only by a small fire, a solitary lamp, and half a dozen candles, and was depressing to the last degree. Even the appetizing little dinner which was set out on a round table beside the fire, and which she hastened to eat as soon as she had changed her dress, failed to restore her spirits. With difficulty she repressed an impulse to take her departure in search of more cheerful quarters at once; but this, she thought, would look foolish, and so she set to work to make herself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

Still, she was rather a nervous woman, and the great gloomy room seemed so full of mysterious corners and shadowy recesses, in which any number of malefactors might be lurking, that, after awhile, she began to be half frightened. The heavy velvet curtains had been closely drawn

over the windows; but Mrs. Ainslie, poor dear, could not help eying them furtively, remembering that those windows opened on a balcony, and that her rooms were on the first floor, and so by no means difficult of access from the street without. The wind roared in the chimney, and the gusts, blowing from the sea, caused the window-curtains to vibrate from time to time, in a decidedly startling manner. Mrs. Ainslie began, after awhile, to think about the exploits of a



band of miscreants who had recently robbed and murdered an old lady living on the Villafranca road, and who were still at large. Also, she recalled the tragic fate of a young bride in Florence, who had gone to her own room to dress for a ball, and, failing to appear at the time for departure, had been sought for by her husband and found seated before her dressing-table, stone dead, having been strangled for the sake of her bridal pearls, by some unknown and undiscoverable wretch.

To chase away these sinister recollections, Mrs. Ainslie addressed herself to the perusal of a letter which had been handed to her on her arrival at the hotel, and which till that moment had lain neglected in the depth of her pocket. She smiled as she glanced at the signature, which was that of Lord Henry.

"I really should have been tempted to listen to his wooing," said Florence to herself, as she unfolded the letter, "if he had not frightened me so, the evening he proposed. If he had not selected a ball-room, if he had come alone to the villa, it might have been different; but he took me by surprise. I wonder if all Englishmen are so

impetuous. But I must see what he has to say, poor fellow." The letter was as follows:

"DEAR MRS. AINSLIE:

I have preceded you to Genoa, repressing my desire to go thither in the same train—perhaps, oh, blissful idea! in the same car—with yourself. But, after your cruelty the other evening, I did not dare to do this. Still, I am not going to give up. The men of my race never do. I shall be your fellow-guest at the wedding. May the sight of the happiness of others incline your hitherto frozen heart to make me the happiest of men! Till next we meet, believe me yours fervently and devotedly,
HENRY KESLO."



The reading of this letter tended, for awhile, to tranquilize Florence Ainslie's nerves. But, suddenly, she gave a half-stifled shriek and sprang to her feet, for there, beneath the edge of one of the window-curtains, she saw, protruding, the tips of a pair of boots; sturdy, undeniably masculine boots, too.

The letter dropped from her hands. Breathless with terror, she cowered back in the depth of her armchair. Who was it hidden there? A thief certainly, possibly a murderer. Perhaps one of the assassins of old Madame de Noves, or of the young bride at Florence. All the terrible stories she had heard or read came whirling through her brain. The bag, with the jewels, she had kept with her. Could she not feign ignorance, and go out of the room, leaving it on the table for the thief, as she had heard of other women doing, under similar circumstances? Alas! the door and the bell-rope were both at the other side of the room; and to reach either she would have to pass that dreadful curtain, when the miscreant concealed behind it would certainly rush out and silence her voice forever.

She put her hands over her eyes, to shut out the sight of what she knew was coming. She was in an agony of dread lest she should feel, the next moment, a fierce hand clutch her hair, and the cold steel of a dagger at her throat.

But, just then, there came a discreet tapping at the door, and she knew that help was near. With one bound she crossed the room, drew the bolt, and flung the door wide open. She no longer feared that the thief would intercept her.

A bright-looking chambermaid entered, with a deprecating smile and many apologies.

"So sorry to disturb madame," she said: "but the gentleman who vacated these rooms only just as you arrived—when he heard you wanted them, he insisted on giving them up—left behind him a pair of walking-boots. Ah, there they are, just where his stupid valet said he had left them—right in front of the parlor-window, of all places in the world." And, sweeping aside the curtain, she caught up the pair of boots, the innocent cause of all Mrs. Ainslie's alarm, and departed with renewed apology.

Mrs. Ainslie breathlessly sank into a low padded chair by the table, where the lamp was burning, and began to smile at herself for having been so frightened, though her heart still beat.

"And yet," she said, when she had reflected awhile, "it is a dreadful thing for a woman to be alone, and have to go traveling about the world without a protector, and be frightened in this way. Now, if Lord Henry—he is a handsome fellow—were to propose again, I should

really feel tempted to accept his offer: at least, to take it into serious consideration."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when there was another knock. With an indifferent air, she cried, without turning her head:

"Well, what is it now? Come in."

A light footstep crossed the room—that of a handsome graceful young fellow, in the well-fitting morning-suit of a high-bred young Englishman. He put his hand on the back of a chair immediately behind the speaker, and one knee on the seat—an Englishman will do such things, even in presence of a lady, no matter what his rank, if he is embarrassed—and began to speak in a nervous and hesitating tone, but one singularly sweet and thoroughbred.

"I—I," he stammered, "have just heard—by the merest accident, you know—who the lady is to whom I gave up these rooms. You see, I heard these were the only suitable ones in the house; and, as I am a bachelor, it don't matter much to me, and so I told my man we would clear out; and I was just going down to the carriage, when I heard it was you that was here, and I couldn't help coming in to pay my respects, even though you did—did throw me over, the other—"

The widow had turned her head half around when he began to speak, still indifferently, supposing it was the chambermaid. But, the moment she heard his voice, she recognized who it was, and alternate emotions of surprise, joy, bashfulness, and humor chased each other by turns over her pretty face. She toyed with her fan a moment, as if to hide her embarrassment, and then, the humor of the situation getting the uppermost, she burst into a ringing peal of silvery laughter, sprang gayly from her chair, and extended her hand to Lord Henry.

"There, don't say another word. I am so glad to see you; and—and—" stammering in turn, "take it and keep it—if you care for it."

"Do you mean it?" cried Lord Henry, in a rapture. "Do you really mean it?"

For answer, she looked up at him so saucily yet so sweetly, with such laughing yet tender and love-lit eyes, that he forthwith took her in his arms and kissed her, to which she made no resistance, curious to say.

Mrs. Ainslie is not spending this winter at Washington, as she had intended; for she was married last June, and she is now dispensing the hospitality of Kelso Hall to a brilliant and distinguished circle of guests.

All this happened, as if to make it the more romantic and appropriate for a love-story, on last year's ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

ABIDE WITH ME.

BY HENRY FRANCIS LYKE.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide—
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.

Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord—

Familiar, condescending, patient, free—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terror, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings:

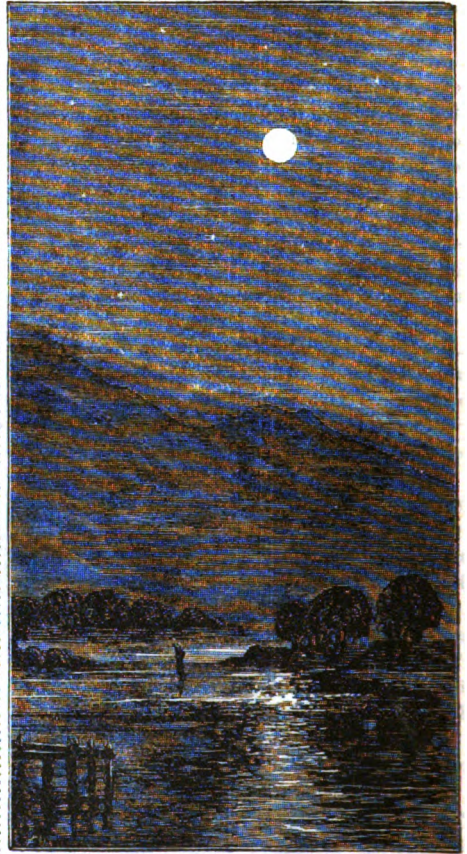
Tears for all woe, a heart for ev'ry plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me!

Thou, on my head in early youth, didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse erewhile,

Thou hast not left me oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, oh Lord, abide with me!



(144)



I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be
Through cloud and sunshine? Oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.

Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!

Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, oh Lord, abide with me!

THE DUKE'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FIFTH AVENUE ROMANCE," "LORD AVALON," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53.

V. THE RESCUE.

On that same summer morning, a young man in simple traveling-attire might have been seen walking across Hetherington Park. He had the long easy stride of an accomplished pedestrian, accustomed to long journeys on foot, and even to climbing Alpine summits. His age might have been twenty-six or twenty-eight. Rather above the middle height, with a singularly well-proportioned figure and the erect carriage of a soldier, he had attracted every eye while he kept to the high-road, whether of stolid peasant, burly farmer, or doctor jogging along in his gig; whether of cottage matron standing at her doorway, or cottage maiden peeping above the pots of geraniums at the window.

He was accompanied by a St. Bernard dog, a magnificent animal, larger than usual even for the gigantic breed, who jumped and frisked about, as if in the exuberance of his spirits he could not control, now chasing a butterfly, and now barking at his own shadow. Occasionally his master would call him to heel, and then he would follow demurely for awhile, but only to break away a moment or two after.

Suddenly the trees, which had been quite thick on all sides, with the path hardly discernible between them, widened, and a little river became visible close in front, with a rustic bridge crossing it. On this bridge, leaning against the railing, was a young girl, apparently lost in reverie. The mastiff, seeing her, made a dash forward, barking loudly—not in anger, but playfully; though a stranger, unaccustomed to a dog of his size and suddenly surprised by his appearance, would naturally have thought otherwise. The girl did think so. She started back in momentary affright, pressing heavily against the railing as she did so. The next instant, the railing gave way, as we have seen in our last chapter, and she fell into the stream.

"Great heavens, what have you done, you old rascal?" cried the dog's master, apostrophizing the mastiff. "If the girl be drowned, you shall be shot, in spite of everything you did for me on the Alps, you dear old Jupiter."

But, though he vented his anger in words, it did not for an instant interfere with his prompt-

ness of action. Flinging off his coat, he broke into a run, and was at the side of the stream in a moment. There he caught sight of our heroine, as she rose for the first time to the surface. Accustomed to danger in manifold forms, and to the presence of mind which familiarity with peril brings, he realized immediately that to save her there was but one chance, which was to reach the water lower down than where she was, and so catch her as she was swept toward him. Accordingly, he ran swiftly along the bank of the little river, prepared to plunge in at the first sight of her; for she had now sunk beneath the surface, after a vain attempt to grasp at the bridge. But, when she rose the second time, it was on the other side of the stream, and, though he was now rather nearer the fall than herself, he recognized that it would be impossible to swim across in time to intercept her. He beheld her futile effort to catch the branch of the elm, and saw the wild look of appeal as her face was raised to heaven. He was within a hundred feet or so of the fall when Maud rose for the third time. She was now in the middle of the stream, where the current was strongest and the water was deepest. As she came to the surface, she threw out her hands wildly, as if with a despairing clutch. Her look, when she found that she grasped only air—her last look, as she thought, at earth and sky—he never forgot to his dying day.

Athlete as he was, prize swimmer as well as crack steeple-chaser, he would have said, in a cooler moment, that any attempt at this late juncture, to rescue her, would only involve the sacrifice of his own life as well as of hers; for the rush and whirl of the current was terrible, and the fall only a few strokes beyond. He did not, however, hesitate for a second; but, plunging headlong in, some twenty feet further down than where she was, he reached her side, in the middle of the stream, just as she was being swept past him, and going under for the last time.

Fortunately for both, she had lost consciousness in this extremity, and so was incapable of those frantic and really unconscious struggles to clutch at the rescuer, with which a drown-

ing person so often sacrifices another life, as well as his or hers. Taking hold of her with his left hand, he struck out with his right, making for the nearest bank, which was the one opposite to that where he had leaped in. It was an almost impossible venture, but he achieved it; and, in less than a minute, he had borne Maud safely to the shore. Here, pausing for an instant to recover his breath, he lifted the inanimate form in his arms, and carried it down a slight declivity, at the foot of which stood the mill, whose picturesque overshot-wheel the little river had turned for centuries—ever since the time of the Saxons, indeed, as tradition averred.

The old moss-grown wheel was droning on now, half drowning the sound of the waterfall; the pigeons were strutting and cooing on the eaves of the building, or whirling and tumbling against the sky above it; and an old woman, with a wrinkled leather-colored face, was leaning on the antique door, the upper half of which was open, while the lower half was closed: it was a picture instantaneously photographed on his brain, as so often happens in great crises—when it would be thought we could not see trifles—photographed with a force and precision such as no former event in his eight-and-twenty years had ever paralleled.

"Bless us!" cried the miller's dame, with a start, as she beheld a strange gentleman approaching, bearing the limp and dripping form of a girl in his arms. "What do ee mean? Who be ye, sir? And who is the young 'oman? Be she drowned?"

"My good dame," interrupted the young man, half angrily and altogether sternly, and with a decision that showed he was accustomed to command and be obeyed, "don't stand there gaping! Don't you see the young lady is dying, if not dead? Open the door. Get hot water. Have a warm bed prepared. Is there no one to help you? Quick! It is a matter of life or death."

"Lank-a-massy," said the old dame, now recognizing the burden in the speaker's arms, "why, it be Miss Maud—Miss Morley, that is—the governess up at the Hall. Be she drowned, sir? Yes, yes, I'm coming," opening the lower leaves of the door, as she spoke. "Here, Hetty! Liza! where be ye, ye lazy things? Bring her in, sir—Miss Morley be drowned, girls, while you stand gaping out o' back window, you good-for-nothing—"

But the impetuous young man interrupted her again, by pushing past her and depositing Maud's lifeless figure on a settle, one of those huge old-fashioned affairs still to be seen in English cottages, and which stood directly in

front of the capacious chimney, where fortunately a fire was blazing and a great kettle boiling and hissing.

"Quick!" he said. "Quick, with hot water and hot towels, while I see if she can swallow." With the words, he produced one of those pocket-flasks without which no Englishman, high or low, ever travels. "Yes, her lips open. Thank God! she is not dead. The color begins to come back to her face. Ah!" for Maud slowly opened her eyes, and looked around with a faint smile, "you see us? Fear nothing; you are safe. Keep quiet and rest, and let Mother Gudge make some hot tea for you, while I run up to the Hall, and send a carriage for you, for she says you belong there. No, not a word of thanks," as, turning to him, she began feebly to speak, realizing it all, and that he was her preserver. "I only did what anybody else would have done. And, after all, it was my dog that made you fall in, and you ought to hate me for it forever."

As he spoke, he made her a quick but graceful bow, and was gone the instant after.

The miller's wife had heard these last words, with mouth agape and wide distended eyes. Now she threw up both hands.

"Deary me," she cried, "it's young Master Desmond come back, after all these years, and I never to know till he called me Mother Gudge."

VI. "NEVER, NEVER."

THE accident to Maud, which might have proved so fatal, did not even bring on the customary cold. Mother Gudge, as soon as she recovered from her surprise at the unexpected appearance of her master's nephew, insisted that her guest should change her wet garments for the Sunday-suit of one of her own daughters. The hot tea was not forgotten, either. In consequence, when the carriage came from the Hall, Maud was able to walk to it without assistance; and, though she did not make her appearance that evening in the drawing-room, she was quite herself again the next morning.

Young Desmond, meantime, at dinner, explained his sudden advent.

"I was in India, on long leave, as you know," he said, "when my dear father died so unexpectedly, now eighteen months ago. I was far up in the hills, where there was no telegraph, and a mail only once a week. When I found that soothing his declining hours was impossible, I had no desire to return, but sought to forget my grief by prolonging my stay. I applied, therefore, for an extension of my leave; and, after exhausting India, traveled leisurely through Egypt, Palestine, and Syria; bringing up, last February, in

Rome. After that, I started for a pedestrian-tour through Switzerland, and it was while on this expedition that I made the acquaintance of Jupiter, my pet St. Bernard; for I lost my way, and was out half the night, and would have died of exposure if he had not found me. He ought to be shot for what he did to-day—though it was only his play, poor fellow; but, you see, under the circumstances, I suppose I must forgive him. I was in Paris, planning a trip through Spain, when I received a letter from the duke, saying that, as he was childless, as my father had been his only brother, and as I was now, therefore, his heir, it was necessary to consult me about a re-settlement of some of the property which the family solicitor thought desirable. He fixed the first of next month for me to meet him at the castle. As there was hardly sufficient time to visit Spain understandingly, and as I was tired of Paris, I thought I would run over and surprise you here, and see if you had all quite forgotten me. That is the reason why I did not telegraph. At the station, I left my man, with orders to bring on the luggage, and, declining a fly, took a short-cut across the park. I shudder to think how near I came to causing a tragedy. But here I am; and you must make the most of me, if you care for such a scapegrace, for the rest of the month."

The rest of the month, of which he spoke so lightly, proved the most eventful in his life, and brought into it elements of tragedy even greater than that which had come so near occurring at the river.

That our heroine should secretly look up to and worship her preserver was no more than might have been expected. She would have been less than a woman if she had not. To every asseveration that anyone else would have done the same, she merely replied by a look of her glorious eyes and a negative shake of the head. As for having his pet-dog Jupiter blamed, as Desmond insisted on doing, she would not hear a word of it. In secret, she had kissed the great St. Bernard, not only because he belonged to her hero, but because he had saved Desmond's life on the Alps; but now she only petted him with her hand, as she looked up to reply to his owner.

"No," she answered, "I won't have him blamed. It was only his play. He didn't mean it. Did you, dear old Jupiter?" And then she threw her arms around his neck, and drew him to her with a caressing look. Oh, what would not her hearer have given for just such a look?

For Desmond, from the very beginning, had fallen desperately in love. It was the first time he had loved, in his life, in any true sense.

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His having rescued Maud from death was the commencement of it. Her grace, her bright intelligence, her sweetness of disposition, not less than her marvelous beauty, did the rest. When he heard that she was the little girl who had come to the Squire with her grandpa's letter, and whom he had befriended, he declared that there had been something familiar in her face from the very first. And he said to himself: "I loved her from the first, too."

Maud, in the beginning, had been frankness itself when in Desmond's company. She never forgot she was only a governess, and no more dreamed of his loving her than she would have dreamed of the Czar of all the Russias asking for her hand. But that was no reason, she told herself, why she should not love him. Could she do anything else? Had he not saved her life? Was he not her ideal of all that was noble? Was he not the realization of her girlish dreams of a hero? In the solitude of her chamber, she recalled what he said and how he looked at every interview, and prayed silently for his happiness when he should marry some more fortunate girl in his own station in life.

But, after awhile, when she began to suspect that he was not indifferent to her, her manner toward him changed. For to encourage him would be the basest ingratitude, she said to herself, toward the Hetheringtons, who had been so kind to her. Hence, where formerly she had been frank, she now became cold; where friendly, reserved; where eloquent in speech, silent and abashed. He was quick to note the change. He had haunted her footsteps from the very first day. He was always at her side of evenings; to turn her music when she was asked to sing in the drawing-room. By a skillful and persistent diplomacy, known to all lovers, he succeeded in learning when she took her afternoon stroll, and was forever appearing as if by accident on such occasions. At last, one day, he missed her. The next morning, he rose early and placed himself on the watch. "Perhaps she is going out before breakfast, in future," he said to himself, "instead of after luncheon." He found that he was not mistaken. When he accosted her, in the shrubbery, she started with surprise and evident annoyance. And this gave him, for the first time, a suspicion of the real truth.

"You don't seem glad to see me," he said. "Did you avoid me purposely yesterday? Are you trying to escape me to-day? What have I done to offend you?"

She had recovered, while he was speaking, from her momentary embarrassment. Whatever else she said, she must not, she told herself, say

anything which would betray her own weakness. She answered, therefore, with as much unconcern as she could assume:

"Done? Why, nothing, of course. What could you do?"

"Yet you have changed the hour of your daily exercise from afternoon to morning, to avoid me. Deny it, if you can."

He looked her steadily in the eye, as he spoke. The eyes of most women, in similar circumstances, would have sunk, embarrassed, before his. But Maud had as high a courage as if her ancestors, like his, had fought at Ascalon, or died on the scaffold for their king. She would perish sooner than betray herself. She returned his gaze unflinchingly.

"Why should I deny it? Who gave you the right, Mr. Desmond"—and she drew herself proudly up—"to interfere in my hours of exercise?"

"The right? No, I have no right, poor beggar that I am, and unworthy to touch even the finger-tips of one of your gloves. Nay, do not turn away. Since I have said so much, I must say more: and I am glad to have the chance to say it here and now." He spoke like the man of honor he was. "I love you, Miss Morley. I have loved you from the day I first saw you. Give me the right to interfere, as you call it, in your hours of exercise, by making you my wife, and taking you away from all this slavery."

She drew back with an assumption of haughtiness; for he had attempted to take her hand. It would never do—oh, it would never do—to let him suspect the truth, she said to herself.

"This is insult, sir," she said, aloud: "and you know it."

"Insult?" he cried.

"Yes. For what else than insult can it be, when a man of your rank asks a girl of mine to marry him, knowing well that everybody will say, if she consents, she is a designing adventurer? Especially will those of his own blood say it, who have befriended her."

Now, with all his generous qualities, with all his magnanimity of character, Desmond had been quite aware that, in offering marriage to our heroine, he would lower himself in the eyes of his world, and rouse the anger of both his uncles; and he was, therefore, taken quite aback at having his offer called an insult, when he secretly thought so differently of it. It was a new view to him, and not a pleasant one to his pride: and he had his weaknesses, like other men.

"Insult!" he said, almost angrily. "I never before knew that it was an insult for any man

to tell any girl that he loved her and wished to marry her."

Maud was as frank as she was just. She felt the force of the reproof as thus put, and answered:

"You are right: 'insult' was too strong a word. Let us say it is madness, considering who you are and who I am."

"Madness? Why? I am, of course, more or less dependent on the duke, but I am not his bond-slave. I will marry whom I please. I am the one, not the duke, who is to be consulted. And," speaking with a manly frankness which our heroine could not help but admire, "more than that: the question between you and me, as man and woman, is whether we love each other. I love you, as I have told you. I had begun—that is, at first—days ago, for you have altered lately," he was becoming now hesitating in manner, "to hope you cared for me a little; but I see now—yes, I see—what a fool I have been—you don't care for me at all."

As she heard these passionate words, as she saw his kindling eye, she loved him more than ever; but she steeled herself to answer with what show of composure she could, replying, with marked coldness:

"Did I ever give you, by look or word, any right to think I cared for you? Did I ever seem to forget that I was only a poor governess?"

"No; and that's the worst of it. I was a fool from the first. But you were so tender-hearted to all others, that—that I hoped you might have a little pity for me. No one, I know, can come near you without loving you. There isn't any other, is there? It's a question I've no right to ask; but—but it will break my heart if you say there is. And, if you don't answer, I'll know there is. Thank heaven, there's going to be a war in Egypt; and I'm sure the Guards will be ordered there, and I'll join at once: for it's better," with a gulp that did not dishonor him, man and soldier as he was, "to die with an Arab's spear through one's heart, than to stay at home and have that heart break, day by day, by seeing the woman you love become another's."

This was too much for Maud. Oh, how her soul went out to him! What could she answer, she said to herself, but the truth? The truth never did any harm. Besides, had he not a right to know? And what if he should carry out his threat, and she be the cause of his death in some obscure skirmish, perhaps, on the Nile?

She hesitated for a moment only, and then replied bravely, though it almost broke her heart:

"You have no right to ask, no right to make a threat. But the truth is always best. No: there is no other one." She blushed with maidenly consciousness, as she spoke.

"Then I will never give you up."

"Oh, how mad," she cried. "For I would never, never marry you, even if I loved you, until the duke himself asked me in your behalf."

"That is cruel," he said. "I did not think you had such intolerable pride."

"No, it is not pride," she retorted. "Or, if it is, it is only proper pride. For I am a woman—and that is higher, after all, than any conventional rank—and, as a woman, I owe it to myself never to enter any family which looks down on me. That is why I call what you say 'madness.' Remember, I am only a governess." And she drew herself up haughtily. "You have my answer."

"Then I am a fool to stay here at the Hall," he retorted, hotly. "I shall go to-night: I will say the duke has telegraphed for me."

VII. THE COUNTESS OF ERLESCOURT.

THE Duke of Desmond was a man with a history. Great noble as he was, with enormous possessions in three kingdoms, he had yet suffered from "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." He had loved, and loved unsuccessfully. In his forty-second year, after running the gauntlet of match-making mothers for two decades, and when he had come to believe that it was only necessary to ask to be accepted, he met the belle of his county at her first ball, a girl of seventeen, and conceived such a desperate passion for her that within a week, notwithstanding he was twenty-five years her senior, he proposed.

What was his amazement to receive a refusal! It was one couched, indeed, in the kindest terms, but it was so decisive that it left him no hope for the future. What was worse, was the fact that this brilliant beauty was also a great heiress, and, more than that, was a countess in her own right, and yet was going to marry a man without a title—a scion of an old but decayed family indeed, but only the son of an ordinary country squire. Mortification combined with disappointed affection to sour the duke from that hour. He became almost a misanthrope, never married, and was now, at sixty, already an old man, irritable, cynical, choleric, and overbearing to the last degree. He had never had more than one brother. This brother, several years before the disappointment, had married the sister of Mr. Hetherington. The sister had soon died, leaving an only child, a son, the young Desmond

of our story. When the boy was about seven years old, the romance in his uncle's life occurred. Very soon afterward, it came to be understood that the duke would never marry, and that in consequence our hero would eventually be his heir.

Then, within a twelvemonth, the Countess of Erlescourt herself died, just after having given birth to a daughter; and, in the face of this calamity, the duke forgot his anger and accepted the position of trustee for the orphan. But ever after he went "mourning all his days." This was the one redeeming point in his cynical life. The little girl grew up, a willful, high-tempered, uncontrolled creature. But she was so enormously rich that the duke began to nourish a scheme in which, perhaps, there was a remnant of his old romance: it was to marry his heir to the young countess; and in pursuit of this plan it was, and not because of any necessary re-settlement of the estate—for this was but a pretense—that he had recalled the young man from abroad.

The duke had a town-house in London, like every other member of what D'Israeli called the "high nobility." It was a spacious but plain house in St. James Square, where the Dukes of Desmond had lived for nearly two centuries. But, like all other great English nobles, the duke attached comparatively little importance to his city-home. It was in the country that he kept up his state, and, though he had half a dozen different residences in as many counties, it was at Desmond Castle that he spent most of his time. This was no sham-Gothic affair, no nineteenth-century imitation, but an original feudal fortress, dating back to the reign of the first Edward. It had its mighty donjon, its vast courtyard, its massive gateway, and its four great towers at the corners, with embattled walls between, and had been erected originally by Sir John Desmond, a lineal descendant of the Desmond who came over with the Conqueror and fought at Hastings. At a later epoch, commodious suites of apartments had been erected, looking into the courtyard, so that it was now as comfortable, even as luxurious, as any mansion of modern times. Here the duke lived for eight months out of the twelve, keeping up a great hospitality, as he considered became his rank, and maintaining, necessarily, a vast retinue of servants. In the shooting-season, or whenever from other causes the house was full of guests, from forty to fifty covers were laid daily in the vast vaulted dining-hall. When alone, however, the duke dined in a smaller room, as more cozy; and here he and his nephew sat, the day of the latter's arrival.

It was a strong card in the duke's favor, that, when our hero sat down to dinner, he was still smarting from his rejection by Maud. "She does not love me," he kept saying to himself, all the way on his journey down, "or she would not have been so cruel. Oh, she is as cold as an icicle! She has the pride of Lucifer. And yet—and yet—how good she is—at least, to all others. It is only to me that she is so unjust. I have half a mind to take her at her word," and he set his teeth in a sudden access of anger, as jealous lovers illogically will, "and show her that others do not despise the hand she has rejected."

Thus it was that he listened so attentively, during the meal, to his uncle's praise of their fair neighbor, the beautiful young countess—listened until the duke began to think that his favorite project was sure to succeed.

"She is to celebrate her eighteenth birthday the week after this," said his grace, "by a ball at Erlescourt—the most splendid ball, it is whispered, ever given in the county. And 'gad,' he added, employing his favorite ejaculation, and sipping a glass of the famous Lafitte of '45, "if there is anyone who can afford it, she can. There has been a long minority, and the accumulation is immense. I'm one of the trustees, and know all about it. Her land marches with mine for half the county, though there is more of it, and it is better land, too. I don't see why a woman should have so much. And countess in her own right, also! One of the few earldoms of that kind. It's a mistake, I've always said, for a title to be allowed to descend in the distaff line. Yes, it is, by 'gad.'"

But the duke was too wary to say anything more than this as yet. He knew that it might ruin his scheme forever if he developed it too prematurely. "Never frighten your stag," he said, with a chuckle, eying the purple tint of his claret, as he held the glass up to the light, after Desmond had begged to be excused and had left the table. "Never frighten your stag, or, 'gad! he'll be off. I'll leave it all to her. She can't help admiring him; he's deuced good-looking; I must say it, though he is my nephew: and he's the best match in England to-day. He'll see her at the ball. She'll be sure to impress him, for she's the handsomest woman, by all odds, in the four counties, with more style than even Lady Dudley had fifteen years ago, when she was in her prime."

The ball came off at the appointed time, and was even more brilliant than the duke had predicted. All the best people in the county were there, with a liberal installment from London. No place in the whole realm of England was

more suitable than Erlescourt for such an entertainment. In its way, it was as notable as Desmond Castle, but the way was an entirely different way. It was the boast of the county that it had two of the most remarkable specimens of architecture in the realm, within its boundaries, and not fifteen miles apart. If Desmond Castle reminded one of Alnwick, Erlescourt recalled Knole. Like Knole, it had been built in the fifteenth century, by one of those great prelates who, having traveled in Italy, had brought back with him an ambition to rival the palaces he saw abroad, employing Gothic details, however, instead of Palladian ones. Erlescourt was built around no less than three courtyards. What seemed endless suites of rooms opened out of each other, each filled with the rarest and costliest articles of taste and luxury. In the long gallery was a score of original suits of armor, some of chain-mail that went back to the First Crusade, exquisitely damascened, others of plate-armor that had been worn at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. In one of the chambers was the silver toilet-service and the great state-bed which Queen Elizabeth had used during a royal progress, for the Erlescourts had owned the place ever since the Reformation, when it was bought by them, after having been first granted to a favorite of Henry the Eighth. On the night of the ball, the avenue, all the way from the porter's lodge, was lit up by torches borne by servitors in the Erlescourt livery, stationed at regular intervals apart. "By 'gad, a thing even I couldn't afford to do," said the duke, as he and his nephew drove in.

There were crowds of fair women at the festival; but the countess herself, as the duke had predicted, was the most beautiful of all. Everyone acknowledged this. If our hero had been heart-whole, he might perhaps have been fascinated by his young hostess, for, from the first moment of his introduction to her, she showed him the most marked preference. She, who everybody declared was so haughty, was deference itself to him. He would have been more than mortal if he had not been flattered by this. While the young beauty had only a haughty nod for her admirers generally, or a cool acquiescence in what they said, to Desmond she was all graciousness, seeming to hang upon his every word. Said the duke to himself, with a chuckle, as he watched her: "She has fallen in love with him, 'gad! at first sight. And why shouldn't she? They're the handsomest couple in the room—and how their lands will march together."

But Desmond did not lose his head. It would

have been intoxication to any other to be revolving around the room with this beautiful young creature in his arms; to feel her breath on his cheek; to catch her eyes lifted stealthily to his every now and then, and then bashfully and shyly dropped. But the sweet face and truthful eyes of Maud were always between Desmond and those of the countess. Besides, notwithstanding all her beauty, there was something about his young hostess that repelled Desmond. He felt it rather than saw it. Some curious instinct it was that warned him against her. She was the Queen of Beauty—a second Helen. But, like Tannhauser, he shrank from her, for all that. He thought, as she lay in his arms, in what to her was the dizzy rapture of the “Blue Danube” waltz, of the old legend of Adam’s first wife, and he asked himself: “Is she Lilith? Is it because she is a snake-woman that I run cold, even now, at her touch? What can the reason be?”

They met frequently after this, in the necessary courtesy of neighbors. Somehow the duke, though not much given to dinner-parties, had several, at this time; and the countess was always invited. She hardly attempted to conceal her love. Often, there came a look into her eyes, as if she would, for Desmond’s sake, give up rank and wealth—yes, everything—to follow him, if need be, barefooted and a beggar, over the wide world. At other times, when his coldness stung her, there would flash out a sudden glance, as if but half-suppressed, of vindictive rage. “That the haughty young countess should be so different from herself, that she should be pining for the love of the duke’s heir, was first talked of by the servants, and then in drawing-rooms, until finally it became a common story, and eventually reached the ears of Desmond himself.

To say that he was not only surprised, but indignant, is not exaggerating. “I have never,” he said to himself, “paid attentions to her, which any gentleman might not offer to a lady.” Nor had he. He had never wavered, after his first angry moments, in his allegiance to Maud. Twice he had written to her, but without an answer. Yet, notwithstanding this silence, he was not angry now. The more he canvassed her conduct, the more he respected it. “Yes, she is proud,” he said, “but I love her the better for having that kind of pride.”

Like the man of honor he was, he now ceased visiting at Erlescourt. “If I have unwittingly given cause for such gossip,” he said, “though I am quite sure I have not, I will do so no longer. The countess herself knows how silly all this

talk is; and I would be a puppy, to suppose she cared whether I liked her or not. No, Maud,” apostrophizing his absent love, “with your image in my heart, any other is impossible. I will appeal to the duke. He once loved, and, cynical as he has grown in other respects, he may have some feeling for young lovers.”

The opportunity for the appeal came sooner than he had thought.

VIII. “NOT A PENNY.”

FOR, that very evening, his uncle said, at dinner, after the servants had withdrawn:

“What is this I hear about you and the young countess? They tell me you have ceased calling there. Is there a quarrel?”

“I did not know, duke,” said our hero, “that my going and coming were the subject of gossip. Yes, I have ceased calling at Erlescourt. But there has been no quarrel.”

“No quarrel? And yet you say you have ceased going there. I don’t understand.”

“To be frank,” was the reply, with some embarrassment, “I heard that people were coupling her name and mine together, and therefore—”

“And therefore?” interrupted the duke.

“What the deuce do you mean? Don’t you know the girl is madly in love with you? Why mince matters?” He spoke angrily, masterfully.

“I did not know it, and will not believe it. I should be a cad if I said it.”

“It’s the truth, all the same. And, to be frank, I really don’t understand your scruples. By ’gad, when a handsome girl is ready to jump into a fellow’s arms, and she an heiress and a countess in her own right, the man’s a fool who hesitates. Go over to Erlescourt to-morrow, and ask her for her hand.” He spoke like one accustomed to be obeyed, and expecting it.

“But I don’t love her.”

“Pshaw! What has that to do with it? You’ll be able to get along with her quite as well as most men do with their wives.”

Desmond shook his head.

“Look here, my boy,” said the duke, suddenly altering his tone, and speaking almost with affection, “this is a matter on which I have set my heart. There are reasons, which I need only allude to—for you can guess what they are—why I wish to see you and her married. In short, Hubert”—the duke must have been very much affected to call his nephew by his Christian-name, a thing he had never done twice before in his life—“her mother was the heroine of the only romance I ever had. You won’t believe it, perhaps; but I loved that woman

passionately, and I have never loved another. It would make my old-age happy if I could see her grandchildren—if your children also—climbing on my knee."

The old man's voice actually broke a little, as he spoke, and he passed the back of his hand across his eyes. But he disguised his emotion the next instant, as if thoroughly ashamed of it, by hastily gulping down a bumper of his favorite claret.

Desmond was inexpressibly touched. He had never seen the duke exhibit so much feeling. He had not, in fact, believed the old man capable of it. He put out his hand and touched that of the duke, which had just set down the glass.

"I am so sorry, uncle," he said. Usually, Desmond called him "Duke." But he now used the tenderer phrase.

"Sorry?" snarled the duke, his whole manner changing. Ashamed of his weakness, he resorted to his usual cynicism, only he now exaggerated it. "Then, 'gad, show it by doing what I want. Marry the girl."

"I would do anything but this—anything, believe me, that I could. But to marry her is impossible."

"Impossible? What the deuce, I say again, do you mean?"

"It is impossible because I love another."

The duke's deep-set eyes blazed, and his brow grew black as thunder.

"Love another? By 'gad! And you tell me this to my face?"

Our hero's blood was beginning to rise. The duke did not say: "How dare you love without my consent first asked?" but that was what he meant.

"I do not understand your grace exactly," said the young man, using now a formal mode of address. "Do you mean that I have no right to love a woman unless I first consult you?" He rose from the table with the words.

The duke glared at the speaker, for an instant, without reply. He was about to say something passionate. But he was, after all, a gentleman: and, among gentlemen, it is not usual to bluster, and the duke felt that he had blustered.

"Sit down, sit down," he replied, testily. "Is that exactly the language to use to your uncle? Of course, I am interested in the matter of your marriage. You are to be my heir; you are to bear my title. Is it so unnatural, that I should wish you to choose one whom I could approve? Who the deuce," with a growl, "is this woman you talk about?"

"She is a Miss Morley."

"Morley? Morley? I know of no such family."

"The family is one long established in Westshire. I met her at Hetherington Hall."

"Queer! I never heard of any Morleys in Westshire. Oh, I remember. Isn't there an old tumbledown house, called Morley Manor? And haven't I been told some story of its having once belonged to the people who now lease it as farmers?"

"You have, duke."

"And, 'gad, do you tell me you have fallen in love—fallen in love," and he laughed sardonically, "with a farmer's daughter? Does she carry her butter and cheese to the market herself?"

Our hero flushed hotly. But he was determined to restrain himself, no matter what might happen.

"She is as well educated as any lady in the land," he answered, "and even more accomplished—"

"Has she a fortune, that has enabled her to acquire these accomplishments—which mean, I suppose," with a sneer, "geography, as the boarding-school advertisement says, and the use of the globes?"

Desmond bit his lip, to prevent answering.

"Has she ever been in the company of ladies in her life—I mean, as an equal?" The duke snarled these questions out, as if determined to sting the young man to answering somehow. "Does she know how to enter a room? Does she drop her 'h's'? For God's sake, what sort of a young person is it that you propose to make my niece?"

"She has been living at Hetherington Hall for the last ten years. That is sufficient, I suppose, to guarantee that she has the manner of a lady."

"Living? How—as upper housemaid?"

"As governess first, and as companion since," replied Desmond, firmly.

"Governess!" It was with almost a howl that the duke uttered the words. He had been raising a glass of claret to his lips. He now set it down, with such force that the stem of the wine-glass broke, and the wine was spilled all over the table-cloth. The duke flung the stem angrily aside. "Governess!" he fairly shouted. "And you propose to make a governess, a paid companion, the future Duchess of Desmond? By 'gad, but this is too much!"

"She is a lady, I repeat," said the young man. "In manner, accomplishment, by nature, by training, in everything, she is a lady. And her blood is of the best—or," hesitatingly,

“was: for a Morley, two centuries ago, died for his king, at the head of his troop, at Marston Moor.”

“Two centuries ago! And how about the two centuries since? The two centuries when they have been intermarrying with farmers, and perhaps with Hodge himself?” The duke was an aristocrat to the backbone, and he really shuddered at contemplating this fact. “A pretty puddle of blood it is by this time.”

This was beginning to be more than Desmond could bear. He mistrusted himself. Rising again from the table, he said, firmly but respectfully:

“Your grace will pardon me if I leave you. I cannot listen to anything against Miss Morley. Further discussion of the subject—at least, to-night—will, I see, do more harm than good.”

The duke also rose. He was white with rage.

For even dukes get white with rage, at times, especially when irritable, and old, and ungovernable in temper, and thwarted in their dearest wish.

“By ‘gad,’ he thundered, “go, and the devil go with you! But mark this: if you marry this adventuress, this cross between a blowzy milk-maid and a sly Abigail, not a penny of my fortune—not a penny—shall you inherit. And, thank God, very little of it is entailed. You’ll be almost a beggar—yes, for a duke, an actual beggar—and serve you right, you young fool. You’ll not be able to live in England, but will have to take your wife and her brats to cheap lodgings on the Continent, and perhaps become a ‘toot’ for the hotels, by ‘gad a tout, to help you pay your board-bill.”

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

“IN THE SNOW.”

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

We are snowbound to-day, and the world all seems
Like a country so far away
That we once have seen in a beautiful dream,
That vanished from sight with the day;
For the white snow has wrapped us about in its folds,
And covered us o’er, like a shroud,
Till, shut out from the world, we are living alone
In a beautiful white downy cloud.

Far and near, is a sea of this beautiful white,
Unmarred by the footsteps of man,
And we wonder how many soft flakes we have watched
Since first the swift snow-storm began.
How softly and silently down from the clouds
They settled, each one in its place,
And lent to the barren old farmyard a look
Of grandeur and splendor and grace.

Oh! the snow, pure and cold, covers many a spot
That is dark and unlovely and bare,
And all of the gaunt spreading branches so gray
It hides with the tenderest care;
And it covers some places where, ‘neath the brown earth,
In slumber that’s dreamless and deep,
The loved of our hearts in the days that are gone
Were laid in their last quiet sleep.

We are snowbound to-day, yet our hearts fondly turn
To where the chill winds fiercely blow,
To the world that is shut up away from our gaze,
To our lost ones out “under the snow.”
Oh, God keep the beautiful world free from stain,
Like the snow that lies here pure and white!
Take our loved ones we left ‘neath the beautiful snow
To dwell in Thy heavenly light.

A FAMILIAR PATH.

BY LUCIEN ARNOLD.

I WALKED, love, to-night, in a well-known way
Through the lonely streets, past the open square,
Over sidewalks thick with snow-trodden gray,
With the sleet slanting down through the air,
And thought, as I walked in the wintry weather,
How oft we had trodden that path together.

At first, in the summertime fair and warm,
When the leaves were green and the grass was high—
Green leaves and bright hopes and swift summer storm,
I might find a moral, I think, if I’d try;
But we had no thought, in the summer weather,
Only that we walked in the path together.

Again, in the fall, when the leaves were brown
And the grass was nipped by the white hoarfrost,
Still we walked side by side in the little town;

Dead leaves, withered grass, their lesson was lost
On us, as we walked in soft autumn weather—
So happy, dear love, so happy together!

But now the dead grass lies under the snow.
I walk all alone on the icy street—
Not leaves, not green grass, not soft winds that blow,
No dear one with me, no sweet love to meet—
And yet I rejoice in this drear winter weather,
Even more than I did when we walked here together.

There’s a flower-strewn path that is ours alone;
No feet save our own walk there; and no eyes
Save our own its pleasure and beauty have known:
An enchanted path, which so strangely lies
That, how’er we’re parted by fate’s stormy weather
We walk it alway, my sweet lover, together!

A LIVING WOMAN'S GHOST.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

WHY it became necessary for me, John Blake, to accept a somewhat anomalous position, half as maid, half companion, to the actress, Miss Erricson, is a matter of no consequence here, as I have not set out to write my autobiography.

Certain strong personal considerations led her to offer me the place, and they were weighty enough to have decided me to take it, independent of a pecuniary reason, though the liberal salary was of itself a great inducement just at that time.

Everybody who knows that gifted lady will be certain I received the utmost kindness at her hands; the few who know me will believe that I tried to merit it.

Miss Erricson was occupied in writing a play—that very play which has helped to make her so famous by the beauty of its plot and language and her own wonderful impersonation of the heroine—and she had, on that account, postponed her early autumn engagements. We staid for a while at the seashore, but its melancholy oppressed her, so we went to New York and hunted up rooms in a quiet street, where she could be secure from intrusion.

We took the third floor, and, as the fourth was empty, congratulated ourselves on the fact that we should not be disturbed. But we speedily discovered that the sound of footsteps on the stairs was the one thing which seemed likely to trouble us, in spite of the upper chambers being unoccupied. At certain periods during the day and evening, the tread was almost incessant. I really think that within the first twentyfour hours I looked out into the hall a score of times, but, though the steps appeared invariably to pause on our landing, nobody was ever visible.

After wasting a good deal of impatience and wonder, according to the habit of humanity, we decided that the echo must come from the adjoining house; and, once convinced of this fact, we soon grew so accustomed to the sound that, except when one of our rare visitors noticed the footfalls, we ceased to think about them.

There was one other odd thing, which at first I did not mean to mention, but I may as well, though I protest against your calling mine a ghost-story, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. For my own part, I consider that my narrative belongs to the domain of what we style

magnetism, scarcely understanding the significance of the word we employ to express the mysterious principle which plays so important, though to a great extent unrecognized, part in this world's affairs.

In the parlor, between the mantel and the folding-doors which led into Miss Erricson's chamber, stood a bookcase filled with her favorite volumes and such works as she might need for reference during the composition of her historical tragedy.

Neither she nor I ever approached that spot without feeling a rush of cold air so perceptibly as to be obliged to remark it, although when the doors were closed there was no possibility of a draught in that special place.

Of course, this also puzzled us for a time; but we grew accustomed to it, as we had done to the footsteps. Indeed, Miss Erricson was too thoroughly absorbed with the mental conceptions she was embodying in her beautiful play, and I too much occupied with my needlework and the engrossment of a great trouble hanging over me, to have leisure for superstitious fancies.

How we both worked, in our separate ways, and how good she was to me—patient, as I think few writers would have been, in the midst of labor which was a great and continuous strain on mind and body. I fear, too, that in spite of my efforts I must often have sorely tried her overtaxed nerves, for, between physical ill-health and mental anxiety, I was in a state when, at times, my memory refused as completely to perform its functions as if I had been in an advanced stage of brain-softening.

Still, we both had a great sense of comfort in our carefully-secluded nest, into which Miss Erricson brought all sorts of lovely and artistic things from a stock of furniture she had stored at her agent's. Indeed, the place looked so homelike, and bore a character so distinctive, that everybody who came to see her thought she must have hired the empty rooms and furnished them throughout.

The days went on, so did our work, and those odd occurrences I have noted went on too, with unflinching regularity. I have often wondered since how it was that, even engrossed as we both were, those things should have produced so slight an impression on us. Goodness knows,

the footfalls, at least, were sufficiently commented about, by every guest we had, to make us either vexed or nervous.

One evening, Bonnie August, the authoress, called. She was a very peculiar woman; an agnostic, but as much given to seeing sights invisible to others as if she had been a spiritualistic medium—an anomaly at which she laughed as heartily as anybody, though quietly persisting that what she saw was not optical.

She noticed the footsteps, and looked out herself before she would be convinced there was no one on the staircase, and coolly demolished our theory that they came from the adjacent house, by saying that we were next to the living-rooms, not the hall. But somehow we neither of us felt any curiosity, and she soon dropped the matter, her mind being full of some literary venture, which she had come to discuss with Miss Erricson.

Presently I saw her gazing fixedly in the direction of the bookcase while she talked, and, after a little, she stopped short in a sentence and exclaimed:

"Why, Marian, there is a woman standing between your chair and the wall! Do look!"

Miss Erricson, interested in the business Bonnie was explaining, laughed, and replied somewhat impatiently:

"In white, of course, with her hair down her back."

"Yes, she is," said Bonnie, doggedly; "and beautiful long black hair she has, too! But such a despairing heart-broken face. How she must have suffered! Who can she be? I wish she'd speak—poor thing!"

"Nonsense, Bonnie! Do stop, or you'll make Joan nervous," rejoined Miss Erricson, not in a mood to be interested in her friend's vagaries.

Bonnie said nothing more, but I saw her several times glance toward the bookcase, and, as she was leaving, I asked:

"Is the white woman still there?"

"Yes," replied Bonnie, "and a weary secret she carries on her mind; but she can't tell it."

"More likely she won't," retorted Miss Erricson. "She knows you write for the newspapers; and, being a sensitive ghost, she doesn't choose her private history to afford you material for an article."

After Bonnie had gone, Miss Erricson and I laughed a little over her odd fancy, but thought no more about the matter; and time went on till we had been some eight weeks in the lodging. Miss Erricson was unexpectedly called to Philadelphia on an affair of such importance that it could not be deferred, though

fortunately its transaction would not prevent her returning the next afternoon.

She left early in the morning, and I spent the day alone. About dusk, the lady who occupied the rooms underneath came in, for a moment, before going to the theatre. Although we were only in the first week of October, the air was so chilly that I had lighted a fire, and it looked so cheerful that Mrs. Long said:

"Leave your door unlocked, and I'll stop when I get back, and do my hair here and tell you how Sara plays: that blaze is very enticing."

I sewed and read till after eleven; then, feeling tired, I went to bed, thinking that Mrs. Long would soon arrive. I fell asleep, and woke with a start, to hear the clock striking one. I occupied the front hall-room; and, as I lay, I looked directly into the parlor.

I saw Mrs. Long, as I supposed, seated in an easy-chair near the hearth, wrapped in a white dressing-gown, with her hair hanging over her shoulders. Her back was toward me; she was leaning forward, as if intently listening; and the footfalls on the staircase sounded loud and distinct in the stillness.

"I did not hear you come in," I said, raising myself lazily on my elbow. "How long have you been here?" She made no answer, and I added: "If you had heard those steps as many nights as I, you wouldn't take the trouble to listen."

Still there was no answer, no change in her attitude.

"For mercy's sake," I cried, "don't sit there like a statue, but do your hair and tell me how you liked Sara as 'Adrienne Lecouvreur.'"

The silence remained unbroken; but she stirred: a slow shiver shook her whole frame. I was startled, thinking that she must be ill, and was just ready to spring out of bed, when she turned so that I could see her face.

It was not Mrs. Long; it was no person I had ever seen. She was still a young woman, and very handsome: though the features were worn, and the great black eyes filled with an indescribable pain.

As I looked at her, in a sort of fascination midway between awe and terror, I heard again the echo from the stairs—slow, clear, and measured. She heard it also, I knew: for her lips moved, and she was evidently counting, though she uttered no sound.

Spell-bound as I was, no thought of a supernatural appearance entered my mind. I sat on the side of the bed and watched the pale face in dumb expectancy, every nerve strung to its highest tension. She moved her head and looked full in my direction; but the weary eyes

went through and beyond me; then I suddenly realized that the figure was nothing mortal.

I cried aloud—in an agony of dread, not fright. The apparition disappeared, the echo on the stairs ceased at the same instant, and I was alone with a sensation of awe upon me too profound for ordinary terror to have a place in my mind.

I got up and locked the hall-door, then crept into bed again, as weak as if I had just overtaxed my strength by some hard labor. I thought I could not sleep, but a singular lassitude gradually stole over me; the chill which had seemed to reach my very heart gave way to an almost feverish warmth, and I sank into dreamless slumber from which I did not wake till late in the morning.

Miss Erricson returned that evening, but I made no mention of the occurrence. She found herself obliged to leave her seclusion, the ensuing week, and set out on a theatrical tour through the West and South, and I did not speak to her of what had happened until we had been away from the house for several weeks.

A year elapsed; circumstances had separated me from my friend; for I had grown to consider her one of the dearest I possessed, and I think she valued and fully returned my affection. Though stronger, my health was not equal to the strain put on it by almost incessant traveling, so we had to part, and I found myself in New York again after an absence of many months.

I had only been there a few days, when a physician of my acquaintance came to engage me to undertake the nursing of one of his patients. He said my task might be prolonged indefinitely—might last only a few weeks; the end was certain either way: she could not recover.

The lady was suffering from an internal malady, complicated by a most extraordinary disorder of the nerves, that at times threw her into a state of coma, during which she would lie for hours like a dead woman.

Every effort had to be made to ward off the attacks; but, if not successful, she was to be left perfectly quiet: any attempt to rouse her after unconsciousness set in was exceedingly dangerous. Constant watching was necessary, during her insensibility. At the first sign of returning animation, there were certain vigorous remedies to apply, varying according to her condition; and, altogether, so much depended on the nurse's skill and judgment, that the position was onerous and wearing in the extreme.

I had several times served under Doctor Spencer in sick-cases of exceptional character, and he elected to consider me just the person

he wanted for this post. I accepted his offer after a good deal of hesitation, and promised to meet him, that evening, at Madame D'Aubigne's lodging.

I went to the house punctually at eight o'clock. The doctor soon arrived, and, after he had conversed with his patient awhile, I was sent for into the room.

The lady sat propped up in bed by pillows. The doctor was standing so that he hid her face from me, as I crossed the chamber; but, as I drew near, he moved aside, saying:

"Madame, here is Miss Blake."

She turned her head, and our eyes met: I stood rooted to the floor. The face was that of my midnight visitor—the face which had so indelibly photographed itself on my mind, that, had I been an artist, I could have faithfully reproduced its every lineament from memory.

It is difficult to describe my sensations. A superstitious tremor chilled every nerve. To see that living woman gave me a strange fright, which the sight of the apparition that bore her likeness had not roused, and I really think I should have rushed out of the room, if the gaze of those sombre eyes had not held me fast.

I saw her quiver and shake; her lips moved, but framed no words—we remained mutely regarding each other.

"I am glad to have Miss Blake here," the doctor continued, moving to a table to write a prescription, without looking at either of us. "I am sure, madame, that you and she will get on well together. You are not a whimsical invalid, and my old friend Joan is discretion and patience itself."

I tried to speak; I could not; and all the while the sick lady stared at me with the expression of a person trying to recall some vague painful recollection. Finally she heaved a low sigh, and sank back on her pillow, saying wearily:

"I am afraid, though, that I shall try her patience very much."

"Ah, well," I said, endeavoring to speak quietly and naturally, "the gift would be wasted if it were never called into exercise."

She gave me another quick look, restless with that same troubled effort of memory. The doctor finished writing, and came back to the bed. He stood there, talking cheerfully, for a few moments, but she replied only in monosyllables or very briefly, and all the while she watched me with such fixed attention that I should have feared my presence caused her annoyance, had she not once or twice smiled in an appealing way, which was very touching.

Presently the nurse whom I was to succeed came into the room. She and I were old acquaintances, having gone through a course of hospital-training at the same time, though since those days the course of our busy lives had seldom crossed.

Miss Warner showed me the different medicines and the places where such articles as I might need during the night were kept, then we left the chamber together.

"It is a peculiar case," she said, as we stood conversing in the hall; "very peculiar. I think I never had one that told on my nerves so severely; but then, I am not well—I have been dreadfully overworked for a year."

"It is fortunate I am not in the state I was a twelvemonth ago, else I could not have undertaken the duties," I said.

"I am so glad you could," she replied. "It was a relief to me when Doctor Spencer mentioned your name. I have grown so interested in the poor creature that I should have staid if I had not been ordered complete repose. I have agreed to sit with her twice a week for a couple of hours, so you can get a little change and exercise. I can manage that easily enough."

"Does she suffer much?" I asked.

"Only at times. It is her mind, I think, that never rests," Miss Warner answered. "You know something of her story?"

"No; I only saw the doctor for a little while this morning. He had no leisure to give me any information beyond the general details of her illness," I said. "Tell me about her. I don't ask from simple curiosity, you know. I always think the more familiar a nurse is with everything concerning a person who has disordered nerves, the better she can fulfill her duties."

"Her husband poisoned himself two years ago," Miss Warner explained. "He had been frightfully dissipated, and treated her infamously. She was always patient, it seems, though there was no degradation he spared her, even to bringing vile men and women into the house—oh, you can understand."

I could, indeed. Both personal experience and observation had rendered me only too familiar with woman's sufferings and woman's wrongs.

"Well," Miss Warner went on, "one of his petty tyrannies was to insist always on her sitting up till he came home. Night after night she used to watch until day broke, listening and dreading—not daring to go to bed—oh, an awful life!"

"What a lucky thing he killed himself. It was only a pity he did not do it long before," I said, and, however harsh the opinion may sound to others, I meant it.

"It was not certain whether he intended to commit suicide. He had had delirium tremens twice, and got in the habit of taking great doses of laudanum. One night he overdid it, and never woke."

"Where was she?"

"He had ordered her to bed in the adjoining room, and she was so completely exhausted that she fell sound asleep, and did not wake for several hours. When she went to look at him, it was too late. Nothing could be done. He never even roused out of the stupor."

"Where did they live?" I asked.

She named the street and the number of the house in which Miss Erricson and I had resided. I was not surprised—indeed, I had fully expected that answer—yet it gave me a shock which must have shown in my face, for Miss Warner said hastily:

"You are not well. I thought you looked rather pale when I first saw you."

"Oh, I'm very well," I replied, carelessly; and, to get away from any talk about myself, which is never agreeable to me, I inquired:

"Was the husband a foreigner?"

"Not by birth. His parents were French, and madame told me that her mother was a Russian."

The doctor came out just then. Miss Warner and he departed, and I returned to the patient. I opened the door softly. She did not stir. There she lay, listening, listening—not to me—not to any sound audible to my ears—her dreary eyes staring straight before her.

"Madame, the doctor said you could sit up if you wished," I observed, partly to break the oppressive silence.

She started, glanced wildly about, and at last let her gaze rest on me with that same inquiring perplexed look which I had before noticed when she studied my face.

"Did I see you there?" she muttered, then controlled herself by a strong effort, and added: "I am terribly nervous to-night, that is all. Don't think I am out of my mind."

For a while she conversed naturally and agreeably, and, even without Miss Warner's explanation, I should have felt certain that she had been for a long time accustomed to great self-repression. Before her nerves broke down, she must have possessed a wonderful power.

She slept quietly enough during the night, and was comfortable the next morning; but, as the day wore on, her nervousness returned. The doctor predicted that she would have an attack that evening, and, as it would be my first experience, he promised to call again; but the trouble began before he reached the house. She was

conscious of her state, and struggled against it with all the strength of her will.

"Keep me here! Keep me here!" she moaned, piteously. "Don't let me go there—don't!"

I tried every remedy, but in vain. She sank gradually toward insensibility, rousing up at intervals to beat the air with her hands, while she writhed and struggled as if battling against some invisible assailant, moaning always:

"Hold me fast; don't let me go: try to keep me."

"I do try," I said, over and over, inexpressibly touched by the anguish of her appeal.

"I know you do," she answered, "I know you do. I was glad when I saw you come in; I knew you would be good to me. But oh, I am going, I am going. You can't keep me—you can't."

Suddenly, she stretched out her arms—the effect was as if some unseen grasp seized her—then, with a long groan, she sank back in the bed, looking so like a corpse that I involuntarily uttered a cry, actually believing she was gone.

"She is not dead," I heard the doctor say: he had entered without my being aware. "She may lie like this till morning."

I lifted her hand; it was cold as stone, and dropped heavily when I released it: there was no more sign of life than if she had been dead for hours.

"Now, where is that essence we call 'the soul'?" the doctor murmured, half aloud.

Ah, where, where had it gone? And, through the long hours of the night, I asked myself that question many times, while waiting and watching for its resurrection.

II.

THE expiration of three weeks saw little change in Madame D'Aubigné's health; she seemed, to me, likely to last for months still. It was marvelous that so slight a frame could preserve such power of endurance after all it had undergone.

My presence had a peculiar influence over her, and she could never be easy when I was out of her sight. There were often days when she felt well enough to be read to and to talk, and I found her an unusually clever and cultivated person. It was evident that some one engrossing thought absorbed her; whether suffering or temporarily free from pain, the thought was always there—never, even for an instant, releasing its tyrannous hold. Some heavy secret preyed upon her—some dreary and dismal memory; but, whatever it might be, its weight

brought no remorse: her conversation showed that she was a thorough fatalist.

"The experience of life has made me so," she admitted, one day, in answer to some remark of mine. "Each man walks in his appointed path—not an inch can he swerve to the right or left—the work allotted he must do."

Every week, that strange insensibility seized her once: the attack beginning, each time, early in the evening, and lasting till near daybreak; but she never asked any questions when she recovered, or made the least allusion to the matter. The crisis was always preceded by the same dread and horror, the same wild struggle; and to watch her agony would have been a severe strain on the stoutest nerves.

"I must go—you can't keep me," were invariably her latest words, as she sank back exhausted. And there the body would lie, motionless, an inert mass of clay, while the spirit went forth on its unwilling and mysterious errand.

I suppose most people, had they known what I believed, would have considered me altogether too fanciful for my post; but I never changed the opinion I had formed, the first time I witnessed one of the attacks.

The thought haunted me, until I was so beset by a desire to put my theory to the proof that it gave me no peace. I was not actuated by idle curiosity: if my explanation of the phenomenon could be substantiated, it would verify a credence of certain German physicians as interesting as it was remarkable.

Miss Erricson was playing in the West again, that season. She wrote, asking me to go to the house in which we had lodged, take some articles out of the boxes she had left, and forward them to her; also, to arrange for the sending of the cases to her agent, as the landlady was about to remove.

Here was the opportunity I wanted. I had discovered that I could count unfailingly on the regularity of Madame D'Aubigné's attacks: without exception, they occurred on a Thursday night. I dropped Mrs. Groves a line, saying that I would call on the ensuing Thursday evening, and that she must excuse me if I arrived rather late, as I was not mistress of my time.

The night came, and, with it, Miss Warner, whom I had requested to take my place for an hour or so.

As the clock struck nine, madame's "arise" began, and, in half an hour, she lay motionless and insensible on her pillow.

I drove at once to our former lodging. Mrs. Groves herself opened the door, and gave me a

cordial greeting: for we had always got on well together, though she had the reputation of being a difficult person to deal with. She asked a great many questions about Miss Erricson, and wound up by declaring energetically:

"She was a lodger worth having—and so were you, Miss Blake. What with this and that, I've had nothing but worry since you left: one man arrested, one going off without paying me, and then the ladies—oh, Lord!"

Words failed her; she could only lift her hands and eyes tragically, to express what she had endured from her female inmates.

"And you are leaving the house?" I said.

"Yes, indeed: it's unlucky. And those rooms you had—well, nobody seems to have any peace in them. You remember the steps you used to hear on the stairs?"

I did indeed, wondering the while what excuse I could offer for entering the rooms; but loquacious Mrs. Groves's next words simplified matters.

"I had the trunks brought down from the attic," she said. "They are in the back-room where Miss Erricson slept."

"I'd better get at work," I observed, "for I haven't long to stop."

She offered to go upstairs with me.

"Though I'm afraid as death of the place," she added.

"Then don't come," I replied: "I'm not in the least timid."

I departed on my errand. When I reached the third-floor landing, I stopped—I could hear a tread behind me. The halls were well lighted. I looked down over the balustrade—there was no one in sight.

To say that I was frightened does not describe my feeling: a deep sensation of awe thrilled me, as if I were standing on the threshold of one of nature's strangest mysteries. My flesh shrank indeed, but my mind remained resolute.

I opened the door of the back-chamber, went in unhesitatingly, and lighted the gas. The folding-doors of the adjoining room were closed, and I had no desire to look in at present. The boxes had been set out on the floor, and I began my task of putting the articles Miss Erricson wanted into a valise which I had brought.

When I had finished, I shut the hall-door. My nerves urged me to flee; but I would not yield to the weakness: I meant to prove the truth or falsity of my theory.

I could hear the steps on the staircase anew—coming up, up—pausing at the entrance of the front-room; then a brief silence would ensue, then the tread again.

I made a great effort, opened the folding-doors,

and looked steadily into the chamber, which was clearly enough lighted by the gas-jets in the back-room.

For a few seconds, I stood in dreadful expectancy; then I perceived a pale cloud-like mist about the easychair, which still was set near the bookcase. Gradually, the mist assumed the outline of a human shape, grew more distinct and tangible, and I saw Madame D'Aubigné seated there—listening, listening! Her black hair was streaming over her shoulders, and she wore a loose white wrapper—just as I had left her dressed in her own room, less than an hour before.

I felt myself grow faint, though not with terror—the sensation was as if the bodily part of me had not strength to bear this superhuman spectacle, which my soul could regard undimmed.

I stood mutely staring at the wraith, incapable of movement. Finally, the figure stirred, drew itself up, the bloodless lips began to move, and again the echo of the footsteps sounded on the stairs.

The shape turned slowly, slowly, till the cold dead eyes met mine—looking not at but through me, toward some object hidden from my sight.

My head whirled; I clutched the door-post to keep myself upright—for my limbs trembled till they could with difficulty support my weight.—and stared straight at the apparition, whose eyes were still fixed in my direction.

Suddenly, a voice through my lips—a voice which did not seem to belong to my personality or obey my volition—called aloud to the phantom in stern command:

"Go back! go back!"

The wraith struggled up, up in the chair; the dead eyes were full upon me; then I partly fainted.

My stupor could only have lasted a few moments; but, when I came to myself, the great chair was empty.

I shut the doors, took my valise, put out the gas, and went downstairs, making hasty adieu to Mrs. Groves on the score of anxiety about my patient. I drove home, and went up at once to the sick-room. When I entered, Miss Warner was bending over madame, applying restorative remedies.

"She began to come to, about half an hour ago," Miss Warner said, in answer to my inquiry. Then we both worked in silence, till the sufferer had fully recovered consciousness—lying there weak and spent, but, as was always, the case on such occasions, entirely free from pain.

I shall never forget the expression in madame's eyes, as they met mine. Had she put into words the question she desired to ask, it could not have been plainer; and mine must have answered as clearly.

I saw her lips move, and, stooping over her, caught the words, uttered with great difficulty:

"You brought me back! you brought me back!"

She closed her eyes; and, even when we were left alone, made no further reference to the subject of her thought.

From that night, she clung more and more closely to me; but no confidence in regard to her secret escaped her lips. The poor creature had not long to be dependent on my care: after that evening, she grew steadily weaker, though no other lethargic seizure occurred: the end was near, I saw.

The case had been, from the first, so peculiar, that the doctor could not predict as to the time she might linger—perhaps a month, perhaps any day would be her last.

The end came just a fortnight from the date of my visit to Mrs. Groves's house. It was about nine o'clock in the evening; madame had

been sleeping quietly for a couple of hours. She wakened suddenly, and raised herself in the bed. She looked at me; an unearthly light illuminated her eyes: I knew what it meant: knew it only too well.

"I must go," she said, slowly; "not there—further! further! You came for me, that last time—I saw you. Well, you know I killed him—yes, I killed him! I gave him an overdose of laudanum. It was an accident, but I let it do its work when I found what I had done. I had borne all I could—what I had suffered!"

She paused for an instant. I sat dumb.

"He could not forgive me," she went on, presently; "so, even after he was dead, he had to come back, and I to go there and wait, wait—listen, listen."

There was another silence; her gaze went beyond me, and her finger pointed to the foot of the bed.

"Richard," she said, in a full clear voice, "Richard, I am not afraid. Ah, you forgive? Well, I forgive also."

She sank slowly back among the pillows; her eyes closed: they never opened again in this world.

A MEMORY.

BY LOU VALERIA WILLSON

It was a tender strain at midnight's hour,
When all the world around was bathed in dew:
A melody of weird and subtle power,
With notes of dreamy sweetness threaded through;

As mystic as the pale rays of the moon,
Sweet as perfume the night-wind bore along;
As if the breezes had been set to tune,
The silver moonbeams changed into a song.

I listened long, chained by the rhythmic spell
That held me captive with resistless power,
And weirdly fair the moonlight round me fell,
And strangely awful seemed the eerie hour.

From whence the music came, I cannot tell;
Whose fingers touched the chords, I ne'er have known.
I only know that a mysterious spell,
That wild sweet strain e'er since has o'er me thrown.

And oft, when night-winds sweep with deep-toned notes
The great Æolian-harp of woodlands near,
I listen to the sound that to me floats,
And half believe the strain again I hear.

Oft I awake when sleep my brow has kissed,
My heart wild-pulsing with the mystic strain;
And oft, at eventide, intent I list,
And hope and dream I hear it once again.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE little birds, awaking
Amongst the ivy-leaves,
Their nests are making, making,
Along the cozy eaves,
And, in the tangled grasses,
New buds and bells are born—
Meet gifts for lasses, lasses,
From true love's hands this morn.

True love, whose sweet beguiling
St. Valentine allows—
Oh, maidens, smiling, smiling,
O'er lovers' gifts and vows,
May true love fall ye never;
For, where its spell is flung,
The heart for ever, ever,
Is strong and glad and young.

MIS' MILLIE.

BY M. G. MCLELLAND, AUTHOR OF "OBLIVION," ETC., ETC.

It stood just across the yard, diagonally opposite to the back-door of the "big house," and was a favorite resort with the children. It was a small one-roomed house, built of hewn logs mortised together at the corners, and covered with cypress-shingles, on which time's artistic fingers had made tracery of green and shades of gray with moss and lichen. It went by the name of "Mammy House."

A comfortable room, warm and pleasant, with bits of gorgeous color on the whitewashed walls, where Mammy, who loved color with the tropical ardor of her race, had fastened coarse gay prints and circus-pictures of impossible animals and equally impossible people. The heavy beams above were decorated with pendant bunches of red and speckled popcorn, little bags of garden-seed, baskets made of white-oak splits, and strings of bright-red peppers. The big wheel stood in the corner, with a pile of soft fresh-carded rolls on the beam, and a fluffy little bunch of wool, like a rabbit-tail, close up at the spindle, on which was an unfinished broche of yarn. The winter sunshine streamed in at the uncurtained window, and made patches of light on the floor. On a wooden bench near the ironing-table stood a basket, half filled with freshly-ironed clothing. In the wide fireplace, the flames from the burning logs leaped up and roared and crackled, and reflected themselves dully in the faces of the row of fatirons before the glowing coal. A big Maltese-cat, on the hearth, sat upright and reflectively stroked his whiskers with his mouse-colored paw. Outside, the snow lay deep on the ground.

Mammy pulled out lace and frill, and smoothed ruffle and tuck, with clever capable fingers. Her comely brown face was a pleasant thing to look upon, and her bandana-turban came out bravely against the background of the wall. The "ingle-nook" was filled by an old wooden arm-chair, covered with faded moreen, in which was curled a child of twelve, wrestling with her first psychological difficulty.

Could there be, she was wondering, such a thing as demoniac possession? The Bible gave many instances of bodily possession and bodily casting-forth: there was the woman who accommodated seven devils, and the man among the umbra. But then Mr. Burton, the clever scientist,

who lectured at the school she attended, maintained that revelation was apocryphal. She had been obliged to hunt up the meaning of the word; and, when she had found it, she had been shocked a little, but, at the same time, interested and fascinated. She was a thoughtful imaginative child, and the scientist was intimate with her father. Often, she would listen to the conversation of the two men, when neither was aware of her presence in the room, and endeavor to follow the course of their reasoning, sometimes to her great bewilderment.

This idea of demoniac possession was her latest acquisition; and she turned it over, as it were, and puzzled her brain over it, interested in the thing, but densely ignorant of its nature and property. Once, she summoned courage to question Mr. Burton about it; but he was in a hurry, so simply bade her not bother her head with speculation on things beyond her scope: to wait until she should be old enough to understand science, and then the dark places would be light to her, and the rough places made smooth. But the child could not wait: she wanted aid to understanding at once; the darkness was dense, but she could not help groping; the rough places obstructive, but that only made more intense her desire to press forward. What could be the meaning of "demoniac possession"?

Mammy turned from the table, deposited her cold iron on the hearth, and took up a fresh one. As she did so, she caught sight of the child's troubled face, and grew instantly responsive:

"What is it, honey? What's troublin' of yer? Tell Mammy." The voice was rich and full, the intonation persuasive.

Mammy might not be so learned or so clever as Mr. Burton—and she certainly was ignorant of all science, save that which comes under the head of common-sense—but she was "grown," a woman of years and experience; and the child felt that her nurse's knowledge, as compared with her own, must be as the great world to a clearing on a mountain-side.

"Mammy, can devils get in people now—take possession of them, like the ones they tell of in the Bible, and make them do all sorts of things? Can they, Mammy? And, if they do, how do they do it?"

The iron passed slowly backward and forward
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over the little dress, and the brown face above it looked earnest. The answer, when it came, was delivered slowly:

"I dunno, honey. 'Pears like dey do. Somethin' n'other gits in folks, I knows, whar docs 'em same ez debbils. Makes 'em so, dat dey hain't got no knowledge fur to hold darselves straight, an' t'ars 'em up till dey ain't nothin' but er trial an' er triberlation ter dem dey belongs ter. Makes 'em sich er misery ter de folks roun' 'em, dat er body mos' feel like t'would be er blessed thing ef de Good Marster up above would take 'em 'way an' fasten 'em up somewhar, so dey couldn't be no mo' bodderation. Hit been call by heap o' names, in heap o' places; but I reckon 'tis de same thing at las': I been see it."

"Where, Mammy? When? Tell me about it."

"In heap o' places, honey, an' er sight o' times, 'mongst black an' white. Dar was Mars' Ned's wife—Lord, po' Mars' Ned—he suffered! Didn't yo' never hear 'bout dat—'bout yo' Uncle Ned, whar was yo' ma's oldes' brudder, back yonder in Virginny?"

"No," said the child, eagerly. "I want to hear about him. Tell me, Mammy."

There was a pause, during which the last little child's-dress was folded and laid in the basket, and then Mammy stood all her irons in a row, to cool, on one side of the hearth, and seated herself in a split-bottomed rockingchair, with an infant's-robe in her lap, and a silver knife in her hand for plaiting the tiny frills.

"Jus' like I tell yo', chile," commenced the old woman, swaying her chair gently, as she talked. "We didn't, none ob us—dat is, us house-people an' de white folks, 'ceptin' 'twas yo' pa, ob co'se—belongst down yere in Mississippi, at fust. 'Twan't none ob us raised down yere: we come from up in ole Virginny—in de James-Ribber Valley, dey calls it—an' our plantashun up dar were another sort o' one to dis one. De lan' wan't no better; but de house an' de yard an' de neighbors were heap mo' to my saterfaction dem what dese is. 'Twas jus' a beautiful place, dat one was; an' dar, I reckon, we would all er-lived an' died, same ez we had been born an' raised, ef it hadn't been fur Mis' Millie, yer Uncle Ned's wife.

"My ole mars' had six boys an' jus' one little gal—Mis' Frances—yo' mother. Dar was Ned—he was de oldes'; an', when he war born, dar was hol'day 'pon de plantashun, an' er big ter-do 'mongst black an' white. Ole mars' made de han's git er big holler gum-log an' kyar it 'pon top de hill 'hind de house an' load it up wid powder, same ez er cannon, an' tetch it off,

fur to let de whole yearth an' de sky an' de neighborhood-folk know dat de baby had got yere, an' dat 'twas er boy. De niggers all had extry rations sarved out when dey come up to de house to ax how ole mis' was; an' dey got one poplar-tree outen de woods an' planted it in de front-yard—'kase dat was de custom wid our fam'ly—an' dat was de way de home-place got its name, 'Poplar Grove.' Er poplar-tree fur er boy, an' er oak-tree fur er gal—bekase gals were de skeersest 'mong us—was de way wid our fam'ly.

"Yes, honey, we was mighty proud o' dat boy-baby; an' ole mars'—he was de proudest ob all, 'kase nary one ob us never knowed de trouble he was gwine ter see. Arter dat, boys got to be so common wid us, dat folk got used to 'em, an' quit makin' much fuss. Dar was Conway, Charles, an' Robert—him whar growed up ter be a doctor; an' Wilkins—Rufus, dey used ter call him, 'kase his head was de color o' de sorrel colt ole mars' gin him, when he got big 'nuff ter ride by hisse'f: he war a rale sorreltop. Arter she had five boys, ole mis' looked like she'd go plumb distracted arter a gal, an' mars' wan't no better. When Mis' Frances was born, you'd 'lowed dar never had been er baby 'pon de plantashun befo'; an', when po' little Rolfe, de younges' ob all, come de nex' year, why, he wan't no 'count at all.

"Everything went on mighty peac'ble till de fo' oldes' boys got growed an' Mis' Frances war a slip o' er gal 'bout eighteen. Den ole mis' took sick, an' nothin' we could do didn't 'pear to help her none. She kep' gittin' lower an' lower, an' dey tried everything. Ole mars' war like er varmint whar was cotched in trap; he couldn't keep still or res' easy er minute. He so't yere an' he so't dar arter doctors, an' he wurked an' he strived ober her: fur he p'intly war wrapped up in ole mis'—an' well he mought be, fur she war de sweetes' an' de peac'bles' lady whar ebber drawed de breff o' life. I war raised 'long up wid her from a gal, an' I nussed all her chil'en, an' I knowed her from one en' de row plumb ter de yother. She war sweet ez dem ole-fashion pinks whar grow under de box-bushes in de springtime.

"One night, I min', when she was mos' at de wuss, I was in de room wid her by mysef—jus' me an' her, kase I'd made Mis' Frances lay down in de nex' room fur to get er little res'. an' ole mars' war downstairs wid de doctors. I were settin' by de fire, all but noddin', kase I'd bin up mos' every night fur er week, an' de fire was warm. 'Twas snowin' outside, an' de groun' was nigh kivered. Pres'nly look like

somehthin' n' other made me sorter start an' tu'n roun' toward de bed: de fire 'gun to make dat whirrin' fuss whar it do when dar's a'r in de log breakin' loose, an' right in de midst of it I heard mistis call me—soft an' easy, like she was er long way off. I ris' up right quick an' went to de bedside; but, 'fo' I got dar, mistis had done h'ist herse'f up off'n de pillow, though we'd 'lowed she war too weak to move. I was skeer'd, an' flung my arm roun' her an' tried to git her to lay down; but she wouldn't. She wa'n't lookin' at me; her eyes was set straight befo' her, an' her face was white like dead-folks' faces, an' her lips was dry, so she couldn't hardly talk. She was p'intin' wid her po' white fingers an' trimblin', like lambs does when de win' come cuttin' from de norf an' t'aint no shelter handy. She was talkin'; but I couldn't make out what she said at fus, but pres'nly she almos' hollered 'Ned's wife! Ned's wife!—don't—don't let—' an' den mumbled off so I couldn't understan' her. It look to me so curious fur her to kyar on so, dat I couldn't fetch my min' roun' to git er good grip on it, no way an' nohow. Mars Ned didn't have no mo' wife 'en nothin', an' I hadn't never even hearn tell of his co'tin' nobody. 'Twas so sing'lar, look like, fur mistis to do dat way.

"I couldn't git her pacified n' other. She kep' on moanin' an' moanin', an' mutterin' 'bout 'trouble' an' 'Ned,' an' somehthin' somebody mus'n't be let do, twell I got right skeer'd an' foolish. She kotch holt of my han' once wid bo'f o' her'n, an' said: 'Take care of my boy! take care of my boy!' an' wouldn't quit twell I promised her. I promise jus' ez soon ez my senses come together good fur to pacify her; but I didn't know what 'twas I was promisin', nor which o' de boys she meant. 'Peared like to me arterward, when I come to study it out, dat dat ar dyin' mother seed things whar was beyant de knowledge an' 'ezernment o' mortal folks, an' dat what she seed laid hebby on her min'.

"Po' mistis! She never lived mo' en a day or two arter dat, an' when she died 'peared like de string had bust loose frum roun' de fam'ly an' it sorter dropped to pieces. Mis' Frances, she war so broke down wid 'stress an' nussin' dat ole mars'r sont her down here, to stay 'long of her aunt twell she got rested an' pacified. Dat was yo' fader's mother. honey, kase Mis' Frances took an' married her own cousin, like Virginny people mos'ly does do.

"De young men sorter scattered too, an' de fus' winter mars'r was mos'ly by hisse'f. Mars Ned, he lived at home—dat is, he call hisse'f

livin' at home—but 'twas mighty lonesome 'pon de plantashun, an' he was comin' an' gwine ter Richmond mos' all de time.

"Arter while, news 'gun ter come, fus' one way den de y'other, dat Mars Ned were co'tin' down dar at Richmond. Word come dat de lady war mighty pretty an' 'longst to de fustest fam'lies, an' all like o' dat. An' ole mars'r sorter straightened up an' set de carpenters an' de masons to work fur to get de 'face spick an' span fur de bride. He took a sight o' intrus, an' 'lowed dat 'twould look like ole times to see er lady in de house once mo'. He wrote to Mis' Frances to come 'long home an' git ready fur de new sister, an' Mis' Frances, she come. Mars'r had Mars Ned's room all done up wid every sort o' fixment a body ever heerd on; but he never totched de balance o' de house, bekase o' mistis. He 'lowed he'd ruther 'twould stan' de way she lef' it; an' Mis' Frances an' de boys, dey'd ruther so too.

"Well, to'ard summer, Mars Ned, he whirled in an' got married—quiet like—'dout no fuss, kase his mother hadn't been dead mor'n fo' or five mont's—an' fetched his wife home. I were standin' in de hall, behinst de fam'ly, when de kyaridge drive up to de do', an' ole mars'r an' Mis' Frances went down de steps to meet her. Mars'r opened de kyaridge-do' hisse'f an' he'ped her out, an' interjuced her to Mis' Frances, an' gin her his arm up de steps, es were becomin', an' Mars Ned, he follow wid his sister. Dey stopped on de porch er minute fur to look at de view, dat was called de fines' in de country. Folks allus stopped to look at it an' make 'miration over it, but Mis' Millie—her name were Mildred, but everybody called her Millie—she look like she didn't keer nothin' 'tall erbout it, an' all she said was: 'What makes you have the graveyard so near the house? I should think 'twould give you all the horrors.'

"De graveyard were down in one corner o' de garden, like all Virginny folks mos'ly has it, an' you could see de cedar-trees an' de white shine o' de tombstones frum de porch.

"When Mis' Millie sed dat, ole mars'r sorter drawn in his breath, an' his forred come together, but he never sed nothin'; an' Mars Ned, he talked mighty fast 'bout de weddin', an' whar dey'd been, an' what dey'd been doin'. He kissed Mis' Frances over 'gin an' put his han' on his pa's shoulder, an' 'lowed 'twar good to be at home agin.

"I draw'd back in de shadow, but Mars Ned seed me an' was mighty glad, an' den nothin' mus' do, but 'Mammy' mus' see his wife. Mis'

Millie was lookin' aroun' de hall an' talkin', but she shook han's wid me an' sed 'howdy.'

"When dey was gwine through de hall, to'ard de stair-steps, I heerd a little fuss in de parlor like somethin' had done fell, an' I stepped in dar to see what 'twas. Dar was a little picture o' mistis, took wid Mars Ned in her arms, when he war er baby, hangin' on de wall 'side de window. Mars'r had drawed it off hisse'f, kase he could do mos' anything he want to, an' mistis had got one little frame fur it an' hanged it up. She liked it, an' it sorter hu't me fur to see it lyin' 'pon de flo' wid de glass broke in two. De sharp, sharp aidges had cut de picture, too, right across frum mistis' shoulder to de chile's breas'. I put it away an' never sed nothin', an' arter while I show'd it to Mis' Frances, an' she sed ez how de nail hed worn de cord fru, an' de win' must er blow'd it down. Den she took de picture upsta'rs, an' nobody never sed nothin' to ole mars'r 'bout it.

"Mis' Millie was mighty pretty in de face, an' could sing sweet ez any bird, an' dance an' be sweet ez sugar long ez she had her own way; an' at fus' everything went on smooov enuf, bekase all on us tipped roun' light, an' tried to please her. De colored folk foun' out 'bout her temper fus', kase her own maid, whar she fetch'd wid her, fair'y 'spised her in her sight, an' was fear'd of her ez er rattlesnake. Lord-er-mussy! what er temper she did have! Don't say nothin'! Ef you was to take dem seben devils Mary had, an' de ones whar chased de hogs down de hill, an' pile on dem de ones whar sot in de tomba wid de tormented man, an' tu'n 'em loose in de big barn, to jaw, an' fuss, an' quar'l, dey couldn't er done no wuss'n she done when her temper was up. When folks crossed Mis' Millie, de bes' thing fur 'em was to take to de woods an' stay in er hollow tree twell she come roun'.

"You see, she come of er good ole fam'y; but dey was bad people—dey had been hard-livin', hard-drinkin', hard-swearin' folks fur ginerashuns, an' all deir devilment look like come right to a p'int in her. De tales dey used to tell 'bout dat fam'y was barb'rous. One of 'em, folks sed, kilt his own wife—leastways, he hit her, an' she died. An' 'nother one shot his own brother in er row dey had. De devil was in dem folks sometimes same ez er lion—an', ef 'twan't de devil, twas somethin' whar mocked him so close dat couldn't nobody tell no dif'ence.

"Arter I seed de sort of 'ooman Mis' Millie was I couldn't blame ole mistis fur bein' onsey 'pon her def-bed.

"Lord! de way she used to do Mis' Frances! Mis' Frances tote de keys, you min', an' kep' house fur her pa; an' 'twant nothin' she done look right to Mis' Millie. Mis' Millie wanted de keys herse'f, an' she aggrivated an' nagged, an' nagged an' aggrivated. De po' chile were wore plumb out wid tryin' to please her sister-in-law an' to keep things back from ole mars'r. At las' it got so bad dat Mis' Frances took de keys to ole mars'r, an' sed, right soft an' gentle, like she allus talk, dat she warn't nothin' but er gal, an' she reckon 'twould be mo' proper fur Mis' Millie to keep house, seein' she war er married 'ooman an' wanted to. Ole mars'r didn't say nothin', but he took Mis' Frances in his arms an' kissed her, an' den he made her pack up her things an' sent her back down yere to Mississippi, to stay wid her aunt agin twell things sorter straightened out at home. Mis' Millie thought she hed it all in her sling den, an' she made herse'f mighty sweet to everybody; but she never fooled none of us, 'ceptin' 'twas Mars Ned. Ole mars'r hed foun' her out by den, but he kep' right still bekase her confinement was close by, an' he didn't want to make no fuss twell dat was over, 'count o' Mars Ned.

"Mis' Millie, she couldn't never let sleepin' dogs lie. De house was mighty ole-fashioned, she sed, an' she was allus hintin' an' 'sinervatin' to ole mars'r how she wanted it to'e to pieces an' altered. One day, I 'member pertickler, she had some o' we all to move some o' de furniture out'n de parlor fur to make room fur some new truck whar she had fetch'd up frum Richmond. Mars'r an' Mars Ned come in while she was doin' of it, an' mars'r's face went white. Mis' Millie had a little chany figger in her hands whar had used to belongst to one o' de boys when dey was little. Ole mistis sot sto' by it, an' had put it in de parlor 'pon de mantel-piece. Mis' Millie was laughin' at it, an' makin' all manner o' fun at folks puttin' dat sort o' truck in deir parlor, an' de niggers was standin' roun' grinnin' an' listenin', like niggers will. When she see'd de gent'men come in, she hilt de little figger up an' hollered to Mars Ned to look, an' made fun of it. Ole mars'r's face got white, jes' like I tell you, an' his eyes sort o' burned, but he hilt hisse'f in. He jus' stepped up to Mis' Millie, quiet like, an' took de thing out'n her hand an' put it back on de mantel-piece, an' ordered de niggers to put all de things back in de parlor jus' like dey was befo'. Den he went straight 'long de hall into mistis' room an' shut de do'.

"Even Mis' Millie were skeer'd dat time, an'

Mars Ned, he took her into dar room an' talked to her, an' she step mighty light fur better'n er mont'.

"Den de little boy was born, an' Mis' Millie was pow'rful sick. 'Twas a puny little delicate creeter, an' didn't nobody 'low he could be raised. Mis' Millie look like she didn't keer much er 'bout him. She sed he were er mizzerble ugly little skeer-crow, whar wa'nt worth her riskin' her life fur. But I took er notion he look sorter like ole mistis, an' I sot sto' by him.

"When she was gwine 'bout agin, I took notice dat ole mars'r was mighty perlite, mor'n common, an' he look so cheerful, an' step so light, I mistrus' dat somethin' was gwine to happen. He sh' Mars Ned had er sight o' biznes together, an' dar was comin' an' gwine. Arter while, it come out dat mars'r had bought er plantashun down below Richmohd, an' stocked it, an' 'gin it to Mars Ned fur his'n. Dey was to move down dar soon ez de weather open good, an' den mars'r was gwine to send one de boys arter Mis' Frances.

"When dey tole Mis' Millie how 'twas to be, she jus' r'ared. Lordy! Lordy! how she did quar'l! 'Twant no use. Ole mars'r was wo'e plumb out, an' Mars Ned hisse'f, for all he look so easy, was er chip o' de ole blook. When it come right down to nip an' tuck betwix 'em, he mos'ly got de bes' of it, bekase he needed keerful drivin', an' Mis' Millie didn't have no notion of nothin' but whip an' lash.

"Den de quest'on come up 'bout de baby, an' Miss Millie put at ole mars'r to let 'em kyar me 'long wid 'em, bekase she know'd I could take keer ern him better'n anybody else. Ole mars'r sed, if I'd 'gree to go fur a little while twell dey got settled, I mout; but dar shouldn't nobody make me. I was lorf to go at fus', kase I had so little use fur Mis' Millie; but Mars Ned, he come in de nus'ry, an' begged me jes' to 'gree to go down an' stay twell I could larn another 'ooman how to 'tend to de chile. 'Twas so aillin', he was 'feard to trus' it wid er onexperienced pusson. An' den he put his han' on my shoulder, an' 'Wouldn't Mammy do it for his sake?' an' I give in. He was de fus' chile I nussed, you min', an' I never had none o' my own, an' I loved him de bes' of all ole mistis' boys. Den I set sto' by de po' little baby, an' 'lowed he couldn't be raised nohow, an' it didn't look right fur him to die in nobody's arm 'cept mine.

"Arter while, we all got settled in de new place an' liked it mighty well. Neighbors was plentiful, an' dar was lots o' young people fur

Mis' Millie to 'muse herse'f wid. She was gay an' lively, an' mon'stus fond o' 'tention an' bein' fust wid everybody. In June, Mars Rolfe come down frum de University, fur to pay his brother a visit. He were er han'som boy an' well grow'd to his age, an' Mis' Millie liked him better'n any her husban's fam'ly, an' got on wid him better, too. But den he war mighty sweet-tempered, an' he never crossed her.

"Dar was some half-strainer folks livin' right 'ginst us, 'pon de nex' j'inin' plantaashun, whar hed got er sight o' money, an' kyar'd er wide row wid it. Dar gran'daddy had been one nigger trader; but dey done forgot all 'bout dat, an' hilt deir haidz ez high ez ef t'other folks' mem'ry war'nt no longer en der'n. Dar was two young ladies—one of 'em was er beauty, too—an' er young man, 'sides de old folks.

"Well, honey, dem folks fair'ly 'voured Mis' Millie. Everything she done was pretty an' everything she sed was smart. Dey flattered her yere an' dey flattered her dar; behinat backs, so she could get to hear it, an' befe' faces, so she could hear it herse'f; everywhar, an' all de time, plumb down to befo' breakfast in de mornin'. An' Mis' Millie, bekase she sot heap o' sto' by herse'f, sot sto' by dem too fur bein' willin' to 'gree in her opinion. But Mars Ned, he jus' couldn't b'ar de sight o' 'em.

"Dey come to our house er sight, pertickerly arter Rolfe come, an' t'warn't long befo' I notice dat dat younges' Dorsett gal—deir name was Dorsett—were fair'ly snappin' de eyes out'n her haid at Rolfe. He were wild, an' young, an' foolish; jus' de sort o' boy whar would cou't de fus' rale pretty gal dat would take pains an' set still long enouf to let him do it. He were tickled een-er-mos' to def' at de notice she took on him, an' she were pow'rful pretty, an' had mo' beaus 'sides him, so he paid her a sight o' 'tention. Mis' Millie, she jus' whirled in, she did, an' fetched 'em togeth'er all she could, an' 'courage'd Rolfe in his foolishness. She done it out o' devilmint, too, kase she know'd de fam'ly wouldn't never git over it ef 'twas er match made. She was er spiteful 'ooman, Mis' Millie was.

"Dat summer, dar was er big 'miration gwine roun' over er singin' lady whar was settin' folks plumb 'stracted wid de music she could make. Dey call her name 'Jenny Lind,' an' talk like she could beat cherubim an' seraphim holler at dar own biznes. Dem whar had hearn her r'ared bekase dey felt so big, an' dem whar hadn't r'ared bekase dey felt so little. De Dorsetts, dey took de Jenny Lind fever bad, an' Mis' Millie! Lord! she was 'stracted frum de fust.

"One mornin', Mr. Dorsett come over to we-all's, fur to tell Mis' Millie dat Jenny Lind was gwine to sing in Balt'mo', an' dey had got tickets fur a party dey was gwine to make up to go an' listen at her. He sed his sisters had sent him over to invite Mis' Millie an' Mars Rolfe— an' Mars Ned too, ef he'd go. Dey was gwine to git er boat, an' have er champagne supper, an' dancin', an' er big to-do. Mis' Millie, she jumped at it, an' promised fur hersef an' Mars Rolfe. She wouldn't promise fur Mars Ned, kase, she sed, 'Ned was an old foggy, and didn't care for musio'; which warn't de truf, ez everybody know'd whar'd watched his face when Mis' Millie hersef war singin'. Howsunever, she tole him dat dey could count on her, an' on Rolfe too. An' den dey looked at one anudder an' larfed.

"I was breshin' Mars Ned's coat in de back entry, an' all de do's was open. As dey come out in de hall together, Mr. Dorsett sed agin dat dey all depen' 'pon Mis' Millie fur to make de party a success, an' dat 'twas mos'ly got up fur her, an' he begged right hard dat she wouldn't disapp'int 'em at de las'. 'Nothing but death should stop her,' Mis' Millie made answer, in her crazy way; an' den de young man got 'pon his horse an' went home."

Mammy paused here, letting her hands and the little robe rest quietly in her lap, her thoughts busy with the past. The child left the great chair in the ingle, and moved a low stool so that she might rest her head against Mammy's knee. The sun had disappeared behind heavy wind-clouds that scudded across the sky. The fire burned with a dull red glow, but outside it was very cold.

"I know'd 'twas somethin' bleegeed to happen dat summer," Mammy resumed, slowly. "'Peared like I could feel it drawin' nigher an' nigher long befo' it got in sight. All de signs o' 'stress an' tribleration whar folk could get, we had. Bats would flock roun' de windows, an' we'd be bleegeed to keep 'em shut some nights fur to keep de things out'n de house: owls would hoot 'pon de housetop an' dogs howl in de yard twell a body couldn't res' o' nights, an' 'twas 'stressful fur to hear 'em. An' den three times when I war out wid de baby I seed er lizard crawl back'ards 'cross de road, an' dat is er certain sho' sign o' def. Den, too, I don't keer what time I went to bed, dat minute I'd get to sleep I'd see ole mistis 'side o' de bed. Sometimes she'd jes' wring her han's an' moan, an' den agin she would whisper 'My boy! Oh, take care of my boy!' wid de tears streamin' down her face. I got so, I used to dread fur night to

come, an' when it did I'd be 'fear'd to go to sleep. I used to set up in de nus'ry wid de baby an' sort o' shiver, wonderin' what was gwine ter happen.

"De baby was teethin' an' aillin' an' mizzer- 'ble, po' little fellow, an' it 'twas bo'ne in 'pon my mind dat he was gwine to die. Nobody keer'd nothin' 'bout him much, 'cept'n me an' Mars Ned, fur he warn't no show chile, like I tole you. Mars Ned set a heap o' sto' by him, nussin' him an' pettin' him like he was tryin' to make up to de baby 'bout somethin. 'Pear like he took sech comfort in de chile, I was loaf fur him to go, 'pon po' Mars Ned's 'count.

"When Mars Ned come to hear 'bout dat fine Dorsett plan, he were dead sot agin it. He coaxed an' 'suaded an' argued wid Mis' Millie to git her to give it up, but she jus' larfed at him. He put his arm roun' her an' axed wouldn't she do it 'fur his sake,' an' took tickets out'n his pocket whar he'd bought hissef fur to take her an' Mars Rolfe up to Balt'mo' de nex' week. He talk so gentle an' lovin' dat I didn't see how she could withstan' him, but she did. She war bent 'pon gwine her own way, an' she wouldn't listen to er word 'bout no y'other.

"Den Mars Ned he spoke up sharp, an' sed he didn't choose fur his wife to be gwine frolickin' roun' at no folks' expense, whar he didn't think was fit 'sociates fur her nohow. An' he sed right out ef she didn't write an' 'oline de invertashun, he was gwine to do it fur her. Mis' Millie's temper jus' flar'd, an' dey had it back'ards an' forreds, nip an' tuck. De nus'ry-do' was open, an' dey was in de chamber jus' beyant. I could see 'em plain from whar I sot wid de baby in my lap. Everything she could lay her tongue to she called him—heartless an' proud, an' selfish an' brutal. She taunt him wid bein' 'fear'd his gran' blue blood would git mixed up wid sorrier sort. She call'd him 'nall an' mean an' 'tempible, an' sed dat 'twant her he keer'd about; he was jus' 'fear'd dat Rolfe would marry Corinne Dorsett.

"When she sed dat, Mars Ned went white an' his nostril sort o' open, like you been see er blooded horse do when his spirit is gittin' up, an' he flung his head back an' his eyes lit up like fire. He swore out sharp an' strong dat dat shouldn't never be; dat he'd d'ruther see de boy in his grave den married to an evil-tempered woman like Corinne Dorsett on 'count o' her pretty face. He had seed enough o' dat sort o' misery.

"Mis' Millie was standin' by a little table whar Mars Ned had flung his gloves an' ridin'-whip when he come in. She had de whip in her

han's, an' was twis'in' an' bendin' it, bekase when she got in one of her tantrums she was blegged to 'stroy somethin'. On de table too was er box covered wid leather, wid er pa'r o' new-fashion pistols in it Mars Rolfe had fetched to his brother fur a present, an' de box was open.

"When her husban' sed dat 'bout 'misery,' she broke loose in er flood. She sed she'd 'spected fur a long time he'd done quit keerin' fur her, an' now he'd done tole her so. Dat she didn't keer; she hated him, an' wish she had er been dead befo' she married him! 'He hadn't never done nothin' but thwart an' aggrivate an' grudge her every little pleasure whar come in her way.' Den she flung up to him every single thing he had ever crossed her in. De veins started out 'pon his forred wid de strain he made to keep his temper under, his face was like chalk, an' his eyes smolderin' live coals; but his teef was locked together an' he never flung back nary 'nother word. When she foun' she couldn't sting him into sayin' nothin', Mis' Millie look like she went clean out on her mind wid rage. Her eyes flar'd open an' den come together in er long crack, wid er p'int o' light, like rattlesnake eyes, an' she made er sort o' spring forred an' struck her husban' a slashin' blow across his face wid de whip she had in her han'.

"My heart jus' died right down. I couldn't move han' nor foot, an', when I tried to make er fuss an' let 'em know I was dar, my tho'at was so dry I couldn't fetch er whisper. I shook de po' little baby hard, to make him wake up an' scream so his father mout hear him, but he was dead asleep an' so feeble all he would do was jus' to moan. Den footsteps come 'long de passage, an' I prayed God to let Mars Rolfe get in de room befo' anything wuss could happen.

"Mars Ned made er step towards his wife—what to do, de Lord in heaven knows. 'Twant no anger in his face, but 'twas awful, like er dead pusson's, an' dar was a look o' almos' dread 'pon it. Mis' Millie, clean beside herse'f now, snatched up one o' dem pistols an' sorter hissed

out twixt her teeth dat ef he come any closer she'd shoot.

"Dat minute de do' opened an' Rolfe come whistlin' in, 'thout er thought o' what was gwine on. De room was still, an' his brother's back was toward him. He 'lowed Mis' Millie was jus' foolin' wid de pistols, like gals will, an' he call'd out to her right straight: 'Take care, sister. Put that down. It's a hair-trigger and loaded. You'll hurt yourself or Ned!' an' den he started toward her.

"De Lord knows I don't b'leve she went to do it! 'Twas jus' er accident, same ez mout er happen to anybody. She never meant dat awful thing, po' creeter, spite o' de devil dat was inside her. It happen so quick—her finger was 'pon de trigger, an' when Mars Rolfe spoke so sudden she sort'r swerved an' de pistol went off. Mars Ned flung up his arm an' de bullet passed; he didn't know his brother was dar—right in de line of it—but he was."

Mammy's voice quivered and broke; tears trickled slowly over the dark cheeks and fell on the infant's dress. The child's head was against her knee, her sobs coming thick and fast.

"When we got him 'pon de bed, we seed at once 'twant nothin' could be done. He was conscioos right at fus', an' whispered, all broke up—but plain enouf fur us to hear—'twas an accident—not her fault, Ned. I—ought not—to have spoken—comfort her.' Den he drifted away like, an' never spoke no mo'."

There was silence for a while; then Mammy resumed:

"Po' Mis' Millie, she never did git over it. Didn't nobody do nothin', nor say nothin' to hurt her; but she jus' brooded an' brooded, an' got it mor'n mo' in her head dat Mars Ned hated her, an' dat 'twas all his fault. We had er awful time wid her fur three or fo' mont's, an', arter de baby died, Mars Ned an' his brother Robert—him whar was er doctor—took her 'cross de ocean. She never got no better, an' at las' dey had to put her in er 'sylum in some furreign place, an' Mars Ned he staid by her twell she died."

A VALENTINE.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

My lady-love, she is haughty and cold,
And I cannot tell if I vex or please;
And I do not know if she'd frown or smile,
If I sued to her on my bended knees.

So, good St. Valentine, hear my plea!
And, when this missive shall reach her hand,

Then touch her heart with thy mystic power,
And wave above her thy magic wand.

Her pride will melt like the mist at morn;
Her cheeks will glow like the tinted wine;
She will greet me shyly when next we meet,
And I will bless thee, St. Valentine!

NEAL FORREST'S FATE.

BY HELEN DIXON.

I.

NEAL FORREST, just home from Europe, was at his aunt's, Mrs. Gunderson, at one of her evening receptions. She came up to him suddenly and said, as if anxious he should attend her words: "Do you see that beautiful face over there?"

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I see a very beautiful face. Whose is it?"

"It is Ilma Van Clerc's. You must have heard me mention her. By and bye, when I get a chance, I'll present you." And she moved off, to attend to other guests.

"Ilma Van Clerc." He repeated the name. It was not familiar. The lady, at this moment, leaned back in her chair, and, as she turned to speak with someone, exhibited an exquisite profile. Sweet and girlish curves, apple-blossom coloring, and wonderful red-brown hair coiled heavily atop the head; that is what he saw.

The lady arose just then, and her sage-green draperies fell picturesquely about her as she laid a slender hand on the arm of her partner, and sauntered toward the farther end of the room. A stir ran through the party. Mild refreshments were served in an adjoining apartment. Yet Neal remained standing where he had been, until Mrs. Gunderson again came up.

"What? Dreaming?" she said.

"It is your own fault," he answered. "You asked me to look at a beautiful face."

"You mean Ilma? Come and meet her before I forget."

The lady received him graciously. She was sitting on a corner sofa, just the thing for a tête-à-tête, and made room for him beside her.

"I have often heard of you from Mrs. Gunderson," she said. "Nephew or cousin—which is it?"

"She is good enough to consider me as a nephew. The chain of relationship is somewhat tangled, though in idle moments I have shaken it out. She has been almost like a mother to me."

He spoke with some ardor. Hence the mechanical assent with which she answered chilled him.

"Indeed?"

There was a momentary silence. Then she seemed to thaw a little.

"You have been away?"

"Abroad for two years. Trying to see a little of the world before I settle down."

"I travel a good deal myself," she said. "I have spent the winter South. It seems as pleasant a way as any to kill time."

"If time hangs heavy, Miss Van Clerc."

She started.

"Pardon me," she said, in a voice clear almost to sharpness. "I am 'Mrs.'—not 'Miss'—Van Clerc."

"A thousand pardons!" Neal stammered a little. "I understood—at least, you must excuse—"

She laughed curiously.

"It is nothing. Will you give me your arm to the cloak-room? I see Mrs. Ralston is going, and I came with her."

When he had put the ladies into their carriage, he stood for a moment in the cool March night.

"A strange woman!" he said to himself, and, turning, re-entered the house. "A strange woman," he repeated. "A woman of moods!"

Then he smiled at something he appeared to recall.

Mrs. Gunderson had no immediate family, excepting Neal. They were lunching by themselves, the next morning, when she asked: "How do you like Ilma?"

"I don't know how I like her. I called her Miss Van Clerc, and she nearly bit my head off, laughing next moment as if it were very funny. Has she a husband, or is she a designing widow?"

"Neither one. She has been divorced. She has a little girl seven years old."

Neal stared.

"No! Why, she is only a girl herself."

"Yes, but she was married at fifteen. She is twentyfour now; older than you, Neal, but only a year. H-m! She has a fine fortune."

"I make my own fortune," said Neal, flushing slightly. "Besides, you Episcopalians discountenance such marriages—"

"Not in such a case as this. That is all humbug, Neal."

"Well, I might have thought her twenty—not more. What was the trouble with—her husband?"

The last word came out reluctantly. Yet

why? What to him was this Hebe, whom he had seen once?

Mrs. Gunderson reflected.

"I do not know a great deal about it. In the beginning, she was Ilma Varian, a rich orphan with a good-natured guardian and some ill-natured relatives. Mrs. Ralston says so. I have only known Ilma two or three years. Harry Van Clerc was a young scapegrace of good family but limited income. The two fell in love, and, by hook or crook, the good-natured guardian was coaxed to permit an immediate marriage. Van Clerc had just turned of age, I think. They settled down in Ilma's home, and all went well for a year or two—till after the baby was born. Then the good-natured guardian, who had kept an eye on the couple and exerted a good influence over Van Clerc, died, and Master Harry resumed his old tricks. He drank a little, gambled, paid attention to other women than his own wife—"

"The scoundrel!" cried Neal.

"Yes, he proved himself quite unworthy, and finally Ilma could not forbear to reproach him. Van Clerc was of a good-natured easy disposition. He was never ugly, never abusive. He merely tortured by falsity and neglect. What could she do, poor girl, but lash him with her tongue—her only weapon? At length, after many complaints of her temper, Van Clerc was one day missing: he had left her and forever. She was ill a long time, and, when she finally recovered, would allow no mention of his name. She banished everything that had belonged to him to the garret; and she gave orders that the garret should never be opened or entered. But the most unnatural circumstance of all is that from the hour of Van Clerc's departure she conceived a dislike for her own little daughter, Violet, not two years old. Think of it, Neal! The child was permitted to remain in the house, but under the complete charge of a nurse. It has been so ever since. The mother sees that it is well cared for and instructed, but gives it no personal attention, and never mentions its name. It seems to me the most terrible thing! I wish some kind influence might work a change, and melt her heart toward the little girl, worse than motherless these four years."

Neal cleared his throat.

"She travels a great deal. But where is her home?"

"A few miles up the Hudson. A lovely place."

"But she was really—divorced?"

"Oh, yes, really. Because Van Clerc went West and married again."

"Poor girl," said Neal, gently. "Poor girl!"

It was many weeks before he next saw her. Then she lunched at his aunt's. He sat opposite to her and watched her closely. How really beautiful she was! How gently dispassionate her voice! It was hard to imagine her speaking angrily.

"I would like you both to come up to N——," she suddenly said, nodding from Mrs. Gunderson to himself.

"Week after next, perhaps," said his aunt. "Will that do?"

"At your own convenience. Will you come, Mr. Forrest?"

And Neal could only express his anticipatory gratification.

II.

It was an afternoon early in June—a day that Neal would remember throughout the rest of his life—when they took the boat for N——. At sunset, they stepped ashore to find that Ilma had come down to meet them. She was looking very fair and sweet in a lawn dress, sprinkled with reddish rosebuds, and a straw sun-hat.

"I thought you would not care to drive," she said, "but like to walk up. I will send later for the luggage."

"We are glad of the chance," Mrs. Gunderson assured her. "That boat always gives me a headache. Neal, the house is yonder on that rise of ground. You can see it through the balsams and chestnuts. It's a rambling affair with dormer-windows."

The sun was setting, and from either side of the road arose a fragrance of pale-pink wild-flowers, a delicate alluring fragrance. The air was pure, and the smell of the balsams told of a recent shower.

As they entered the grounds and passed slowly up the gravel walk, Neal observed a child swinging under a tree upon the lawn. A maid stood close at hand, and the child—a dainty little white thing—kept on swinging, even while regarding the visitors with shy interest. Neal glanced at his aunt. Her expression was admonitory.

They continued on to the house, and were shown to their rooms by Ilma herself.

"We dine at seven," she said, carelessly. "The twilight comes so prettily afterward."

Left to himself, Neal surveyed the apartment, which was graciously airy and luxurious. He went to the window and looked away toward the river, over which hovered a purplish peaceful atmosphere. Suddenly in the stillness arose a childish voice.

"Poor little creature," said Neal; "it is too bad!"

As the gloaming melted in through the long French windows of the dining-room, Mrs. Gunderson felt a severe headache approaching, and, with many apologies, retired to her chamber.

Neal's hostess took his arm then and led him forth upon the piazza. The moon came up, by and bye, red-golden and grand. The night was a rare one! And, as they walked and talked, the young man felt an increasing sense of freedom and buoyancy.

"That was your little girl I saw swinging here before dinner," he said. "Of course I knew it was she, for she is the picture of you."

The last was a random shot. He fancied his aunt had told him as much.

"Of me?" said Ilma, slowly and without anger. "Are you not mistaken?"

"No," he went on, more daringly. "I am not. I thought we should see her at dinner. I suppose you believe in early hours for children."

"I very seldom see her," she said, coldly; then, with a touch of passion: "Of course you have heard that I am an unnatural mother."

"Yes," he answered, quietly, "I have heard it."

"Good! I am glad you are frank. If you had said 'No,' I should have known it was a falsehood. Come with me; I want to show you something."

She drew him on, a few rods further from the house, then bade him turn and look up at the roof.

"Do you see those dormer-windows?"

"Yes."

"They are in the attic. Are you afraid of anything?"

"No, I am not afraid," he answered, stoutly.

"Then come."

She led him back to the house, up the winding staircase, through the dim hall, past his aunt's chamber and his own, back into a smaller hall, pausing at length at a door that opened stiffly, showing an attic staircase.

"The first time in years," she said, in a dull voice; then she closed the door after them, and they ascended in the dark. But, reaching the top, they found the clear gold of the moon pouring through the several windows.

"It is a queer place, isn't it?" she asked, as they stood together under the rafters.

"Yes," he said, in a low tone, "it is a queer place."

Old trunks, heavy portraits, loose wearing-apparel—chiefly a man's—old books and papers, were scattered promiscuously over the floor.

"A strange place to bring a young gentleman." She laughed bitterly.

He peered in her face with wistful concern.

"Yes," she said, wearily, "look at me; and be a little sorry for me—if you can."

"A little? A great deal!"

She breathed deeply.

"You—you know whose things these are?"

"Yes, I know."

"And you know that for years I have not seen them? That this is the first time—you the first one?"

"Yes, I know."

She stepped to the window and threw it open.

"It is stifling," she said. "Now for a breath of air."

Neal leaned upon the high sill, and she came nearer him. Her breath fanned his cheek.

"You really pity me?" she questioned.

Something seemed to take away his self-control.

"Oh, do not—do not say more. Do not make me love you!"

His face dropped in his hands.

Then she touched his arm and asked softly: "Why did you say that?"

He could not answer for a moment.

"Because—because I felt myself in danger."

"Why call it 'danger'?"

"Could I be happy from loving you?" he asked, "when I know your heart is bound up in the past—that all your trouble has not utterly crushed out your love for the man whose name you bear? Ah, even as it is, these old relics give me a jealous pang. And surely you know what jealousy is."

"But," she argued, "I really think I am getting over it—that I shall shake it off ere long, like a hateful nightmare. If it were not so, I could not have come here to-night. This is a fair test."

Neal delayed his reply a little.

"I have peculiar notions about being equal and even in love; perhaps they are mere folly. I think first love should find first love, not seek to content itself with the second affection of any heart. I have not led a perfect life, yet my past is very clear. Perhaps it has been less purity than fastidiousness on my part. But, if I am wrong, teach me!"

"Why should I teach you? I asked not love, but pity."

"It may come without asking," he said.

She turned and walked away from him.

"Look at these old things," she said, spurning them with her foot. "Once the sight of

them would have crazed me. I scarcely mind them now."

Neal followed.

"Is this his picture?" he asked, lifting a heavy frame, and catching a glimpse of a handsome face.

She wrenched it from his grasp, and, casting it upon the floor, trampled upon it. Neal sighed.

"Don't you see, yourself, that you have not gotten over it? You are far from indifferent."

"I am angry."

"More than angry."

She threw up the lid of a trunk, and tossed the contents passionately with her hands.

Suddenly she startled him with an exclamation; she had caught up a pistol.

He sprang forward and seized her arm.

"Ilma!" he cried, in a tone that mastered her.

Her arm dropped.

"It is not loaded," she said, and flung it by contemptuously.

"Come," he said, "we should not remain."

"You said you were not afraid."

"Nor am I—save for your good."

"Then let me talk to you a little more before we go down. Come to the window and see the river. Ah, Neal, how I have suffered! It seems good to have found one soul whom I can tell. Had I been a man, I might have plunged into ambition. But a woman has no resource. It seemed to me I could never care for any other: as if life were all darkness, all chaos, when it might have been all sweetness. We had all comforts; we had one little child." She broke down, and for some time could not continue. "Well, I have had friends and fortune; but they have not compensated."

"He must have been mad," said Neal.

"Ah, well," she said, "let us go."

Closing the window, they crossed the room and slowly descended to the silence of the hall.

"Good-night," she said, as they came to his door, and swiftly vanished.

III.

He entered and threw himself into a chair.

"No," he said, by and bye, "it must not be."

Next morning, he astonished his aunt by recalling a necessity for his immediate return to the city.

"But you need not hasten," he added.

"I think I will stay two weeks, and go on with Ilma to Saratoga," said Mrs. Gunderson.

"Yes," agreed Ilma; "I should like that."

She went down to the landing with him, at boat-time, Mrs. Gunderson remaining on the piazza. Perhaps the good aunt had her own

ideas. Neal's property was small, Ilma's fortune excellent, despite the havoc Van Clero had played. The difference in age was nothing.

As the young people turned into the road, they met the child and her nurse.

Neal stopped and held out his hand to the little girl.

"This is Miss Violet, I believe?" he said, pleasantly. "Miss Violet, you must come down to the city, some day, with mamma. Good-bye."

"She will be tanned, Maggie," said Ilma, coldly. "Get her a sun-hat."

Then they went on.

"She will grow almost as beautiful as you," said Neal, "some day."

"When I am old and faded."

"You are so tremendously old now," he said, smilingly.

"Older than you," she sighed.

"Only a year."

"Still, a year."

When they reached the landing, her lips trembled with one question:

"Are you going because—because of last night?" And sadly, as he hesitated: "Yes, it is so: I see it."

"But," he exclaimed, "you must not misunderstand—I am only doing what is best for both of us. You are not yet over the old trouble, and I—I am foolish, perhaps even jealous. And now—good-bye," he took both her hands, "good-bye, and God bless you!"

"You will come to Saratoga?" she said, faintly. "Good-bye."

The summer slipped away. Neal met the ladies at the springs, and accompanied them to the mountains. Before he could quite realize it, October had come. Then Ilma came to his aunt's for a month, and he was necessarily thrown in her society. Mrs. Gunderson maintained a discreet silence.

The fine weather outlasted October, and still Mrs. Gunderson begged her visitor to remain.

But at length the clouds gathered, heavy rain set in, and Mrs. Van Clero said she must certainly go at the end of the week.

"Neal," said Mrs. Gunderson, one afternoon—they were alone in her sitting-room—"Neal, are you going to settle this matter before Ilma goes?"

They sat facing a cozy grate-fire, their backs to the door. Anyone might have come in without their knowledge.

"What matter, aunt?"

"I think you know."

He replied slowly:

"You did not fancy there was to be an engage-

ment, did you? There is none. I do not believe there will be any. Don't you think a young man is liable to make a life-mistake through haste, in such a matter? Not that she is not sweet and pure and good—too good, maybe."

"Nonsense, Neal. I hope you have not been misleading me—and her as well."

He arose hastily.

"Aunt, I hope I have been a gentleman. But I am not to marry Mrs. Van Clerc."

"Is that someone in the hall?" asked his aunt, her attention diverted by a possible rustling of silk.

"No, there is no one."

"Well, Neal, follow the dictate of your heart, of course. But, do you know, I still fancy there is something more than friendship."

He laughed, and answered: "Time will tell."

Ilma came shivering down to five-o'clock tea.

"Have you taken cold?" asked Mrs. Gunderson.

"I think I got my feet damp this afternoon."

"This afternoon? Were you out? I thought you were napping."

"I took a little run," she said, with a furtive glance at Neal. "You know I go home to-morrow."

Two weeks later, Mrs. Gunderson had word from Ilma that she was going South; the cold she had taken had degenerated into a cough.

Then the days went on. By and bye, a letter came from Florida. Then weeks passed. The holidays went by. January was nearly gone, when Mrs. Gunderson was one day startled by a telegram from N—. Ilma was home, dangerously ill. Could her friend come? Mrs. Gunderson took the first train.

I V.

A fortnight elapsed before the physician would allow anyone in the sick-room save the nurse and Neal's aunt. Then Neal—who had gone up every other day to inquire, and gone back very quiet and pale—was admitted. He brought with him some flowers—chiefly roses and violets.

Ilma looked very white and gentle.

"Yes," she said, "I have been quite ill. But I am better now. It may not have been wise to come North, but something seemed to draw me back here."

"I have brought you some flowers," said Neal. "Some English violets."

A sudden terror showed itself in her face.

"Violets!" Her voice rose to a scream. "Oh, no, no! Take them away—quick!" She reached forward with unnatural strength, and,

catching them from his hand, flung them across the room and through the open door into the hall. Then she fell back exhausted.

He knelt beside her.

"I never dreamed—I could not know you disliked—"

"Disliked? I hate them." Then she spoke more calmly. "Oh, don't mind me, Neal! Forgive me! The scent and the name brought back the April woods and my early happiness. Don't go away! Lay your hand on mine—so—and let me rest."

He obeyed, and did not stir until she had dropped asleep.

But neither days nor weeks brought strength to the sick woman.

Mrs. Gunderson remained, and Neal came up every day with flowers and fruit. To Ilma he brought the rarest of roses; but he also brought a bunch of violets for the little child of that name, whom he had seen and made his friend.

It was of his own contriving that the nurse led Violet past the door, one day, when he was sitting alone with Ilma.

"Look," he said, with unfeigned emotion; "it is your own little daughter."

She merely glanced at the child.

"Go away!" she shrieked, at the nurse. "What brings you here? Take her away!"

"Wait!" Neal commanded.

"Why should I wait?" She had turned her luminous eyes upon him.

"Because," he said, tenderly, "you are a woman and a mother."

She gazed at him in silence.

"Perhaps you are right," she said, doubtfully. "But what would you have me do?"

"Nothing, except to show a little kindness. I would not have you feign affection. Call her to your side, and speak gently."

"It is—too late now."

"Oh, no."

He went out and signed to the nurse, who returned with her charge. The child hung back in terror. Ilma looked fixedly at her.

"Violet," she said at length, as if the name were unfamiliar, "I want to speak to you."

"Come, Violet," said Neal.

"You—you are getting quite tall," pursued the mother.

"Yes, mamma," said Violet, meekly.

"And you are a good girl?"

"Yes, mamma."

"That is quite right. You don't love me very much, Violet—that is no fault of yours. I have never loved you."

"No, mamma."

Ilma started. It was her first realization that the child could understand.

"But that was no fault of mine," she resumed. Then her eyes fell upon a bunch of violets pinned on the white frock of the little one. "Where did you get those flowers, Violet? They—they make me faint. Maggie, you may take her away. Good-bye, my child."

Neal was satisfied. When they were left alone, Ilma spoke in a whisper:

"I must tell you something. It—it has been cowardice. I have been afraid to look in her face and find her father's eyes!"

As the days crept on, a dark shadow arose and crept with them. And Neal came slowly to realize the inevitable.

One day, she said to him: "Do you know what I have been doing? I have had my lawyer here, and made my will. I have asked your aunt to look after the child."

He could only sit gazing at her in silent grief, until his aunt entered and he could creep away from that wasted face. He wondered if this were love—this infinite yearning for her whose strength was ebbing away so fast.

Oh, those days! Desolate even though soft winds were stealing up from the south with hints of reawakening spring and earliest violets.

"Neal," said Ilma, "I think—I think I should like to go with the sunset. And Neal, I think—perhaps you might bring Violet to me."

He sent hastily for the child.

"Violet," she said, "come here and speak to me. Poor little girl, you will not miss me. You may remember me, perhaps, but do not hate me, for I could not help it. Promise me not to hate me!"

The child buried her face in the coverlet, and sobbed with the anguish of one beyond her years. Then at last the stony heart was softened, and Ilma also wept.

"My child! My little child! God forgive me for all these years! My little child, creep closer to me! If I had only known the sweetness of your love! Dear Violet, where are the

flowers—your namesakes? I know the fragrance. It takes me back—far back to the lost beauty of my youth. Dear Violet, do not cry!"

But she herself sobbed gently on until exhausted. And the maid came and took the little girl away from that feeble clasp.

Then the sun crept slowly from the room. And out upon the river rose a purple mist, until the shores were hidden.

And Ilma stirred and spoke.

"Such a dear dream. The beginning of rest. Love for the little child—an old sweet love—"

And then she slept again, and never awakened.

V.

TEN years have passed, and Neal, prosperous in his profession, is laying the foundation of a comfortable fortune.

Violet Van Clerc is seventeen, with much of her mother's beauty, perhaps a thought more slender and with darker eyes and hair. She has come home from school for the April vacation—home to Mrs. Gunderson's.

She is very pure and sweet and girlish, thinks Neal, as he stands looking down upon her in the dimly-lit drawing-room.

"You have some violets," he says, touching her shoulder-knot. "Do you remember those I used to bring you when you were a little violet yourself?"

"Yes," she answers, smiling gravely. "I have never forgotten them."

"Perhaps," he goes on to say, "perhaps you will give me a single flower to-night?"

"You shall have all," she answers, looking up shyly. Even in the dim light he can see her blushing.

He takes them, but he speaks again, more slowly: "Violet—nay, dearest, do not start! Will you give me another flower—of the same name, but far more precious? Will you give me yourself?"

And, drawing her sweet young face to his shoulder, he reads her answer, and wonders if he has deserved so much of heaven!

THE TWINING OF THE WREATH.

BY ARTHUR E. SMITH.

A LOVELY wreath I'll twine thee, love,
Of maple-leaves and cedar-spray,
And fairies small shall paint the leaves
With autumn tints so rich and gay.

In gold-and-crimson shading, this
Upon each leaf engraved shall be:

"I know I love, and will accept
The one who gave this wreath to me."

Mary, will you consent to take
The wreath I'll weave, when it is done?
You will? Ah, then, this moment hence
That lovely wreath shall be begun.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87.

VI. A SHORT AND SHARP BATTLE.

DASHING toward the village, as we have seen in the last chapter, and ahead of the crowd, yet cheering it on, Jeanne reined up in front of her father's cottage and jumped to the stepping-stone.

In breathless haste, she fastened the steed to an iron staple at the door. Then, hurrying into the house, she drew forth a couple of strong ash bows, and some quivers of tanned hide, full of arrows, from their hiding-places, and carried them into the open air. On the threshold she met Jacquemin Lozart, out of breath from swift running, and panting with martial desire.

"Take this, and this," said the girl, tossing a bow and quiver toward him. "In times like these, Frenchmen should blush to think of aught but their country and their homes."

Jeanne buckled the remaining quiver to her back, and tried the thong of her ash bow with a pull of her powerful white arm that made the string twang again.

Jacquemin followed her example. While she leaped to her horse again, he made ready for anything that might befall them. All his sullen discontent had vanished. His handsome face was radiant with courage.

"Muster the men, and let them follow me," cried the maid, and, riding into the midst of the village, she drew up her horse and called out in a voice loud and thrilling as the tones of a silver clarion:

"Those of you who will die rather than see a follower of England or of Burgundy tread the valley of the Meuse, follow me! We will meet these brigands, not wait for them."

By this time, the whole village was swarming like a beehive. Every cross-bow and every old sword or pike was brought forth, and, while Jeanne was speaking, a band of brave and stout young men marshaled themselves around her.

Meantime she sat firmly on her steed, holding him in, while the cottages were pillaged of their arms, and some order was given to her men; for she had assumed, as if by instinct, command of the little force, and no one had as yet thought of questioning her right to lead it. Her quick eye

searched the country around, and with a glance she took in the situation.

"Leave 'The Beautiful May' to our left. Strike deep into the Druid woods, and keep shelter on the lower outskirts. It is there they will turn for the castle, or seek to surprise the village," she said. "Some one of you go and tell our lord what route we are taking."

"I will do that," said a sweet young voice from the steps of a cottage close by.

"What, Mongète!" exclaimed Jeanne, smiling upon the girl. "Ah, I might have known thou wouldst be near. Go, tell my lord if they turn toward the castle he shall have warning from this."

Here Jeanne held up a brazen bugle, which had not known a blast of air for fifty years. She had taken that also from the old chest in which her father kept his heirlooms and offensive weapons.

"Now one prayer to our sweet Lady of Heaven, and on!" she cried.

A wild shout, that reached the persons still left under "The Beautiful May," went ringing up from Jacquemin and his men. Baudricourt heard it, and his handsome face brightened.

"If these hinds come to our valley with anything but a fair purpose, they will chance to sleep beneath the turf to-night," he said, addressing one of his guests. "But my people have too much valor for the occasion. It is only a cowardly raid from the traitor peasantry of our neighbor over the hill. Their renegade lord sets them on, no doubt. I only wish the British swine would attack us, or that wild beast of Burgundy. Then would I lead in person, and teach them a lesson they would not soon forget. Even now my pride, like my charger here, chafes heavily at the bit."

"My lord, if anyone here will lend me a horse, I ask nothing better than a chance to punish the insolence of these marauders," said young Armoise, eagerly, addressing his brother-in-law.

He was answered promptly by the lady of the manor:

"Nay, Robert, a noble of France is only found at the head of his soldiers when threatened by trained men-at-arms. This is only the rabble from the neighboring village of Marcy, which is altogether in the interest of Burgundy. Besides, look yonder: our people have found a leader."

The lady pointed with her hand toward the village, from which a hastily organized company was marching, armed with such rude implements of warfare as had been found in the cottages. A little in advance, curbing her horse to a pace that chafed his high spirit, rode "The Queen of the Beautiful May."

Young Armoise's countenance fell, and he turned away angrily. This masculine position of the woman he loved filled him with a sense of humiliation. The prejudices of his time and country controlled even him. His manhood was wounded by her courage.

"Yes," he said, bitterly, "they are well led. Still, with your permission, sweet sister, I will mount and ride after this little army."

Prompt action followed these words, for, while the young man spoke, a retainer from the castle was ordered from his saddle. Armoise took his place, and rode away toward the forest-path into which Jeanne had already defiled with her men.

Notwithstanding the count's recommendation, the dance was broken up; the young men, one and all, had departed, leaving only a few old peasants, the highborn guests from the castle, and a crowd of young maidens, half terrified and wholly disappointed by the alarm which had driven their brothers and sweethearts away.

Two or three small boys were in the top of "The Beautiful May," acting as scouts.

"Are they men-at-arms?" cried Baudricourt, who turned to join the fray, and was eager to know that the invaders were worthy of his own steel.

"Nay, my lord: half of them are armed with quarter-staffs, some have bludgeons cut from the wood, one or two carry pikes, and a dozen or so have bows and arrows."

"Any horseman—any leader?"

"There is one man on a horse, a heavy lumbering brute, but he carries no sword, and wears no helmet."

"Bandits, nothing more," said the count, scornfully.

Again the boy's voice made itself heard:

"They come up the bank of the river—they are at the cross-roads."

"Do the hinds dare to look toward my castle?" shouted the count.

"No, they take the other path. It is the village they aim at."

Before the count could speak, a sharp childish shout came from the beech:

"Ha, ha! a storm of arrows pours over them from the woods. We can hear the twang of the bowstrings up here. They break and form again like scattered bees. Hear them shout. See them rush. Ha, ha! they are driven back. She rushes on them like a flame. Our lads are emptying their quivers fast. The air is full of arrows. They rush at each other like hounds and wolves."

For a moment, these cries ceased. Then came a sharp yell from the topmost boughs of the beech, and the lad's voice, strong and sharp with excitement, called out:

"She is upon them. There, in the midst of the fray, she sits upon her horse. The bridle is held between her teeth, the arrows leap from her bow fierce and fast. They retreat to the river. Some of them plunge in, some flee into the thickest of the woods. All are scattered. Huza, huza!"

This shout of wild triumph from the tree was answered by an outburst from the women and maidens left under its branches. The fight had been so near them that its various noises might have been heard but for the tumult around the lord of the manor.

Again the voices of the young scouts sounded cheerily. Their spirits fairly reveled in the contest.

"Ha! they rally. Our lads are scattered. The queen rides into their midst. They fall upon her with bludgeons and pruning-hooks. They are tigers, not men. It is their aim to wound that noble horse. Holy Mother, what a leap! How she tramples them down! Ho, ho! here comes another horseman straight from the woods. Quick, quick! they have seized upon her beast by the bit. One man levels a spear at his chest, another cuts at his legs with a pruning-hook. Both are down. Jacquemin Lozart dashes one aside, and cuts down the other with the old battleaxe that was his uncle's. They break, they flee. But now they come back again, full of vengeance. But Lozart is there with his battleaxe. The maid cleaves them with her arrows. Still they swarm, and our men are so scattered that they cannot rally quite enough. Now—now our young lord of Armoise dashes out from the wood. His arm is up; his horse flies. Huza, huza!"

Here the lads, who had thus enthusiastically reported the progress of the skirmish, dropped down the tree, limb by limb, and leaped into the excited crowd, that received them with cheers. While they were clamoring for another descrip-

tion of the fight, the May-queen appeared, riding through the woods, her face radiant with victory, and still crowned with her lilies. By her side Jacquemin walked, carrying his uncle's old battleaxe, and at her right rode the young noble, who had insisted upon trampling down all caste, and joining in the plebeian struggle.

"They did but attempt to surprise and rob the village in our absence," said Jacquemin, approaching the count. "It was only a band of marauders, with some fair sprinkling of Burgundian soldiers, intent on robbery. This fête-day is known far and near, and it gave the wolves a good opportunity. But we have given them a lesson they will not soon forget."

"Are the rogues driven home?" inquired the count.

"Some of them will never see home again," answered Armoise, "and all are scattered."

As Jeanne rode slowly into the crowd, she put the old brazen bugle to her lips, and wound a long clear blast. It was answered by a dozen shouts from the valley and the woods, and directly the young villagers who had followed her came swarming in, wild with the excitement of their first victory.

Jeanne sat upon her horse, regardless of everything else, until they had all arrived. When she saw they were all safe, she sprang from the steed and led him up to the old servitor from whom she had taken him with so little ceremony.

"He is unharmed," she said, with a smile, "and I do think has saved my life to-day."

The girl patted the gallant steed upon the neck as she spoke, and turned away from him with a look of yearning regret. For the first time in her life, she had ridden a horse whose great spirit matched her own.

When Jeanne turned toward the spot where the lady of the manor was standing, the glow of excitement was still on her face, but her manner was calm and modest. Not a drop of moisture stood on her forehead. The color in her cheeks was a little richer, and her very eyes smiled; but there was no other evidence that she had been the leader in a dangerous affray, and had saved her native village from robbery and perhaps fire.

"I pray pardon, lady, for that which I have done regarding your noble steed, but there was no other way," she said, with sweet, even humble, deprecation in her manner. "I had no time for thought, and the need of him was pressing."

The lady smiled, and reached out a white hand, from which she had drawn the embroidered glove.

"Nay, nay, sweet queen; from this day, the

horse is thine. No meaner hand shall ever guide him after this."

Jeanne looked at the lady earnestly, as if she did not quite take in the sincerity of this gift; then her face brightened all over, and, stooping down, she kissed the white hand so graciously held out to her.

"Ah, madame, I know well that the sweet Lady of Heaven has put this thought into thy generous heart."

The countess laughed, and answered:

"Not so, my queen. If I had never seen thee on his back, he might still have rested in my lord's stables. As it is, the beast has lost one mistress to gain another. Indeed, I deem this but meagre return for this hour's work; for I do believe it has saved our people from pillage."

Jeanne was too modest for assent, and far too honest for denial. She simply bent her head, and, turning to where the horse stood, threw an arm over his neck, and laid her cheek against it.

"He shall be cared for like a prince," said her father, lavishing caresses on the horse, which his reserved and shy nature would not permit him to bestow on the girl. "I will feed him night and morning, with my own hand."

"Sometimes," whispered Armoise, who had ridden up, and now bent over the girl, "the steed will serve to remind his new mistress—"

"Of one who saved his life and hers," answered Jeanne, with deep feeling, looking up at him with a world of love in her eyes. "How can I ever forget that?"

VII. DOWN BY THE SPRING.

MEANTIME, Jacquemin stood by and watched Jeanne. He could not hear her words, but it was not difficult to read the expression of her countenance. He had come to the girl's relief when half a dozen marauders were within a second of cutting her down; but she had given no such sweet thanks to him as to this courtly young gallant. There was a pike-wound in his arm, from which the blood was dripping slowly and unseen. She did not care enough, he said to himself, bitterly, to look if he were hurt in her defense or not.

As Jeanne turned away from Armoise, she saw her cousin, however, and went toward him.

"And thou, Cousin Jacquemin," she said; "it was thy hand which dashed aside the spear aimed at the heart of that noble brute. Oh, if it were in my power—if I but knew the way to thank thee—"

"There is but one way," broke in the handsome youth, and his face flushed redly as he spoke.

A look of displeasure and an impatient gesture silenced him, and he was drawing back when Jeanne saw that blood was dropping from his fingers to the grass.

"Ah me, art thou wounded, Jacquemin?" she cried. "Have I done this?"

The anxiety in her sweet voice appeased the jealous bitterness which had prompted a sullen answer to her words. He strove to conceal the wound.

"It is nothing," he said; "a scratch that gives out more blood than pain. It shames me that thou shouldst notice it—"

"Nay, but let me bind it up, cousin."

"No, no. It is nothing."

"Jeanne, Jeanne," cried a villager, at this instant, "our lady is waiting for thee."

Jeanne gave a pitying glance at her cousin's arm and obeyed this summons.

Then it was that a sweet timid voice addressed Jacquemin:

"Let me bind up thy arm, Jacquemin. The spring down yonder has healing for such wounds."

It was Hermette, blushing like a rose, trembling with timid agitation. Her eyes, blue as heaven and humid as violets, looked into his beseechingly. She knew that the wound was deeper than he had cared to own, and this knowledge had given the girl courage to speak.

"The wound is nothing, but the blood is stiffening around it," said the young man, touched by her gentle sympathy. "So, if the sight of it will not frighten thee, Hermette, we will go down to the spring and wash it away."

The sweet blonde face of the girl took new grace from its happy blushes.

"Oh, I shall have no fear," she said.

"Come, then."

They went down to the Druid spring together, and, sitting upon a stone, Jacquemin took off his jacket and held out his arm, that Hermette could see and wash the wound. The girl turned pale as death at the sight of it, but bore herself bravely, and, dipping up the cold pure water in her little hands, washed all the blood away. She had neither lint nor linen with which to bind up his wound, but she gathered soft green moss from the rocks perpetually bathed by the water, and bound it to his arm with the purple fillet which she took from her own golden tresses. Her soft touch fell like rose-leaves on his arm, and, when she tied the fillet, a breath of exquisite happiness heaved her gentle bosom.

The young man saw nothing of this. To him she was a pretty girl, harmless and gentle, whom Jeanne loved, and who therefore had

claim upon his kindness. He never dreamed that every word he uttered, and every glance of his eye, was a joy or pain to her.

"Is it easier? Does the moss feel soft and cool?" she said, lifting those soft eyes to his. "The water will have healing for thee, I am sure. Else we have prayed to the Virgin for nought."

"Prayed to the Virgin, and for me, Hermette? Why, it is not an hour since I had this petty wound."

Hermette blushed, and her blue eyes veiled themselves beneath those long brown lashes, like violets in the grass.

"That is true, Jacquemin; but we pray to our blessed Lady, though sorrow may be afar off."

"And thou prayest for me, Hermette?" questioned the youth, interested in spite of himself.

"Sometimes. It is not wrong?"

Jacquemin looked at her downcast face with mingled gratitude and admiration.

"Ah, if thy prayers could avail," he said, with a profound sigh, "I would ask them for the healing of a wound that gives keener pain than this."

"Drink of the water. Oh, drink of it," said Hermette, eagerly. "It has been blessed by Our Lady so many years that every drop has a holy power. There is nothing it will not cure."

The young man smiled bitterly.

"Will it cure a burning fever of the heart?" he said.

"Even so. When my heart aches worst, I come hither."

"Thy heart, Hermette?"

The girl drooped her head, and answered nothing. So the young man went on:

"Why, child, thou hast not yet learned what a heart is."

Hermette lifted her eyes, and a gleam of wounded pride kindled them.

"I am no child, Jacquemin. Jeanne herself is only six months older than I am."

"That is true," said the youth, thoughtfully. "Yet she seems a woman grown, and thou—"

"A child who has no right to know that she has a heart," answered the girl, with a thrill of pride in her voice. "That is what you would say."

"Nay, by the rood, Hermette, I did not mean that. Only it seems strange—"

"That Jeanne is so grand and I so insignificant," rejoined the girl, interrupting him with spirit: "I know that well enough. She is

full of life, strong, beautiful, good as a prayer, while I—"

"Art soft and lovely—a child-woman, gifted with humility and compassion, but not like her."

"I know that. Who is like her? She is like the Madonna—a creature to worship; but I—"

"Art a creature that most men might love right well," thought the youth. "But Jeanne is one to adore."

Hermette felt his silence, for she read these thoughts in the large gray eyes that were turned dreamily upon her.

"Shall I dip some water from the spring?" she said, arising dejectedly.

"Do so, and I will drink it; for this hurt, though nothing serious, brings thirst with it."

"And I will breathe a prayer as my hands weave the cup," said the girl. "Without that, the water might fail of a cure on thy heart."

Jacquemin reached forth his sound hand, holding hers a moment, with shamefaced hesitation. Then he drew her face close to his, and whispered:

"Pray that the maiden I love may prove gentle and kind as thou art."

The color left Hermette's cheeks. Her sweet mouth quivered.

"It is of Jeanne thou art thinking," she said, in a low sad voice.

"Yes, of Jeanne, the beautiful, the brave. But she loves me not—oh, Hermette, she loves me not."

"Nay, that is impossible," answered the girl, turning her great childlike eyes upon him, full of sadness and unconscious love-light: for to her it did seem past belief that anyone could look upon him with indifference.

"But it is true. With my heart under her feet, she loves that young lordling of the castle, who has thrust me wholly aside."

"Nay, I will not believe it. Jeanne loves no one. Her life is given up to the Madonna and sweet prayerful dreams. She loves nothing that is not heavenly."

"Nay, Hermette, it is this young noble, this Armoise, that she loves. He thrusts himself between my soul and hers at every turn. This is what makes the blood in my veins burn with fever. Even when I might have died for her, he rushed in, wrenched the spear from my opponent's hand, leaving me only this pitiful wound."

Pale as death, and leaden-footed in her dejection, Hermette turned away from the youth, and gathering some large leaves from a neighboring tree, arranged them in a cup around her hand, muttering a prayer with her sweet quivering

lips, while her delicate task went on. She stooped, still murmuring with inaudible pain, and filled the fairy cup with water.

"Drink," she said. "That which thy heart craves, I have asked of the Virgin."

The young man took the leaf-cup between his hands, and drained it thirstily.

"Is it good? Are the drops cooling?" questioned the girl, while great tears came welling into her eyes.

"Give me another draught," was the greedy reply. "It slakes the fever. It is cool as May dew."

Once more Hermette dipped her leaf-cup into the spring, and again her sweet lips quivered with a prayer, that, if answered, was sure to bring misery on her life. Oh, how much of beautiful strength lay in that act of self-abnegation. How sincerely she prayed for the destruction of her own hopes. She felt like dying when he drained the cup a second time, but forced a smile to her lips, and said:

"Is the water pure? Does it take away the pain from thy heart?"

"It strengthens one like wine," he answered, starting up and flinging the leaf away. "Now let us test the power of this water. I will not give way to lord or peasant, where the maiden I love is concerned. The music sounds again. It is my turn to dance with her now!"

He turned from Hermette, as he spoke, and hurried toward the group of peasants which had gathered around Jeanne.

VIII. "ON WITH THE DANCE."

As Jacquemin came up, the count also approached the peasants.

"What ho! my merry men and maidens, has fighting deprived ye of all stomach for the revel?" he cried, jovially. "Broach a fresh cask of wine. Open another pannier of white bread. Eat, drink, and on with the dance. The music of our revel shall follow those beaten hounds to their kennels. Strike up, strike up."

Such rude music as the times afforded struck up vigorously; pale-faced maidens grew rosy again: and the young men, having only half exhausted their vigor in the short skirmish, were more eager than ever for the dance.

"Will no one take my lady out? She is waiting," cried De Baudricourt, "and our 'Queen of the Beautiful May' is as eager for the dance as she was to rid our valley of yon bandit. Where is our brother? Where lingers her cousin, young Jacquemin?"

"Nay, I for one am here!" exclaimed Jacquemin, coming up at this juncture, and taking his

place near the turf seat on which Jeanne had thrown herself, when she came in from the fight.

"Now for the dance. They have all come back safe," cried the count. "Now for the grand dance, which our 'Queen of the Beautiful May' is to lead."

At this cry, Armoise left the side of his sister, and approached Jeanne. But Jacquemin stepped in before him.

"They are calling us, Jeanne," said the young peasant. "The dance has been kept back too long. You are to be my partner, you know. Come."

"Not so fast," exclaimed the young noble, interposing with good-natured earnestness. "The fair queen dances with me. It is so arranged. You have made a mistake."

The other drew back for a moment, his eyes flashing and his face red with anger. But he was not of a nature to yield the dearest right he had on earth without a struggle.

"It is my right, monsieur," he said. "I have always opened the High-Day dance with Cousin Jeanne; and I will not yield her to another, now or ever."

"But it is arranged that one partner shall be from the castle and the other from the village. Our lady will have it so."

"But Jeanne is mine. Her parents have promised her to me this day."

Armoise turned his eyes quickly on Jeanne. She was pale as death, but her eyes flashed.

"Is this the truth, or a braggart's boast?" whispered the young noble to Jeanne, drawing close to her as he spoke.

Jeanne did not answer. She gave him a wild appealing look. Had it, indeed, gone so far? Had her parents used the authority, which no child in those times dared dispute, to promise her in marriage to her cousin? The very idea appalled her. Faint with dread, she turned her eyes on Armoise with a look of pathetic appeal.

"Deny it, Jeanne. Deny it, if thou wouldst not drive me mad," whispered the young noble, seized with passionate doubt.

"For myself I do deny it," said Jeanne, in the same low tone. "But I fear that my father has promised."

"But you will resist?"

"Resist my parents? That is impossible."

"But wilt thou obey?"

"That is worse than impossible," answered the girl, shuddering.

"Rebuke this insolence, then. Come with me."

Jeanne arose from her throne, very pale, but exquisitely gentle.

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"It were best," she said, "that I do not dance at all to-day."

"No, no!" clamored a score of young voices around her. "That would spoil everything. Who, then, would lead us?"

"What is this?" inquired the lady of the manor, approaching the May-queen through a line of peasants, who became silent as she advanced. "Some cavil about partners. Of course there will be that. But, though another is 'Queen of the Beautiful May,' we have not laid down all our prerogatives. One of them is a choice of partners. Forgive me, fair queen, if I claim the hand of this young person."

With these adroit words, the lady offered her hand to Jacquemin, casting a smiling glance back at her brother.

Armoise lost no time, but reached out his hand to the May-queen, and, as his fingers closed over Jeanne's, the blood, that had left her face so pallid, thrilled through her veins and burned in scarlet on her lips and cheeks, transfiguring her in an instant.

For a moment, Jacquemin rebelled. The honor of dancing with the fair lady of the castle seemed nothing compared with the pain of seeing the girl he worshiped carried off by another. But low birth does not always preclude gentle feelings. The father of this young man possessed land in a neighboring town, and he was among the highest of that class which tills the soil it owns. If he lacked education, so did most of the gentry, whose habits he had learned, and of whose martial accomplishments he was by no means ignorant.

A moment, we have said, the young man paused, following Jeanne with yearning and half-wrathful eyes. But it was only for an instant. The next, he took the lady's hand, smilingly held out to him, and waited for the leading couple.

The ladies and their cavaliers imitated the example of their hostess, and selected partners from the crowd of peasants that stood ready for the onset, and away the young people swarmed, chatting, laughing, and full of gleeful expectation, to the spot of shaven turf made smooth for them between the Druid fountain and the "Beautiful May."

One fair girl, Hermette, the sweetest of the crowd, still lingered by the spring. She heard the music sweeping out from the leafy orchestra, and the rhythmic whirl of the dancers and the tread of light feet on the turf. But all these joyous sounds failed to lure her from the solitude in which Jacquemin had so carelessly left her. In that indistinct tumult and gorgeous crowd,

there was only one being for her. To see him, she moved forward to a tree that overshadowed the spring and gave her a view of the dancers.

Hermette had not been near enough to witness the subdued strife that had almost forced the youth into this honored position; but the one sweet wish that had haunted her innocent heart for days and days was frustrated by it. Before to-day, she had known nothing of Jacquemin's love for Jeanne; for up to this time it had been scarcely spoken of, even to the parties concerned. Indeed, she scarcely understood the feelings of her own heart. But, when the young man passed from under the tree and appeared again with that brilliant and winsome lady hanging on his arm, her bosom swelled, and tears rushed, like rain among violets, to the blue eyes that followed him with grieved and yearning tenderness. For she knew now that she loved Jacquemin: and, alas! he loved another.

Meantime, several sought out Hermette, and asked her to dance; but the girl only shook her head, and turned away her face. When a young noble from the castle paused to question why she did this, she answered, with suppressed sobs, that something had hurt her, and just now she could not dance. She would sit there, if it so pleased the gentleman, and wait, perhaps the pain of her hurt would go away.

She looked so pretty, sitting in the shadow, clad in her holiday-dress of delicate blue cloth, with a wreath of lilies-of-the-valley woven in and out of her golden hair, that the young noble offered to remain with her, thinking perhaps that his lordly presence might charm away her hurt. But she only wept the more bitterly, and so entreated to be left alone that he went away crestfallen and good-naturedly angry.

The dance went on in an hilarious whirl. With these young peasants, it was such spontaneous exercise as wild birds take when they wheel and riot through the air in flocks, singing as they fly. Now and then, a burst of sweet voices chimed in with the ruder music of instruments, from hearts so full of glee that it broke forth in an outburst to which their feet kept time.

Foremost of all, brightest of all, came Jeanne, the rustic sovereign of the revel. Radiant with happiness, wild with excitement, she took and kept the lead. Her nature was given to vivid transitions, and she looked a creature possessed—half angel, half goddess. Her eyes were full of latent fire, her perfect form swayed grandly to the music. Exertion had no effect upon her. The breath came through the parted scarlet of her lips softly as perfume leaves the heart of a carnation. Still, her feet scarcely touched the

grass. She felt the ecstasy of flying, and almost the power.

Even the lady of the manor paused in the dance, and watched the girl in breathless wonder.

"She outdoes us all," said the countess. "She fairly flies, and with the lightness of air, too! Nay, I must have breathing-time," she added, seating herself on one of the many Druid stones that lay near; and, with a gracious wave of the hand, she dismissed her partner.

Jacquemin left her sitting there. But she called him back before he had gone far.

"Yonder I see that old man and woman who were talking with our queen. Who are they?" she said.

"Her father and mother."

"Ah, I thought as much. Go and bring them hither."

Jacquemin moved forward to obey her. She followed him with her eyes.

"A stalwart and right modest youth," she muttered. "But it seems that our queen will have none of him. Still, she must—she shall. This madness in my brother threatens most serious trouble. Before it goes further, the maiden must be married."

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, the father and mother of Jeanne drew near. Jacquemin had given the lady's message, and then disappeared, leaving them to seek the interview alone. They came up modestly, and with some show of rustic awkwardness.

The lady smiled upon them graciously.

"Thou art father to the Queen of the Beautiful May?" she said, addressing the old man.

"Aye, madame, she is our fifth child, born on the night of the Epiphany, now eighteen years ago," replied her father. "A good child. Ask our curé, who will vouch for it that there is none like her in the parish."

"I can see that for myself," answered the lady. "No lighter foot or more comely face can be found, at castle or hamlet. But a maiden of such rare gifts should be safely mated."

The old peasant looked at his wife, with a grim smile.

"That has been cared for," he said, turning to the lady. "My nephew Jacquemin—"

"The youth I was dancing with?"

"Aye, surely. He is the son of my good dame's half-brother, Durant Lozart. We have promised our Jeanne to him."

"That is wise. The youth is a good one, and it shall go hard—should the marriage-day prove near—if my lord cannot find a measure of land

and a cottage on the old manor, in which the young people can start life, where they have been children."

"Oh, my lady, my good generous lady," cried the peasant's wife, flushing warmly with grateful satisfaction. "Our Lady of Heaven must have put these generous thoughts into thy heart. But, I must say, our daughter is worthy of them all, for a kinder or more obedient child never lived."

"Nay, nay," broke in the peasant, gruffly, but still smiling, "our Jeanne has her temper. If ye doubt it, my lady, speak to her of an Englishman or a Burgundian, and see if the fire does not dart into her eyes. Tut, tut, dame, our child is good and pious—she loves her prayers, and keeps her fast well; naithless, she has a spirit."

"And who has not?" answered the dame, appealing to the lady, with all her motherly sympathy in glow. "At times, she is sad and mournful, too, but never sullen. Thou canst not say that of her, Jacques. Besides, my lady, she has a sweet voice, and sings like an angel. She is docile as a lamb, too, and as innocent—"

"Tut, tut, dame," interrupted the husband. "Each crow thinks her own brood whitest. Ye weary the lady with such foolish mothers' talk."

"Not so, not so," answered the lady. "I have a fair brood of young ones at home, and know how sweet it is to praise the child we love. No wonder yon maiden weaves herself close to the mother's heart. She has touched mine. So, come up to the castle, dame, any day within the week, and we will find something for her housefitting; at any rate, flax to spin, and wool to card, which shall keep her well at work till the happy day comes."

"Ah, but our Jeanne has a rare hand at the distaff," answered the dame, brightening under all this kindness.

"Then let her fly it well in her own behoof. Beside this, my lord and I must be at the wedding. So make haste and settle the matter."

"If her ladyship would but fix the day to her own liking," suggested the good wife, speaking in a questioning undertone to her husband.

Before the old peasant could reply, the lady of the castle had caught the words, and spoke for herself.

"That will I, right willingly. Let it be within the month—not later," she said.

"It shall be within the month," was the prompt reply.

The lady arose, for the dance was now finally broken up, and the young revelers were trooping

toward the edge of the forest, where some pretty booths had been built in the shade, under which a cask of wine had been broached.

"I see they have broached the wine-cask," said the countess. "So I must neither keep others from a share or be absent when the bread is broken. When thou comest to the castle, dame, we will have further talk about these young people."

Thus dismissing the old couple, the Lady of Domremy beckoned to her husband, and, leaning on his arm, moved toward the booths, looking a little troubled, but forgetting in no degree the hospitality due to her husband's people.

IX. DETERMINED TO BE HAPPY.

JEANNE had returned to her seat on the throne of turf, when the dance was ended. Armoise had been called away by his sister, and, for a time, she was alone, while the others feasted. The shadow from the beech-tree had lengthened, and fell like a pall over her seat. The wind had risen a little, and blew coldly upon her. Something more than that seemed to trouble and chill her. She put up both hands to her head. Hermette and Mongète, who lingered near, saw this, and heard her murmur in a weird undertone:

"France, France, thy lilies are heavy; they crush my heart. Oh, Sweet Lady of Mercy, take them away—take them away."

For the sense of her mission had come back to her, and she half feared she had done wrong in yielding to the impulse to dance and be happy.

The girls did not understand this, and looked upon their queen with hushed amazement. Her demeanor was so preoccupied and dreamlike, her words so strange, that they were bewildered by them.

"Come," said Mongète, "let us go away—the dream-spirit has got her again. At such times, she likes to be alone."

Hand-in-hand, the two girls stole away, and Jeanne did not miss them.

Suddenly a quick manly tread was heard, and a voice spoke, at her side, eagerly.

"Jeanne!" it said.

The girl started with a force that made the lilies vibrate on her forehead and a flush of life come back to her face.

"Jeanne, Jeanne, promise me one thing while we are here alone," continued the speaker, passionately.

Jeanne turned her eyes upon young Armoise, for it was he who had come up. She looked at him in a wild questioning way. She was aroused, but not quite herself yet.

"Promise," continued the young man, "that no authority shall compel thee to marry the man whom thy parents have chosen."

The girl drew a long sigh, as if just awakening from a trance.

"Have they gone so far? Are they, too, warring against heaven?" she said, and with infinite sadness in her voice. "Rest content, my Robert: nothing but God's command and His beautiful spirits shall guide me. There is a power higher than father and mother, which I must obey."

She turned her face full on him, as she spoke, and over it broke a smile that was almost celestial, he thought.

"Then I have thy promise?" he cried.

"That I will not marry my Cousin Jacquemin? Yes, I can promise that."

"Though your father and mother both insist?"

"Even then."

"But my sister joins with them. She, too, is working in this matter. She has just told me. She is our enemy."

Jeanne smiled and answered gently:

"But there is a power even greater than hers—a power which none of us can resist."

"The power of love," whispered the young man, bending so close to her that his breath swept her face. "For this day, Jeanne, let us think of nothing but that."

Just then, a sweet clash of bells rang up the river, filling the whole valley with music, and with it came Hermette and Mongète—one carrying a small loaf of white bread in her hand, the other bearing a neatly-carved wooden goblet wreathed with flowers, after the fashion of the Greeks, in which the red wine gleamed richly. After these lovely girls came many of the revelers, all feasting on the white bread, which was a delicacy tasted but once a year by any of their class, and all drinking wine of the best vintage of France, from the wooden goblets, which were stained red with it.

"Our Lady of Domremy sends this," said little Mongète, kneeling before Jeanne, and holding up her goblet with both hands.

Jeanne took the goblet and tasted the wine, which left a delicious flavor of fruit on her lips, and shed a warm glow through her whole frame. Then she broke a morsel of the bread. This gave her both appetite and spirit.

"Yes, for this day," she whispered, smiling upon Armoise, and answering his words. "Let us think of nothing but our love. When all are joyful, why should we alone refuse to be happy?"

She gave him her hand, and he led her down among the revelers, determined to be happy though death itself should come on the morrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STRANGER IN A STRANGER LAND.

BY MRS. A. BATES.

A STRANGER in a stranger land—
How dark the ways for me are planned!
My pillow thick with thorns is set,
My scanty robes with tears are wet—
I move amidst an alien band,
A stranger in a stranger land.

A stranger in a stranger land—
What cloudy skies are o'er me spanned!
How sharp the wind, that roughly blows

From regions chilled by mountain-snows!
Storms roll above me, storn and grand,
While wandering through this stranger land.

A stranger in a stranger land—
It is not hard to understand
How, far beyond this lonely plain,
I may find home and friends again,
If, Father, Thou but take my hand
And lead me through this stranger land.

"SHE'D BE PRETTY."

BY HERBERT W. JONES.

If you'd see her anywhere,
She'd be pretty, you'd confess,
She's so graceful and so fair—
If she'd only learn to dress.
But she thinks that lofty minds
Should despise the modiste's art.
And she'll think it—till she finds
Some fine day, she has a heart.

But when other girls, less bright,
"Cut her out," as people say,
How she'll wish she wasn't quite
Such a "guy." Ah, well-a-day,
Intellect is much, no doubt;
But the pity is, confess,
Such a one should be left out
Just because she will not dress.

MY WIFE'S CRAB-APPLE JELLY.

BY HARRY DUVAL.

WE have been married about two months, and during that time not a quarrel or cross word has marred our happiness, though we came pretty near it once.

The other day, as I was going down-town, Kate asked me to order half a bushel of crab-apples at the store, and have them sent up immediately with two or three dozen jars, for preserves and jelly, she said.

I started down, and, like a fool, forgot about that order until twelve o'clock. I rushed around, delivered my message, and congratulated myself on my narrow escape, with a box of cigars, which I immediately set about demolishing, assisted by some half-dozen of the boys. It is astonishing how many persons drop into your office during the course of an afternoon, when you have a box of expensive Havanas.

I went home early that day, to have a comfortable time with my dear wife, thinking all the way how lonely she must be all alone, with only the servant for company, during the long days. I was struck with the appearance of the house when I reached home. The parlor curtains were drawn, the steps had not been washed, and an air of desolation seemed to pervade the place. I rushed in, thinking Kate surely must be ill. But no: she was not in her room, and I went downstairs again. As I passed through the parlor, I noticed that everything was in disorder. We had given a quiet little party the night before, and chairs and tables were still promiscuously scattered. I entered the kitchen, and the mystery was explained. Kate was making crab-apple jelly. I kissed her as usual, of course, and small streaks of sticky syrup on my vest were the result. Kate, after returning my salutation, with lips that had evidently been in molasses or some similar compound, bade me be a good boy, and run away, for she was busy. This was rather a damper on my dreams of a social afternoon, but I made no complaint, and walked to the other part of the house, where I lolled wearily around till supper-time.

Supper! Well, not exactly. There was bread, butter, and cheese. The stove had its hands full with pots and kettles, so no tea was made. The milk had turned sour, and—"well, we will have to drink water," Kate said.

"My dear," I began, "did you know that the

parlor was in a fearful condition, that the stoop has not been scrubbed, and that—"

"Yes, Harry; but you see I did not have time to attend to the house on account of the jelly, and Mary Ann has gone home, because her mother is sick," said Kate, with such an entreating little look that I immediately forgot all about the state of the parlor, and was most agreeable.

"Now, to-morrow night," remarked my little wife, "if my boy behave himself, he shall have some nice jelly all for himself."

Her boy pledged himself to exemplary conduct, and, as Kate was worn out, retired.

During the night, I was awakened by some gentle admonition from my wife, and sleepily inquired what was wanted.

"Harry," she said, tenderly, "I hated to wake you, but there is one thing that worries me very much, and I want your advice."

I immediately became interested.

"The book says, when you're making preserves, to add two ounces of spice to every gallon of juice; now, does that mean after or before the juice has been boiled down?"

I said I was very sorry, but I didn't know any more about the manufacture of preserves than about the geography of Paradise, so my advice would not be of much use one way or the other. Then I composed myself again to sweet slumber, and dreamed that I was in heaven eating spiced syrup.

The next evening, my wife greeted me at the front-door with a pleasant smile, and informed me that the jelly was waiting my convenience. So we at once sat down to supper. There was a good deal more jelly on the table than I would care to eat in a month; but I kept on a bold face.

"My dear," said Kate, anxiously, "I'm afraid this jelly isn't quite as clear as your mother's used to be—is it?"

It certainly did not seem so; but I put aside my conscience, and replied that, as far as I could remember, it was the most delicious-looking jelly I had ever gazed upon. Then a jar was opened, and I helped myself to a large quantity.

"Oh, dear," said my wife, as she watched my face while I took my first spoonful, "I'm sure your mother's jelly was a great deal better than mine."

"My dear Kate," I cried, enthusiastically, "this is delicious; my mother's was nothing like it"—which was certainly most true. The fact was that the jelly seemed to have a most powerful flavor of cinnamon about it, and was inclined to act on the coating of my mouth much in the same manner as a green persimmon. How I managed to worry the stuff down, I don't know: but I did it. My wife did not feel quite so enthusiastic.

"I think I put in a little too much spice," she said; "and then it has a sort of puckery taste."

I assured her that it was only her imagination, and that, as she had made the jelly, it naturally did not taste quite as good to her as it would to an impartial person, like myself—who judged it on its merit, and not its maker. She gained confidence at this, and said:

"I am so glad you like it, because now I can make some nice grape-jelly. You will order the grapes to-morrow, won't you?"

I winced a little at the thought of the agony I should have to undergo disposing of that jelly; but I readily consented.

That night, I awoke with a terrific pain in the vicinity of the jelly, and rolled around and groaned till my wife became alarmed, and tearfully inquired what on earth the matter was. As I didn't dare to tell her, I did not answer, but increased the groans, embellishing them with an occasional howl when the pain jumped a notch or two higher.

Kate, now thoroughly frightened, awoke the servant, and immediately dispatched her for the nearest doctor, who soon appeared on the scene with his eyes half shut and a case of surgical instruments, from which I should judge that Mary Ann had been rather incoherent. He at once discovered my ailment, and, with the aid of some ginger from my medicine-closet, quieted me down and asked what I had eaten.

Well, I thought of everything that had gone into my stomach for the last week, particularly of that jelly, which I persistently forgot to mention.

"Is that all?" asked the medical man, with aggravating persistency. "Think again. What did you eat for supper?"

I hesitated; but my wife answered for me, in one word: "Crab-apple jelly."

"Ah," said the doctor, "that is the reason, probably."

I never shall forget the look of scorn my wife thrust at the poor man, as he left the room; but when, in the excitement of the moment, I so far forgot myself as to corroborate him, she turned her eyes on me with an expression that said as plainly as an expression could: "Et tu, Brute?" and lay on the bed and sobbed.

I forgot to order the grapes, the next day, and I strongly suspect that the crab-apple jelly has gone to appease the appetites of the servant's relatives. I know I have never seen any more of it, from that day to this.

A NORTHERN WINTER.

BY FRANCES KENNETT.

THE sky is hid, the air is dense and gray;
Within, beside the hearthstone bright and warm,
We watch the gathering of the winter storm,
And hear sad moans, that, near departing day,
Foretell the coming of the king. Oh, stay,
Dark Eolus, stern ruler of the winds,
The fury of these northern blasts! Hope finds

No solace till thy hoards are passed. A jay,
With plaintive cry, from bough to bough doth fly,
And call his absent mate. In sweet converse,
We mourn the bird's sad fate: for, from the sky,
Fast falls the snow. Too soon 'twill be thy pall—
Bird, bush, and tree, in one funeral hearse.
Dear bird, thy fate is but the fate of all.

DEAD.

BY ROBERT O. LINCOLN.

Cold and white, upon its bier,
And with death-cloths covered o'er,
Love lies dead and frozen here:
Dead—yes, dead—forevermore.

Oh, I am too weak and faint
To remove it from its place—

And yet here I must not stay,
With that charge upon its face.

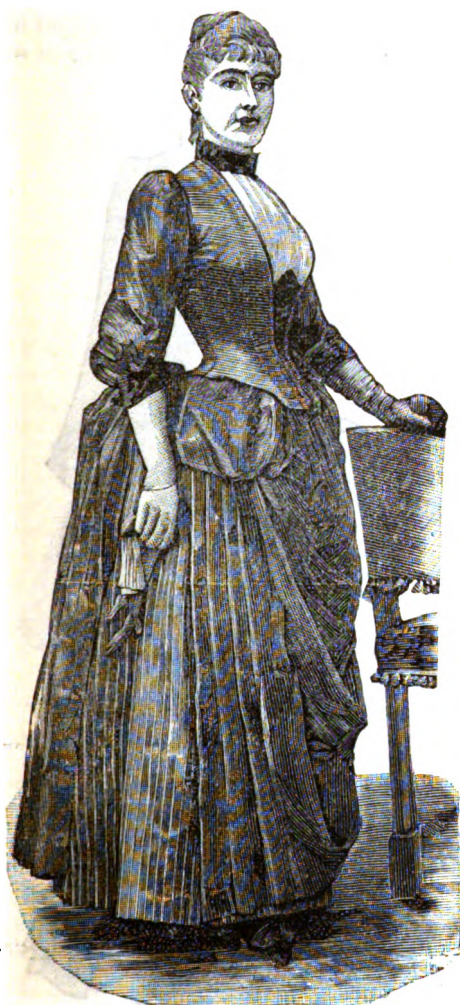
What can I do, left alone,
With love gone—yes, gone—for aye?
God in heav'n, be kind to me,
Lest I also freeze and die!

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1.—Beautifully simple, and yet remarkably stylish, is this toilette, representing one of the latest Paris novelties. The gown is made of cashmere, of the new shade known as “burnt

waist in straight plaits, being caught up high on the left, as seen. The back drapery falls in straight lines to the edge of the underskirt.



No. 1.



No. 2.

bread." The underskirt is of the same color, but in striped material to correspond. The drapery is very coquettishly caught up on either side, to reveal the underskirt. On the right side, the front drapery falls from a little below the waist in straight plaits, being caught up high on the left, as seen. The back drapery falls in straight lines to the edge of the underskirt. The corsage is exceedingly becoming, being made with a bouffante chemisette in cream muslin, folded in the narrowest plaits imaginable, and closed in with a pointed half-vest of chestnut-brown velvet, laced in tightly at the waist. The

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sleeves are made very wide and full, and gathered in at the elbow to a band of the velvet. The collar is also of velvet, fastened on the left side with a small brooch in dead gold or in antique silver. Tight cont-sleeves with velvet cuffs may

large buttons covered with moiré silk. The wide revers are also in moiré, of a darker shade of blue than the woolen material. Cuffs and collar are of the moiré, the collar being turned down so as to show the moiré lining. The lower edge of the bodice is finished off with a number of small tabs, forming a kind of basque. From eight to ten yards of double-fold woolen material and three-quarters of a yard of moiré will be required for this costume.

No. 3—Is a costume also of woolen goods, combining plain and checked to correspond. The underskirt is of the plain material, and is laid in large kilt-plaits, mounted upon a yoke at



No. 3.

be substituted in place of the full elbow-sleeves, if preferred. Of striped goods, either camel-hair or cashmere, four to six yards will be required for the skirt, depending upon the width, and from eight to ten yards of plain, also depending upon the width of the goods; half a yard of velvet.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume recently designed by Worth, of Paris. It is made in a fancy woolen material, with contrasting stripes, upon a blue foundation. The underskirt is arranged with wide kilt-plaits under a paysaune drapery, which is made rather full in front, and then caught up very high on either side. The bodice fastens over on one side, being secured by four



No. 4.

the waist. The overskirt is of the plaid, plain and full, cut nearly as long as the underskirt, and plaited around the waist, and then caught up high upon the left side—which is all the draping which is done—the rest of the skirt

falling in straight folds from the waist down. A vest of the plaid, edged with a flat braid. The jacket is of the plain material, cut away in front, as seen in the illustration, edged with braid to correspond. There is a little postillion-back. The tight coat-sleeves are finished by a cuff, edged with the braid. Collar the same. One button fastens the jacket in front. Six yards of plain and six yards of plaid will be required for this model.

No. 4—Is another stylish model for a walking or home costume. The underskirt is of plain

to form a pointed rever at the back seam. Cuffs, collar, and vest of the plaid. Eight yards of



No. 5.

camel's-hair, any self-color. The plaid over-drapery is in colors to correspond. The underskirt is laid in deep kilt-plaits all around. The front drapery, which is of the plaid, is faced on both sides and across the front on the edge, six inches deep, with the plain goods, then turned back to form revers, ornamented by two large buttons covered with the plaid, as seen in illustration. Very simple, but very effective. The back drapery is entirely of the plaid, slightly puffed over the tournure. The basque, which is plain, is faced with the plaid, and is turned back



No. 6.

plain double-fold material, four yards of plaid, for this costume.

No. 5—Is a stylish costume for a girl of ten years. It is made of striped woolen, in two shades of myrtle-green, trimmed with a dark-red



No. 7.

velvet. The skirt is bordered, at the back only, with a velvet band. A drapery crosses the front



No. 8.

and terminates at the back in a short tunic. The waist is a short pointed basque, trimmed with

velvet bretelles and collar. Full sleeves are mounted into a velvet cuff.

No. 6.—Walking-costume for a girl of four years. The dress is of plaid woolen. The jacket or paletot in either cloth or woolen of a plain color to correspond. Revers, collar, cuffs, pockets of plaid like the dress.

No. 7.—Coat and pelerine for an infant of one to two years. Any soft woolen material or cloth may be used. The back is cut with a seam in the middle, and hollow plaits to form the fullness for the skirt. The front is gathered at the neck and waist-line. Collar, cuffs, and pocket of plaid velvet. The edge of the cape and coat are simply stitched by machine.

No. 8.—Another paletot, for girl of eight years, is made of cloth, with a hood lined with a pretty bright surah, either plain or plaided. The fronts are made to fit the figure loosely, the back is full, and held in place by the band, with buttons, as seen in illustration.

MITTEN, KNIT ON TWO NEEDLES.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the number is given an engraving of a mitten knit on two needles. To make this useful affair, set up sixtytwo stitches, widen on one end every other row until you have seventytwo stitches on the needle, narrow every other row to sixtytwo, widen again to seventytwo and back again to sixtytwo.

Bind off and sew the end and side together, leaving a place to insert the thumb.

For the thumb, set up one stitch, widen every other row until you have six stitches, knit across: cast on ten, making sixteen, widen each time on one end up to twentyseven, knit ten

rows, widening at the end with the gore and narrowing on the opposite end, keeping twentyseven stitches all the time. Now knit ten rows, narrowing each time on the end with the gore and widening on the opposite end.

Narrow each time across, bind off ten, leaving six for the gore at the same end. Knit the gore to correspond with the one on the opposite side, bind off and sew together and in the mitten. The wrist can be knitted or crocheted on in some fancy shell-stitch. The directions are for a hand that calls for a No. 6 glove.

Saxony or silk is the material to be used.

DESIGN FOR LAMBREQUIN.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the number, we give an original design for a lambrequin, a very pretty one. The decoration is something really new in the art line, and presents a particularly beautiful effect on plush or felt.

The branch of dog-wood is stamped on the plush, and a corresponding one, only more condensed, on cream-white satin. The blossoms are cut out of the satin, and pasted on the plush: these are worked around the edges with cream-colored embroidery-silk in buttonhole-stitch: the stitches are different length, varying

from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in depth. All the lines of distinction that are stamped on the satin are to be worked with the silk. The leaves are cut out of green satin, those stamped on the white satin to be used as a guide. These are treated in the manner described for the blossoms. Work the stem in stem-stitch. A cobweb is embroidered on the opposite corner. The lambrequin is lined with surah the color of the plush.

Poppies and wild roses are very beautiful done in same way.

CORSAGE À BASQUE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our pattern this month is for a new and very stylish basque for a home-toilette. Folded in with the number is a Supplement, with full-size patterns for cutting it out. These are:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
4. SLEEVE.
5. COLLAR.
6. HALF OF BASQUE.

The letters show how the pieces are joined. The plaited chemisette may be used, or the

basque may be buttoned entirely down the front without the chemisette. It is a matter of choice. The plaited chemisette is very dressy.

It is to be made of surah, and plaited as shown in the illustration. It is set on to the bodice, and can be easily adjusted under the collar. The collar overlaps and fastens upon the left side. The basque, cuffs, and collar are of velvet. We give the front and back view.

We also give, on the Supplement, two handsome designs in embroidery, for a description of which see elsewhere.

END FOR BUREAU-COVER.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the number, we give an beautiful bureau-cover. It is first hemmed all around with an inch-width hem. Then threads

are drawn out the space of an inch above the hem, and the same quantity an inch above that. The cross-threads are tied together in the manner seen in the engraving, and light-blue satin ribbon run through the spaces; the ends are finished with a little tassel made of silk the same shade. A bunch of grasses and daisies is stamped on the ends and embroidered in silk. The edges are finished with lace, and it is lined with blue surah. The cover for the cushion is made in the same way. Bottles to correspond with the set should be covered with blue satin.

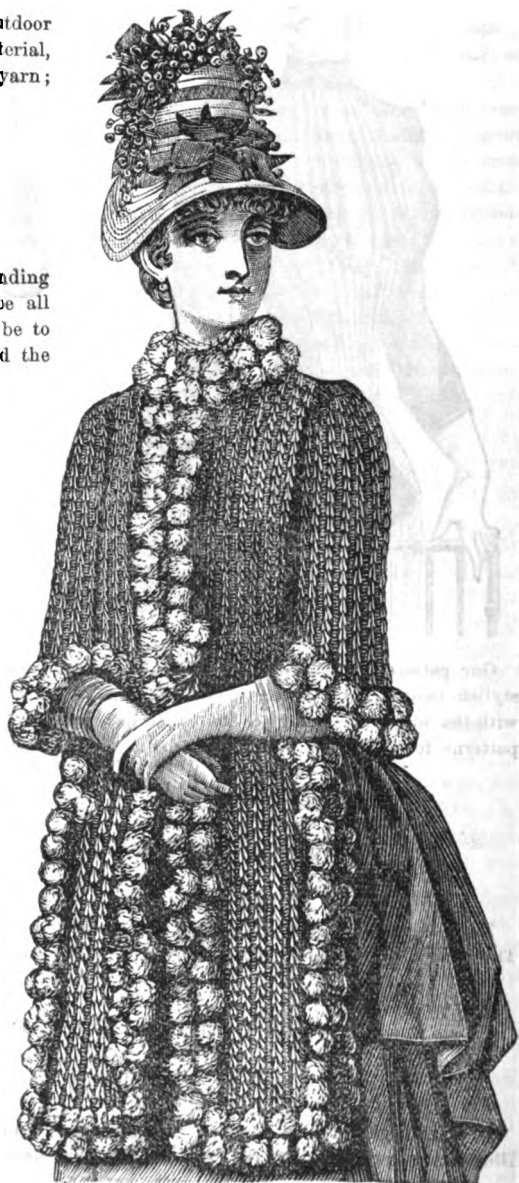
CROCHET MANTELET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This crochet mantelet, being for an outdoor covering, should be worked with a thick material, and the wool most suited will be fingering-yarn;



but three folds of that must be used, by winding three skeins into one ball. These may be all one color; but the most fashionable will be to have one black, one heather-mixture, and the third green, claret, or violet; seven ounces of each yarn will be required. The pompon-trimming should be of the colored wool, which will take eight ounces extra for the balls. A wooden crochet-needle, the stems of which measure three-quarters of an inch in circumference, is the correct size. The treble-stitch used throughout the work, except in the trimming, is a variation of the ordinary one, and is formed thus: Keep the loop on needle, and, turning the wool round it, put it in a stitch; bring the wool through; when three turns will be on the needle, take up wool and bring it through all three, which completes this treble-stitch. Commence by making fifty chain-stitches, which should measure twentyone inches when stretched; this will be for the shoulder-piece. First row: miss the last two chain, and work thirty treble-stitches along the chain, then five plain crochet-stitches—this should measure eleven inches as it lies, the crochet being three stitches to the inch not stretched; turn the work, leaving the rest of the chain. Second row: always put the needle in the chain at the top of the previous row, working in the lower edge of it, so as to leave the upper edge in front. Miss the last plain stitch, work four plain, then



thirty treble-stitches; turn the work. Third row: four chain. Always work the first treble of this side on the last treble, then thirtythree treble more; at the end, one plain, and one plain on the chain that was left. Fourth row: miss one, four plain, thirtythree treble. The last two will be on the four chain, as this end is to slant. Fifth row: as the third row, but working thirtyseven treble. Sixth row: miss one, four plain, thirty-six treble. Seventh row: as third row, working forty treble. Eighth row: miss one, four plain, thirtynine treble. Ninth row: as third row, working fortythree treble. Tenth row: miss one, four plain, fortytwo treble. Eleventh row: as third row, working fortysix treble. Twelfth row: miss one, four plain, fortyfive treble. Thirteenth row: three chain, work treble to within seven stitches of the end. To decrease, put the needle in next stitch, bring wool through; then, in next stitch, bringing wool through, take up the wool and bring it through the three loops now on needle. Make two decreasings more the same, then one plain; put the needle in the end also in next chain, and bring wool through all three. Fourteenth row: miss one, one plain; then treble-stitches, working the last one on the three chain. Repeat, as the thirteenth and fourteenth rows, five times more. Twentyfifth row: two chain, twentysix treble, fourteen plain; then one plain on the chain, work along the foundation-chain on which the previous rows were ended twenty plain stitches, then twentyseven treble to the end. Make eighty chain, for one long end in front. First row: miss the last three chain, and work sixtyeight treble, four plain: turn back, leaving the rest of the chain. Second row: miss one, six plain, then treble to the end. Third row: two chain, work treble on last row; also, on the chain left, along the next trebles, and across the shoulder to the end. Work four treble rows the whole length, beginning each with two chain, and ending on the last treble-stitch. If required to be extra size, more rows may be added. Eighth row: two chain, thirtysix treble; then, to increase, work two treble in one stitch; increase again, and continue the treble to the end. Finish all rows on the last treble. Ninth row: two chain; treble to the end. Tenth row: two chain, thirty-seven treble; increase twice, then treble to the end. Eleventh row: two chain, treble to the end. Twelfth row: two chain, thirtyeight treble; increase twice, treble to the end. Thirteenth row: two chain; work treble to within fifteen stitches of the increasings; turn the work. Fourteenth row: miss one, twelve treble, increase; then—four treble and increase, four

times—three plain; turn work. Fifteenth row: miss one, five plain, thirtysix treble; turn. Sixteenth row: miss one, fortyone treble; then treble to the end of the lower row. Seventeenth row: two chain; then treble on last row to within twelve of the end of it; work twelve plain, four plain on the end of the rows, and on the lower row fifteen plain; then treble to the end. Eighteenth row: two chain, forty-three treble. This ends one half. Leave it, and, commencing again with fifty chain, repeat all the directions. When finished, join the last row of each back by placing them together, putting the needle in a stitch of each, drawing the wool through, and also through the loop on it.

Commence at the neck, for the collar. Work two chain, fortytwo treble across to the other side; make three rows more, putting needle in both edges of the previous stitches; two chain, then, down the side of the rows, five plain. Then, for the buttonholes, two chain, miss two, and six plain six times; turn and work a plain row on the last, then across the collar, and down the other front.

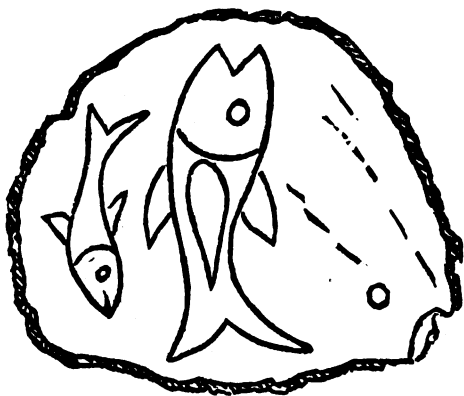
The balls for the pompon-trimming are made with the colored yarn on an orris lace gauge, using Nos. 1 and 4 pins of it. Measure off three and a half yards of wool, double it, and wind it round the pins, keeping the folds close together; then, to secure them in the centre, with a needle and black thread sew them very tightly. For the loop, with the wool make twenty chain, knot the ends together, and sew it to the centre; slip the folds off the gauge, and cut the edges, trimming them round to form a ball.

Use black yarn, doubled, for the edge. Commence on one of the long ends, so as to work up the front. First vandyke, make three chain, miss two, and work two ordinary crochet-stitches, both in one stitch of the last row. One chain, join to the loop of a ball, two treble in the same stitch as the others, three chain. Then, on the last row but one, work a single stitch, which is to be even with the third stitch from the black trebles. Join to a ball, one single in same stitch as last, three chain; then, missing five stitches, work the treble-stitches as before on the last row; continue the same all round. Across the back, work one vandyke to every other stripe, and the single stitches in the third stitch down the edge.

We will, with pleasure, give any further information, if desired, in following these directions, or advise on a change of material, etc., etc.

INCISED OYSTER-SHELLS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Oyster-shells can be picked up anywhere, and all that is requisite for their adornment is a small pointed file, a chisel, or old penknife. For children, the file is decidedly the most advisable instrument, being perfectly safe in use and answering the purpose. Dry the shells, as the rough surface of the outside is, whilst still wet, a little unpleasant to the touch. Upon the

polished inner side, with a lead-pencil, sketch in simple outline one or two fish, a bird, dragon, or any grotesque animal. The quainter the conformation the better, and, as the shells will be found to greatly vary in form, the designs must be adapted to each individual shell. The drawing-in of the design being completed, with the pointed file carefully incise the whole of the outline—the eyes of the fish, bird, etc.; the incision need not be very deep, but it must be clear and distinct. If high relief is wished for, the surface of the shell outside the design must be cut away by the chisel. The incising being completed, the outline must be traced over with a fine-pointed paint-brush, filled with vandyke-brown or deep-red, to bring out the design. Either water-color or oil will do.

When the outline is quite dry, cover the inside of the design over with gold-paint. The effect of the gilded figures, outlined with color, on the pearly surface of the shell, is exceedingly good, and, by drilling a small hole through the upper portion of the shell, they can be utilized for many purposes of decoration.

SLIPPER HAIR-RECEIVER.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the number is given an engraving of a new and very convenient affair, in the shape of a slipper, to be used as a hair-receiver.

The foundation for this useful article is cut out of pasteboard. The parts are then covered neatly on one side with plush and on the other with silesia; after they are joined together, a

straight piece of silk is hemmed on one side and a shirr run in it, and sewed in the top of the slipper to form a bag. Bows of satin ribbon are placed on each side and on the top, with a loop to hang it up by.

This will be found a very nice receptacle for hair, as it is entirely concealed from view; and the idea is quite new.

STORK, IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give, printed in colors, a design for a stork, after the Japanese. It may be either painted or worked in Kensington-stitch in silk.

Outline the stork and the wing-feathers. Work the tail-feathers solid, with unequal stitches to give the effect of feathers. Work in

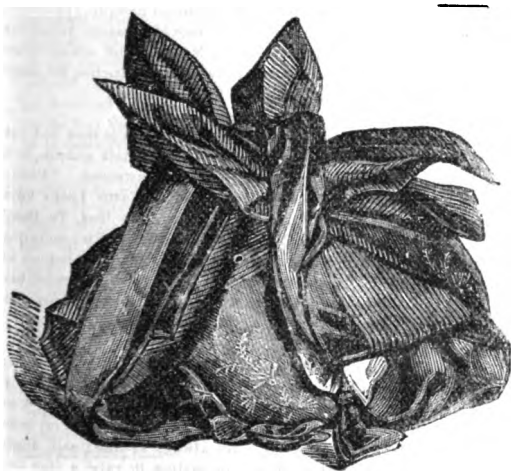
dark-gray and black. A brilliant red for the breast, head, beak, and legs. The branches and leaves are done in olive-green, tipped with red. Berries the same red. This design may be used for a hand-screen, as given in our pattern, or for a panel, or for the covering for a chair-seat, or back, or for a sofa-cushion, etc.

DESIGN FOR PINCUSHION.

This is a good design for a pincushion, or top of box, or the decoration of a blotting-pad. The silk used should be the colors of the plumage of the owl.



FOULARD BAG.



Our model for this bag calls for a red silk handkerchief, with a pretty striped or figured border, but it can also be made in flannel or cotton. The embroidery is in silk of various colors—maize, pink, black, etc. The bottom is lined with black silk, the sides are sewed together, and a draw-string is added at the top, arranged to let the pointed ends form the frill. A very pretty bag for parlor-work.

DESIGNS ON SUPPLEMENT.

The designs on the Supplement are:

No. 1.—A CHILD'S PILLOW-SHAM. To be worked in outline-stitch. Or this design would be appropriate for a portfolio-cover.

No. 2.—COVER TO THROW OVER A SOFA. Also to be worked in outline-stitch. This would be even prettier, perhaps, for a cushion, or top of ottoman.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

IMPROVEMENT IN PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—A generation or so ago, the fragility of American women, their inferiority to their ancestresses, was so notorious that a witty Frenchman, visiting this country, said: "Take good care of *ze grandmuzzaires*, for you s'all nevaire see any more."

The cause of this degeneration was not far to seek: it was the "fashion" to look delicate. Ladies wore slippers on all occasions; lounged all day on sofas; thought it "vulgar" to have rosy cheeks; fainted at the sight of a mouse. To look "ethereally refined," as it was called, was considered the "proper thing": and this meant to be narrow-chested, to have no red blood in the veins, to be incapable of the least fatigue, and to die of consumption.

All this is now fortunately changed. It is no longer the "correct thing" to look sentimental and romantic. Exercise in the open air has become the fashion. First came croquet, then looting and pedestrianizing, now lawn-tennis and riding on horseback. That eminent physician, Doctor Forlyce Barker, of New York, has said: "The American woman, well nurtured, is the healthiest as well as the most beautiful in the world." For there can be no real beauty without health, as there can be no health without exercise and comparative freedom from care; and all these conditions American women of ordinary means enjoy. The old-fashioned idea that exercise made girls look coarse has long been exploded; for it never does, if the intellectual education goes on, side by side, with the physical. The one refines the face, while the other develops the figure. Together, they make, in a generation or two, the poets' goddess-like woman, "divinely fair, and more divinely tall," strangers alike to hysteria, consumption, and ugliness. Yes, girls now are as healthy, as a rule, as "*ze grandmuzzaires*" ever were.

HOW TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.—For the benefit of many of our new subscribers, who ask how to transfer the patterns upon the Supplement, we give the simplest way of doing it: which is, to provide themselves with one or two sheets of thin transfer-paper, on which the pattern is easily traced; with another sheet of carbon-paper, which is laid face down upon the article to be stamped, then the traced pattern over it in the proper situation, and the whole design gone over with a sharp-pointed lead-pencil (hard), the design will be found perfectly traced upon the material. We will send the carbon and transfer paper to anyone who may desire them. They cost fifteen cents per sheet each; thirty cents for two sheets, and six cents for postage: postage-stamps will do.

TAKEN "PETERSON" FOR FORTY YEARS.—A Southern lady, renewing her subscription, writes: "This will make forty years since I first began to take your magazine, and have taken it regularly ever since—except during the war, when I received the May number for 1861, when the mails were stopped. I received the January number for 1866, and have not missed a number since."

"ABIDE WITH ME."—This beautiful hymn, dear to tens of thousands of Christian hearts, we have had illustrated, as it will be seen, for this number. Few hymns have ever been as popular, or deservedly so: for it appeals to all, whatever their condition in life.

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SOME SWINDLER HAS BEEN GOING ABOUT, in country districts, offering this magazine for one dollar. Of course, his victims lose their money, for we have no such agents, and we keep a standing offer, on the second page of the cover, warning the public against rascals of this kind. It ought, it seems to us, to be self-evident that such a magazine as "Peterson" cannot be furnished at that price. The steel-engravings, the colored steel fashions, and other illustrations, cost us nearly that, without anything else. It is true that a magazine could be published for a dollar, but it would have to be fourth-rate in every respect. Nor could it have steel-engravings, or colored fashions, or original articles. Our purpose is to give a first-class magazine, with nothing second-rate about it. Such a magazine cannot be afforded for less than we ask. In fact, there is no magazine as good as "Peterson," that gives as much for the money. That is why we call it "the cheapest and best": and the claim is universally conceded.

TIGHT LACING OUGHT TO BE DISCOURAGED, on every account. It is not only unhealthy, but it destroys beauty in the long run: for it causes high shoulders, varicose veins, and a red nose. Surely, such penalties—to say nothing of heart-disease, spinal curvature, and worse—ought to deter either maids or matrons from unduly compressing their waists. No adult woman's waist ought to measure less in circumference than twenty-four inches at the smallest, and even this is permissible to slender figures only. The rule of beauty is that the waist should be twice the size of the throat. Therefore, if the throat measures twelve and a half inches, round the waist should measure twenty-five. The statue of the "Venus de Medici," the acknowledged type of beauty, has a waist of twenty-seven inches, the height of the figure being only five feet two inches.

A BEAUTIFUL SERIES OF LITTLE BOOKS is that just published by Lee & Shepard, Boston: all small quartos, to be held in the hand, and all elegantly illustrated. "Rock of Ages," "Home, Sweet Home," "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," "Abide With Me," "Nearer, My God, To Thee," and "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night." The engravings are everything that could be desired, and the bindings are beautiful. The poems themselves, that are illustrated, have been selected, as will be seen from their titles, with rare taste: for they are of world-wide celebrity.

BEST IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.—A club-raiser writes from Stryker, Ohio, thus: "As 'Peterson' is the best in all departments, we cannot do without it; and I know I should be lost if it could not be brought into my home. And then the premiums are always so fine; and, finally, it is the saddest of all the magazines to raise a club for."

EARN A FREE COPY of this magazine, by getting up a club. In addition to other clubs of this kind, we will send a free copy to anyone getting up a club of two at \$2.00 each (or \$4.00 in all), or a club of three at \$1.75 each (\$5.25 in all).

OLD-FASHIONED SILK SHAWLS, which many may still find in some grandmother's wardrobe, make very elegant table-covers. But they should be lined, and a tassel sewed on each of the four corners, to make them heavier.

THE "BOOK OF BEAUTY," AND OTHER PREMIUMS.—One of our beautiful premiums to persons getting up clubs for "Peterson," for 1887, is the "Book of Beauty." This unrivaled gift-book is a volume of poetry, devoted to fair women, and illustrated with nine steel-portraits of celebrated beauties, etc., etc. It is bound in patent morocco, gilt, and will be an ornament for any centre-table. Every lady should have a copy of it. To earn a copy, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson."

Another of our premiums is a fine large steel-engraving, size twentyone by twentyseven inches, called "Mother's Darling." To secure it, you have only to get up a club for "Peterson." Or both it and the "Book of Beauty" can be had by getting up one of our larger clubs.

Another of our premiums will be an extra copy of the magazine for 1887. Many persons will prefer this to any other premium. But it, and one or both of the other premiums, can be earned by getting up certain large clubs. See the Prospectus for all these.

In short, for 1887, "Peterson" will not only be more desirable than ever, but the premiums for getting up clubs are more beautiful and even costly. Now is the time to get up clubs. It is never, in fact, too late in the year.

SOME PRETTY DECORATIVE CLOTHS are now fashionable, arranged by tasteful hands, consisting of a square of white or colored satin sheeting, with sprays cut from old hand-embroidered material appliquéd on at the corners and in detached groups. This work is also done on tolerably fine canvas, for cushions, sachets, etc., etc.: the appliqué being backed on delicately, and the canvas grounded in colored silk, in double or single cross-stitch. Nearly everyone has some antique, often useless, relics of embroidery by them; and, if these are carefully cut out and well arranged, the effect is very good.

COPIING STORIES FROM "PETERSON."—Our fair correspondent, Julia, is quite correct. The story of "Miss Defarge," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, which appeared in the December number of a cotemporary, was originally printed in "Peterson" in 1879. If any proof were needed of the superiority of our original stories, it would be found in the fact that they are so often copied by other magazines, as in this case and others we might mention.

NATURAL HISTORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.—Under this title, Lee & Shepard, Boston, have just published a series of little volumes—on birds, fishes, quadrupeds, insects, sea-shells, etc., etc.—which seem to us to be incomparable, in their way. Each volume is illustrated. It gives us real pleasure to call attention to so valuable a contribution to the needs of children.

THERE ARE SEVERAL WAYS of tracing the patterns, we would say to Almira. The quickest way is to use a tracing-wheel. We will send such a tracing-wheel by mail, when requested, for fifteen cents. This offer is confined to subscribers, however, as it is for their convenience we make it, and for theirs only.

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE HAD by writing to us, and enclosing eighteen cents a number. A news-agent often says he can't supply them, when he is only indifferent about ordering them. In such cases, write to us.

BONNETS SHOULD ALWAYS CORRESPOND in hue either with the mantle or the gown with which they are worn. Remember this, if you would dress in good taste.

"THE BEST OF MAGAZINES."—Says a lady at Iola, Texas: "I send for your magazine. I have taken it for several years, and know it to be the best of magazines."

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ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE TO A CLUB at the price paid by the rest of the club; and, when enough additional names have been sent, the sender will be entitled to another premium or premiums. The additions may be made at any time, all through the year. Go on, therefore, adding to your clubs and earning more premiums.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Nature's Hallelujah. From Original Designs by Irene E. Jerome. Fifty Full-Page Illustrations. 1 vol., royal quarto. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is one of the most beautiful volumes ever published in America. It is a large royal quarto, fourteen inches by nine and a half, with fifty full-page illustrations, engraved on wood in the highest style of art by George T. Andrews, after original designs by Irene E. Jerome. Two years ago, this same gifted artist made herself famous by her "One Year's Sketch-Book," and it was thought that she could never even rise to the same height again; but, in the present exquisite gift-book, she has really surpassed her first. From happy homes, from the wild solitudes of Colorado, from the mountains and meadows of New England, she has drunk inspiration, until, beneath her magic pencil, children, as well as birds and flowers, become one common family. The great charm of "Nature's Hallelujah," as a cotemporary has felicitously observed, is its devout spiritual vein. We know no volume that has appeared for many years that would make so fitting a birthday or holiday gift as this.

Iphigenia. A Woman of Progress. By Hugo Fard. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A very remarkable book. The story is full of interest, and, as such, is commendable. But the chief merit of the work is in the broad views of life which are brought so prominently forward in the conversation as well as in the action of the characters. In some respects, "Iphigenia" reminds us of Auerbach.

The Message of the Blue-Bird. Told To Me to Tell To Others. By Irene E. Jerome. 1 vol., 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—For delicacy and truthfulness, the illustrations in this beautiful volume cannot be surpassed. Of the poems, the one "Out on the Hills" is worth the price of the book alone. Nor was ever the art of wood-engraving carried to a higher point than in doing justice to these exquisitely lovely designs.

A Mirage of Promise. By Harriet Pennicott Bell. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—A quasi-historical novel, the scene laid in the United States, the period about two generations ago. There is a good deal of local color in the story. The author is already favorably known by her "Marjorie Huntington."

The Young Wrecker. By Richard Meade Baché. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is one of those stories of adventure that has the merit of not being improbable, while it is accurate in its description of scenery, etc., etc. It combines instruction with amusement in a way not often to be found.

His One Fault. By J. T. Trowbridge. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Whatever Mr. Trowbridge writes is thoroughly well done, and this new story will even increase his reputation. It is just the book for boys.

Stanley Huntington. By Sydney J. Wilson. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—A story of Southern life, well told, with plenty of incident, the characters quite realistic, and with an excellent moral.

Cocoa and Chocolate. 1 vol., 12mo. Dorchester, Mass.: Walter Baker & Co.—An account of the production and use of cocoa and chocolate, with a description of their properties and the best way to prepare them.

Little Miss Weezy. By Penn Shirley. 1 vol., 16mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A charming book for children; very prettily illustrated; quite a prize, in its way.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT LADIES SAY OF "PETERSON."—We gave, last month, for the benefit of new subscribers, a few of the hundreds of complimentary notices which we receive from editors. This month we quote a few of those received from ladies who *know* what "Peterson" is, from having been subscribers. One, from West Chester, Pa., writes: "I have been a subscriber for twenty years, and to have my magazine stop coming would seem like losing a dear friend." Another, from Troy, N. Y., writes: "I have taken your magazine for seventeen years, and would not be without it." Another, who sends a large club for 1887, from Collins, Iowa, writes to us: "This makes ten years that I have taken your magazine without intermission, and I expect to take it for the next ten years. I will send several more subscribers before long." Another says, writing from Menominee, Mich.: "This is my thirtyfifth annual subscription. I cannot do without it." Another, from St. Joseph, Mo., writes: "I have taken 'Peterson' so long I cannot do without it." Another, "returning to the fold," after a dear experience elsewhere, writes, from Provo, Utah: "This is the first year I have missed being a subscriber since 1877. I find I cannot do without 'Peterson.' It is the best." Another, who lives at Des Moines, Iowa, writes: "I have been taking your magazine for twenty years, and think it never was so good as it was in 1886. I had no trouble in getting up this club." We could quote hundreds of letters if we had the space. Certainly, there was no magazine ever published to which ladies get to be so attached as to "Peterson." Once subscribers, they are generally life-long subscribers. That is why this periodical still has, as it has had for thirty years, a *larger circulation than all the other lady's-books combined.*

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAHAM LIVERSEY, A.M., M.D.

NO. 4.—CLOTHING IN WINTER.

One great fact seems to be entirely overlooked, not only by mothers, but almost by everyone, in reference to clothing themselves and children in the winter season; yet it will only need brief mention, we think, to make them fully aware of the injudiciousness and unreasonableness of the custom in vogue. It is this: we keep our rooms, during the most excessive cold, at summer temperature;—often higher: more likely to be above than below that of the summer season;—and yet we clothe our children especially with heavy woollens and warm woolen underwear, stockings, etc., etc., which would be considered most oppressive during summer. And yet what is the difference, in point of fact and in effect? Is not perspiration caused more readily in winter and a hot room, with warm woolen clothing, than in rooms of the same temperature, with light flimsy dresses, in summer? The result is that their bodies, most of the time, are kept in a perspirable state, and they are unfitted to go out in the cold air because of their increased liability to "take cold" upon the exposure.

A sudden change of temperature—from seventyfive degrees or eighty degrees to one below the freezing-point, maybe down in the "teens"—is most trying to the most robust constitution, and is frequently the exciting cause of pneumonia and other serious lung-trouble. Sending children out, or permitting them to go out, from such rooms in mid-winter is like the physician who leaves his bed and warm room at night, in an unconscious state of perspiration, to attend an urgent call. How many kind-hearted doctors we know, both in city and country, who have sacrificed their

lives and deprived their respective communities of their future usefulness by these sudden changes and inattention to themselves!

The writer, many years ago, had frequent calls at night; but he always took time, before dressing, to apply cold water, at the temperature of his sleeping-apartment, with his hand, to his chest and front-part of his body especially, followed by brisk friction by means of a coarse towel, before leaving his room. By this simple procedure, he attributes, to this day, his immunity from cold or any bronchial trouble during an exposing practice in the country of more than twentyfive years. But how can we protect our children rationally from the great changes in winter to which they are unavoidably subjected—from a hot nursery, play-room, or parlor, to a temperature far below the freezing-point? It can only be done through the medium of dress, through a change of the prevailing custom. As long as they remain in rooms heated to a summer temperature, they should be clad as in summer. But, when they go out, their bodies and limbs should be thoroughly protected by overalls, woolen wraps, fur, etc., which can be promptly discarded or thrown off the moment they enter other heated rooms, the school-room, or when they return home. This is the only sensible plan, and must be apparent to every mother upon a little reflection, and is, at the same time, quite feasible. Keep all parts of the body, including the upper and lower limbs, equally warmly clad, equally protected from the cold wintry wind, when out; but remove all extraneous wraps, reduce the clothing to a summer status, as soon as they enter the warm apartments, and thus avoid perspiration and its baneful effect.

Tepid, cool, or cold sponging is most useful in winter, both healthful and protective: as essential to health as it is in summer, and is the best preventive of catarrhal affection. Persons subject to tonsillitis—quincy—upon every slight exposure, during the winter, have, at the advice of the writer, permanently broken up the complaint by throwing off their neck-wraps, which kept the parts in a perspirable condition, and using cold water freely, morning and evening, to their necks, throats, etc., etc., with smart friction.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THEY ALL COME BACK.—A lady, sending us a club for 1887, from Union, N. Y., writes thus: "I can truthfully say that the magazine grows better and better every year. Some of my old subscribers came to me, this year, and said that they had taken a different magazine the past year, but had found it much inferior to 'Peterson'; and would not take it again, but would, instead, join my club." This always happens when ladies leave us. They find that "Peterson" never deceives them, and is, in the long run, the best for its money.

THE WELL-KNOWN SEED-HOUSE of Peter Henderson & Co. has its Seed Annual ready for 1887. It is one of the most beautiful annuals we have ever seen, and is replete with beautiful flower-plates and general information. Send for it, and see for yourself.

A "FORTY-YEAR FRIEND."—A lady writes to us: "I have taken your magazine since I was thirty years old, and I am seventy now. I never feel that my work is finished for the year until I have gotten up a club or two for 'Peterson.'"

"TRIED OTHERS AND DROPPED THEM."—A lady from Vernon Centre (N. Y.) writes: "I cannot get along without your magazine. I have tried others and dropped them." We have received hundreds of such letters this year.

HORTICULTURAL.

A WORD ABOUT WINDOW-GARDENS.—It is during the dark days of winter that we turn to our well-filled windows of green, to catch a glimpse of summer-land. And they will not fail us, if we have properly prepared them for a display in winter. Beautiful vines, if never a blossom, add much to the beauty of any window in winter; and, if you are the happy possessor of a bay-window, you can arrange them in such graceful festoons as will attract and rest the eyes every time they are turned that way. In vines, I find *Pygoum suavis* one of the most graceful little vines; it submits so very readily to house-treatment, and throws out its delicate spiral tendrils, clinging to whatever it may. I have it clinging here and there by delicate threads, and it forms a lovely mass of green—perfectly enchanting. Another of my favorite vines is *Smilax*: it adapts itself very well to sitting-room culture, providing it has plenty of sunlight, air, and moisture; if given these, it makes a rapid growth, and can be cut frequently to fill out a bouquet or for table-decoration; trained on threads in masses, it will almost curtain a window, if properly directed. Keep the leaves well syringed and free from dust. If one cannot succeed in making plants bloom, one can always have, with a little care, some bright foliage plants. Where a room is well heated, day and night, colous will do well, but a sudden chill mars its beauty, by causing the leaves to fall. The bronze and tri-colored geraniums are handsome plants, and fill a window with rich color when they are well-grown shapely plants. These are inexpensive plants, and all who love them may really possess a few. For a sunny exposure, with plenty of heat, nothing gives greater satisfaction than *heliotrope*; a well-grown plant will bloom well all winter, and will fill the room with its exquisite fragrance. It, like the *coleus*, will not stand a chill, but will revel in plenty of heat and bask in the brilliant sunshine. *Petunias*, both double and single, are excellent window-plants, blooming freely all winter long; if started, say, in July, they make fine bushy plants, and are singularly free from the enemies which so often attack other house-plants. After doing duty in the house, they may be bedded out in spring, and will continue to bloom freely all summer long. By a little prudent forethought, a genuine flower-lover may lay up a store of sweetness and beauty, to be enjoyed when wintry winds howl dismally and storms of snow debar one from seeking pleasure in the outer world.

WINTER PRECAUTION.—In the Southern States, especially the Gulf States, precaution is hardly necessary. But, at the North, we must take especial pains to guard against the results of sudden "cold snaps" and penetrating winds which blow the cold through every little nook and crevice into the rooms where our flowers are. If this precaution be neglected, we may wake up some morning, when the thermometer registers away down in the minus twenties, or possibly the thirties, as was several times the case with us last winter, and find our pets frozen.

I would always advise having double sash at the windows where plants are kept. If this is done, and the glass is well putted in, there is no need of moving them away at night, and it is entirely unnecessary to use a curtain of any sort as a protection against frost, as the two thicknesses of glass with the air-space between them are an effectual barrier against the entrance of cold. Of course, care must be taken to see that the sash fits the frame snugly. There must be no loose open joints. In order to make sure of a snug fit, it is well to use strips of thin corner-molding, which can be fitted into the angles between sash and frame and tacked so firmly into place as to fit closely against both, thus insuring a tight joint. The outside sash can be screwed to the window-frame. Large long screws will draw it down against the wood so firmly as to leave no crevice for the wind to get

in. If the frame is uneven, it is well to tack on a strip of thick cloth or felt all around where the storm-sash will come. The screws will hold the wood down on this so snugly that all uneven places will be effectually filled. Of course, windows having double sash are supposed to be proof against the entrance of air, but it does not necessarily follow from this that we are not to give fresh air to the plants grown at them.

If your plants should freeze, as soon as you discover what has been done put them in a dark room or the cellar, where the temperature is but little above freezing, and sprinkle thoroughly with cold water. In most cases, such plants as geraniums, abutilons, and the more hardy kinds can be saved in this way, and often quite tender kinds will come out with but little injury. The frost must be extracted gradually and with application of as little heat as possible. Keep them away from the light and warmth for two or three days. If the tops should wilt, you may feel sure that they cannot be saved, so cut them off at once. The roots may not be damaged to any great extent, and, if they are not, they will soon send up sprouts.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

OYSTERS.

Fricassee Oysters.—Take two quarts of oysters, drain them well, season with a little chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and cayenne to taste. Brown two ounces of butter in a stew-pan, and put the oysters and seasoning into it. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with two ounces more butter, and stir into the oysters after two or three minutes. Beat up the yolks of three eggs, pour them in, remove the whole at once from the fire, and serve on a hot dish garnished with fried bread and parsley.

Scalloped Oysters.—Butter the dishes in which you intend to make your scallops; put in, first, a layer of stale bread-crumbs, and then one of oysters. Pepper and salt them, and dot with small bits of butter; then put another layer of oysters and seasoning, moisten with a little milk or cream, add another layer of crumbs with small pieces of butter on the top, and bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven. Cracker-crumbs may be used, instead of bread, and the whole baked in one large dish.

MEATS, ETC.

Hog's-head Cheese.—Clean a pig's-head nicely, wash it well, and boil it in very little water, with some salt. Let it boil until the bones fall from the flesh. Then take it up, take out all the bones, and, with a wooden spoon, mash it up well, and return it to the water it was boiled in. Add red and black pepper, rubbed sage, and sweet-majoram to the taste. Boil the whole down till it is quite thick and nearly dry; then pour it in pans or forms, smooth it over the top with the back of a spoon, and stand it away to get cold. Cut it in slices, and send it to the table. Some prefer spice, in hog's-head cheese; in that case, add a small quantity of ground cloves and mace.

Roast Mutton.—The joint to be well covered with boiling dripping before placing it in the hottest of ovens to bake, with the oven-door a little ajar, and be roasted fifteen minutes to each pound; any half-pound over to be reckoned as one pound, also ten minutes extra for warming through. This length of time, if the meat is liked underdone; but, if preferred well done, then eighteen minutes to each pound. It should be well floured during the cooking-process.

Some.—Take cooked or uncooked scraps of meat—which ever can be obtained—cut them into very small pieces, and put them into a stewpan with the bones chopped, pepper and salt, a good quantity of sliced onions, double the quantity

of raw potatoes, and cold water to cover. Simmer gently for about three hours, remove the bones, and serve the scone very hot. This is, perhaps, the most profitable way of using up cold meat and bones which can be adopted.

Stewed Rabbit.—Cut a rabbit in pieces, wash it in cold water a little salted. Prepare in a stewpan some flour and clarified dripping or butter; stir it until it browns. Then put in the pieces of rabbit, and keep stirring and turning until they are tinged with a little color; then add six onions—peeled, but not cut up. Serve all together in a deep dish.

VEGETABLES.

To Boil Rice.—Wash well in two separate waters half a pound of the very best rice, and throw it into a quart of boiling water in a stewpan on the fire. Let the rice boil until nearly but not quite done; then drain it upon a sieve, and, having buttered the inside of a stewpan, put the rice into it, covering it with the lid, which should fit closely. Set this in a warm oven, on a trivet, allowing it to remain there until the rice is perfectly tender, when every grain will be separate and quite white.

Potato-Salad.—Slice boiled potatoes while hot. Pour on enough sweet-oil to moisten them, and stir well together. Slice fresh onions very fine, and mix in. Add a pinch of sugar; salt and vinegar to the taste. Should the vinegar be very acid, dilute with a little stock. Make it while hot, and eat cold. Stir all well together, but be careful not to break the potatoes. Garnish with fresh parsley.

DESSERTS.

Rich Plum-Pudding.—The following is an old recipe which we have used successfully for years: Take one pound of suet, chopped finely; one pound of currants, well washed and picked; one pound of raisins, stoned and split in half, not chopped; about six ounces of good sugar, and the same quantity of mixed peel cut into small pieces; one pound of best white flour and breadcrumb—rather more of the latter, but only making one pound in all; one grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of mixed spice, and a pinch of salt; a few chopped sweet-almonds may be added, if liked. The whole to be thoroughly mixed in a dry state. Then add eight or nine well-beaten eggs and half a wineglassful of brandy. Tie up tightly in an unbleached calico cloth, taking care to leave room for the pudding to swell, and boil eight or nine hours. This quantity makes a large pudding.

Bread-Pudding.—Break the bread into small pieces, and pour on them as much boiling water or milk as will soak them well. Let these stand till the liquid is cool; press it out, and mash the bread till it is quite free from lumps. Measure this pulp, and to every quart stir in half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, three ounces of moist sugar; mix all well together, and put it into a well-buttered pie-dish. Break one and a half ounces of butter in small pieces over the top; bake in a moderate oven one and a half hours. Or, to every three-quarters pint of pulp, add one and a half pints of milk; sugar to taste; four eggs, one ounce of butter. Pour the boiling milk on the bread, let it stand till cold, add the other ingredients, beat well, and put into a buttered basin; tie it down tightly, plunge it into boiling water, boil for one and a quarter hours.

Milk-Pudding.—At nine o'clock in the morning, put one tablespoonful of the best rice and one tablespoonful of tapioca into a three-pint pie-dish; add one tablespoonful of coarse brown sugar and a small pinch of salt. Let this soak on the hob, or close to the fire, until eleven o'clock, and let it be constantly stirred. Then put very little bits of butter on the top, and put it in a moderate oven. For the first half-hour, stir it often from the bottom, then leave it. At one o'clock, you will have a pudding far exceeding in richness one made with eggs, and with a delicious flavor. Sage or tapioca, or rice alone, is equally good.

Lemon-Butter, to fill tarts with, is made of one cupful of white sugar, three eggs, butter the size of half an egg, the juice and rind of one large lemon. Put this, after beating it well, into a bright basin, and set into a pan of boiling water. Stir it constantly, until it is thick. Small cakes are nice if split and put together with this jelly. It is also very nice as a filling for a layer-cake.

CAKES.

Lunch-Cake.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, two ounces of lard, two ounces of butter, two ounces of candied peel, three eggs, one-half pound of currants, one teaspoonful of grated ginger, six ounces of castor-sugar, one-half ounce of caraway-seed, and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Rub the lard and butter into the flour, sprinkle the baking-powder over, add the rest of the dry ingredients; add a little milk to the yolks of eggs, and stir in. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth, stir in lightly; bake at least three hours.

Victoria Sandwich-Cake.—Two large eggs broken into a bowl, three ounces of castor-sugar; whisk till creamy; two ounces of flour, mixed in a basin with half a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Have ready a flat baking-sheet, buttered, and sprinkled with sugar; stir the flour into the eggs, and, if necessary, add a tablespoonful of milk. The mixture must be thin enough to run over the tin. Bake; when done, spread jam on the top, and roll up.

Rich Seed-Cake.—Three eggs, one-quarter pound of fine flour, three ounces of butter, one-quarter pound of castor-sugar, one or two teaspoonfuls of caraway-seed; beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, the yolk of one egg, and a third of the flour, and so on. Whisk the whites, and add last; bake in a moderate oven one hour.

Madeira Cake.—One-quarter pound of butter worked to a cream, three eggs, one-half pound of castor-sugar, twelve drops of essence-of-lemon or ratafia, and one-half pound of fine flour, to which has been added a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Place large pieces of candied peel on the top, when in the tin, and bake one hour.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Toffy.—Melt three ounces of butter in a small saucepan over a clear fire; stir into it one pound of brown sugar; keep stirring until it is done, which can be ascertained by dropping a little into a cup of cold water, when, if it hardens and breaks between the teeth without sticking, it is done, and may be poured out into a buttered dish. It may be flavored with almond, lemon, or ginger, and will take twenty minutes to boil.

Apple Jelly.—Choose apples with red skins, wipe, and cut into quarters; do not peel them. To each pound of fruit put three pints of cold water, bring to a boil, then boil rapidly for thirty minutes. Strain, and to every pint of juice allow one pound of loaf-sugar, return to the pan, and again boil rapidly for thirty minutes. I am now using apple jelly made in this way two years old.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. 1.—VIRTING-DRESS, OF YELLOWISH-GREEN CASHMERE. The back of the skirt (which falls in straight folds), is made of plain cashmere. The front drapery is of India silk of the same color, figured with red palms. A wide ribbon sash, of the color of the cashmere, and striped crosswise with emerald-green velvet, is tied in long loops, and forms panels at the sides. The full bodice is of the figured silk. The extremely stylish jacket is of emerald-green velvet, faced with silk the color of the back of the skirt, and is ornamented with large buttons. Hat of yellowish-green felt, trimmed with ribbon of the same color and a red bird, and faced with emerald-green velvet.

FIG. 11.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DAHLIA-COLORED SPOTTED CLOTH. The underskirt is of velveteen. The upper skirt is laid to fall in wide plaits, and is shorter in front than at the

back. The drapery at the back is short at the top, but falls in jabot-plaits almost to the bottom of the skirt. The close-fitting jacket is braided, and trimmed with gray fox-fur. The muff is of the material of the dress, decorated with a bow of ribbon. Hat of purple velvet, trimmed with a yellow bird.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS. The long cloak is made of fawn-colored striped cloth. The sleeves are very long at the back, wide, and trimmed with velvet. A band of velvet passes over the shoulders, and narrows at the waist. High collar of the velvet. Bonnet of red plush, with white plumes.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF OLIVE-GREEN-COLORED SILK AND STRIPED VELVET. The under part of the skirt and side panels is made of the striped silk and velvet. The full front and back drapery is of plain olive-green silk. The bodice is also of the plain silk, laced, and the little close-fitting jacket is of green velvet, with elbow-sleeves, and trimmed with green jet-bead passementerie. Hat of olive-green velvet, trimmed with green feathers and a white bird.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF POPPY-COLORED SILK. The underskirt is made of cream-colored silk, striped with red velvet. The overskirt opens on the right side, and is faced with cream-colored silk, brocaded in red velvet. The plain red silk is arranged diagonally, in full plaits, on the skirt. It is draped far back on the left side, and in loose folds at the back. The bodice opens over a cream-colored diagonal-plaited vest, and is trimmed on the right side with a velvet revers. Velvet collar.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK STRIPED SILK AND VELVET. The cloak is of black velvet, trimmed with broad bands of brown fur, which terminate in fur balls. The sleeves are wide. Jet passementerie is placed between the rows of fur, and jet tassels are on the sleeves. Bonnet of black velvet, with delicate pink plumes.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF WALKING-DRESS, OF CHESTNUT-COLORED CASHMERE. The underskirt is of dark-green woolen, checked with chestnut-color. It is laid in full plaits. The plain chestnut-colored overdress falls in full plaits at the back, is carelessly looped on the left side, and drawn higher up on the right, to show more of the petticoat. The bodice is pointed in front and back, and ornamented with two large buttons.

FIGS. VIII AND IX.—FRONT AND BACK OF WALKING OR HOUSE DRESS, BLUE AND BEIGE-COLORED WOOLEN PLAID. The underskirt is full at the back, and the square tunic is draped high on the hips. The facing of the skirt is of plain blue woolen. The bodice has a full front and a plain blue yoke. The sash, cuffs, and collar are of blue velvet.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GRAY CLOTH. The jacket, muff, and hat are of sealskin, ornamented with small foxes'-heads.

FIG. XI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PRUNE-COLORED SURAH. The underskirt is of prune-colored velvet. The tunic, of prune-colored surah, is bordered with a jet trimming. The bretelles, collar, and sash are of velvet, ornamented with jet trimmings. The surah plastron is gathered, and the full sleeves terminate with a deep velvet cuff.

FIG. XII.—GARIBALDI, WITH A YOKE. It is made of striped flannel, and yoke-piece, collar, cuffs, and waistband are in plush or velvet, to match the stripe in the flannel. The bodice fastens down the front with studs.

FIG. XIII.—ROSETTE, OF LIGHT-BLUE RIBBON, with grasses, for the hair.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY AND BLACK PLAID. Jacket of gray frisé-cloth, made double-breasted and ornamented with two large rows of buttons. Hat of gray felt, with black velvet band and gray feathers.

FIG. XV.—JACKET, OF DARK-GRAY TWEED, trimmed with rows of narrow braid. The revers are machine-stitched. The jacket is fastened with silver buttons. Bonnet of gray

plush, trimmed with black velvet and jet, and a cluster of pink roses.

FIG. XVI.—YOKE-BLOUSE, MADE OF SERGE OR ELASTIC CLOTH, with braiding in either gold or silk of a darker shade. The bodice is plaited, back and front, into a square yoke.

FIG. XVII.—MUFF, OF DARK-RED SILK, covered with black lace, and having a lace frill at the bottom. Three red pompons ornament it.

GENERAL REMARKS. No decided change takes place in dress at this season of the year, but so great is the latitude now allowed by fashion that one's own fancy may suggest pretty alterations and the wearer be quite in the style; nay, perhaps more stylish than if she simply copied the prevailing mode.

Woolens still hold sway for street-wear, silk being seldom seen; but woolen—or, rather, cloth—dresses have the great disadvantage of being heavy, plaited as much as they now are. This is particularly the case with cloth. In purchasing woolen material, a soft fine texture, light in weight, should be sought.

Skirts with long straight plaits are much worn, with a long pointed drapery in front.

All large persons should avoid full drapery, and wear only dresses that fall in plaits from the bodice to the feet. If stout, a plain material is much more becoming than a plaid or figured one.

Dark colors are, also, more suitable than light ones for large people, or, in fact, for any woman after she has passed thirty or thirty-five years of age. The darker color adds to the appearance of youth.

Tall slender people have much more license in the way of trimming, drapery, ruffles, etc., and look well in the plaids now so fashionable, if the colors are not too pronounced.

Short women should dress with straight lines as much as possible, avoiding anything that seems to cut the figure. At present, almost any style can be adopted that suits the wearer, and she still looks perfectly well dressed—so many are the vagaries of fashion.

Bodices can be worn of any pattern, if they are made with a high collar and short on the shoulder-seams. Basques, round waists, points, habit-basques, vests, V-shaped plastrons, diagonal fastenings, are all equally popular.

For evening-dresses, tulle of all colors, worn over a thin satin or silk of the color of the tulle, is most youthful and pretty; but these are expensive dresses, though comparatively cheap at first, for they are so perishable. Moreover, they require a great amount of material to look full and rich. Light-colored cashmere or camel's-hair is more durable, though not so "dressy" as the tulle; and silk, with a wide moiré sash, is extremely rich. These, of course, for young people.

For older women who go out much of an evening, the variety is endless—velvets, satins of all colors, the richest of silks, or excellent ones of low price, striped goods of all kinds, and soft cashmeres of all colors.

The long loose cloak, which is so comfortable, has gained in favor since the cold weather set in, but the shorter and more jaunty mantle is still preferred by those who like to look "more dressed."

Bonnets are small, but the trimming is yet too high to be becoming.

Hats are in a greater variety; and, though the large Gainsborough is not now seen, some larger hats are worn, but so are small toques—or turbans, as they were formerly called.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The diminution of the tournure, the falsely-so-called "dress-improver," appears to be definitely decided upon.

Worth is using all his powerful influence in that direction, as he dislikes very much the ungraceful stiffness imparted to the upper portion of the toilette by its undue dimensions. The newest articles of this description are composed of ruffles of hair-cloth—the genuine “crinoline”—and the sides are simply laced together underneath, neither steel springs nor whalebone being used in the fabric. The most stylish toilettes have simply a silk cushion, stuffed with horse-hair, set just at the back of the skirt-band, and three rows of steel springs are set in the lower part of the skirt to hold it out. This is merely a return to the combination which was in vogue before the present—or, rather, the recent—exaggeration of this detail of feminine dress.

A very elegant and simple style of walking-costume is composed as follows: On a plain skirt of plush, velvet, or Astrakhan-cloth is placed an overdress of the same color as the underskirt, which is so draped as to form three points—two at the sides and one at the back—the tips of which reach to the hem of the underskirt. This overdress may be composed either of cashmere or of sicilienne. Cloth is too heavy, and does not drape well. The plain jacket-shaped corsege must be made of the same material as the underskirt. In steel-gray plush and sicilienne, this costume is very handsome for calling or reception wear, while in black cashmere and velvet it is appropriate for an ordinary walking-dress. A very handsome street-dress is composed as follows: The short full skirt is bordered with a band of jet-embroidery or passementerie nearly a quarter of a yard wide. The long jacket-shaped basque corsege and coat-sleeves are edged with a narrow passementerie matching that on the skirt. This dress, with the addition of a train in satin or faille, and with an open corsege of the same material as the train, replacing the velvet waist, is converted at once into a very stylish dinner-dress. Another style for walking-dress is to have the underskirt composed of alternate widths of Astrakhan-cloth and of Pekin velvet. Over this is draped an overdress of cashmere, caught up very high at the sides and falling in long ends at the back, crossing the front in flat scarf-like plaits. The corsege is in cashmere, with vest and cuffs of the Pekin velvet. Over this is worn a jacket of Astrakhan-cloth or of the genuine fur.

For evening-wear, it is more and more evident that the loopings and bunchings of skirt-draperies at the back have entirely gone out of fashion. Trains are made very full, and have two loops—like butterflies' wings—just below the waist. Short dresses in satin or sicilienne have the skirt entirely formed of flat box-plaits, which part in front so as to show the skirt-front in rich embroidery, either in colored silks or in gold or silver, the latter being the most fashionable but also the most perishable. The low-necked corsege is no longer cut straight across the shoulders, but forms a deep curve or else a deep point in front and at the back. The simple strap across the shoulder is giving place to a regular short sleeve, which is usually a bias double-plaited ruffle, of the same material as the dress, just long enough to shade the upper part of the arm. Trimming on these corseges continues down the front of the waist to the point; that is, if the garniture is perfectly flat, such as passementerie, or lace, or embroidery. Worth has composed some dinner-dresses recently, with long loose sleeves in embroidered tulle, set in sleeve-caps of the same material as the toilette. These sleeve-caps or short oversleeves reach half-way from the shoulder to the elbow, and are sometimes cut up the centre to the shoulder, the opening being laced across with gold or silver cords, or with strings of pearls if the dress is trimmed with pearls. They require very careful and judicious arrangement, as they are apt to give the dress a stiff appearance.

Flesh-colored silk stockings are the latest fantasy for ball-room wear, and have the advantage of being suitable to wear with a toilette of any color. The slippers must

match the dress. Embroidered silk stockings are also much in vogue. Those worked with tiny rosebuds in colored silks on a pale-blue, pale-pink, or fawn-colored ground, are very tasteful and artistic. Black silk stockings, worked with small stars in gold, or steel, or jet beads, are very effective, but the beads are apt to become detached in the process of wearing. Satin slippers are no longer the only chaussure admissible with evening-dress, bronze kid and patent-leather slippers being now allowed for elderly ladies' wear at dinners or evening receptions.

For diamond jewelry, the most fashionable form is now sprays of flowers—lilacs, ferns, lilies of the valley, etc., being simulated in these sparkling stones. The trefoil or clover is also very popular, formed of three diamonds with a small ruby or sapphire set at the heart. Round brooches have replaced the long bar-pins. One that was recently shown me was a hoop of gold, inside of which were grouped three clover-leaves, formed of diamonds and having gold stalks. In the centre of one leaf was a ruby, in the second a sapphire, and in the third an emerald. Monograms in diamonds, set in gold circlets, form handsome brooches. Another charming and artistic form of jewelry is a very finely-painted small miniature, set in a slender frame of gold or in an appropriate design in small diamonds. Thus, a miniature of Marie Antoinette is set in a wreath of diamond-leaves, surmounted by a tiny crown in diamonds. One—of her saintly sister-in-law, the Princess Elizabeth—is set in a narrow band of gold, with a diamond fleur-de-lis at the base. These miniatures are exquisitely-executed copies of original portraits, and will be worthy of preservation as works of art when the fashion of wearing them as ornaments has passed away. An old fashion in jewelry, which has been just revived, is that of wearing at the side a watch and chatelaine in dark-blue enamel, studded with diamonds. Ladies who possess old ornaments of that nature, which were in vogue over thirty years ago, are bringing them out from their hiding-places and refurbishing them anew. The modern reproductions are not nearly of such good workmanship, as the art of cutting really fine diamonds in the rose shape—which is the style used in forming the floriated designs on the blue enamel—has entirely fallen into disuse.

The hair is now dressed very high on the top of the head on full-dress occasions. The structure is built up of finger-puffs and lightly-twisted coils, its height being often enhanced by the addition of a Spanish comb in jet or in tortoise-shell. Around this light edifice is sometimes placed a small wreath of flowers, to correspond with those on the dress.

LUCK H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S COAT, OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH. It is faced with gray Astrakhan-fur, and the collar and cuffs, as well as the band around the cap, are of the same fur. Astrakhan-cloth, of a good quality, looks well in the place of the fur, and is less expensive.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COAT, OF BROWN BOUCLÉ-CLOTH. The front is straight and close-fitting; at the back, the skirt is plaited to the waist. A large cord, fastened at the back with large buttons, ties in front. The hood is lined with red silk. Brown felt hat, trimmed with brown plush and feather.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COAT, OF GRAY TWEED. It is loose, gathered at the back, and slightly at the waist in front. It buttons on the left side, and the cord passes entirely around the waist. Sailor hat, of gray felt.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S FELT HAT, with soft crown and ribbon-band.

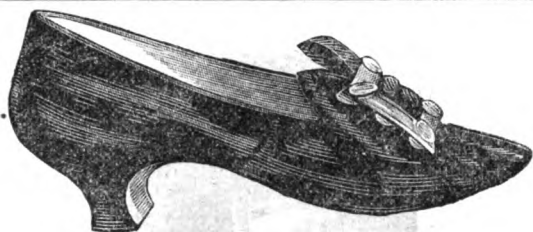


WORKING THE SLIPPER.

[See the Story, "I'opa's Friend."]



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH. HAT.



WALKING-DRESS. NEW-STYLE SHOE.



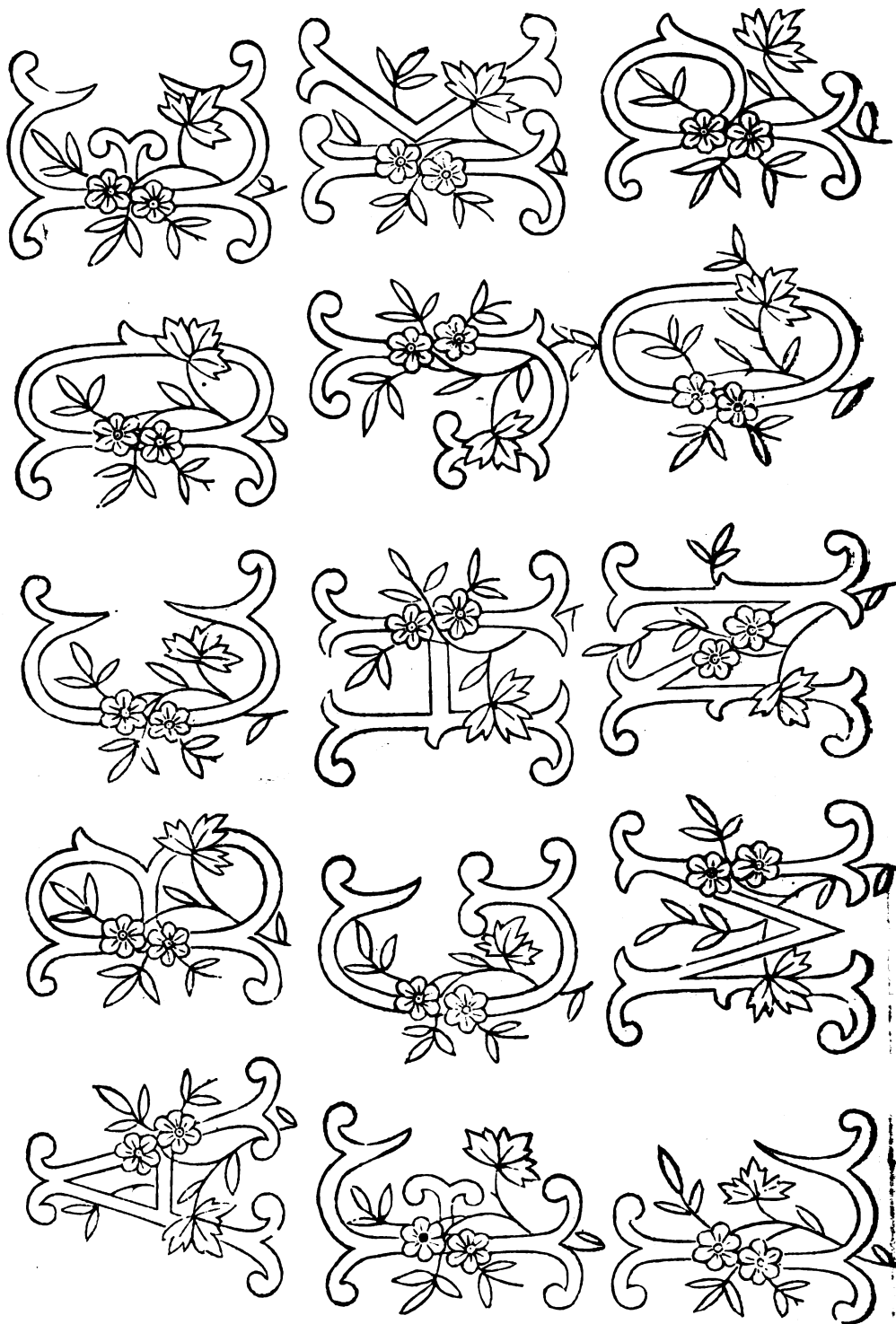
WALKING-DRESSES. BOW FOR THE HAIR.

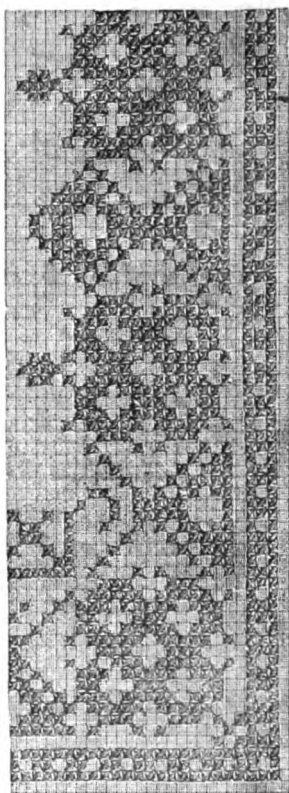
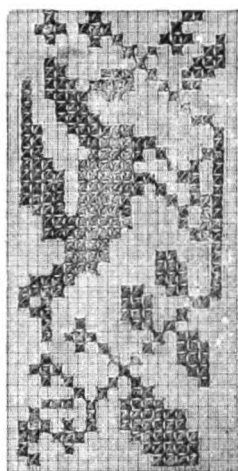
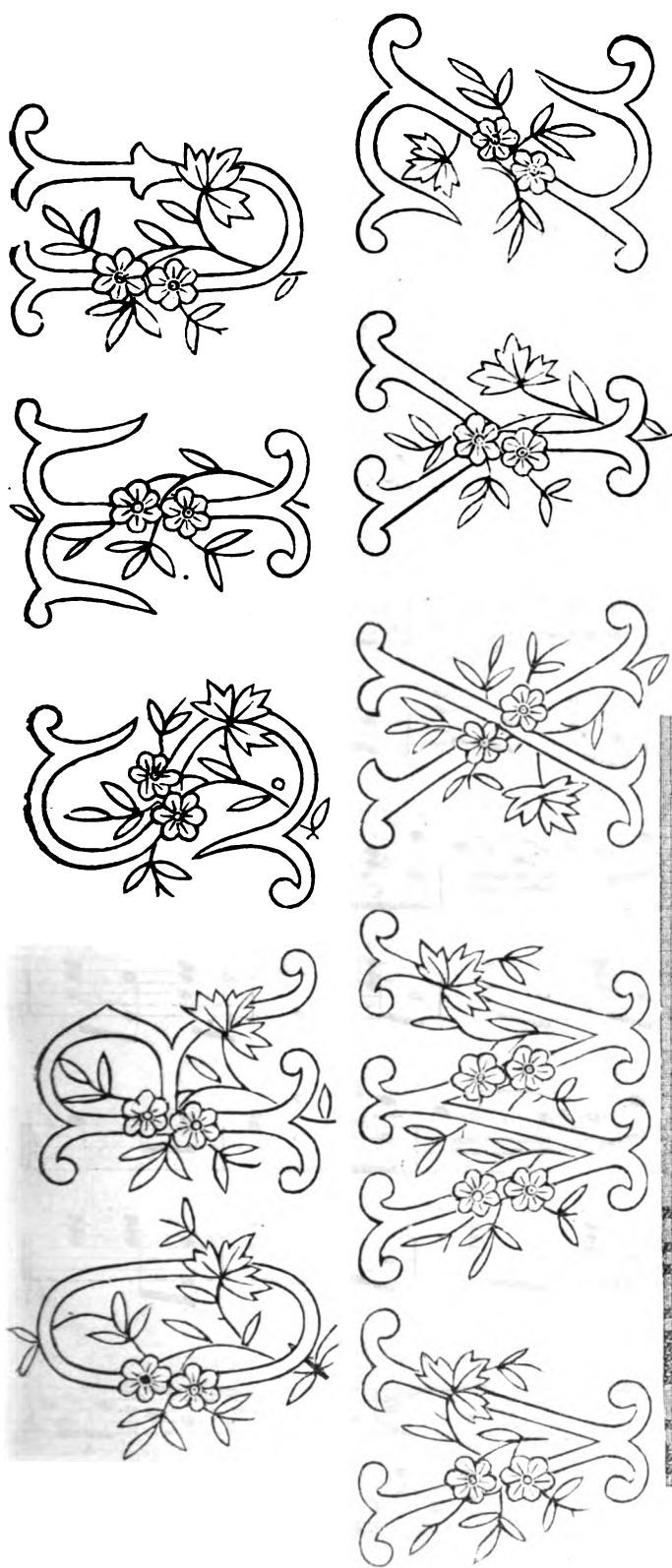


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THE BUTTERFLIES' BALL.

(POLKA.)

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Allegretto. By C. COOTE, Jr.

PIANO. *p*

The first system of musical notation for the piece. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto.' and the dynamic is 'p' (piano). The melody in the treble clef begins with a quarter rest followed by eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

FINE.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features similar melodic and harmonic patterns to the first system, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

ff

The third system of musical notation, marked with a forte dynamic 'ff'. The melody in the treble clef includes many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a lively, dance-like feel. The bass clef continues with supporting chords.

The fourth system of musical notation, continuing the energetic melody and accompaniment. It features similar rhythmic patterns and chordal support.

ff

The fifth and final system of musical notation, also marked with a forte dynamic 'ff'. It concludes the piece with a final cadence in the treble clef and sustained chords in the bass clef.

THE BUTTERFLIES' BALL.





WALKING-DRESS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 8.

FIFTY YEARS A QUEEN.

BY J. Q. THROCKMORTON.



THE QUEEN IN HER SIXTYEIGHTH YEAR.

T will be fifty years next June since Queen Victoria ascended the British throne. No other English sovereign has reigned so long, if we except Edward the Third, Henry the Sixth, and George the Third, who reigned fifty, fifty-six, and sixty years respectively. Of these, however, George the Third was a lunatic for many years, during which period he was only a monarch in name. Again, Henry the Sixth did not occupy the throne continuously, for his title to it was contested by Edward of York; he was dethroned for several years; and he finally died a prisoner.

Accordingly, it has been proposed in England to call the present year her "Jubilee Year," and to celebrate it with becoming pomp; and the suggestion has been received with universal approval throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire. Even in these republican

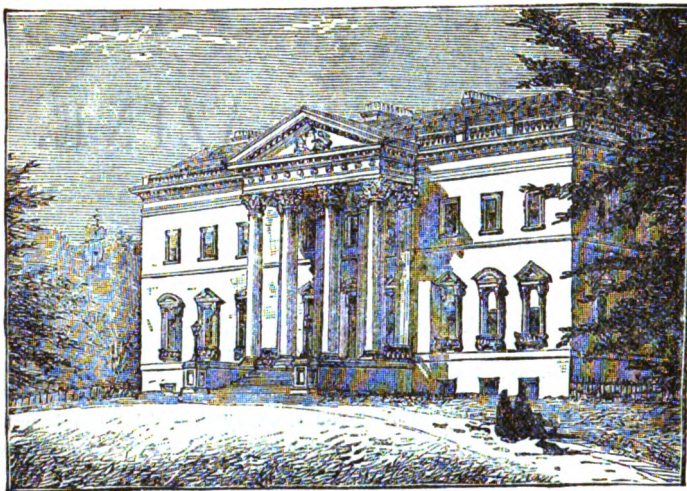
United States, a very general interest is felt in the event, due to the queen's sterling virtues as a wife and a mother. We have thought, therefore, that an article on her domestic life would not be unacceptable to our readers. The illustrations, particularly—by showing, among other things, the changes in the fashion of dress—may interest ladies, at least.

Nothing seemed more improbable, at first, than that George the Third should be succeeded by a female heir, and that heir a girl in her teens. He had a large family of sons as well as daughters, and nearly all the sons married early. But George the Fourth left no heir, and was succeeded by his brother, William the Fourth; and, when the latter died, the crown fell to the daughter of his next brother, the Duke of Kent, who had deceased long before. That daughter was Victoria, then only eighteen years old.

She had been born at Kensington Palace, on the 24th of May, 1819. Her mother was a Princess of Leiningen, a widow with two children, when she married the Duke of Kent. The circumstances of the couple were narrow, and, when the duke died, a few months after the birth of his child, the duchess was left in comparative poverty. But she bore her privations heroically, and set herself to educate her child, who now had become the first princess of the blood in England. This education was carried on at Kensington Palace, and afterward at Claremont, which, at that time, belonged to Prince Leopold, afterward King of the Belgians. The prince finally became associated with Victoria's mother in the education of the little girl; and he watched over it, from that time forth, as one of the queen's biographers has said, "with all the interest of a statesman and all the tenderness of a father."

Of these early days, the queen often speaks, as "the happiest in her life." When her first

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CLAREMONT, WHERE VICTORIA LIVED AS A CHILD.

child, the present Crown Princess of Prussia, was little more than a baby, they were traveling, and the infant was held up to bow to the people who crowded to the window of the carriage. "It reminds me," said the mother, with a smile, "of when I had to do the same, and was no older than my little one." It is this frank simplicity, and this touch of common human nature, that makes Victoria so popular with her people. These qualities also made her, in after-life, such a pattern wife and mother.

Till her children grew up, she gave all the time which could be spared from her public duties to superintending their education. Her diary is full of their pretty little ways. She had a very high idea, from the first, of the responsibilities of a parent. "The greatest maxim of all," she writes, "is that the children should be brought up as simply and in as domestic a way as possible: that—not interfering with their lessons—they should be as much as possible with their parents, and learn to place their greatest confidence in them in all things." "It is already a hard case for me," the queen adds, when she speaks of the pressure of public business, which prevented her from giving to the little princess-royal all the attention she wished, "that my occupations prevent me from being with her when she says her prayers." She is as interested, it is said, in her grandchildren as she ever was in her children. To this day, if rumor from the palace is to be believed, she is the most expert nurse there in soothing an infant's cries, and knows more about the proper remedies for their ailments than many a professional nurse. Queen and empress though she is, she is a woman and mother first.

When the prospective queen was nine years old, Sir Walter Scott saw her at her mother's, when dining with the duchess. "This little lady," he wrote, "is educated with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper: 'You are the heir of England.'" In fact, not for years after did the young girl hear of her pre-eminent destiny. It only became known to her when, at the death of George the Fourth, Parliament had

to pass a bill providing for a regency, in the event of his successor dying before Victoria became eighteen.

Few married lives, as everyone knows, have been as happy as those of the queen and her husband. Their tastes were similar, and their pursuits became identical. Both were fond of art. They etched in company, their children being their most frequent subjects. The prince painted in oils. He also wrote songs, the queen assisting him in the final arrangement of the music; "and there was no occupation," she wrote, "which gave her greater pleasure." These quiet domestic avocations went on for part of each day, even when Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle were full of stately gayety and royal pomp, and when kings and emperors were coming and going as guests. When Mendelssohn visited England, he was invited to the palace, and listened to Prince Albert playing, the queen being also present. The whole narrative of the inner life at Windsor and elsewhere, after her marriage, is like a bit out of a love-story. But to return to her earlier life.

As a child, Victoria was brought up with the strictest economy, and taught to restrain her expenses within the limits of her rather narrow pocket-money. She was still kept from court, but taken occasionally to watering-places, Brighton and Tunbridge Wells, where crowds followed her whenever she appeared. Miss Martineau, an authority not likely to err in the way of enthusiasm, tells an anecdote current at the time, which illustrates one point of the education of the young princess, and may explain what is now called her "penuriousness."

Thus, Miss Martineau says: "It became known

at Tunbridge Wells, one day, that the princess had been unable to buy a box at the bazaar because she had spent her money. At this bazaar, she had purchased presents for almost all her relations, and had laid out her last shilling, when she remembered one cousin more, and saw a box priced half-a-crown which would suit him. The shop-people, of course, placed the box with the other purchases, but the little lady's governess admonished them by saying: 'No; you see the princess has not got the money, therefore, of course, she cannot buy the box.' This being perceived, the next offer was to lay the box by, till it could be purchased; and the answer was: 'Oh, well, if you will be so good as to do that.' On quarter-day, before seven in the morning, the princess appeared on her donkey to claim her purchase." "This," adds Mrs. Oliphant, who repeats the anecdote, "reads like a story out of Sanford and Merton."

Before King William died, the necessity of a regency had ceased, for the young princess was now eighteen, the age at which royal personages attain their majority. Gréville, in his "Memoirs," tells how her accession was announced to Victoria, and, as he was present in an official capacity, the narrative may be regarded as entirely reliable. "The king," he says, "died at twenty minutes after two, yesterday morning, and the young queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behavior, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and certainly something far beyond what was looked for. Her youth and inexperience, and

the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice that was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which, for this purpose, Melbourne [the prime minister] had himself to learn. I gave him the Council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all



VICTORIA'S FIRST "DRAWING-ROOM" IN 1837.

this to her. He asked, too, if she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of state, but she said she would come in alone. When the lords were assembled, the lord president informed them of the king's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few of them should repair to the presence of the queen, and inform her of the event, and that their lordships were assembled in consequence;

and, accordingly, the two royal dukes, the two archbishops, the chancellor, and several others, the highest in rank, waited upon her. She was quite plainly dressed and in mourning. After she had read her speech and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes first by themselves—and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes,



THE QUEEN IN HER CORONATION-ROBES.

as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging. She kissed them both, rose from her chair, and moved toward the Duke of Sussex, who was furthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand, but she did not speak



VICTORIA WHEN SHE BECAME QUEEN.

to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne [the prime minister] for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done, she retired as she entered."

We give this narrative in detail, because no condensed account could so fully show the true womanliness of the young queen. Sir Robert Peel told Gréville afterward that he had been amazed at her modesty, and, at the same time, her firmness, and the Duke of Wellington confirmed this, and added that, "if she had been his own daughter, he could not have desired to see her perform her part better."

Miss Martineau also tells of the young queen's demeanor the next day, when she was presented to the people. "In the course of the morning," she says, "we went into the park, and stood in front of the window of St. James Palace, where,

among other places, the sovereigns are proclaimed and presented. Scarcely half-a-dozen people were there, for very few were aware of the custom. There stood the young creature in the simplest mourning, with her sleek bands of brown hair as plain as her dress. The tears ran fast down her cheeks as Lord Melbourne stood by her side, and she was presented to the half-dozen lookers-on as their sovereign."

The first "drawing-room," after her accession, held in 1837, was one of the most brilliant ever seen. Everybody entitled to appear at court made a point of being there, in order to kiss the queen's hand. The street leading to the palace was lined with carriages for half a mile and more. The young sovereign acquitted herself, on this trying occasion, with equal modesty and dignity. She wore a small diadem on her head, and was dressed to perfection, at least according to the fashion of the day, a fashion which would now seem odd, if not grotesque. Each lady, as is still the custom, wore

ostrich-feathers in her hair, and a décolleté dress. As they passed in line before the queen, they stopped for a moment to kiss her hand, courtesy-

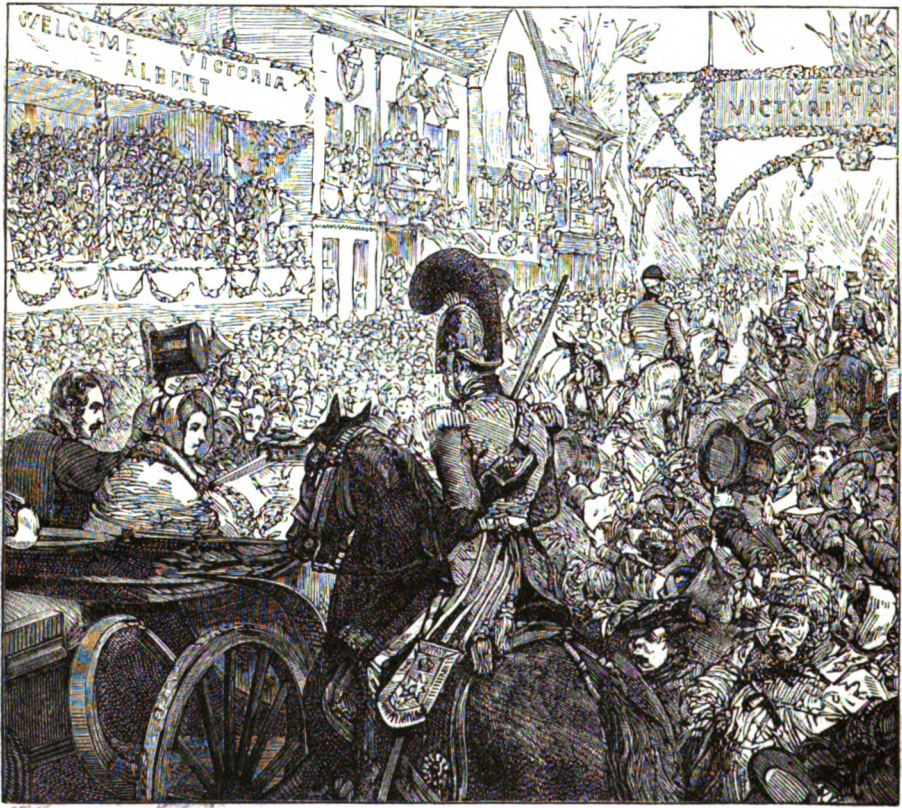


PRINCE ALBERT AT FORTY.

ing to the ground as they did it. To this day, now aged peeresses, who were present, talk of the graciousness of Victoria on that occasion.

The coronation took place on the twentyeighth of June, 1838, at Westminster Abbey. Of this splendid pageant, also, Miss Martineau has left a description. "The throne," she says, "covered, as was its footstool, with cloth of gold, stood on an elevation of four steps in the centre of the area. The first peeress took her seat in the north transept opposite at a quarter to seven, and three of the bishops came next. From that

time, the peers and their ladies arrived faster and faster. Each peeress was conducted by two "gold sticks," one of whom handed her to her seat, and the other bore and arranged her train on her lap, and saw that her coronet, footstool, and book were comfortably placed. About nine, the first gleams of the sun started into the abbey, and presently traveled down to the peeresses. I had never before seen the full effect of diamonds. As the light traveled, each lady shone out as a rainbow. The brightness, vastness, and dreamy magnificence of the scene produced a strange



THE WEDDING-PAIR ARRIVE AT WINDSOR.

-effect of exhaustion and sleepiness. The guns told when the queen set forth, and there was unusual animation. The 'gold sticks' flitted about; there was tuning in the orchestra: and the foreign ambassadors and their suites arrived in quick succession. Prince Esterhazy, crossing a bar of sunshine, was the most prodigious rainbow of all. He was covered with diamonds and pearls; and, as he dangled his hat, it cast a dazling radiance all round. At half-past eleven, the guns told that the queen had arrived; but, as there was much to be done in the robing-room,

there was a long pause before she appeared. A burst from the orchestra marked her appearance at the doors, and the anthem 'I was glad' rang through the abbey. Everybody rose. The 'God Save the Queen' of the organ swelled gloriously forth after the recognition. The acclamation when the crown was put on her head was very animated; and in the midst of it, in an instant of time, the peeresses were all coroneted. The homage was as pretty a sight as any—trains of peers touching her crown and then kissing her hand."

Her marriage followed the year after, and was one entirely of affection—a rare thing for a queen. Three years before, when she was hardly seventeen, and as yet only the heir-apparent, Prince Albert, second son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, a young man but little older than herself, had come to England. The two had become mutually interested in each other. He now paid another visit to the English court, in company with his elder brother. At that time, Prince Albert, always a remarkably handsome man, was in the perfection of youthful beauty. His conversation was as intelligent as it was varied, for his education had been both thorough and many-sided. He staid at Windsor Castle, where the queen was then residing. The young sovereign always break-

fasted alone, but met him at luncheon, and afterward they rode or drove together. The prince did not attempt to conceal his sentiment, though etiquette forbade his putting it into words: it is the misfortune of royalty, if a woman, that she must make the first advances.

Victoria, accordingly, did this. At the end of a week, she sent for him to a private audience. Of what was said there, only those two ever knew. But Victoria wrote, a day or two after, to her uncle, Leopold, who had long wished for the match: "These past few days have passed like a dream for me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write." And she added, soon after: "He seems perfection." The secret of the engagement, with true lover-like coyness, was kept for nearly



THE YOUNG QUEEN REVIEWING HER ARMY.

a month, and only made known to the public after the close of the prince's visit. A few months subsequently, the marriage took place with great pomp, also at Westminster Abbey. Nor did she ever repent her choice. To the day of his death, she was as much in love with her husband as the most romantic village-girl; and she has mourned him since with a sorrow and a faithfulness that have endeared her to her people as no queen was ever endeared before.

After the wedding-ceremony, the happy couple drove to Windsor, twentytwo miles distant, in an open barouche, drawn by four horses, the road being lined, for nearly the whole distance, by enthusiastic crowds, who cheered continually. It is said that, on entering the abbey, she was very pale, and showed traces of tears; but that, on leaving it, it was with "a joyous and open countenance—flushed, perhaps, in the slightest degree." In deference to the natural wishes of her people, who were curious to see her face, she wore no veil. When the bridal cortège reached Windsor, "the whole irregular line of the little town," wrote a spectator, "from Eton upward to the castle-gates, sparkled with lights." At Windsor, the young couple remained for a while, in almost entire seclusion; and from that time forth the queen has always preferred the country to London—doubtless because rural sights and sounds are so intimately associated, in her mind, with the happiest days of her life.

A year after her marriage, she made a pretty confession to her husband, which Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, in speaking of it, calls the brightest of tender compliments. "I told Albert," the queen says, "that, formerly, I was too happy to go to London, and wretched to leave it; and how, since the blessed hour of my marriage, and still more since the summer, I dislike and am unhappy to leave the country, and could be content and happy never to go to town." It was this feeling that led her to buy Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight, first; and, subsequently, to purchase Balmoral, in the Highlands. And, while the London shopkeepers have complained that her absence from the metropolis has been bad for

their trade, there is no doubt that this love of the country, this preference of a quiet domestic life to the state and show of a great court, has made Victoria loved in the homes of England, and has given her a place in the hearts of her people such as nothing else could.

In her earlier life, Queen Victoria was very fond of riding on horseback, and was considered an unusually accomplished equestrian. After her marriage, she and Prince Albert were accustomed to make long journeys on ponies in the Highlands, fording rivers and ascending hills impracticable in any other way. She frequently, also, reviewed her troops from the saddle. Her costume at such times consisted of the usual riding-habit, with a cavalier hat and feathers; and her appearance on the field, at the head of a brilliant staff, always aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

It is rumored, outside of court circles, that the health of the queen is failing, and that she may not live the year out. For the sake of her subjects, it is to be hoped that this is an error.



VICTORIA AND ALBERT, STORING.

PAPA'S FRIEND.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I was determined to finish, before dusk, the last chapters of the book I was reading. So I curled myself up in the window-seat, to get the fullest advantage of the waning light, and read to the end of the fascinating tale.

After I had finished it, I sat still, thinking about the romance, and allowed the shadows to gather unnoticed, quite forgetful of our expected guest and the necessity of dressing for dinner. The sudden opening of the door roused me from my pleasant reverie. I looked down the dimness of the library, and saw, as I thought, my tall brother entering the room.

"Oh, Charley," I cried, "didn't you go to the station, to meet Mr. Besant? It must be train-time. How vexed papa will be! I wish the man were in Flanders. I know I shall hate him. But, since he is coming, you might as well have been polite. Well, you'll catch it—that's all I have to say."

The tall figure advanced, and a strange voice said:

"It seems to me that I have caught it already. I beg you a thousand pardons, but I was told to come in here."

Up I jumped, too breathless even to gasp. The gentleman was close beside me now. I knew that he must, of course, be Mr. Besant—an agreeable certainty, considering the hospitable remarks with which I had greeted him.

I tried to speak, having not the faintest idea of what I was stammering. Then our eyes met, and his, brimful of mirth, contrasted so oddly with the preternatural gravity in which he managed to guard his lips, that, just from sheer nervousness, I began to laugh, and he followed suit; whereat, I was both confused and offended, ridiculous as the combined words sound.

Then, without begging my pardon, or showing any decent sense of embarrassment at his own extraordinary behavior, the intruder said, with exasperating coolness:

"You must be Harry's daughter, I know; and I suppose you feel equally sure of my identity. I am Herbert Besant. And now, pray, do gratify my curiosity—you will admit that it is natural—and explain why you were so heartily wishing me in Flanders."

I was ready to sink through the floor, but, with the best attempt at playfulness that I could

muster, answered: "Why, Flanders is my beautiful ideal of a country. I'm always dying to go there. Ghent—"

"That's in Belgium," he interrupted.

"I meant Rotterdam," said I.

"That's Holland," said he, grave as a judge.

"Oh, dear, then there isn't any Flanders nowadays?" I groaned.

Then I rallied.

"Mr. Besant," I said, holding out my hand, "papa's friend is heartily welcome, I do beg you to believe—so please just excuse my rudeness—"

"Mine, you mean," he broke in, "hearing what was not intended for my ears."

"But, of course, I did not mean it. I'm always saying things just to make Charley scold, because he's so proper and dignified, and I never can be, and I never shall, I'm afraid. Charley and I have been looking forward to your visit with such pleasure. But, dear me, somehow I fancied you were elderly—"

Then I stopped, quite abruptly; because, when I recollected, I knew that, after all, he could not be really young, since papa was our father, and Mr. Besant an old friend.

"Certainly. I am elderly," he said. "Well on to forty."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, involuntarily; and then, to soften that uncomplimentary ejaculation, I added: "But you don't look it." And I laughed again, and he laughed, and then we got on so well that I was sorry when my father interrupted us.

Naturally, he was vexed, I perceived, at finding the library in darkness; but he welcomed his guest heartily; and, after a few questions about his journey, offered to show him his room.

The two gentlemen went upstairs, and I hurried away to dress, sufficiently impressed by the new arrival, even during our brief interview, to comprehend that my best attire and manner would not be thrown away on him.

And certainly we had a very pleasant dinner, for I did my best, papa and Charley were in their most agreeable moods, and our visitor proved so charming that it would have been difficult to resist the infection of his good spirits and entertaining talk.

I may as well tell you all about myself and

my surrounding, before I go any further, and then I can relate my little story more clearly; I am apt to get things mixed, unless I take them just in the right order.

I have already remarked that I was twenty. Well, my long brother was a year older—about as nice a brother, too, take him all in all, as a girl need possess, though he was much given to teasing; and of course we quarreled occasionally, but never in any very alarming manner.

Papa was barely forty-five—of course, that seemed elderly to me then—and the poor man had had the charge of us two ever since I was a baby: for my mother died when I was about a year old. To be sure, his sister ostensibly managed the house and its inmates, and, if not very efficient, was, what is better, nice and kind; but, just now, she was away on a visit.

I am telling it all awkwardly enough—I haven't even yet got to our name or our dwelling-place: the former was Lancaster. I had Josephine for my special property—and how I did hate it! As for our home, it was a fine old country-seat, in one of the most picturesque portions of Pennsylvania, within easy reach of New York and Philadelphia, and situated on the outskirts of a pretty town, where there was agreeable cultivated society. Oh, and we were rich enough to live elegantly, to travel, and have a fair proportion of this world's good things at our disposal. And now I have told you sufficient about ourselves to make us feel acquainted, so I can go on—at least, after another word of explanation.

Papa and Mr. Besant had been very intimate, years before, had occasionally met since, and had always kept up a correspondence from the time they traveled together once in Europe, when Charley and I were little tots, left safe at Fernden under the good aunt's care, while the "pater," as Charley always called him, sought relaxation and change in wandering about the Old World.

It was toward the middle of May when Mr. Besant came to us, and he had promised a visit of indefinite length.

"I have been about half a century getting you to come, old boy," my father said; "and, now that you are here, I don't mean to let you off, and I know those two nuisances there will help me."

"Of course we will," said Charley.

"Miss Lancaster wisely remains mute," Mr. Besant observed, looking at me with that sweet smile of his, which lighted up his whole face like sunshine.

"Papa was not speaking of me," said I; "and, like a dutiful child, I keep silence unless addressed. Let me explain to you that, when

he says 'nuisances,' papa always means my brother. Charley is such a huge one, that he requires to be mentioned in the plural."

"Your sentence is as ungrammatical as your statement is wholly, wickedly, and diabolically false," cried Charley. "Pater, just express your unprejudiced sentiment."

"Excuse me, Charley: I may be a negligent parent, but I am not sufficiently unnatural to wish to give my friend a bad opinion of either of my offspring, on the evening of his arrival," rejoined papa, shaking his head with mock gravity.

"Mr. Besant," I cried, "you can see how I am treated. Now you will agree to stay, I know, just to protect me."

"Oh, if you can make him promise that," said papa, "I'll consent to forgive even—"

"Charley," I put in.

So we chatted and indulged in gay badinage; but this brief specimen will show you that we got on well with our guest from the very beginning.

Indeed, by the time he had been three days in the house, it seemed to Charley and me as if we had known him for years; and papa, delighted at our appreciation of his Fidus Achates—I had once studied Latin with Charley—was even more yielding and affectionate than usual, and actually lost his tendency to testiness, in the enjoyment of Mr. Besant's society. It was odd that, while in reality there was less than eight years' difference in age between our father and Mr. Besant, the latter seemed, to Charley and me, still a young man, though we had always looked on papa as quite ancient. Simply because he was papa, I suppose: for, after all, he showed no sign of age, and was still handsome enough to have rendered many a young man of twenty-five jealous where a woman was concerned, if one could have fancied our father paying attention to any creature of the feminine sex—he had grown a sad misogynist since my mother's death.

Oh, dear, if I go on in this maundering fashion, I shall never reach the little of a story that I have to tell, so I must just plunge into the middle of matters without any further attempt at introduction.

Early in June, Charley went to join some friends, on a trout-fishing trip. Strange to say, for the first time in my life, I had not much opportunity to miss him, so fully occupied was I. The neighborhood had become quite gay, owing to people moving up to their country-houses; and, even when we were not dinner-giving or dinner-going, there were numerous festivities of a lighter sort. Best of all, there were days on

which Mr. Besant and I went riding or walking by ourselves, else had quiet mornings in the house, and a good spell at Italian, which he was teaching me. Aunt Caroline had returned, so my nominal charge of the house came to an end. The weather was generally glorious—the days were like one long bright dream. They were only long to look back on, though: for they fled like meteors—and, in my moments of retrospection, I could scarcely realize there had been a period in which Herbert Besant had not made a part of our daily life.

I remember well when the first break came in that golden season, during which I had been so unconscious of what new strange elements my buoyant happiness contained. It was one Thursday evening; we had several friends dining with us: and, while we were at table, somebody remarked that Mrs. Judge Meredith had a visitor, arrived on the previous day. It was I who asked the guest's name, and received for reply: "Mrs. Danforth—handsome woman, too—a widow—Mr. Lancaster, take care! She is just back from France, where she has been living for years; she will bring so many Parisian fascinations to bear on all you widowers and bachelors, that you will only find safety in yielding."

"Or in flight," I heard my father say, laughing, and there was laughter and jesting at the other end of the table; but I was so busy wondering at the singular expression which had come over Mr. Besant's face, that I could not hear a word.

Soon after the guests had gone, I went into the library. My father and Mr. Besant were standing by the hearth.

"Why didn't you tell me she was coming?" I heard Mr. Besant say.

"I did not know until this morning that it was she," my father answered. "Of course I should have told you. We must call on her, too."

"How long ago it all seems," Mr. Besant said, musingly; then, hearing me approach, turned toward the piano and asked me to sing.

I met Mrs. Danforth a few days after—a very handsome woman, apparently about thirty-five, and with a charm of manner which even I found it difficult to resist, indisposed as I was in her favor; though I think as yet I had given myself no reason for my prejudice—or, perhaps, to be exactly truthful, I should say I had not allowed my conscience to confess the cause.

The showy widow's arrival among us appeared to give a fresh impetus to our gayety, and I saw

a great deal of her during the next fortnight. She was very kind to me, and behaved as if she would like to be intimate; but, gracious and winning as she was, I held that in my heart which prevented my responding readily to her advances.

I had learned my own secret: I knew that, during the past weeks of intimate companionship, Herbert Besant had unwittingly taught me to love him; and now I comprehended, as well as if he had acknowledged it to me, that he had in former days loved this beautiful woman, and that her sudden appearance had renewed his old thralldom.

I learned that he and my father had both known her well, years ago, in Europe; she was not married then; and Mrs. Meredith herself told me that she remembered there used to be a report that she had been engaged to Herbert Besant.

There would be nothing new in the recital of all that I suffered during those weeks, nor are the confidences of a love-sick girl ever very interesting, so I shall spare you as much as possible the details of my misery.

At least I can say for myself that I was able to hide my trouble from everybody about—my overweening pride helped me to do that. Certainly I did change; people said in looks, and asked if I were not well; still more in manner, for I am afraid that I was very captious and irritable.

My intimacy with Mr. Besant died out as suddenly as the sunshine fades on a late autumn day, and the Italian lessons and German poetry-readings came to an abrupt end, thanks to cogent reasons which my feminine resources enabled me to offer.

In truth, I had no mind to bore him with my society, nor did I choose to help by my companionship to while away such hours as he could not pass with Mrs. Danforth.

Fortunately for me, about that time, Archer Thorne came home on a visit. He and I had always been great friends, for he was not so many years older than myself, and into the bargain, I was the chief confidant in a love-affair between him and his distant cousin, pretty Annie Henderson, which, for no very good reason, as we thought, was opposed tooth and nail by their mutual pastors and masters.

Annie had been sent to spend the autumn in Albany with her grandmother, and Archer was not even permitted to write to her, so of course it was a great comfort to the poor fellow to come and talk with me and hear bits out of the letters I received from her. He used to give me mes-

sages to send—messages which I never scrupled to transcribe, as I would have inclosed notes for him, but Annie was firm there. She had promised to receive no letters from her lover, and she would keep her word, though nothing could change her determination to marry him as soon as she reached her majority.

One day, Mr. Besant caught me alone working on a slipper. I did not often take up such an occupation before others; it looked, I fancied, as if one wished to be praised for being industrious. Nor had I expected to be caught at the work to-day. For, believing everybody to be out, and tempted by the delicious atmosphere, I had gone into the garden, all bareheaded as I was, and was walking up and down, thinking and working at my task. What I was thinking was, that, when Christmas came, it would not be out of place, perhaps, for me to give the slippers to Mr. Besant; and, as I thought thus, the blushes rose to my cheek, and I felt my pulse quicken.

I was so absorbed that I did not hear a step approaching, until suddenly Mr. Besant spoke. Then I looked up with a guilty start, and made a movement to conceal the slipper.

"You seem to be occupied," Mr. Besant said to me, with a grave smile. "Perhaps I am in the way. But I saw you from the window, and thought I might be allowed to join you. In fact, none of us has seen much of you lately. Since your old friend, Mr. Thorne, has returned, we new ones stand no chance."

I made some laughing reply and changed the subject, then led the way to the house.

"I suppose," Mr. Besant said, as I left him, "one is not to ask whom the slipper is for?"

"Of course not," I replied, venturing a white lie: "you might have known it was for pa."

I saw that he did not believe me, and I fancied he thought it was for Archer. After that, of course, with the inconsistency of my sex, I rode and walked more frequently with Archer.

"If Mr. Besant thinks I am particularly interested, so much the better—anything rather than have him suspect the truth," I said to myself.

Even mild Aunt Caroline plucked up spirit enough to say to me that she feared I might cause remark, yet she knew that I only regarded Archer as a friend. Just as she finished her mild lecture, I saw Mr. Besant coming out of the hall-door, and we stood on the veranda so close that I knew he must have heard her last words.

"Never be too sure of anything, aunty dear!" I exclaimed, flippantly, and ran away into the garden, to look for any specimens of autumn flowers which might be still lingering in the sunniest and most sheltered places.

Papa and Mr. Besant were absent a good deal, and, when at home, papa seemed so busy or pre-occupied that he had no leisure to pay me much attention, though his manner had never been more gentle and kind. But I conceived a fancy that Mr. Besant kept up a sort of surveillance, and I would sometimes catch him looking at me with a grave—and, as I thought, disapproving—expression.

I longed to tell him that he had quite personal matters enough on his hands, and so would do better to confine his attention to the handsome widow. I supposed he had heard something about Annie and Mr. Thorne, and thought I was flirting with her lover during her absence, and so blamed me for my conduct. Several little things he said at different times caused me to think this, and I was determined that he should see plainly his opinions would have no effect whatever on my actions.

Then Archer Thorne's stay at home came abruptly to an end, owing to some business which he had to attend to in New Orleans for his father; and, after he was gone, I felt more lonely than ever—it had been something to have his and Annie's affairs to think of and converse about.

There was talk now of Mr. Besant's going away. I knew that Mrs. Danforth was about to return to New York, and of course he was proposing to follow her. I told myself that I should be glad when they were both gone. At least, my misery would not be aggravated by the almost daily sight of their mutual understanding and the fresh beauty into which the widow seemed lately to have bloomed.

Indeed, the spectacle grew rapidly so difficult to bear, that I began to decline going to the numerous parties and other festivities—making first one excuse, then another; and, as Aunt Caroline caught a severe cold and was confined to her room for nearly a fortnight, I found a reason for seclusion which even papa could not dispute.

So another week went by, and I learned that Mrs. Danforth was to leave in a couple of days. I had managed not to see much of her lately, though, when we did meet, my pride helped me to treat her as cordially and sweetly as she did me. Her quick feminine eyes should never spy out the slightest hint of my secret, I said to myself, through any girlish display of spleen.

Aunt Caroline was quite recovered at length, able to get downstairs and out-of-doors. It was a lovely bright morning—a Tuesday, I remember so well—and Mr. Besant gave her his arm for a walk along the sheltered path which skirted the shrubbery on the south side of the house.

Papa came suddenly into the library, where I had seated myself under the pretense of having letters to write, and roused me so suddenly from a train of deep thought, as melancholy as it was useless, that I fairly started, exclaiming:

"How you frightened me!"

He laughed, looking so young and handsome that I wondered what had come over him of late, and marveled that any human being who had lived to five-and-forty could find life so pleasant and full of interest.

"I hope you are not growing nervous, puss," said he; "you've been too much shut up lately. I think I shall have to send you and Aunt Caroline off on a trip somewhere. What would you say to a visit to Mr. Besant's sister in New York? The aunty knows her well, or used to, and she would like you to come."

"Visit a stranger?" cried I, in dismay. "Oh, I don't want to, papa."

"She won't be a stranger, and Besant will be in town," papa answered, with an exasperating readiness to overcome slight difficulty.

Yes; and so would Mrs. Danforth, I thought. Go? Not I!

"Home will suit me best, papa," I said, quietly.

"But, you see, child, I'm thinking of a trip South, this winter. I hate the idea of leaving you and the aunt here by yourselves."

"You might take us with you," I suggested.

"Well, no: that would hardly be convenient," he replied; "you know the aunt hates traveling. No, puss," he added, beginning to laugh, "I shan't take you with me."

"Then I'd rather stop at home," said I, quietly as before.

"I want you to go out with me to-day, at all events," said he, still in high spirits, yet with an odd air of hesitation about him which somewhat puzzled me.

"Let's go on horseback," I said: "I'm longing for a ride."

"Very well; we'll go on horseback," he replied. "I want you to call on Mrs. Danforth, and—and I've something to say to you first."

He was going to tell me that the widow was engaged to Mr. Besant, and we were to pay her a visit of friendly congratulation. Oh, I could not!

"Mrs. Danforth?" I queried, trying to hide my emotion under an affectation of languor. "Why, I met her only yesterday. I don't think I care to go—please excuse me."

"I thought you liked her," papa said, his face clouding.

"I? Well enough; perhaps total indifference would best express my feeling," I drawled.

Papa looked vexed.

"Josephine," he said, rather sharply, "I am surprised at you—I thought you had more sense, more kindness of heart—I did not believe you could be so selfish. Besant warned me that you would not be pleased; but I couldn't believe it."

"I don't see why Mr. Besant should suppose I could care, either way," I interrupted, almost beside myself in an instant.

The man thought that the news of his engagement would be distasteful to me—give me pain. Oh, then, he had read my secret—he had trifled with me.

"Not care?" cried my father, in a voice divided between anger and trouble. "Good heavens, Josephine, I would not have believed this—when you must have seen—when you must have been prepared for what I came to tell you—"

"But why should I be specially interested?" I again broke in, fairly glaring at him, I am afraid. For the moment, it seemed to me that he was as cruel and hard as Herbert Besant himself, and did not care how much he hurt me. "Of course, I know what you came to tell. I have been expecting it. But, as I said, I am not specially interested."

"Is this my generous loving girl?" my father ejaculated, staring at me, his face grown quite pale, his eyes heavy with pain.

"How unjust you are, papa!" I cried. "Of course, as he is a friend of yours, I am glad if Mr. Besant has found—found a new happiness; but, after all—"

The door opened, and that very gentleman appeared on the threshold, his appearance bringing my speech to an abrupt conclusion.

"I beg pardon—I am interrupting you," he said.

"No, no; come in!" papa called. "See here, old fellow, just make that explanation for me. I don't seem to have succeeded very well; either Josephine can't or won't understand—"

He left his sentence unfinished, gave me a queer searching look, as if some new light had suddenly dawned upon his mind, passed Mr. Besant with scant ceremony, and left us two together.

"I—I—am sorry you don't like the idea," Besant said, slowly moving toward me. "I hinted to your father that I feared you would not; but, indeed, indeed, it is for the best."

"Really, Mr. Besant," I said, "I have no doubt of that. You and papa seem to have some very strange fancy in your heads! Of course, as a friend—as papa's friend—I congratulate you with all my heart."

I stopped, for I heard my voice begin to shake. He was staring at me with a surprise which surpassed that which my father had shown just before.

"Congratulate me?" he repeated. "Well—yes—it ought to be a matter of congratulation to us all—and, forgive me—I think to you especially."

"To Mrs. Danforth especially, I should say," said I, trying to laugh. "I congratulate you, Mr. Besant, for the second time. Papa and I are going presently to do the same by the lady."

He stood quite stunned for a moment. Then he exclaimed:

"We must be talking at cross-purposes! What on earth do you mean, Miss Josephine? Or have I gone insane?"

"I mean you to accept my congratulation," said I. "Mrs. Danforth is perfectly charming. I am sure she will make you very happy."

"Make me?" he cried, waited an instant, then began to laugh. "I do understand at last," he continued. "You think it was my engagement your father came to announce?"

"Of course."

"It happened to be his own," said Mr. Besant; and, when I stood speechless, he hurried on:

"My dear, dear Josephine. Oh, I must speak plainly. Of late, I know, for some reason, you like me less than you did; but, if you do not look on me as a friend, at least remember I am your father's."

"Yes, yes," I said, in wonder.

"Then let me speak—for his sake! You must try to conquer any feeling you have against his marriage. Your father has loved that lady for years. An unfortunate misunderstanding separated them, and she married another man. I was very, very glad when fate again brought them together. I have never

rested till they came to a clear explanation. Oh, Josephine, do not you cast a shadow over their happiness!"

"But I don't wish to," I cried. "I am delighted. Let me go and tell papa."

I wanted to get out of the room, but he caught my hand. I feared I had betrayed myself.

"Am I deceiving myself?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Josephine, you have made me suffer a great deal of late. I thought you were attached to Archer Thorne. I even thought that—that slipper I caught you working, and which I have never seen since, was for him. But I begin to think it was really for your father, as you said then."

"Archer?" I cried. "He is engaged to my dearest friend."

"Then—then—oh, did you care, because you thought it was my engagement—your father alluded to—"

He spoke in a trembling voice, in broken words. I could not release my hand, he held it so fast. He bent over till he could look in my face, which I was trying to hide. I suppose he read my secret there plainly enough; for, in another second, he was clasping me to his heart, and telling me of his love.

I don't know how long after it was when a tap at the door startled us both, and papa entered so quickly that I had no time to free myself from Herbert's arms.

"Hallo!" cried papa. "Well, Besant, you seem to have made her understand at last."

"I am the happiest man alive!" cried Herbert.

"Then there are two happiest men," said my father. "Kiss me, puss; and God bless you both."

And as for the slippers, they went, neither to Archer Thorne, nor to papa, but you may guess to whom. Nor did he have to wait till Christmas for them.

A PROMISE OF SPRING.

BY HERBERT W. JONES.

THERE'S a promise of spring in the air,

Too subtle a thing to define—

It has come, it has gone, but 'twas there—

It quickened the pulses like wine.

In the night, with the warm southern rains,

The snowdrifts have melted away,

And the frozen streams, breaking their chains,

Go racing and laughing all day.

Soon, the crocus in splendor will glow,

The daffodil bloom by the brook,

And the May-flower, nestling so low,

Glance shyly up out of its nook.

While against the bare woodlands all gray,

Or down by the banks of some stream,

Like a wash of faint green, far away,

The budding young willows will seem.

Yes, the dark dreary winter has fled,

The bluebirds are seen on the wing—

Let the dead past go bury its dead—

We'll live for the beautiful spring!

THE DUKE'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FIFTH AVENUE ROMANCE," "LORD AVALON," ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 153.

IX. THE TRAMP.

THE moment after he had spoken, the duke was ashamed of what he had said. He was a gentleman, after all, both by birth and by breeding; and he felt disgraced, in his own opinion, at having given way to his temper. The dignified silence with which his nephew confronted him increased this feeling of shame.

He was about to say something by way of apology, when the door suddenly opened and the old butler entered hurriedly, with an agitated air.

"A telegram, your grace," he said, apologetically, tendering, on a small silver salver, the well-known official envelope. "The messenger-boy said he would wait for an answer, so I ventured to disturb you."

The duke hailed the interruption with a sense of relief. It gave him a chance to escape, without loss of dignity, from his false position. He broke the envelope hastily and proceeded to read the telegram. And this was what he read:

"TO HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF DESMOND:

The Countess of Erlescourt was thrown from her horse to-day, while riding, and is dangerously hurt, if not fatally. She has something of the greatest importance to tell the duke, as one of her trustees, and begs his immediate presence."

The shock was so great, that, for the moment, the duke forgot his anger at his nephew, and mechanically handed the latter the telegram to read.

"You will go, of course, late as it is," said the young man, when he had perused the message. "My mare is the fastest in the stable. Shall I drive you over?"

"If you will, my boy," replied the duke, still mechanically. "My God, if she should die! So young, so rich, so beautiful! But what can she have to tell me?"

To explain the cause of this extraordinary interruption, and account for what the countess had to tell, we must go back, for awhile, in our story.

One day, about eighteen months prior to this evening, as the young Countess of Erlescourt was walking alone in a secluded part of the shrubbery, she was startled by seeing a strange woman suddenly appear before her, as if rising from the very earth, and stand directly across

her path, evidently with the intent to deliberately bar her further progress.

"Do you know this is private ground?" said the countess, haughtily. "But of course you do. Beggars are not—"

"Stop!" answered the woman, as haughtily as herself. "I am no beggar; and, if I were, you should be the last to call me one."

The words were uttered in a tone almost of insolence, that caused the countess to turn and give the intruder a second look. What she saw was a shabby travel-soiled creature, apparently about forty years old, with a face worn by hard usage, if not by dissipation also: a being half-way between a tramp and an out-of-door pauper, and yet with traces in her countenance and carriage as if of better days.

"You are insolent," retorted the countess, drawing aside her skirts, as the woman followed her. "I know all the poor people of the village, and you are not one of them. As I never give except when I know the people are deserving, you will leave the grounds immediately."

The woman drew herself up with a gesture as proud as that of the young beauty. As they stood side by side, they appeared of precisely the same height; moreover, their faces were cast in the same mold; and there was something singularly alike in the way they both carried themselves. Allowing for the difference of more than twenty years, and for the ravage of poverty and dissoluteness, they might have been mother and daughter. With a sneer, the intruder answered:

"But you will give to me, proud miss—my lady, I think they call you." With a still more marked sneer, as she pronounced the word "lady." And she stopped in front of the countess.

"Let me pass," said the girl, imperiously, "or I will call one of the gardeners. Let me pass, I say." And she made a gesture as if to wave aside the woman.

"Not till I have said my say," was the answer, still interposing her person before that of the now angry heiress. "You will be sorry if you call one of the gardeners," she added, quickly: for the countess seemed about to do it. "What is dearer to you than life depends on what I have to tell you. I warn you."

There was something so commanding, so earnest, in the speaker, even apart from her words, that the Lady Caroline was impressed by it. This was not the manner, she said to herself, of an impostor. The woman really seemed to know something of moment. The latter saw that the young girl wavered.

"Listen to me," she said, raising her finger warningly. "I have waited for you, here in the shrubbery, not because I intended to tell my story in so public a place, where a gardener might pass at any moment, but because I wished to arrange for an interview later in the day, in some more secluded place. There is an old half-ruined rustic summer-house down in the least-frequented part of the park." The Lady Caroline started, and asked herself how this woman came to know so much about the park. "I see you know what I mean. Meet me there, this afternoon, an hour or two before sundown. We can go inside and shut the door, and no one will interrupt our interview, even though one of the gamekeepers, which is not likely, should pass by."

The young heiress showed undisguised amazement at the proposal of this absurdly transparent trap, as she called it to herself.

"You wish," she said, with a scornful laugh, "to decoy me into that lonely spot, where you or your accomplices may rob me, if not murder me. Do you think I am a fool?"

"Spoken like what you are—a sharp wench, if nothing else," cried the woman. "But make yourself easy: there will be no one at the interview but myself, and for that I pledge my word."

"Pledge your word!" The tone was contemptuous to the last degree. "You are insolent beyond endurance." Never before had the countess been called a "wench," and she was hot with anger at the insult. Yet there were things about this woman that puzzled her. The creature, though sometimes, as in this last sentence, falling into the more vulgar phraseology of the villagers, employed, she had observed, much better language generally. What did it all mean?

"My word, as well as myself, is as good as you or yours, my lady," retorted the other, again with a sneer, "and that you will admit before the sun goes down."

"You seem to take it for granted that I will meet you," said the countess, with a laugh of derision. "Never was any person more mistaken—"

The woman interrupted her brusquely, as if quite indifferent to her superior rank; in fact, all through the interview, she had spoken as an equal, and not as an inferior.

"Not the least mistaken, my proud beauty," she said, nodding her head impertinently, yet with a certain amount of admiration for the girl, evident in eye and tone. "But we waste time. I will tell you something in your ear," lowering her voice to a whisper, and glancing furtively around to see that no one was coming, "that will prove to you I know more about you than you think, and that, if you don't meet me, it will be at your peril. Listen!" She came close up to the Lady Caroline, though the latter shrank away as far as she could, and whispered in her ear: "On your left side, just above your waist—and never seen by anyone but yourself, I suppose—is a mole, a birth-mark. Now, my fair lady, meet me, or not—as you please. But it will be ruin for you," with a defiant laugh, "if you don't." As she spoke, she pushed apart the shrubbery and disappeared from sight.

Her hearer stood, for a moment, like one transformed to stone. How did this creature become possessed of a secret which, as the Lady Caroline firmly believed, was known to no one but herself? Proud of her singular, even if voluptuous, beauty, she had shrunk from this disfigurement being known, as if its mere existence were a crime. This feeling, quite as much as the instinctive delicacy of her sex, had made her conceal the deformity even from her own maid.

"I must see her," she said, rallying at last. "She is a sorceress, to know that. I dare not refuse." And, for the first time in her life, the haughty girl knew what fear was. Hitherto, she had been a tyrant to others. Now she quailed before a ragged unkempt tramp, so evil-looking, so suspicious-looking, that the dogs would have been set upon the creature if she had come to the kitchen-door begging for alms.

X. THE WOMAN'S STORY.

THE sun was still nearly two hours high when the Lady Caroline arrived at the rendezvous. She had given her waiting-maid a holiday for the afternoon, so as to escape observation from anybody; for no one else would miss her, she knew. "You can go into the village, Lucy," she said, "and stay till seven o'clock, in time to dress me for dinner." And, having waited until she saw the girl actually going down the avenue, she stole off to the interview.

"Ah, my lady," said the strange woman, who was already at the appointed spot, "so you have made up your mind to come! But I knew you would."

There was a gleam of insolent triumph in her eyes that angered the proud beauty, who replied haughtily:

"Yes, I have come. You see I am not a coward, and do not fear robbery from your accomplices, if you have any. But to business: I have no time to lose."

"After you, my lady countess," said the other, mockingly, opening the door of the dilapidated summer-house, which she closed and fastened as soon as they both had entered. "Now, my lady, I am ready. And what I have to say had best be said at once. You are no more Countess of Erlescourt than I am. There: I knew it would take your breath away."

For the Lady Caroline, at these words, pronounced in a tone which left no doubt in her mind that the speaker fully believed them at least, had staggered to a seat, and, with a face whiter than that of a corpse, stared wildly at the woman.

"Yes, miss—for I will not call you 'my lady' any longer—you are the daughter of the once waiting-maid of the late countess, and were substituted for the real heiress by that waiting-maid herself."

She paused for a moment, as if to mark the effect of her words. The Lady Caroline sat with her hands clasped before her, staring with a look almost of insanity at this bearer of evil tidings: and, for the instant, she was nearly insane. The blow was a terrible one, and wholly unexpected. Yet now, all at once, things came up to her memory that gave an air of probability to the assertion. She recalled how often she had gone over the picture-gallery, with a natural curiosity to see which of her ancestresses there she was most like, and how she had never been able to find one bearing the least resemblance to her. She remembered having heard the servants often say, when she was a child, that she was as opposite in temper and character to the late countess as day to night. "My lady was that sweet and kind and thoughtful of others—a real angel; and this one is so self-willed, imperious, and selfish—a little tyrant." Her father had died before she was born, so she had no recollection of him; but she had his portrait, and there was nothing in his face at all resembling her own. It also came back to her, with a flash, that she had overheard the old house-keeper who had ruled at Erlescourt for forty years remark, within a twelvemonth, one day, when she little knew who was listening: "If I believed in changelings," were the curious words, talking confidentially to the butler, "I should think my young countess was one: for she doesn't look like any Erlescourt I've ever seen. And she is—isn't it odd?—the very image, only more beautiful, of that saucy

minx Esther, the lady's-maid of my former mistress." And now, gazing stonily at the woman before her, the young girl seemed to see, in the lineaments of that face, what her own might be twenty or thirty years hence, if evil passion or some great trouble should plough similar lines in it. Her brain whirled. She felt as if she might fall from her seat in a faint. Everything around was indistinct, as if beheld in a dream, except that half-mocking face. Everything was vague to her mind, except the terrible conviction that the woman spoke truly. She was prepared, therefore, for the words which followed.

"You do not speak," said the woman. "You do not ask me who I am, and how I know all this. I know it, my dear," with something almost like a leer, "in the same way that I know of your birth-mark: for I am your mother. Hasn't my proud miss a kiss for her parent?"

The haughty girl shrank as from some foul leper, and put up both hands to push the woman away. For this attempt at a caress aroused her as nothing else could have done.

"It cannot be true—oh, it cannot be true!" she cried, piteously. "Go away. Leave me in peace. Never tell living mortal," and she rose upright and passionately adjured the other, "what you have told me. Name your price to keep silence. It is all a lie. But the whisper of it would ruin me, all the same. Oh, go away!" And now the tension became too great, and the haughty girl, who had never before broken down before any living being, suddenly covered her face with both hands and burst into a tempest of sobs.

If anything further had been necessary to prove the truth of the woman's story, it was what she did now. The degradation of long years had not utterly obliterated that instinct which even the lioness, as a mother, has for her whelps. This woman, though ragged, ill-controlled in temper, and even given to intemperance, as her face showed, was still a mother; and the sobs of her daughter shook her very soul, calling back something of the pure womanliness, the ineffable pity, which, let us hope, never entirely deserts even the most abandoned.

"My deary, my deary," she cried, almost weeping herself, and reverting to the language of her earlier peasant-life, while she hovered over her child, though not daring to touch her after the repugnance the girl had shown, "don't take it so hard. There: I came here to threaten, but I won't threaten. I'll do just as you say, my deary. Dry those pretty eyes and look up at

me, and I'll tell you all, and together we'll make a plan to keep it from your fine acquaintances. Only you must let me live near you; for I'm alone in the world, and can't live without seeing my pretty one now and then. And I'm poor. But that I know you'll see to, my deary. We won't talk of terms. You shall just give me a nice little cottage outside the village somewhere, and come to see me as you would any old pensioner, and nobody will be the wiser; and I'll keep your secret—wild horses shall not tear it from me; and you shall be Countess of Erlescourt to your dying day: or until you marry, as you are sure to do, some great nobleman, and become a marchioness—or a duchess, perhaps—deary."

We need not narrate the interview further in detail. The girl became quieter at last, and listened calmly enough while the other told her story. For now her whole energy was bent on how best to silence her mother. Was she to be trusted? was the question she asked herself, as the narration proceeded. After the life of baseness which she confessed she had led, and which every incident she told confirmed more and more, was it possible that she would keep silence? Would she not, in a fit of anger, some day, reveal all? Could any cottage, any income, restrain her to the end? The girl felt as if, from that hour forth, she would be living on a volcano. For not for one instant did she entertain the idea of acknowledging the truth, finding out if the real heiress were still alive, and making restitution. A real Erlescourt, with the blood of Crusaders in his or her veins, would have been incapable of such baseness. "Honor before everything" was their motto; and to that they would have clung, even if it led them to the stake. That this girl was really the child of the abandoned woman before her was shown, if in nothing else, in this organic obtuseness as to what honor demanded, to say nothing of right. It ran in her blood.

The story, in short, was this: Esther Hollins had been one of the handsomest girls on the Erlescourt estate, with an intelligence above her class, and so had come to be lady's-maid to the countess. She remained in that position until the Duke of Desmond's brother had come on a visit to the castle, bringing with him, as his favorite groom, the son of a tenant on an estate in a distant county, which belonged to his wife's brother. The young fellow had been rather unsettled—at least, he did not care to remain at home farming "stupidly," as he said—and so had accepted this situation, which would have enabled him to see the world. He was as hand-

some, for a man, as Esther was for a woman; and, when his master came on a visit to Erlescourt also, the lady's-maid and groom fell mutually in love. On the man's part, it was a sincere and lasting passion. On that of the girl, it was a fleeting fancy only. She was by nature fickle, vain, and self-indulgent, and with no moral fibre at all; and, when they went up to London, her husband accompanying his master there, her head soon became turned with admiration and flattery. Finally, she abandoned her home, going off with a man half gamester, half debauchee, who had run through a small fortune and now lived by his wit, and who was just the one to be enthralled by the voluptuous style of her beauty.

"Some months after," said the guilty woman, concluding her story, "I had a letter from the countess, my late mistress, saying she was about to be brought to bed, and begging me to come to her, in her trouble. I was in the same condition myself, and hesitated at first. But finally, when I got a second and more urgent letter, I consented to go. For the countess, as yet, had not heard of my having run off: my husband was too proud to make it public, and London was too far off for the gossip of servants. We both," continued the speaker, "had daughters about the same time. So, as I was healthy, and, as the countess thought, one to be trusted, the child was given to me to nurse with my own. In a little while, the countess died. Her husband was already dead—grief for him helped to kill my mistress—and there was no one to find me out. Then it was that a bold scheme suggested itself to me: I would exchange the children. I could do it without detection, I believed, now that the countess and her husband were dead and all the other nurses gone away, and no one really to watch me. My second husband—for I married as soon as my first one died, and he died soon after the countess—talked of going to Australia, and said the plan would give us both fortunes when the supposed heiress grew up and came of age, and, till then, we could manage somehow. She would not dare to refuse us anything, he said; but we must keep quiet till she grew up. So I made the exchange, nobody suspecting the trick. When we went to Australia, the real heiress was left with my first husband's parents, as their grandchild. We did not get on well abroad. At one time, we were rich, then we got poor. Finally, my husband died. By this time, you were grown-up, and, though not of age, had plenty of money, I knew, of course. So I came here. As for the real heiress, she is with her grandparents still, I suppose, if they are living. Her name is—"

"Stop!" said the daughter. "I don't want to hear the name. I don't want to know anything more than I must." For she had some compunction, after all, though she could not rise to the height of doing what was right. "If ever we be found out, I wish to be able to say I didn't know who my rival was. And there—that will do: I have heard enough for to-day."

The end was that a strange woman appeared at the village, a few days later—a well-dressed woman of about forty—who rented a cottage from the countess, and to whom the young heiress seemed to take a great fancy. The gossips were a little puzzled with regard to this woman. A few of the older said that her face seemed to be familiar, but that they might be mistaken—they could not exactly place it. But, after a little while, even the gossips ceased to talk.

Meantime, notwithstanding all her precaution, the false countess was in mortal terror lest her secret should be discovered, a contingency which the uncertain temper of her mother, and her habit of occasionally indulging in drink to intoxication, made more and more probable. To provide for this, she determined on marrying as soon as possible. "My husband will have to take care of me," she said, "countess or no countess. Once married, even if found out, I am safe." Hence her effort to entrap young Desmond. And yet, to do her justice, it was not entirely from selfish motives that she tried to make him her victim: for she really loved him—yes, passionately loved him—in a way only such women can.

XI. THE DUKE AND SOLICITOR.

THIS was the story which, when informed that she was dying, and that she had but a few hours to live, the false countess told, between spasms of agony and with many bitter sobs, to the duke and to the family solicitor—who, as the other trustee, had been summoned to her bedside.

For the fall from her horse, which had shied suddenly and thrown her, had broken her spine; her lower limbs were already paralyzed; and it was only a question of a few hours, said the medical attendant, when she would die. "If you have anything to arrange, my lady, you had better do it now," he had said: for he was proverbially blunt-spoken, a man with the highest sense of duty; and with that he went down into the library, to await events.

Die! a question of a few hours! It was then that remorse—we might add, perhaps fear of the future—set in. Natures of the voluptuous organization of this girl are always the most terrified at death. They are so wholly

of the "earth, earthy," that they shudder at parting from the clay. So long as she had been in abounding health, she had been able to defy honor and right. The very exuberance of her vitality dulled her spiritual perception. That she might live sumptuously, as she had been accustomed to, she was prepared to perpetrate crime, and continue to do it. But now, as she lay there utterly helpless, her moral sense, so obtuse always and long laid asleep, woke up. All at once, she saw her conduct in a light she had never seen it in before. The terror of eternity began to appall her. She had heard that restitution, in such cases, left a door open for hope. Was it too late? Restitution was a corollary of repentance, she had been taught in the lessons of the church: there was no true repentance without it: she could not face her Maker, if she did not first make restitution.

She was always prompt to act. She knew that no time was to be lost. She ordered a telegram to be dispatched, from the village-station, to Desmond Castle, as quicker than any messenger, even on the fastest horse. She summoned her solicitor, who held the secrets of dozens of other families, from his imposing brick house on the village-green. And lastly she sent for her mother, and in brief words told her of her determination. "I cannot go through with it all—the proof, I mean, in detail—my strength may not permit it. But I shall, myself, tell the main story. You will afterward have to confirm it. You can't escape it. Our sin," with a wild cry, that rose almost to a shriek, "our sin has found us out."

When the dying girl had gasped through her story, therefore, the duke and solicitor adjourned to the library, where the mother was in waiting. On their way down the broad and stately staircase, the duke paused and turned to his companion.

"Great heavens," he said, "what a revelation! And yet I am not surprised. There never was anything in the girl like the Erlescourts, much less like her long-supposed mother. She is not even legitimate. Her mother was false to her first husband, as we all know. I remember her, this Esther, the real mother, as I suppose you do." The solicitor nodded. "A sly self-indulgent hussy. No wonder she went astray. It always puzzled me that her mistress could think so much of her. But then the countess had such charity for everyone, no wonder she was taken in. And hence this diabolical plot—yes, diabolical; I must say it, even though the girl is dying there, upstairs."

"We hardly any of us know," replied the

solicitor, after a moment of thought, "what we will do till we are tempted. Consider, duke, this poor girl had to choose between poverty and disgrace, on the one hand, and condoning a crime—only condoning it, remember, not committing it—on the other. Human nature could hardly be expected to stand such a strain."

"You hair-splitting lawyers," retorted the duke, somewhat testily, "have always been too much for me. You are the Jesuits of ordinary life. To me, right is right, and wrong wrong."

The duke, who had that faculty of remembering faces peculiar to royalty—and even to many noble families—recognized at once the woman, who rose and courtesied as he and his companion entered the library. "By 'gad," he whispered to the solicitor, "it is that jade Esther, herself; only older, and altered. I should have known her anywhere."

If the culprit had hoped to escape the full acknowledgment of her crime—a result hardly possible, she knew, after her daughter's confession—the cross-examination of the solicitor soon showed her that this was impossible. "It's no use—you keeping anything back," he said; "your daughter has settled that. Now, out with the whole of it." She did, indeed, prevaricate at first, and, when driven to bay, whimpered a good deal; but, in the end, she confirmed the story, and adduced many facts not known to her child. Among others, was the name of the heiress. The insolence which had characterized her behavior to her daughter entirely disappeared in the presence of the duke and the solicitor, for the old awe of rank and power, which characterizes her class in England, came back in all its force now.

"You'll have pity, my lord duke," she blubbered, affecting to wipe her eyes with her handkerchief. "If you knew how a mother felt, how she wants to do the best for her child. You'll not send me to jail, and you'll not let me starve. I'm a poor, lone, friendless widow—"

"Come, no nonsense of that sort," interposed the solicitor, magisterially. "Neither the duke nor I am to be taken in by your cant. What we'll do, you'll know when you have signed and sworn to the confession, which I am now about to write down, and which we, as justices of the peace, will receive. But, first, who is the real heiress? You haven't told us that."

"Why, I thought you knew, after what I said. Of course, she took the name of my first husband, and went to what she thought were her people." She was plucking at the corners of her handkerchief, as if there was really some

shame in her at recalling her treatment of this first husband. "He was Farmer Morley's son, of Morley Manor-house, you recollect."

"By 'gad," said the duke, jumping from his chair. "Morley, did you say? A tenant on the Hetherington Hall estate?"

"Yes, your grace." And she rose and made a low courtesy, just as she had been used to when he drove by in his stately barouche, as she, a little peasant-girl, was going to school.

"By 'gad," he ejaculated again, and now he sat down. All that his nephew had been telling him flashed across him. "By 'gad, but Herbert's a lucky dog," he muttered to himself. "I wonder if the boy isn't a bit of a necromancer. What a coup for him!"

The gray-haired and usually impassive solicitor looked up from his writing, and wondered, for an instant, whether the duke had not gone insane. But he was reassured by that great nobleman's answer; and, great nobleman as he was, the duke did not hesitate at a white lie, as his reply showed.

"Don't mind me, don't mind me," he said, speaking excitedly. "Only a twinge of gout. It makes one jump, sometimes, you know." The solicitor smiled to himself, for that was the last thing, as he was aware from experience, that the gout made a man do. "Go on, go on with the confession. The sooner we get this matter signed and sealed, by 'gad, the better for all parties."

And, about two o'clock in the morning, the whole story was reduced to writing, in legal phraseology, and duly signed and sealed.

"Now, about the girl upstairs," said the duke. "Don't we want her—what do you call it?—ante-mortem deposition? It's a pity to disturb her, of course; but we must clinch the matter, you know."

"If your grace will think a moment," said the solicitor, with a deferential bow, "your grace's knowledge of law—which, if you had not been Duke of Desmond, might have made you Lord Chancellor," with another deferential bow, "will tell you that all which the daughter knows is hearsay evidence, only hearsay evidence, and that what we have got to go upon is this confession," tapping it with his forefinger and looking triumphantly at the mother, "which, thank heaven, now that it is signed and sealed, is all-sufficient."

In an instant, the truth flashed on his bearer, who saw how she had been trapped, and that, if she had obstinately remained silent, there would have been no legal proof of her crime.

"And so that's the reason," she cried,

angrily, "Sir Redtape, that you were in such a hurry to get me to sign that dokyment? What a fool I've been, to be sure."

"Perhaps so," sagely answered the solicitor, nodding his head at her. "Perhaps so, to be sure."

An hour later, and the soul of the so-called Countess of Erlescourt passed away—let us hope, to a forgiving Mercy-seat.

XII. THE DUKE ASKS HER HAND.

IN his exultation at the fact that it was not only a great heiress, but the Countess of Erlescourt in her own right, that his nephew was in love with, the duke forgot his rage entirely. He had been, as we have seen, ashamed of his angry words, the moment after they were spoken; now he did not hesitate to apologize for them, even before telling young Desmond the extraordinary news which he brought back to the castle, at breakfast; for the young man had not remained at Erlescourt, but driven home immediately, and knew nothing as yet, consequently, of what had occurred, not even the death of the poor misguided girl. The duke himself had returned in one of the Erlescourt carriages, at daybreak.

"Shocking, isn't it?" said the duke, when he had answered his nephew's inquiries. "Yes, she died between three and four o'clock."

Desmond himself sat down as if stunned. "I can hardly realize it," he said. "Less than a week ago, I was out riding with her, and she was full, even to overflowing, with life and spirits."

"I think we had something of a quarrel, Herbert, about her, last night," said the duke, after a pause, as he helped himself to some cold fowl. "Let all that pass, however. I suppose I was a little testy, as I often am, with this suppressed gout." And then, between the interludes of eating, and as coolly now as if his story were one of every-day occurrence, he told of the girl's confession and of the mother's confirmation of it.

"Most extraordinary, you know—quite romantic, if I may use such a word," he said, in conclusion. "'Gad, to think how we were deceived all these years, and how the girl herself knew she was an impostor.'"

"But only for the past twelvemonth or so, duke," interposed Desmond, charitably. "Besides, nil nisi mortuus est. She has gone to her account, poor thing. Let her rest."

"Deuce take your Latin," testily replied the duke. "But the sentiment is true enough. I suppose, a good many of us," in which remark,

however, he had no thought of including himself, "will need charity at the end."

Desmond lost no time in taking the next train for Hetherington Hall.

"I must be the first one to tell Maud of her good-fortune," he said. "Not for worlds would I have the news anticipated."

Meantime, he had informed the duke of his proposal and of her refusal, concluding with her declaration that she would never enter any family without the approval of the head of it.

"By 'gad,'" cried the duke, "I like her spirit. That alone shows she is of good old blood. I wish you had told me that, last night." The duke was trying to persuade himself that it was not the change in her fortune which had made him change his views. "There's no use denying it, my boy: those of us who had ancestors in the Crusades have a sense of honor denied to the commonalty. It is the inheritance of generations of knightly men and chivalric women; it is bred in the bone; it becomes an instinct at last. 'Gad, she says she'll not enter any family without the approval of its head, does she? Then I'll do myself the honor to ask her, in person, for her hand in marriage for you. I will follow you down to Hetherington to-morrow, and go to the inn in the village at first. Meet me there, and conduct me to the Hall and introduce me."

"But—but," stammered the young man, "she has never acknowledged she loved me. Perhaps, after all, she may—"

"Tut, tut," interposed the duke, "that's all nonsense, and you know it. Besides, 'faint heart ne'er won fair lady.' That she said what she did is proof that she will have you, once that obstacle is removed. And, 'gad, I'll remove it—and before to-morrow is over."

"But she has not even answered my letters," replied Desmond, who really began to fear, as he reflected how great a lady Maud had become, that she might not care for him, after all. "And I should be a cad to think so."

"Tut, tut," repeated the duke, rising from the table; "be off at once. Strike while the iron's hot. 'Gad, if you shilly-shally, some bolder fellow will storm the fortress before you."

We need not describe the interview between Desmond and Maud. The reader can imagine it. The girl's amazement at her sudden change of fortune was only equalled by her pity for the dead rival.

"Poor thing, poor thing," she said, "how she must have been tempted! Brought up in the lap of luxury, and then suddenly told she was a beggar. Now, with me, it would have been different. I have been, all my life, accustomed

to comparative poverty. Rank has but little temptation for me. Certainly, I should be the last to condemn her, since it is I that profit by her fall. Oh, what she must have suffered, this last year, knowing all, and fearing that the secret might be discovered and herself exposed at any moment!"

"Ah, your charity is infinite—heavenly—like yourself," cried the lover, in rather incoherent rapture. For now, having seen Maud's sweet confusion on his unexpected announcement—having read in her eyes, as his story went on, all that hitherto she had tried to conceal—somehow those doubts which had tormented him at the castle had disappeared. "I wish the duke could have heard you say that. He is old and choleric and cynical, as you will find out for yourself; but he is not yet quite dead to a noble idea."

"Oh, the duke," cried Maud, suddenly recollecting the condition she had made, and adding artlessly yet rather anxiously, forgetting everything else: "I had forgotten the duke. What does he say?"

For her new rank was as yet strange to her, and the gulf between her and so mighty a personage as the duke not yet bridged over in her imagination; besides, the duke, as her lover's uncle, was a very important factor in her life.

"The duke," answered Desmond, taking both her hands in his, "said, when I told him that you would never enter a family without the approval of its head, that he liked your spirit, and that he was coming to call on you himself, to-morrow, if you would do him the honor to receive him. May he come, dear?"

There was no answer in words. But the blush that mantled to her very hair, and the manner in which she returned the pressure of his hand, were a sufficient reply.

So, the next day, shortly after noon, a carriage might have been seen driving up the avenue to Hetherington Hall; and in it sat the Duke of Desmond, dressed as if going to call upon a queen, with the ribbon of the garter across his breast, and having altogether the air of a great seigneur—and a very great seigneur indeed. By his side, in ordinary morning-clothes, sat his nephew.

They alighted at the Hall directly, and ascended the great marble steps, just as little Maud had ascended them with her letter, twelve years before. A footman met them promptly, and, throwing open the door of the drawing-room, announced, in a loud voice:

"His grace, the Duke of Desmond."

And then immediately after, but in a less imposing tone, he cried:

"Mr. Herbert Desmond."

The two gentlemen advanced into the room, side by side.

Suddenly, from a chair at the other extremity of the apartment, a young lady, dressed all in white, arose and came toward them. She showed just that little touch of embarrassment which made her pure and innocent beauty more captivating than ever. The sweetest of smiles wreathed her lips and illuminated her face, as she extended her hand.

The duke started, and for an instant almost lost his presence of mind; for he saw before him the very image of his long-lost love, attired, too, in the same virginal white in which he had first seen her—a color that had been forever since imprinted on his memory as associated with her. It was as if she had risen from her grave in all her youthful loveliness.

But he rallied immediately, and, advancing, said, with a low and profound bow, as Desmond introduced him:

"Countess, I come to beg the honor of your hand, in behalf of my nephew," motioning with his right hand, as he spoke, in the direction of Desmond, who stood just behind him; and then, taking Maud's fair fingers in his, he bent over and kissed them, with all the grace of a *Langun* at the court of Louis XVI.

Maud blushed rosy red, hesitated a second, and then replied:

"Duke, your nephew has long had my heart," and, turning to our hero with a celestial smile, she extended the fingers to him which the duke had just kissed, "and now, if he cares, there is my hand."

There was such a shy maidenly surrender in the action, yet withal such a proud dignity, that the duke thought to himself that he could not imagine anything so fine of its kind.

But he said nothing. What he did was to make her another low bow and turn aside, leaving, with courtly tact, the two young people face to face.

And Desmond, taking the fair fingers, drew Maud to him, and kissed, not them, but her sweet lips.

XIII. "FINIS."

Is there anything more left to tell? There was, of course, a wedding, which the duke would have had as imposing as possible, and at her own parish church, "as became the Countess of Erlescourt," he declared. But to this Maud very properly objected, saying that the late tragedy was a sufficient reason why all pomp should be avoided, and the wedding be as

quiet as possible and away from the court. Hence, she was married by special license, at the church at Hetherington Hall, few being invited to the ceremony, except the Hetheringtons and the duke, and the young couple driving off, without ostentation, afterward.

But, some months subsequently—months which had been spent in foreign travel—Maud and her husband returned to England and settled down at Erlescourt. Their trip took them, first, to Switzerland. Then to the Austrian Tyrol, later in the autumn. Then to Vienna and Pesth, and so to Constantinople. After this they went to Athens, and subsequently to Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. The month of February found them in Rome; and there they lingered, until the advancing summer and the importunate letters of the duke brought them home.

"I am getting impatient for your return, my dear," he wrote to the bride. "I find I am older than I thought, and that I long for bright faces about me. Perhaps I am selfish. But you will pardon me when I say that I loved your mother, and that, if you were a daughter of mine, I could not have a profounder affection

for you. Come, and smooth the last days of a desolate old man—come."

The duke still lives, and is likely to live. In fact, he seems to have taken a new lease of life under the happier circumstances surrounding him, for hardly a day passes that he is not at Erlescourt, or that his nephew and niece are not at the castle; and this quiet felicity, this glimpse of a perfect domestic life, which before had been utterly unknown to him, favors both his health and his spirits.

He is not half as cynical as he used to be, nor as choleric, and, in consequence, not so tyrannical. He admits this himself, and says to Maud: "It is all your doing, countess. You would have reformed even his late blessed majesty, of happy memory, George the Fourth."

There is no haste on the part of our hero to enter into possession of the title.

"God forbid," he says, "that I should covet the dukedom. It will come some day, if I live long enough; and, if not, my eldest son will have it. That is, if dukedoms last down to his day."

Meantime, he is contented to be the happy husband of one of the best and sweetest of women, even if he is only **THE DUKE'S HEIR**.

THE LACEMAKER.

BY MINNA IRVING.

DARK the sky with leaden clouds;
In their soft and snowy shrouds,
Stood the dead trees, stark and still.
And the cottage-walls were thin,
And the bitter wind crept in,
And the snow, across the sill.

"I am weary," Gertrude said,
"And the shelf is bare of bread—
I am weary, I am cold.
God, who hath forgotten me,
Housed the owl in the tree,
Led the sheep into the fold."

So she put her needles by
With numb fingers and a sigh,
When she heard a footstep fall
On the worn stone at the door,
On the rough uneven floor,
Saw a shadow on the wall.

'Twas a woman fair and young;
In her locks, the snowflakes clung.
"Lady, hast thou lost thy way?"
But she lifted wondrous eyes,
Blue and clear as summer skies,
And she softly answered: "Nay."

Down she knelt, at Gertrude's side;
In her beauty and her pride,
Took the pillow in her hands,
By the candle's feeble light
Wove a scarf of filmy white
From the lace-thread's tangled strands.

Then—but still with silent lips—
Guided Gertrude's finger-tips
Through the meshes, to and fro,
Till she taught her how to weave
In her work the stars of eve
And the crystals of the snow.

But she rose and went away
When the stormy east was gray.
Gertrude, gazing from the door,
Saw no footprint anywhere—
Spotless earth, and silent air,
And the white unbroken moor.

Much she marveled; but she wrought
Star and crystal, just as taught;
And her fame went far and near,
Till she walked in velvet dressed,
With a gold cross on her breast,
And with jewels at her ear.

Nevermore, by hill or glen,
Was the lady seen again;
But she left the scarf behind.
Gertrude, for her wedding-veil,
Wore its woven lilies pale
With the orange-blossoms twined.

When the snow of winter fell,
To her children she would tell
Of the lady and the lace,
Saying always, at the close:
"Who she was, no mortal knows;
But she had an angel's face."

A MOUNTAIN WIZARD.

BY KATHARINE M'ILVAINE, AUTHOR OF "MRS. RITZ," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE early rays of the September sun had lifted, from the water of Piney Creek, the mist which had all night hung over it like a white fleecy veil. A few silvery patches clung softly to the oak-trees near the top of the ridge, mingling their airy lightness with the thin stream of blue smoke issuing from the stovepipe which stuck its neck inquisitively from the roof of Ase Flanders's cabin on the shore. A one-roomed log cabin, with a door at one end, a diminutive cooking-stove, two forlorn bedsteads, a rough table, and two splint-bottomed chairs, its only furniture.

"Thar ain't no partic'lar good in a winder, so fur's I kin see," Ase had said, many years before. "In cole weather, it jest lets in a'r; an', in warm weather, ye mought jest as well leave the door open; still, women-folks is allus wantin' winders, an' I think prob'ly I may git one, some o' these days."

But Ase Flanders's women-folks had all died, one after another—except a solitary granddaughter, just now growing up into womanhood—and there was no window yet in the cabin.

This morning, as he came slowly to the door, his pale old eyes blinked feebly, as the sun shone dazzlingly into them, and a violent fit of coughing shook his thin frame, leaving him exhausted and gasping for breath:

"Ef I could jest git rid o' this hyar cough, Ambrosy, I'd be all right agin," he groaned.

Ambrosia, with a pair of soft dark eyes and a pretty face—that made her attractive, in spite of her cheap and badly-made dress—came slowly to his side, and looked out upon the bare yard, destitute of verdure, and with its fence of slabs and stumps and poles, over which the briars and creepers of the wood were clambering, in the wild effort that kindly nature ever makes to cover up unsightly objects and clothe the earth with perennial beauty. To the left, was a small cornfield, in which weeds and corn were fighting a mighty battle, with the odds largely in favor of the weeds. Beyond this and all around, were woods, crowning the summit of the crags, which rose steep and sharp behind the house, and covering the more sloping sides of the hills on the opposite bank of the river. Down by the water-edge, where the blue eupatorium grew in

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clefts of the rocks, and where the dragon-flies and water-beetles buzzed and flitted all day in the sunshine, grew three great pines, their tall trunks rising far into the air, and bearing green feathery crowns, which they held aspiringly toward the sky. Opposite these trees, was an opening in the oak-woods, where the road climbed down the steep hillside and crossed the shallow stream, and then struck off into the woods again, after passing old Ase's house. Flanders's Ford, they called it, and a boat of planks, rudely nailed together and half filled with water, was tied to a bush on the bank. The paddle lay on a stone, further up. All this, and for half a mile beyond, was owned by Ase. But it was wild sterile land, worth nothing, and so he was miserably poor.

Directly, Ase came forth from the house, and, lighting his corn-cob pipe, began to smoke, gazing listlessly on the landscape; while Ambrosia was singing a hymn, with quaint sweet quavering and trembling:

"While the waves of e-ter-nity roll."

Occasionally, tinkling cowbells broke in on the stir of the insect world, as a few cattle, turned out to range on the wild-grass which grew so thickly in the deep woods, passed near the cabin. And the sun rose higher, and even the few faint patches of mist faded away, while the rippling water sparkled forth a glad welcome, and glittered gayly as his rays touched them.

The old man fell, after awhile, into a doze, from which he was suddenly awakened by a strange voice, saying:

"Hello, Uncle Ase! Wake up, and say you're glad to see Wash Gordon back."

Uncle Ase slowly opened his eyes and gazed at the stranger—who was a young man, with brown mustache and imperial and rather graceful bearing, and dressed in what, in that wild district, they called "store-clothes."

"Mornin', stranger," said old Ase. "Take a cheer, sir."

The young man laughed rather disconcertedly.

"Well, now," he said, "I shouldn't have concluded five years would make such a difference. Have I changed so very much?"

The old man slowly shook his head.

"I disremember, somehow," he said; "though it seems as if I'd orter know. Maybe Ambrosy kin reco'nize yer, sir. Ambrosy! Come outen

hyar an' speak ter this hyar gen'leman—I disremember his name."

Ambrosia came, looking as fresh as a rose. The stranger put out his hand, which she took frankly, and looked inquiringly into his face.

"I'm afraid I disremember too," she began. But, just then, the stranger smiled. Suddenly, the light of recognition broke all over her face, making it superlatively beautiful for an instant.

"It's Mr. Gordon," she cried, "grandpap! To think we shouldn't know him!"

"It's Wash, to be sure," said the newcomer. "And you ought to have called me 'Wash,' instead of 'Mister.' I'm changed, and it ain't so surprising you did not know me at first. I am going to teach school, this winter, in the Deer Creek school-house—where you and I used to go, Miss Ambrosia. I've got considerable of education," modestly, "since I've been gone. I taught school last winter, and had twenty dollars a month, and the folks here were willing to pay thirty—and here I am. And I hope you'll make me welcome."

"How's yer folks?" said old Ase. "It's nigh onto six year since you all lef' the ridge."

"First-rate," said the other. "Mother's dead, and father's married again; he's keeping store, and Dan, he's helping him. But what I want to know now, Uncle Ase, is whether you can't take me in as a boarder? I know you and Miss Ambrosia better than anybody else here, and it will seem more like home than if I go to strangers."

Ambrosia listened eagerly to this proposition. All her life, she had pined for education, and was an omnivorous reader—that is, she read everything that fell in her way, though that, indeed, was but little. It was enough, however, to make her language purer than that generally spoken about her, and more like that of the young school-teacher, as we have seen. At this chance still further to improve herself, her face sparkled with delight. There were old memories, also, that made such a proposition more than welcome. She blushed now, on seeing how admirably a pair of fine frank merry eyes were fixed on her, and to conceal her embarrassment, turned to her grandfather and said:

"Wash wants to know if he can take board with us, this winter, grandpap."

The old man did not seem to have taken it all in; for he said slowly and half to himself:

"Wash Gordon! Him an' me was boys ter-gether, on this hyar mounting, a-huntin' arter bars an' pant'ers an' wolves—an' Injuns was plenty, too, them days."

"He's getting hard of hearing," said Ambrosia, Vol. XCI.—14.

"and so he gets things all crooked." Wash nodded. "Grandpap," she went on, "this is little Wash Gordon, who is now a man. Don't you mind when he pulled me out of the river, the time I upset the boat, and brought me home on the back of a cow?" She laughed over the memory, and flashed a smile at the young man.

"Little Wash!" said Ase. "Why, so 'tis—so 'tis. Ye've growed purty consid'able since yer lef' hyar; an' hyar's Ambrosy—she's growed too. She's mos' a woman now—mos' a woman," his quavering voice went on. "She's all I got lef', Wash; but she'll be a-goin' an' gittin' merried soon, an' leavin' the old man. She's got a purty face on her—now, don't yer think?"

"Oh, grandpap, how you talk!" cried Ambrosia, and her face flushed hotly. She was used to this form of conversation from her grandfather, and usually paid no attention to it, even when young men were by. But, somehow, on this occasion it seemed different. "I'm not going to get married," she said, shyly.

The old man gave a faint laugh, which ended in a violent fit of coughing.

"Girls is all alike, Wash," he gasped out. "Yer can't believe 'em. It's this cough a-bein' so bad as uses me up, an' I can't work like I uster. It's jest drawin' my chest clean in. Thar's reg'lar holes an' hollers in it. I went up ter Slabtown, ter see the doctor, an' he 'lowed he'd do me some good—said I had the gone-sumption. But I knowed better: twarn't nothin' but this hyar cough; an', when it gits well, I'll be all right agin. Yer say yer want ter board with us, this winter? Wal, I've nothin' ter say agin it, if Ambrosy's willin'."

CHAPTER II.

THE winter that followed was the happiest Ambrosia had ever spent. Together, she and the teacher read Longfellow and Tennyson, or studied graver subjects; together, they took long walks in the autumn woods; and together, later, they sledged over the crisp roads, when the winter snow had come. Never before had anyone of the opposite sex attracted the girl. All the young men of her acquaintance, however meritorious in other respects, had been too uncouth and illiterate for her. She had longed, unconsciously, for what she thought sympathy, all this while; and now, finding it for the first time, knew at last that it meant love. In that blissful dream, she soon lost herself. The young man, on his side, came soon to adore her. There was a native refinement in her, an appreciation of the beautiful in all its aspects, which appealed powerfully to his artistic nature: for he also

had, in his organization, aspirations above his surroundings, as his selection of a profession showed. For, in the dim background, unacknowledged as yet, even to Ambrosia, was an ambition to be elected to the Legislature, and, perhaps, finally to Congress.

Before the March wind came, the two were plighted lovers. But old Ase would not hear of a marriage as yet.

"What have yer got ter live on, I'd like ter know?" he said. "Wait, Wash, till you're made a lawyer, as yer are studyin' ter be. Ambrosy has nothin', an' won't have till I'm dead, 'cept these hyar old hills—an' they're jest wuth nothin'."

One day, in early spring, Ambrosia said to her grandfather, who was sitting warming himself in the sunshine:

"Here's old Mr. Rucker, grandpap. He's getting so blind, he can't find the gate. I'll open it for you, Mr. Rucker," she called.

The man whom Ambrosia called Mr. Rucker, and whom she now led in, was a tall, stout, strong figure, with a profusion of yellow hair mixed with gray, and a beard of the same tone. Both hair and beard stood out about his head and face as if brush and comb and scissors were unknown. A red handkerchief, with white spots on it, hung down as a sort of veil over his face, from the edge of his hat-brim, and he wore smoked-glass goggles.

"How's yer health, Ambrosy?" said he, in the usual formula.

"I'm well, thank you," said the girl. "You keep well?"

"Yes, yes, all but the eyes; they're troublin' me more'n common lately. Is Ase ter home?"

The meeting between the old cronies was cordial, and Mr. Gordon, who soon after came in, was presented.

"Wal, Ase," said Rucker, seating himself on one of the splint-bottomed chairs, while the young teacher took the other, as Ase said he preferred to remain sitting on the ground, Ambrosia standing, meanwhile, in the doorway.

"Wal, Ase, I'm a-goin' ter be a rich man right off, in several ways. Several," he added, nodding his head sagely. "Doc Ingersol, down ter Slabtown, says I kin git a pension out'n Goverment fur my eyes bein' injured in the service jes' 's well's not, an' it'll mount up ter nigh onto seventeen hundred dollars. I uz down ter the Slab yest'day, an' he asked me what's my regiment and company. I jest sez ter him ez I b'longed ter no regiment, an' ez I was in the company of Tim Reeves an' some more on us I tell you he's amused at that, fur

I heerd him a-laughin', an' he sez: 'Which side was you on, Mr. Rucker?' an' I sez ter him, I sez: 'It didn't make no sort er difference, Mr. Ingersol,' I sez. 'Sometimes I was on one side, an' sometimes on t'other. Ef thar were any fightin', you jest bet I'd be in it.' 'Wal, Mr. Rucker,' he sez, 'you never mind. I'll git it all right fur ye.' So, yer see, Ase, it's likely I'll git the pension. An' then, yer know, Ase, thar's the mines."

"The French silver mines?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, yer huv heerd. Wal, I've got a clue to 'em, an awful strong clue this time. I've heerd of a man that was in the Californy gold-mines, an' he's got a thing he used thar, a plumbob, he called it; an' all yer've got ter do is ter tie a string ter this hyar plumbob, an' foller it, an' the nearest gold 'll dror it an' dror it, an' then ye've only got ter dig whar it stops. Silver 'll do jest the same, I've heerd tell. He's gone down ter Texas, but he'll be back hyar to'ard summer, an' thar's no eend of silver! Why, thar's a cave," he went on, excitedly, "that them French had ter leave, with the silver all smelted an' made inter bars twice as thick as my arm, an' piled up ter the ceilin', higher than a man's head, an' sacks full piled up inter a cone in the middle."

"Did you see it, Mr. Rucker?" cried Ambrosia, her eyes big with excitement and wonder.

"Wal, I may say I did an' I didn't. I were in a cave with a Injun, who uster be toler'ble fr'en'ly with me. His name was 'Little-Big-Man-With-A-Horse-Face,' an' he went outen this country fifty year ago. Wal, he took me ter this hyar cave, an' I felt the silver, chile; but it was toler'ble dark in thar, an' my eyes was bad even then, en I can't say ez I rightly see it myself, but I c'd feel it, an' feel the iron furnaces the Frenchmen lef', too. Ye see, the Injuns helped 'em, an' they knowed all about it. I've got the directions to find it, too, so it don't make no difference. It's on yer gran'father's land somewhere."

"Oh, when will the man bring his plumbob?" cried Ambrosia, excitedly. "It's so long to wait for summer."

"Ye see, honey, the Injuns tole me that on a sartain ridge war a hill, which I don't name no names, but yer kin a'most see from here; an' on that hill war a pine-tree, marked with a cross; an' yer was ter march twelve yards due west, to'ard the sunset; then yer was ter walk five feet ter the lef', whar ye'd find the stump of a big oak; from this ye was ter go nine yards on the diagonal, which'd be southwest, an' thar

ye'd find a small rock; this ye was ter pry out, an' then dig. When ye'd come down six foot, ye'd find a big squar rock, and un'er this squar rock is the cave, with the silver. It'll take six men ter lif' that thar rock, it's that heavy!"

"Why, Mr. Rucker," cried Ambrosia, eagerly. "Let's go find it, this minute. What's the use of waiting for that man, if you know already?"

"Wal, ye see, Ambrosy, the trouble is, the trees has been cut down so much, an' the stumps is rotted clean outen the ground; an' we've got ter find them stumps fust. I know a man in Arkansas who knows whar the pine had oughter be; an' I'm a-goin' ter start termorrer fur that man, an' bring him hyar ter find it fur me; by force, sure, ef he ain't one of the persuadin' kind."

"How soon will you be back?"

"Wal, I don't know. I can't tell exac'ly. An' then, you see, I can't be in too much of a hurry, fur I've got ter find six real bones' men ter hol' up that thar rock; fur, ye see, I've got ter be awful puttic'lar 'bouten that, fur they mought git me inter the mine, an' drap the rock on me, an' I'd never git out. Yes, I've got ter be moughty puttic'lar and find trustful men."

The young man turned and whispered to Ambrosia: "He's cracked, dear," he said; "crazy as a loon. Haven't you heard this stuff before? He used to talk just this way long before we left the ridge."

"I don't know," replied Ambrosia, shaking her pretty little head. "There's often truth in these old traditions. And, if it should be true—just think!—we would be rich, and could go to Europe and see all the grand picture-galleries. Oh, it would be lovely!" And she clasped her hands.

"Look at these hyar ore-specimens," broke in old Rucker, fumbling and ducking into his trouser-pockets, and addressing Gordon, whose skeptical words he had partly overheard. "Ain't them the real article, now? I've had 'em a purty good long spell, I tell yer."

"Yes," said Ase, reaching up to look; "they do sparkle some. I reckon you're right, Rucker. I don't know much 'bout ore-specimens myself, seein' 's these hyar's the fust I ever laid eyes onto," with a sort of grim humor. "Hyar, Wash: answer him—you're eddicated. What d'yer think o' these hyar of Rucker's?"

Before any reply could be made, and while the young man was turning the ores over in his hands, there came an interruption, which, for the time, banished all thought of mines.

CHAPTER III.

THE air had grown warmer and warmer, as the sun rose higher in the heavens, and the sky

had deepened into the deep serene blue of noon-day, when a horseman came riding swiftly up.

"Hello!" he cried, stopping at the gate.

"Hello, Ike!" returned Ase. "Git down an' come in."

"Can't," said the other, sententiously. "Thar's a chile los'—John Flynn's. 'Bout seventy on us been a-huntin' on it for nigh onto four hour, an' John an' Joe Hudson an' Conrad Rodenburg an' Bill Sutton was out all night; an' we've allus heerd as you was a powerful hand with a witch-hazel switch—"

"A forked stick, Ike! It have got ter be a forked stick!" said old Ase.

"Wal, a forked stick. I ain't pertic'lar, so long's ye kin find the chile. Susan Elizá Flynn's jest about crazy."

"Wal, wal," said Ase, again; "it's too bad—it's jest too bad. But I kin find him! Jest lemme git a forked witch-hazel inter my hands, an' I'll find him. Thar was that thar red heifer of Bill Jordan's—the sticks jest kep' a-twistin' an' a-turnin' till I come to whar she was. I've foun' more'n two dozen wells o' good water; an', as fur calves, there's no countin' 'em. I foun' ole Mis' Marbel's husban'—she that was a Fitch, yer know. He's a-layin' dead-drunk ter one side the road, an' she's in a purty pickle, jest sure he's been killed—else runned off. 'Never yer mind, Mis' Marbel,' I sez ter her: 'ef he's 'bove ground, alive or dead, this hyar witch-hazel kin track him.' Laws! I reckon she made it hot fur him fur some time—quite consid'ble tempestuous, I should say. She's a woman o' purty consid'ble sperrit, I reckon."

"Wal, then, Mr. Flanders," said the messenger, "git up behin' me. The folks is all a-waitin', down the road, fur yer ter come."

"Go on, grandpap," said Ambrosia; "I'll bring the witch-hazel." For this was not the first time that the superstitious neighborhood had called on him for help, and she knew exactly where to find the article that was wanted.

Rucker followed in their wake, while Gordon waited to accompany Ambrosia.

"What nonsense it all is!" he said. "But you shall not go alone."

"Yes," was the reply, "you know it to be nonsense. But the others don't; and, if grandpap did not do as they asked, they would say he caused the death of the child, if it should die before being found." So he cut the stick for Ambrosia, and followed her to where the crowd was waiting.

About half a mile down the road, the men were gathered who had been searching for the lost child. They stood around in little knots and groups, talking in a subdued sort of fashion.

Most of them were smoking. Two or three women had gathered about Susan Eliza, the mother, who sat on a stone, crying bitterly and rocking herself violently back and forth, her apron over her head. As the horse came toward them, bearing old Ase behind the messenger, she sprang up and rushed to him, crying:

"Oh, Mr. Flanders, find my boy! We've hunted an' hunted, an' we can't find him. He's los'—he's los'! Oh, Jimmy! Jimmy!" And she broke into fresh tears.

"Thar now, Susan Lizy—don't yer git ter takin' on 'so," said the old man, comfortingly, patting her on the shoulder. "I kin fin' him—sure to sartin. Whar'd yer see him las'?"

"Right to our own house, Mr. Flanders," said the poor mother. "An' Mr. Rucker—he wanted ter find the spring, an' I was feared he couldn't find it, him bein' so blind; an' I told Jimmy ter take him down an' show him the place, an' I hain't set eyes on him since."

"He said he wur a-goin' back," said Rucker, who had now arrived; "an', o' course, I never sord which way he up an' took."

"Never min', Susan Lizy," interposed Ase; "I'll fin' him, ef he's above groun'. Never min'. Hyar comes Ambrosy, with the witch-hazel, an' we'll git him purty soon. Why, these hyar men kin tell yer, all on 'em, of all the things I've foun'—fust an' last, nigh onto a hundred, I dessay."

Ambrosia came toward him, and held out the forked stick. The old man took it in his trembling hands by the prongs, and pointed the straight end directly in front of him. The men stood back, and ceased talking. The poor mother hushed her sobs, and sat watching with eager hope in her sorrowful face.

The interest deepened, and became almost breathless as the stick was seen to move in old Ase's hands. The light clouds floated nearer, throwing the woods into deep shadow; and, where the wizard stood, the bright sunshine broke through in a brilliant circle, from which a broad shaft of light fell far into the woods. A puff of wind blew off the old man's hat, which fell behind him on the ground. His long gray hair blew out in fine threads. A tremulous smile hovered about his mouth, and a rapt and wondering expression grew in his eyes and transfigured his face: for he believed in his power as fully as any of his neighbors. In fact, the only ones who were skeptical were the two young lovers.

The feeble old hands shook nervously, as the hazel wand twisted and turned slightly, then stopped, and then slowly moved again.

"Foller me," said the old man, hoarsely.

And the wondering half-awed crowd followed silently.

The wizard, with his mystic wand, turned slowly half-way round, and stepped into the woods in the path of the sunbeams. On, on went the spell—over the stony hillsides, over the briers and flowers and weeds, and through the scrubby oak underbrush, for a mile and a half. Here another road crossed the river, to whose winding banks they had again come.

CHAPTER IV.

In the centre of the stream, was a man on horseback. He had loosened the reins on his horse's neck, and the thirsty animal was drinking eagerly. The man was dressed in black, with a white straw hat on his head, and he had a black rubber-cloth knapsack tied to the back of his saddle. As the crowd emerged from the woods, he pulled up his horse and made for the shore.

Ase walked feebly in front, with his wizard's-stick. A fit of coughing caught him and shook his thin frame. A deep flush had risen on his sallow cheeks.

"Come on, boys," he whispered, brokenly. "She's a-drawin'—she's a-drawin' powerful hard: we're on the right track."

"Genelmen," said the stranger, jumping off his horse and beginning to unstrap his knapsack, "I'm agent for the Percival Nursery of Evenalia, Missouri—in the north of this State, genelmen; and, seein's you're all here together, I'd like to show you what we've got to offer, in the way of fruit-trees, flowering and ornamental shrubs, seeds, and so forth. Our terms is easy, genelmen: we are doing business on square principles, but not pressing, not pressing. Here's the adamantine apple, which I'd recommend for this climate," opening, as he spoke, a book of colored plates. "Fruits pro-fusely, color deep-crimson, fast grower, bears in four—"

"Sh! Sh!" said old Ase, whom he approached as he spoke. "You'll interrup' the drawin', an' hyar's a poor mother wantin' her little chile."

"What in the name of thunder is all this about?" exclaimed the astonished fruit-agent.

But the crowd of men and women paid no heed. They followed across the road and plunged into the wood again, after the magician and his wand.

Gordon, with Ambrosia at his side, both skeptical, but both accommodating themselves to the superstitious crowd, had been following through the woods in silence. Now the young man stopped to explain. His words were greeted by a roar of laughter from the fruit-agent.

"Well, I swan! if that don't beat the Jews. Hello, you people!" he shouted: "you're a-goin' in the wrong direction exactly. I seen the boy over yonder, about an hour and a half back. Didn't know he was lost, though. About four year old, and tolerable fat; towheaded, and had on a blue check shirt, and red galluses to his trousers. He's a-settin' on a rock, cryin' like a good feller; and, when I come along, he just skeeted into the woods. I come acrost his hat about a mile down the other side of the crick."

The men who had been a little in advance turned, at this, to listen; and now a hurried parley took place.

"Neighbors," said old Ase, coming into the midst of them suddenly, "you've all knowed me the len'th of yer lives—some fur more time, some fur less, 'cordin' ter age—an' you'd orter know that I ain't no liar; an' I reckon you've heerd what I kin do afore now; an' I reckon you'll allow I'm 'bout as anxious as this hyar stranger ter give Susan Lizy hyar back her chile, secin's I've knowed her fur nigh onter thirtyfive year. Now, I'm a-goin' ter foller what I've got inter my hands till I come ter that thar boy o' hern. It's a-pullin' strong now, boys—pullin' strong, clean down inside o' me."

He started off again, as he spoke. The crowd hesitated for a moment, and then turned and followed him, leaving the astonished agent standing in the road with only Gordon and Ambrosia.

The agent burst into another roar of laughter.

"If they ain't the beatenest and doggonest set of fools," he cried, "I ever did see, I'll eat my cats! A-follerin' an old man carryin' a stick, instead o' goin' where the young un was seen last." Another burst of laughter followed, in which Gordon joined heartily and Ambrosia feebly. Formerly, she had believed with implicit faith and love in her grandfather and in the power of his witch-hazel. But, during the past winter, her intellect had expanded, and she knew this belief to be a superstition. Since Gordon laughed, she laughed: he must know what was the truth.

"Come along," said the agent. "I suppose we might as well go after the youngster, and take him after them precious fools yonder. I suppose you know him. It'd be a bad joke to fetch the wrong kid, you see."

Gordon said he didn't, as he didn't live there, but the young lady could identify him.

The sociable agent took Ambrosia across the river first, on his horse, returning for Gordon afterward. Then all three set off.

It was late in the afternoon, and a little child sat on the ground in the dim woods. Tears

were rolling down his sun-burned cheeks, leaving a white path on his dusty little face. He shook all over with the great sobs which kept rising in his throat, though he tried manfully to suppress them, and dug his brown fists into his eyes. As the agent and Gordon came near, he started to his feet and tried to run away out of sight. They called, but he would not stop.

"Let me catch him," said Ambrosia. "He knows me. Stop, Jimmy," she called, raising her voice. "Hold on—it's only Ambrosy."

Jimmy stopped, recognized her, and broke into piteous sobs, crying for sheer joy, as she took him in her arms. They put him on the horse, and started after old Ase's party.

It was sundown before Susan Eliza caught her weary hungry child to her breast. Everyone clustered about them, leaving Uncle Ase alone. The old man's enthusiasm had died out. He had been deceived by his wand. It had led him away from instead of toward the child. But the feverish flush was still on his cheek. He looked at the hazel stick, which he still held.

"It sartainly drawed," he murmured to himself. "I don't un'erstan'."

Then he overheard a few broken words from the fickle crowd, something about "lyin' ole fool, ter be a-trompin' us all day through the woods arter his fool stick." "He knowed thar warn't no sense in it."

"If thar is"—it was a woman's voice that spoke this time—"it's the ole devil. It's jest awful ter be a-havin' doin's with him."

"Yes, yes, I knowed it all the time," said another.

Then there was only the confused hum of many voices mingled, all in condemnation.

The old man went feebly up to where the father and mother stood. John Flynn held his newly-found child, now half asleep, in his arms. Susan Eliza was crying, and kissing joyfully the little weary dusty bare feet which had wandered so far.

"Susan 'Lizy an' John Flynn," he said, "I'm glad ye found yer boys. Ambrosy, we'd better be a-goin'."

There was no answer, only a derisive laugh, in which not only the men but the women joined. Ambrosia did not laugh this time, even faintly. She drew her grandfather's arm within her own. Nor did Gordon laugh. His mouth curved with scorn, on the contrary, as he thought of the fickleness of this ignorant mob, which, an hour ago, had fully believed in the old man—had, in fact, implored his aid—and now brutally mocked at him.

CHAPTER V.

BUT did he fail? That is the curious thing about it. If I were not telling a true story, I should hesitate to go on.

In the hurry of the announcement that a child had been lost, Mr. Rucker had forgot his ores, and Gordon had quietly slipped them into his own pocket. The day after, he said to himself that the thing was worth inquiring about, and that perhaps Ambrosia might be right in saying that sometimes—it was possible—there was truth in old traditions. So, making an excuse of business, he ran up to the county-town, where more than one expert in ores was to be found. The scientific man he consulted pronounced the ores to be silver. "There is no doubt of it," he said. "Where did they come from?" Gordon, in reply, told old Rucker's story. The expert's answer took away his breath. "I have heard this tradition," he said, "of the French having once mined in this region, and have always believed it; but I never could locate the spot within a hundred miles. Now, the thing is worth looking into; and I will prospect the hill myself."

The result was that, in less than a week, it was known that the hill over which the witch-hazel had led old Ase was almost a solid mass of silver-ore, and that he and his grandchild, instead of being poor, were millionaires.

"The wonder is," said the expert, "that the vein was never struck before." And, when the actual cave which Rucker had spoken of, as having once visited, was discovered, even Gordon ceased to look on the old blind "crank" as wholly a fool.

But Uncle Ase never rallied from the blow he had received at the hands of his neighbors. He grew weaker day by day, and finally took to his bed. His strength came back for a few hours, but only for a few hours, when they told him the result of Gordon's exploration.

"Wal, I'm glad for one thing," he said to his grandchild: "it will make yer rich, and yer

can go now to Europe and all them other places which you've always wanted ter see. I'm willin' ter die, fur that—"

"Oh, don't say, grandpap, that you are going to die. And the neighbors are so sorry now. They say you were right, after all. It was the silver, they believe, that drew the witch-hazel."

"Yes," he said, looking at the witch-hazel stick, which lay on the bed, having been placed there at his request. "Yes, it drawed strong, the witch-hazel did, Ambrosy. It drawed powerful strong. Tell 'em, Ambrosy, that I ain't no liar—an' it drawed powerful—"

He stopped suddenly. His voice was very weak and faint.

Ambrosia opened the door. It was early in the morning, but the mists from the river were already dissipating, fading away slowly, like thin smoke-wreaths. A ray of sunlight came in through the door and fell across the bed.

"Thar warn't no devil in it, Ambrosy, as that yere woman said. It jest drawed from clean down inside of me, somewheres," he muttered, uneasily. Then he smiled feebly, and the puzzled troubled look seemed to vanish from his worn old face. "I knew somethin' was thar."

"It'll be all—right—Ambrosy," he said. "I reckon nobody'll take old Ase Flanders fur—a liar." He took the forked witch-hazel stick in his hard and wrinkled hand, and softly touched the golden sunbeam as it glimmered on the bed.

When, an hour later, the neighbors came, they found him lying so, still holding the stick. Ambrosia was on her knees beside the bed, with Gordon's arm pityingly around her. But even of his presence she seemed to be unconscious.

She had no more faith in the witch-hazel's power than on the day of the expedition, but she saw how her grandfather had been hurt, had been almost broken-hearted, because of the disbelief of others, and she could only sob out, in her remorse:

"Oh, I wish I hadn't laughed. If only I hadn't laughed."

PAST POSSESSION.

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD.

WHEN one has lost something most loved,
Think'st thou he grieves that once he had?
Or he regrets those moments glad?
Or that the highest good he proved?
Nay. He who on the heights once roved,
Though he descend to depths more sad
Than dark Tartarus, lamed and mad,

Weeps not that otherwise he moved.
So joy I, that I once possessed
That which my heart most longed for, lost
Though now it be; though now I'm tossed
In nether sorrows barring rest.
I joy that once I had: that bliss
Was mine once, though for aye I miss.

HESTHER'S SACRIFICE.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

PRETTY Bessie Norris stood before her looking-glass, intently gazing at her own fair image therein reflected—not with blushing vanity or anxious care, but a cool, critical, businesslike glance. To-night, she was to attend her first large party; and, as Bessie was eighteen, pretty, ambitious, and a country-girl, with whom parties must always be rare, we may guess the amount of preparation, even greater that there was little or no money to be spent.

For a whole week had Bessie been planning, and her older sister Hesther working out those plans in the shape of a dress, now nearly finished; for Bessie, though this was her first large party, had been to several small ones, and, being a young woman of decided ideas and opinions, knew pretty well what she wanted, yet was not averse to having the work done for her. Hesther's skill had turned and fitted the pale-blue silk gown that she had worn on a similar occasion herself, in a distant city, years before; Hesther's fingers had hemmed and sewed on the yards of bias ruffling that fashion then approved; and Hesther was even now basting lace frills in neck and sleeves, the last finishing-touch.

"There is only one more thing I want, Hesther," said Bessie, at last, still at the mirror: "I haven't got enough hair."

Her sister looked up somewhat wearily.

"What! not enough hair? You have plenty."

"No, indeed—not half enough. I've tried fixing it, puffing it out every way: and no use—it won't do. And they wear such a pile of hair now, that one looks horrid without it."

"A most foolish and tasteless fashion," spoke up Hesther, with energy.

"Yes, I know that; but still it is the fashion, and I shall not look half dressed without more than I have now. I ought to have a braid; but a good one will be 'too dear for my possessing,' of course, and I would not wear one of those dreadful cheap things. I must do without, I suppose, let the Lawford girls sneer as they will."

It was in the days of immense "chignons," hideous and tasteless things as they were, though dear as any present fashion to the female heart; and Bessie's silky yellow-brown locks, while thick and long, were yet, as she said, not half enough.

Hesther looked at them, and realized this startling fact with dismay. The Lawfords, who were to give the party, were their richest and most fashionable neighbors; and Hesther, who did not care for parties herself, was as anxious for Bessie's success as even that young lady. Had she worked, fitted, and stitched for this—failure and disgrace at last? It was too bad!

She sat with puckered brows, the shimmering blue silk in her lap, looking at Bessie, who stood patting and pinning her bright tresses, vexation in every gesture. Suddenly, Hesther sprang up in her own impulsive way—for Hesther, at twenty-eight, was ten times as impulsive as Bessie at eighteen—flung her work aside, and, stepping before the glass, looked over her sister's shoulder. They made a picture worth seeing—both very pretty, both alike in general style, though Bessie's rich color and fresh roundness gained her the preference, as a beauty. Hesther was graver, paler—though quicker to blush, we may notice—and fully a head taller. Her eyes were a little haggard now with overwork, but there was a tenderness, a varying passionate beauty, about them, that Bessie's clear, cool, rather hard eyes lacked. Both had fine heads of hair—the same color to a shade. One swift wistful gaze, and Hesther, with a fine resolved heroic air, began unwinding her coil of tresses—which done, she laid them against the other's braids, as if comparing, and cried:

"There: it matches to perfection. I thought so."

Bessie turned to her, startled and flushing.

"What do you mean, Hes? What are you going to do?" she asked, eagerly.

"Do? Why, child, you shall have my hair! We haven't a cent to buy you a braid, even if there were time; but you shall look as well as any of them. Here: give me those scissors."

"Oh, Hesther, don't! I will not wear it: you mustn't think of such a thing," began Bessie; rather feebly, however.

But her sister, not heeding this remonstrance, brushed out her long shining hair, and began clipping it off close to her head. It was a foolish thing, no doubt: a weak sacrifice of sense and nature to foolish fashion: an encouragement of the young girl's vanity and selfishness. We grant all these. But the motive, the impulse,

was as purely generous as ever stirred a woman's tender heart; and Hesther Norris, uniting with plenty of sound sense a warm rash temper, was nothing if not tender-hearted. She hacked off her hair, however, with a stern, even ferocious, expression, without pause or falter—cut it off short, and handed the silky mass to Bessie, who took it eagerly, her eyes sparkling, though with feigned unwillingness.

"Oh, sister, it is too bad. I cannot take this," said the girl, with starting tears and a warm kiss; adding: "But it will improve my looks ever so much, sis, and won't make much difference, I suppose, to an old mai—I mean, it will grow again soon."

"Yes, of course it will: and, as you say, won't make much difference to an old maid like me. I want you to be happy," said Hesther, quite gayly, but looking with much doubt at her shorn head, which she thought not at all becoming. As for Bess, she was already brushing and braiding Hesther's hair, wherewith to complete her elaborate coiffure.

Poor Hesther's trial grew very hard, at the tea-table that evening, when she went down, leaving Bessie at her toilet, to meet alone the questions and reproach of her father and brother.

"Most foolish thing I ever heard of. I am astonished at you, Hesther," said old Mr. Norris. "I didn't think you cared so much for a silly fashion. Wonder what women will do next?"

"You look like a perfect fright," cried young Jack, with charming boyish frankness, and laughed till he cried.

In the light of their common-sense, her sacrifice looked silly and useless enough. And who has not felt this, sometimes, in a parallel case? But she was rewarded by the sight of Bessie, lovely in blue silk and pale-pink roses, with the most elegant of chignons—radiant beautiful Bessie—who kissed her white hand, as she went away with Jack to the party.

Her neighbors voted Miss Norris "eccentric." She was still very pretty, still as young-looking as when she came out, ten years before—as bright and attractive a girl as ever danced her first quadrille or won her first lover. But, ever since a long visit to New York, when she was about twenty, there had been a change. She was fitful and sometimes moody, did not go to parties or to festivals, and seemed to care little for society.

"A disappointment," cried some. "Perhaps she had been jilted, or had, herself, jilted somebody, and was now suffering remorse." She kept her own counsel, however, and left them to their gossip and guesswork. On this evening,

she went to her own room, after Bessie and Jack were gone, and, before the glass, stood gazing at herself sadly, thinking: Was she such a fright, after all? And had she done such an idiotic thing? She thought how somebody had, long ago, praised her gold-brown tresses; somebody who, maybe, had one of them now; somebody whose opinion had been all the world to her, once. And now—

The thought must have awakened others too sad for good company. She turned from the mirror with quivering lips and cried—quietly at first, after awhile with bitter gasping sobs—pacing the floor till she was tired out, then sinking face downward on the bed, to sob herself to sleep like a child.

Bess came home in the early dawn, not too tired to tell of her triumph. She had had a charming time—a crowd of partners. No, she was not a bit frightened—no, indeed! She had felt pretty—and maybe looked pretty, too—and her dress was one of the handsomest there, her hair just right. "And oh, Hesther, Mary Wilson had a 'switch' in her chignon—a horrid thing, just like tow. I saw her looking enviously at my head, poor thing. There was the handsomest gentleman there—from New York—at my side half the time, too. He is Mrs. Lawford's cousin, and staying with them on a visit. The most charming fellow—but not really young, you know. He told me he had met you in New York once."

"What is his name?" asked Hesther, with a violent start.

"Oh, Mr. Grayfell—Lawrence Grayfell. Do you remember him?"

"Yes, I remember him," said Hesther, with white lips, unnoted by Bessie, who rattled on, saying:

"I think Tom Lawford was a little jealous. Poor Tom! He's very nice, but did seem stupid and plain by Mr. Grayfell. You will see that gentleman, this evening, when he calls—as I gave him leave to do. And—just think!—he said something about my hair; brought it in so nicely, too—'golden gleams,' or something like that. Why, sis, how pale you are—and your head does look too funny! I can't help laughing, yet feel dreadfully guilty and selfish."

Mr. Grayfell did call, that evening. He was a tall, handsome, decidedly elegant-looking man of perhaps forty, with mustache and hair slightly tinged with gray, features clear-cut, and keen but pleasant dark-gray eyes. A very handsome and distinguished person: no wonder that Bessie raved about him. She was radiant and cordial; but the meeting between him and Miss Norris was

constrained. They dwelt little on past acquaintance, which Bessie thought must have been very slight, and, indeed, left most of the talking to that lively young woman. Had Bessie been less self-absorbed, she might have suspected a secret; but the girl thought not much of anyone but her dearest friend—namely, Bessie Norris—so Hesther was spared her curiosity.

Hesther Norris had been engaged to Lawrence Grayfell for a brief while, eight years ago, and, though loving him with all her heart, had parted with him for a trifling jealous quarrel. She had never ceased to care for him, however; and now the love that she thought had faded to sorrowful regret woke to fresh life and cried out for its own. She tried to conceal it; and she did, but paid her penalty in restless days and wakeful nights. To see him now—the admirer, the possible lover, of her younger sister—was a trial of which she was spared no pang that Bessie's outspoken vanity and triumph could inflict. The girl had never been so gay, so lovely, before—or so selfish. She laughed more than once at Hesther's short hair, and, meanwhile, wore the transferred locks with her own in various fascinating styles of coiffure for the benefit of Mr. Grayfell: who staid on with the Lawfords, week after week, and made suspiciously frequent morning-calls and evening-visits to the Norrises.

On these occasions, it was Bessie who talked and played for him, who joined him at croquet; and he seemed willing enough to be so entertained. To Hesther, he said but little. Yet something in his manner told her that he had at least not forgotten the past between them. Sometimes, she met his eyes turned on herself with a look that made her thrill and tremble. Could it be possible, she thought, that, after all, he still loved her, as in the old days? But no, no: it was plainly Bessie that he sought—Bessie, who was ten years younger and fresh and fair—who had first drawn him to the house. Yes, of course it was Bessie!

Tom Lawford came sometimes with his cousin, those summer evenings. Poor Tom, so silent and miserably jealous—a dismal figure on the croquet-ground or in the parlor, where Mr. Grayfell seemed to take a mischievous pleasure in monopolizing Bessie under the poor fellow's eyes. Hesther was very good to Tom during that time, having, perhaps, a fellow-feeling for him. They talked to each other or played chess, all the while painfully conscious of the other two, and, in truth, were both suffering from that old, old, natural, torturing human jealousy that no one is ever too young or too old, too bad or too good, to feel.

One warm and sultry June evening, five weeks after the Lawford party—a golden summer evening, with a mingled odor of roses and new-mown hay in the air—Hesther Norris sat alone in the shaded parlor, bending over her sewing, and listening to the sound of merry voices from the croquet-ground without, where Lawrence Grayfell and Bessie were playing. Their voices, and the click, click of the mallets, grew presently intolerable to her overstrung nerves; she threw her work aside, and, going to the piano, began to play—anything to drown those jarring sounds—first a snatch of one tune, then another, till she struck into that most eloquent, passionate, saddest of all Beethoven's tunes, the Clara Waltz. With a strong, deep, yet soft touch, she played it—a touch worthy of its capabilities—finding it a fitting expression of her mood, such as music often gives where words would fail. "My love! oh, my love!" The notes seemed to speak again and again beneath her slender fingers, in that exquisite, tender, sobbing fall at the end of each bar; and, with passionate earnestness, she played on: "My love! oh, my love!" again, and yet again, till there was a sudden break, a pause, as Lawrence Grayfell quietly entered the room. He looked rather pale and grave.

"Don't stop, I beg of you; play on," he said. "Perhaps you can guess why I have some very dear memories connected with that, my favorite of all tunes. Play it for me again." His tone, his manner, stirred her heart with a strange thrill, yet offended her, too. Had he come to trifle with old memories—with her? she thought. It was too cruel. She rose from the piano, flushing high.

"I am tired. I can play no more now," she said, coldly, adding: "Where is Bessie?"

"Oh, I left her just now in very good company," he answered, with a smile. "Tom Lawford has come, and they are beginning a new game. I came in here because I have something to say to you. Won't you listen, Hesther?"

She sat down, trembling in every limb, but her lips could frame no reply. He took a seat beside her.

"Hesther," he said, in a grave tender tone, that she had heard before, and remembered only too well. "Hesther, it was a slight cause that parted us, long ago—a foolish thing; but I have loved you, and no other woman, for these eight years, and—won't you marry me, Hesther? Can't we be once more as we were before that quarrel?"

She looked at him strangely, as if hardly

realizing what he meant, a wave of crimson rushing over her face. At last, in a confused startled way, she stammered: "But Bessie! I thought it was Bessie you cared for now."

He laughed; guessing, perhaps, her final answer from this speech. "Bessie?" he said. "My dear girl, your sister is a sweet, fresh, and most refreshing child; but—what are you thinking of? I came here to see you; it is you I want. Why, my dearest, I've even treasured the little lock of hair that I stole from you once. Don't you remember? Think of that, for a hardened old sinner like me. I have it yet."

"Ah, my hair!" she murmured. "You used to say it was so pretty, and it's all gone now. I cut it off for Bessie to wear to the party. She says I am a fright without it."

He burst out laughing. "Well, upon my soul! What an idea! A woman's sacrifice, truly; and just like you, Hesther. Appreciated, too, without doubt. A fright, indeed! These short soft curls are beautiful, and make you look eight years younger than you did eight years ago. It was her hair, so rich in quantity, and so like your own, that first attracted me toward Miss Bessie, little thinking it indeed yours."

"And so, after all," said Hesther, smiling, "when I cut off my poor pretty hair, I was only using the shears of fate."

"Yes," laughed he, "that is certain; and, if you answer my question aright, I'm quite sure that Lachesis herself never allotted any man a fairer destiny than mine."

"And you think me still young and pretty enough to care for?"

He looked at her with a sort of quizzical tenderness, his blue-gray eyes moist and sparkling. "Well, we will make allowance for

the ravages of time, and for all other defects," he said. "Be duly grateful, Hesther, and give me what I want."

"Ah, I'm afraid there is too much of your old self left, sir," she cried, in mock dismay; but, at the same time, laid her hand in his.

A few minutes later, while they were still sitting with clasped hands and suspiciously close together, there was a sound of steps, a swift rustling pause, and Bessie stood in the doorway, looking in, curious and wondering at this most unexpected sight.

"My dear Miss Bessie," said Grayfell, leading Hesther forward with great coolness and presence of mind, "you must congratulate us. Hesther and I have loved each other for eight years, and she has just promised to marry me."

"Really!" said Bessie, lifting her eyebrows with a shrug. "Really! I do congratulate you; though, as I was not in her confidence, this is rather a surprise. Very romantic, indeed! And she is more fortunate than most women of her age."

Bessie was in a white heat of temper, but she dealt this stab with precision and turned with her sweetest smile to Tom Lawford, standing just behind her. "Come, Mr. Lawford," she said, "shall we finish our game?"

"Would you really like to play?" cried poor Tom, delighted with her look and tone; and they went out on the lawn together. Yes, she still had Tom. No doubt that he was her slave; and, after all, one admiring slave was almost as good as another, to Bessie. Lawrence Grayfell had only wounded her vanity, not touched her heart—as he knew perfectly well. It was some comfort, certainly, she reflected, that she still had Tom.

THE SISTER SERAPHINE.

BY ADELAIDE MERRIMAN.

LIKE a ray of sunny light,
Banishing the gloom of night,
Comes the Sister Seraphine—
Gliding in and out, between
Long white rows of beds, where lie
Moaning sufferers, such as I.

Ever robed in quiet gray,
Smiling in the sweetest way,
Gentle Sister Seraphine
Has the loveliest face e'er seen,
And her words of tender cheer
Fall like music on the ear.

In the night, when racked with pain,
Never have I called in vain.
Ere my faintest moan has died,

Steals she softly to my side,
And her very presence there
Makes the anguish light to bear.

Little does she dream that I,
For her sake, would gladly die:
That I kneel, as at a shrine,
Worshipping her, my saint divine:
That my pain I gladly bear,
Just to know her tender care.

'Tis no earthly love I feel;
In her presence, I must kneel
Reverently, with soul laid bare,
Ever breathing forth a prayer,
Saying softly, o'er and o'er:
"Angels guard thee evermore."

LOVE ON WHEELS.

BY FLORINE THAYER M'CRAY.

"Oh, dear! how my head aches! It seems to me, my head always aches." As Belle Morton spoke, she threw down her book and leaned her head upon her hands disconsolately.

Her mother looked at her anxiously, and was about to speak, when Tom, who had at that instant come into the house, cried:

"Well, I should think you would have the headache: this room is hot enough to kill you. You never take a bit of exercise, but sit here and eat candy all day. I wonder you're not dead long ago."

"I think you are very rude, sir," answered his sister, with half a pout.

"Rude, am I?" cried Tom. "Well, then, since you talk in that way, I'll be ruder still." And, seizing a heavy shawl from the table, he wrapped his sister in it deftly and quickly, and, throwing open a French window that opened on the back piazza, dashed out and danced a raquet there with her, quite undisturbed by her struggles and muffled expostulation.

"Oh, Tom—you disagreeable thing! Let me go, this instant," she cried. "Tom, Tom—you are horrid!"

But Tom kept up the dance until he was tired.

Meantime, Mrs. Morton had stood at the open window, adding her remonstrance to Belle's. She now hastened to shut the window, as Belle came in—panting, but glowing with the exercise.

"Nonsense, mother," he said, in answer to her expostulation. "If Belle would fly around more, outdoors, she'd get over this indigestion, and we should no longer be condemned to eat Graham bread. She'll be a confirmed invalid, if you don't take care. Harry Fellows asked me, the other day, what Belle had done to herself. He said she didn't look nearly as well as when he went to Europe. Don't you know, sis, that fellows like wide-awake girls, nowadays? I hate to have my sister bleaching out and growing limp—because, forsooth, our name is Morton, and she has an idea of being queenly and elegant and angelic. It's rosy, bright-eyed, healthy angels that we want—and they are coming into fashion, too. Why don't you take a brisk walk, at least twice a day, or ride horse-back, or—something?"

"Tom, you know the doctor said it was too violent for her."

"Oh, blame take the doctors! Well, then, I'd walk five miles a day—I'd do something so as not to lose all my beauty."

Tom's words had more influence on Belle than he fancied. "If Harry Fellows," she said to herself, when alone, "thinks I'm getting ugly for want of exercise, it must be so." As she spoke, she went to the mirror, looking anxiously at herself. "Yes, I do think I am growing fallow. I—I think it was unkind of Harry, however. I suppose he has been accustomed, these two years, to those apple-cheeked peasant-women over in Europe!"

Belle smiled half bitterly, and then suddenly rose to her feet, and, putting on her coat, went out and walked for half an hour. She had gone but a few rods, however, when she met Harry Fellows. He raised his hat, with a light coming into his bronzed face, and greeted her with the ease of an old friend.

"How well you are looking to-day, Miss Belle," he said. "I feared, the other day, that you were indisposed. I—"

"I am quite well, thank you, Mr. Fellows," she said, rather stiffly. And so he passed on, with another bow—a rather cool one, this time.

Belle was very cross, all that evening. Tom finally asked her if the Graham bread disagreed with her. Her answer was to go to the piano and play a few discordant classics, until Tom said:

"Well, if you call that music—"

At this, she shut the piano with a bang, and went to bed without more ceremony.

"Tom is insufferable," she said, as she closed her door, biting her lips to keep the tears back.

The next morning, Madame Morelli came, to give Belle her usual music-lesson. She was an American, but had married an Italian music-master, and they were now cozily living in Boston, and earning, by their united industry, a good income.

"Ceccio says we shall get rich enough to return to Italy," she said to Belle, "and live in comfort in a few years."

"But isn't this hard work half killing you?" said Belle, kindly. "Getting around to your pupils—the mere walking, I mean—must wear you out."

"Oh, but see what I have, out here in the

driveway," said the teacher, as she went to the window. "It is a perfect boon to me. I used to get so nervous and cross, when lessons dragged. And then, again, the car-fares: how they counted up! Now, this does away with all that, and I get around so easily, too."

Belle looked out. "A tricycle!" she cried, turning, in astonishment, to madame. "You do not ride it? Really? And it is yours?"

"Well, why should it not be mine?" said madame, laughing. "Do you have the impudence, with your twenty years, to stand here and say I am too old, because I am fifty, to avail myself of the gr-r-reatest?"—she became quite Italian when she wished to be emphatic—"convenience and health-giving mode of locomotion ever vouchsafed to women? I have only had it a week, but I'm another woman already. Wouldn't you like to try it, some day?"

"Oh, no; that is, I am afraid I couldn't. I perhaps might," hesitatingly, "just get upon the saddle. But how do you make the pedals go?"

"Come, and I'll show you; that's a dear."

In a moment, Miss Morton had called to her maid to bring her a wrap and hat, had taken a scarf and her brother's felt hat, was down on the roadway, and was being propelled, by madame and her own unaccustomed feet, around the circular drive and back to the house.

"I wouldn't for the world have had mamma see me," Belle said, as she got off, looking anxiously up at the house. "She would be horrified."

"She should be more pained to see you growing ill, Belle, mio," replied madame. "You have been an anxiety to me for months past. You need more exercise, more fresh air, dear. Say, will you come on Tuesday and ride with me, if I get you a tricycle? I have a friend who will lend me one. I will take you the loveliest ride, on a good road and through woods, where nobody will see you. There is trailing arbutus, only waiting for me to come! Will you try?"

It seemed so easy. The machine was such a fairy-like thing.

"You will come?" said madame. "Come to my house at nine o'clock, for several mornings. I will have a machine for you there, and you can practice unseen around my yard. Then, when you have strengthened your muscles a little, we will go out upon the quiet road I told you of. It is very retired. None of your friends would ever drive there. Ah, I am so glad. It shall be secret, never fear."

Two weeks later, when Tom came in to

luncheon, one day, he saw a plate of trailing arbutus upon the drawing-room table. "Ah-h!" he said, after burying his face in it, "where did this come from? How sweet it is! I have been thinking I should get off, some day, to look for it. Who gave it to you, Belle?"

"I—Madame Morelli—got it somewhere," replied Belle, confusedly. "She was here this morning. How wonderfully she plays," she went on, turning the conversation, by describing madame's powers as a musician, so as to conceal her secret about tricycling.

"I am glad you enjoy her so much. Sis," he said, suddenly, "you are looking better. Guess that waltz of mine upon the back piazza, a week or two ago, did you good. You begin to have a color like—some girls."

"Like Kittie Bradshaw, I presume you mean," retorted his sister, archly. It was Tom's turn to look confused now. "I have noticed of late that you were considerably pleased with—her color. Ha! ha! But, Tom," she continued, delighted to see him uncomfortable, "you need not blush. She is a sweet little girl. I like her very much. If only she would tone down a little. She is so full of spirits."

"Yes, she is; and that is my kind of a girl," said Tom, stoutly.

"O-o-oh!" said his sister, mockingly. "Has it gone so far as that?"

But Tom, snatching his hat, sped out of the house, followed by his sister's ringing laugh. Belle went to the window, and threw a kiss after him.

Several days later Harry Fellows was riding leisurely through a sequestered road, when his ear caught the sound of women's voices beyond a wall, and, a moment later, he was surprised to see Miss Morton coming through the bars with a bunch of arbutus in her hand. She was clad in a thick stuff gown, with warm shoes and gloves, and had a most lovely bloom in her face. She had turned to call the attention of her companion to a bird on the yet leafless branch above, but, seeing Harry, gave a little cry, and blushed charmingly.

"Why, Miss Morton! Who would ever have thought of seeing you out here, seven miles from home?" he said, lifting his hat. "I had no idea you were fond of the country. And arbutus, too! Surely, you must have a secret charm to make it bloom for you. I have not seen a petal yet." He had leaped to the ground. "You surely are not alone? Where is your carriage?"

"It—is here—in there. No, I am not alone.

Madame Morelli is with me. But—Mr. Fellows—may I ask you, as a friend, before she comes within hearing, not to—not to mention seeing me—seeing us here, to my brother, nor to my mother? Especially, on no account, to my mother."

In spite of himself, Harry Fellows looked surprised. But he said: "Why, certainly not, if you wish it. I hope, Miss Morton, I have not intruded—"

"Oh, not at all," said Belle. "Of course, it is a public road; only, if you will please—"

"My dear Miss Morton, of course I'll say nothing. But now you want me to go, don't you? I will, on the condition that I may call soon. Ah, good-morning, Madame Morelli. A delightful recreation from your professional work, to come out into the woods occasionally. Good-morning." And Mr. Fellows rode on, but with unmistakable, if carefully-repressed, curiosity.

"Never mind," said Belle, smiling, though looking vexed. "he did not see how we came, and he will not mention having seen us at all."

One day, at breakfast, a few days later, Tom said: "It seems to me, Belle, you and Madame Morelli are getting to be inseparable. She's a sensible woman. How well she rides her tricycle! I see she has one of the new pattern. I wish she would get you on to it, sometime. I believe it would make you well again. But, of course, you would not do anything so inelegant."

Belle looked at him earnestly. "Do you think," she said, "they are proper for ladies to use on the streets, Tom?"

"Why not?" said Tom, setting down his cup. "Perhaps it wouldn't be good form for a Morton; but I have seen pretty girls on them, and the girls looked well, too."

"Whom have you seen?"

"Oh, I don't recall whom, just now," carelessly throwing down his napkin. "But there are several around." With which general remark, he went out—wondering, however, if Belle had heard anything about Kittie.

The April days grew warmer, blooming into green and tender life, and Harry Fellows passed many hours afield. He was returning, one day, to the city, when he saw, coming in the distance, a couple of tricyclers. The lady, who was plump and petite, wore a jaunty costume, with a round-top visor-cap. She rode steadily, chatting and laughing brightly to her escort—an athletic young fellow, who somehow looked strangely familiar to Harry.

A few rods more, with his horse trotting

briskly, Mr. Fellows exclaimed: "Hello-o!" and lifted his hat to the lady as they passed.

"I say—Fellows!" came from the rear, and, in a minute, one of the machines trundled swiftly around and came alongside. "You will pardon it from me, I know, old man," said Tom; for he it was, with the lady. "I was going to ask, as a favor, that you wouldn't say anything about seeing us to-day—at least, when you see my family. Particularly Belle, you know. She has her own idea of propriety, and all that; and I—we," he looked fondly at the trim little figure awaiting him, "have ours. You see, Belle and mother might be shocked to know that Miss Bradshaw rides a tricycle; and, as I am soon to announce our engagement to them, you know how it is."

Harry Fellows reached down and grasped his friend's hand. "Of course I shall forget this meeting," he said. But, when they had gone, he turned once or twice to look at them receding, and then relieved his feelings with a hearty laugh.

"Belle says," he cried: "'Please do not mention seeing me here, to-day, to Tom or my mother—on no account, to mother.' Tom says: 'Please do not say anything about meeting us, to-day, to my family—particularly Belle.' What a capital joke! Well, I seem to be becoming a depository of the secrets of the Morton family. I shouldn't be surprised to meet Mrs. Morton in some place next, with the usual 'as a favor, please do not men—' Ha! ha! It's fortunate for me they are harmless secrets: I couldn't be burdened with more weighty ones."

The next day, Harry made up his mind on a very serious point, and drove to Mrs. Morton's house, to ask Belle to take a drive with him. He was bitterly disappointed when her mother told him she was out, for the day, at Madame Morelli's. Harry determined to drive out into the country, as a solace for his adverse fate.

"I will go around to where she was gathering arbutus, that day," he said.

The breath of May was on the leaves and grass. The twittering birds flitted about, making their nests. The tiny flowers began to open their faces to the blue sky. Suddenly, near a bridge which spanned a small stream, two tricycles were seen, ridden by women, and coming at a quick pace. Harry's horse was almost upon them before he could be stopped. In his nervousness, he pulled too strongly on one line, which threw the carriage upon the edge of the bank, and instantly the whole turnout, with its driver, was thrown over, crashing into the ditch.

"Oh, it is Harry Fellows!" cried Belle. And she leaped from her machine and ran to where Harry lay, motionless and apparently senseless. The horse floundered heavily. Harry raised his head.

"Look out for his feet," he cried. "Whoa, Billy! Whoa, boy! He kicked my arm. I'm afraid it is badly hurt, if not broken."

It was indeed broken; and Harry Fellows crawled out from the wreck, only to sit faintly upon the grass, while Belle drew a small drinking-cup from her basket and gave him water.

Meantime, Madame Morelli, who was a woman of decision, had grasped the horse firmly.

"As your arm is broken, Mr. Fellows," she said, "you must be carried home. The carriage is in pieces. Now, there is a house about a mile back there. Belle, it is more fitting that he should rest on me, if he's going to faint: take to your wheels and ride down there, and get a carriage or wagon to take him home."

Belle's eyes were half filled with tears, as she hurried off. Then suddenly appeared Tom, himself, in the road before her, upon a tricycle also; and, by his side, rosy and sweet, with her brown hair curling about her face, also riding a tricycle, was pretty Kittie Bradshaw. At any other time, Belle would have shown surprise; now she did not think of the novel situation, but cried:

"Oh, Tom! Tom! Harry Fellows has been thrown from his carriage and dreadfully hurt. Madame Morelli and I frightened him—I mean, the horse—with our machines. I am going to get a carriage to take him home. But, Tom, you go—won't you? I am so frightened, I can hardly sit in my seat. You go, and bring something to revive him, quick; and Kittie can go back with me."

Tom turned round without a word, and put on all speed for the farmhouse. Here, he started a man for the barn, to harness a horse to a carriage, and was on the way back to the scene of the accident before the astounding ludicrousness of one side of the affair struck him. When he reached the group around Fellows, he was in a broad grin.

"You won't mind my laughing; it's only at

Belle and ourselves," he said. "Here: let me help you, and the carriage is on the way. But say: isn't this a state of things? Who knew, sis, that you rode a tricycle? You could knock me down with a feather. I dare not let you know Kittie rode, for fear you would disapprove of her as a hoyden. We're engaged, you know, sis. I was going to tell you of it to-morrow. Ah, now you ride also. I see it all: madame is at the bottom of this. How long have you been at it?"

"About a month," said Belle, laughing, and glancing at Harry Fellows—who, quite revived now, smiled, and, lifting his good arm, put his finger on his pale lips. "Mr. Fellows," she continued, "nearly found me out, on this same road, three weeks ago. Do you think mamma will care, Tom?"

"Care?" roared Tom. "Why, mamma has known about Kittie and me for a fortnight; and she said, yesterday, she would be so glad if you would ride; but she knew you never would do such a thing."

"Ah, that is good," said Madame Morelli. "But here comes the carriage."

Harry Fellows was able to be out, in a few days. During the enforced idleness of the succeeding weeks of the summer, he found his way often to the house of the Mortons. Tom and Kittie were away riding their beloved tricycles, every afternoon; but Harry and Belle were quite content with walks or sitting on the piazza.

"Belle, darling," he said, one day, "it is too bad to have you give up your healthful rides for my sake. I have sold Billy, and, yesterday, appropriated the money for two tricycles for our use. One is light—that is for you. The heavier one is of the same pattern; for I intend, in future, to ride a steed less liable to shy than poor Billy. We can take a short run, to-morrow. You know my right arm is good, which is all that is necessary for steering. And, my dear, I want to go out, then, upon that sequestered road, where none of our friends or acquaintances will be likely to come—or," with a sly laugh, "tell about us."

LINES.

BY MARY F. ROBINSON.

How is it possible
You should forget me—
Leave me forever
And never regret me?

I was the soul of you,
Past love or loathing—
Lost in the whole of you.
Now, am I nothing?

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 182.

X. HERMETTE.

THE Lady of Domremy saw all this with dismay. Still, she gave no token of the discontent that annoyed her, but presided cheerfully at the feast, and kept Jacquemin by her side filling cups from the wine-cask and breaking bread, which she distributed with the sweet graciousness which had made her an object almost of worship to the people of the valley.

The lord of the manor also did his part well. There was not a buxom dame or pretty maiden in the crowd, to whom he did not offer a sip of wine from his own cup, or a peasant with whom he had not something pleasant to say of the crops or flocks, which thrived in Domremy as if no war raged in France.

A proud man was Pierre de Baudricourt. His equals often found him haughty and firm of purpose, but with the retainers who had been born on his father's land he was ever genial and kind. This one day he and all his household gave to the people, as his fathers had done from time immemorial. But, with all his condescension, which was perfect even to-kindliness, he was so secure in his ideas of "caste" that he laughed with good-natured scorn when his wife, laying one white hand on his arm, spoke seriously of her apprehension regarding her brother's admiration for Jeanne.

"But look at them, Pierre," she said, vexed by his unbelief. "Was there ever a face like that? One moment radiant as roses, the next pale and languid as lilies. I do believe she must have other than peasant-blood in her veins."

"She is a brave handsome girl, with whom the king might dance without shame. In fact, sweetheart, I should not think it a penance to change places with Robert myself. It strikes me that he is encroaching on the prerogatives that belong of right to the lord of the manor. I will go and assert my privilege, or at least find some other pretty partner. I have your leave, my lady?"

"By all means," she replied, laughingly. "Besides, it is your duty. Make yourself as popular as you can."

With this dismissal, the nobleman left his lady, but little regarding her anxiety about her brother; for he considered it impossible that a man of his class would, under any circumstance, stoop to marry a peasant.

Passing the spot where Hermette had seated herself, and was disconsolately watching the merry groups that were now scattered over the grass under "The Beautiful May" and out on the edges of the forest, he was arrested by her lonely and unhappy look. He paused beside her.

"What! here and all alone, pretty one?" said the good-natured noble. "What are the lads about, to suffer this? Come, come; thou and I will tread a measure on the turf."

Hermette looked up with wild frightened eyes, that were half full of tears.

"I—I did but rest—I did but wait," she faltered.

"But no one must rest or wait, on my lady's High Day. Why, here is a wine-cup, dry and empty. No wonder that sweet face is downcast. Come now, there is both wine and music out yonder, and our May-queen is ready to dance again."

Hermette looked toward the forest, and saw Jeanne, still wearing her lily crown, sitting upon an old Druid stone, and weaving a wreath around Armoise's wine-cup. She also saw Jacquemin standing near, regarding the pair with sullen displeasure.

The lord of the manor saw this also, and laughed.

"By my halidom," he thought, "there may be cause for my lady's suspicion. But what matters it? Robert is no fool, to entangle the honor of a noble house. As for the rest, I will not meddle. The old peasant must take care of his pretty daughter."

While these thoughts flashed through his mind, the noble reached out his careless hand, which Hermette, timid and trembling, dared not refuse. Thus, smiling and gracious, he led the gentle girl up to her companions. Jacquemin saw this, and drew near with a quick resolute step.

The noble guessed what his object was, and good-naturedly intercepted him.

"Here, my lad," he said, "I have brought thee a partner whom some of our young cavaliers from the castle are ready to fight for; only she will have none of them, and struggles like a hawk in its jesses to escape me. Take her, take her. Our brother here will lead forth the May-queen once more. Our guests from the castle claim hospitality from the village-maidens. We must have no laggards in the dance to-day."

A hot flush swept the young peasant's face, and he made a gesture as if the proposal were irksome to him. But a look of grave displeasure came over the count, and that was a sign that no man, born within twenty miles of Domremy, would have dared to disobey. Jacquemin reached out his hand to Hermette, and drew her sullenly toward him, while she shrunk and blushed, and would gladly have broken away from him, feeling, through all her sensitive nature, that it was not she whom he would have chosen with a free will.

De Baudricourt passed on, well pleased that he had brought these young people together, for he had read the expression of those innocent eyes, as they turned upon the young man, with the quick intuition of experience, and was half angry with the young peasant for his insensibility to a creature whose loveliness was more to his taste than the superb beauty of the May-queen.

In passing Armoise, Baudricourt whispered, with a light laugh:

"Make the best of thy time, for to-morrow all this must end. My lady has decreed it so."

His hearer was in need of no encouragement like this. For once, he had thrown pride and prudence aside. What had been ordinary love before was wild adoration now. For that one day, at least, Jeanne was his equal, crowned with her lilies, receiving the homage of a queen, incomparably more beautiful than any lady present. He felt elated by her companionship, and resolved that no meaner man should share it. In the morning, he might, perhaps, remember his brother-in-law's words.

He filled the cup which Jeanne had wreathed, and, placing it to his lips, drank perfume and wine together. She reached out her hand for the goblet, and was about to drink from the place his lips had touched, but a glance at Hermette's troubled features restrained her.

"She is pale. Something troubles her. Drink. There is no color in thy lips, Hermette. Drink," she cried, as she beckoned the young girl to her.

She held the goblet to Hermette's mouth, with

such sweet tenderness that the girl could no longer hold back the tears that brimmed in her eyes, and that now ran over.

"What is it, Hermette?" whispered Jeanne, drawing the girl aside. "Not this queenship that has been given to me, when thou wast far more worthy?"

"Oh, no, no, no," cried gentle Hermette. "I only wish it could last forever. But, alas, to-morrow thou wilt be one of us again."

Armoise had followed Jeanne, and heard the last words of Hermette.

"That cannot be. The crown which love gives is immortal," he whispered to Jeanne. "That can never be torn from thy heart, or from mine."

Jeanne lifted her eyes to his, those pure earnest eyes, that beamed with passionate love and child-like innocence; but paused, before replying, for a quick step was heard near.

XI. JEANNE LEFT ALONE.

It was the quick half-angry step of Jacquemin that broke in on the lovers.

"Does it please the queen to dance, or must we wait her pleasure?" he said, with a touch of rough sarcasm in his voice that aroused Jeanne, who was proud as she was innocent.

She looked up at him indignantly for a moment. Then, seeing that Armoise was about to interfere, she gave the young noble an appealing look, and turned to Jacquemin.

"No," she answered, gravely. "If I dance again, it should be with thee, cousin. This was my father's order before he left 'The Beautiful May.' But that would be to take her best partner from Hermette, which I will not do."

Hermette looked timidly up at the young man's face. It was heavy with displeasure.

"I do not care to dance more than Jeanne," she said, with a touch of pride that brought a glow of wild roses into her face. "In fact, Mongète is expecting me now."

"Nay, but the count would have it so; and, as my cousin still finds good reason for putting me aside, come!" said Jacquemin.

Hermette shrank from this rude invitation, and the tender light in her eyes caught fire.

"Nay, I will not dance. Not even the count shall force me upon an unwilling partner."

There was something of Jeanne's own wild spirit in this resolve, that both rebuked the young peasant and stirred his admiration. For the first time, he gave the pretty maiden his full attention, and comprehended, in a vague way, how lovely she was. A spirit of retaliation, too, sprung up in his bosom. Jeanne should not see

how deeply her slight had wounded him. Hermette was beautiful, and her soft eyes were pleasant when he looked into them.

"Come," he said, almost tenderly. "Let us dance. They shall see that no penance has been put upon us."

He seemed pleased; the frown had left his brow; his lips curved with a smile. She gave him her hand, and he led her away.

Armoise and Jeanne looked on. They had given that day to love, and he, at least, took no pains whatever to conceal his passion. The young man was reckless. But she felt like a deer hiding from the hounds which were certain to overtake her at last. Yet, with a feeling all can understand, she resolved to crop the flowers and grass within reach, spite of the morrow. She would be happy for this day at least.

Jacquemin, meantime, strove to wound her by lavish attentions to her friend. When Hermette seemed disposed to join Jeanne, after a first dance, he held her back, and tenderly circled her waist with his arm.

"Let them go," he said. "What care we? There is music and wine for us as well as for them."

Hermette's foolish little heart gave a leap, and fell back fluttering like a hit bird. Had he ceased to care for Jeanne? Was he so angry with her that reconciliation would be impossible? Surely, he had changed. His eyes were bright as stars when they looked into hers. His clasp around her waist was close and fond. How was it possible that Jeanne did not love him? How could she sit there, in the shade, and listen to the young lord with that hot glow of scarlet on her cheeks, with such hushed and absorbed attention? Did she love him for those small hands and for that white forehead? What was there in his slender form to compare with the stalwart youth by her side?

Hermette was very young, and knew nothing of those contrasts that fascinate the imagination and bring extremes together. In her innocence, she imagined that anger could strangle love; and, when Jacquemin fixed his burning eyes on the young couple, as he drew her away, she believed that he loved Jeanne no longer, and a great thrill of happiness went through her heart.

Hermette knew that Jeanne did not love Jacquemin, so there was no reproach in her satisfaction. Thus, for that one hour, the two maidens were happy—one in her sweet ignorance, the other in her determination to be happy while she could.

At last, the sun went down, and the High Day

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was over. The lady of the castle, with her train of guests, disappeared as she had come, through the Druid woods, Armoise unwillingly accompanying them, but compelled to leave Jeanne lest his remaining should cause scandal. The peasants went home, one by one and in groups, talking over the events of the day. Jacquemin, stung with resentment, had walked away with Hermette. Jeanne, left alone, lingered under "The Beautiful May."

Then, with a wild burst of feeling, faint with the weakness of her own passionate womanhood, and strangely sad, as highly poetic minds often are, she sunk down among those fleecy cushions of moss, and gave herself up to reverie.

Gradually, she let the mysterious dream-spirit that had haunted her life, and to which we have already alluded, steal over her. She was quite unconscious when all that gorgeous flood of gold and crimson and opaline-green faded from the old Druid forest and left a curved moon with myriad stars hanging in the sky above her. From a state of half-wakeful unrest, she fell at last into a sleep so profound that it seemed like a pleasant death: for her lips were parted as we see them in the repose of a marble statue; and a luminous whiteness settled on her face, over which the moonbeams fell through a break in the leaves above her. If angels ever talked to a human soul, they held possession of the young girl, that night. Sometimes, her lips moved, and soft low words trembled through them—questions brief but significant, such as a child asks a parent out of its ignorance, scarcely understanding the answer.

These were some of the words she spoke:

"Armies and sieges, and the tumult of battle, and dead and dying, and blood in torrents, and an outcast king, and triumph at last.

Then the girl lay still awhile; but, afterward, she started and seemed to recoil in her sleep.

"Must I carry arms? Must I go into the war myself? Ah me, ah me, I am so young, so weak! Remember, I have never been a day of my life so far from home that I could not see the roof of my father's cottage."

After this protest, she rested a little. But there was a look of intense listening in her face, which now and then contracted with a spasm of distress, as if the thoughts floating through her brain terrified her.

"What! all these soldiers?" she cried out in alarm. "Lead them? Oh, how can I—how can I? In armor—unfurl the banner! Oh, how beautiful! White as snow. The lilies—the lilies of France—with which they have crowned me. Are they not withering on my head? But these

never fade. In the midst of the lilies floating on heavenly clouds, He stands with the world under His feet, and, by his side, two angels. Those angels, those angels! Now I see their faces, and know them. The beautiful shadows are Thine, O my Counsel!"

A moment's rest, and she went on. The vision she beheld changed. Her features lighted up, and she clasped both hands, bowing her pale face as if it had been before an altar, as she cried: "Jesus Maria, the Blessed Mother of God!"

For some moments, a look of holy devotion rested on that noble face. Then she spoke again:

"Take it: carry it boldly," you say? I will, I will! Give up everything—home, parents, the friends of my childhood, the man that I love? Oh, mercy, mercy, I cannot, I cannot!"

The girl wrung her hands in mortal agony. Great drops stood out on the cold whiteness of her forehead and around her tortured mouth. Her eyes opened wild and large. She looked around in amazement and terror.

"Where am I? What has come over me?" Her clear startled voice fairly thrilled the air around her.

"Alone," she added, mournfully, "alone, and this is night. Here it was that they crowned me, this morning. Ah me, ah me, shall I never rest? All are at home and happy, while I am here alone, and so weary, so weary."

She rose up from her seat, as she spoke, and stood bewildered under the old beech, striving to collect her senses and remember all that had been real, and that which might have been a dream but was not. At last, worn out and exhausted, she sought her way homeward.

XII. THE SUNDAY OF THE FOUNTAIN.

THE Sunday of the Fountain dawned brightly upon the valley of the Meuse. The dew had fallen heavily overnight, and all the meadows and the turfy knolls in the old forest had put forth fresh blossoms, that glittered and swayed in the sunshine as if no riotous children had pillaged them on the previous festal day.

The old beech-tree stood out splendidly in the morning. All its billowy leaves were wet and glittering with dew. The garlands which had been woven gorgeously among its branches the day before were still fresh and fragrant. The grass was a little trodden under the beech and about the woods, but the rural thrones had kept their greenness, and the coral moss-cups studded them with sparks of red, which the night moisture had rendered more intensely vivid. In truth,

everything was in harmony with that calm Sabbath morning. The village was all astir at daybreak. Happy children were busy dressing themselves in their best garments. Mothers produced all their store of tiny seed-cakes, and every child had its little parcel ready for eating at the Sunday of the Fountain. The old and infirm were brought forth and clothed for the occasion; for on this day the fountain was sure to heal the sick and comfort the desponding. Time out of mind it had performed this purifying miracle, and no man or woman had a doubt of its power to give health and strength to those who sought these blessings in a proper spirit.

While the dew was yet bright on the meadows, the inmates of those cottages came forth in groups, bearing their sick and encouraging the children, who moved forward with sweet demure faces, interested in this religious festival as they had been in the joyous fête of the day before, but maintaining the strict decorum which the solemnity of the occasion demanded.

An hour after sunrise, a strange and most picturesque scene presented itself around "The Beautiful May." Old gray-headed men were laid tenderly on the grass beneath its outspreading branches. Little children, pining with diseases which nothing but nature or a miracle could cure in those days, lay wan and moaning in the laps of their waiting mothers. Some men sat on the banks over the spring, looking hopefully down into its crystalline waters. The curé of the village was there—smiling, genial, hopeful—a good shepherd in the midst of his little flock. He was credulous like themselves, and simple-hearted as a child.

Down below the spring, whose fountain-head was among those old Druid stones, the streamlet which bore its waters away toward the Meuse was gathered up into a turfy pool, pure, deep, and translucent. To this pool the sick were carried, and bathed, a means of health in itself, and many came out so refreshed and purified that immediate benefit followed.

Above, the children were garlanding their wooden goblets with wild flowers, and filling them with water from the fountain-head, which each maiden shared with her playmate or sweet-heart in the open innocence of childhood, or shyly as dawning passion taught concealment.

The family of Jacques d'Arc came late that morning; for they had been detained by preparations necessary to the removal of the aged grandame of the household, whose limbs were racked with rheumatic pain, and whose bent form would never lift itself erect again on this earth.

This woman was Jacques d'Arc's mother, a grand and seemly person even in her extreme old age; tenderly nursed and reverently loved by the household, and, indeed, by all, as we have seen. She was carried across the fields in a great wicker chair, supported by Jacques, who supported one arm, and Jacquemin, who bore the old woman's light weight by the other. Behind this chair walked Jeanne, still pale and with a strange look upon her face that no human being had ever seen there before. Once or twice, as her hand rested upon the chair, she leaned over and spoke to the aged grandame, and then a smile stole across her lips so mournfully that tears would have been less painful.

As this group came up, the villagers flocked forward to greet the old woman, who smiled her thanks feebly, and murmured some low words of hope, which she had not the strength to utter clearly.

Directly, when the pool was deserted, this old woman was carried down to its banks, and Dame d'Arc, with other matrons of the village, bathed her cramped and withered limbs in the water, breathing fragments of prayer all the time. Then her garments were replaced, and, with her gray hair dripping down upon a crimson blanket which Jeanne wrapped lovingly around her, she was carried back to the beech, smiling gratefully as she went. But the old woman was very infirm, and, before she had gone far, her face fell forward and drooped to her bosom, insensible both of pain and pleasure.

"Lay her here, lay her here, while I bring some water from the spring," cried Jeanne, smoothing the fleece of moss that carpeted her throne of the day before.

Jacques d'Arc laid his mother down with tender reverence, and, stooping, drew the wet gray locks back from her forehead, where they had been scattered.

"Bring water," he said, hoarsely. "Be quick. She is not dead. I think she is not dead. But you must be quick."

Jeanne ran to the spring, and came back with a wooden goblet in her hand, over which the water was dripping. When she held it to the old woman's mouth, there was a faint movement of the lips. Then Jeanne began to tremble, and her thankfulness broke forth in sobs. She knelt down, kissed that withered face, and folded the thin hands under the blanket, for the poor invalid was shivering.

"If we only had wine," said Jeanne, looking anxiously at her father. "She is cold. She will die. Can no one bring some wine?"

Jacquemin snatched a cup, and ran down to

the woods where the wine-cask of the day before still lay, and not quite empty. He came back with his hands red and the cup half full.

The old grandame drank the wine eagerly, drew the blanket over her shoulders, and lay back upon the moss-cushions, tranquil but exhausted.

"Go, my child," she whispered. "Go, now, and eat thy seed-cake, Jeanne, with the rest."

Dame d'Arc, whose good-nature was always uppermost, sat down by the elder dame and kindly bade her daughter join her mates, who were by this time swarming about the spring.

"Do not let us spoil your pleasure, dear," she said. "I will watch grandmother. Go, my child."

Jeanne cast a strange longing glance toward the forest-path, then raised the little basket she had woven for that purpose, with a heavy sigh, and walked toward the spring. Her face was grave, even sad, and she moved like one going to a funeral.

As she walked, young Armoise came hastily down the path, his face flushed with the haste with which he had stole from the castle, and his eyes bright with expectation. He approached Jeanne, who stopped suddenly and stood motionless as a statue the moment he came in view: stood, as he saw, with a strange look on her face.

He made as if he would take her hands, crying eagerly:

"Jeanne, Jeanne, I have come to claim thy promise."

She looked at him mournfully, and strove to speak, but the words died in her throat. She drew back, and did not let him get possession of her hand.

"Why, Jeanne, what is this? What strange spirit has come into those eyes? Why do you draw away from me?"

She answered him now:

"I may not share my cakes with thee, monsieur. It is forbidden."

"Forbidden? Aye, I knew it would be so. They are all against us. But thy promise? What comes of that?"

"Alas, I must not keep it," she answered.

"Then they will give thee, girl, with all thy beauty, to the hind yonder?"

He made a disdainful gesture toward Jacquemin with his hand as he spoke.

"Nay," answered the girl, very gently. "I will not eat or drink with him either."

Armoise was bitterly hurt, yet he said:

"Come hither, Jeanne. Let us walk a little toward the woods. Perchance, we can understand each other there."

Jeanne hesitated, and was about to grant his request, when Jacquemin came up, saying:

"It is time, Cousin Jeanne. In a few minutes, the chant will begin and the procession form for the church. Thy father bade me call thee to the spring."

"Nay, Jacquemin, I cannot go."

Lozart cast a sharp glance at his lordly rival.

"Thy father commands; and oh, Jeanne, I implore," he cried.

"I can share neither cup nor cake with any man living this day," she answered, solemnly. "The God of heaven forbids it."

"Jeanne, Jeanne, art thou distraught?" cried the youth. "Have fasting and prayer driven thee mad?"

The girl did not hear him. But her name, spoken in a voice of such pain as wrings the heart, made her shrink and shiver. She cast an imploring look on Armoise, who stood before her stunned and white. Had she not promised him?

"I will appeal to thy father. His authority may do what I cannot," said Lozart, angrily.

"Not here! Not now!" pleaded the girl, turning upon him with the feeling of a hunted deer. "The time must come; but, oh, spare me!"

Jeanne turned into the woods, moving swiftly. Beneath a tree, she found Mongète and Hermette waiting for the cakes she had promised them. She gave them her basket. Jacquemin watched her with a scowl on his face, and then turned back.

"Take them," she said. "Share them with those who are best beloved."

"What, all?" said little Mongète, peering down into the basket.

"Yes, all."

XIII. ARMOISE AND JEANNE.

JEANNE made no answer, but went deeper into the woods. Armoise followed her.

"Now," he said, almost fiercely, "tell me the cause of this broken faith? But yesterday I had thy promise. What evil thing has come between us since?"

"No evil thing," answered Jeanne, sadly. "I wish it were so; for evil can be conquered by a firm will and a brave heart. But who dares to lift his hand against the God of heaven?"

"The God of heaven? Why, thou art driven mad. What has heaven to do with our love, save to bless it?"

"Everything. Happier maidens can sit by the spring on this holy day, and give up their hearts, without sin; but such happiness is forbidden to me for ever and ever."

"But thy heart is given," he cried, sternly, as yet unmoved with pity, and thinking only of himself.

Jeanne uttered a faint moan. He went on.

"Over and over, it has been pledged to me. But I understand: this is the work of thy austere father."

"Not so, monsieur: a higher power than his commands me." She spoke with infinite sadness.

The young man turned from her, and began to pace the forest-turf, up and down, like a chafed tiger. His love for this strange girl had become an overpowering passion. He felt that the nobility of her genius far outmatched his gentle birth. The power of caste, that had been strong within him, the struggle of love against pride, fierce and powerful, was giving way. He was almost willing to brave his family for her love.

"She is proud. She is pure as lilies. She sees the gulf between us. She thinks I am sacrificing myself," he said.

Jeanne had seated herself beneath one of the old oaks, and was watching him with sad wistful eyes. She loved this man. But, believing herself to be chosen for a great destiny which precluded all mortal love, she felt she must give him up. Her lover little suspected this. He came back to her quickly, and with a generous glow over all his features. He had made up his mind: he would stake all for love. He threw himself by her side, and for the first time in his life strained her to his heart with tender violence. She tried at first to resist; but his impetuosity overcame her; and she yielded finally in silence, and not without a strange joy.

"Oh, my beloved, I cannot live without thee," he cried. "I will not! Think how I must love thee; for here, here under this shade where we first met, I pray thee, Jeanne, to become the lady of my home, the wife of my bosom."

He felt that noble form tremble in his arms; he saw the face flush and those glorious eyes fill with lovelight.

"Thine? Thine own wife," she cried, "to live with thee for ever and ever? Oh, heaven! Oh, sweet, sweet Lady of Mercy! What bliss! And yet, yet, this can never be."

"It shall be—it shall! Who, in all France, can question my right to choose where I will? Look up, Jeanne. Nay, nay, tremble not, and no longer deny those lips to mine. Thou art my wife. This very day, I will proclaim my choice, at the castle. I will tell my sister."

Jeanne was silent. His arms were around her; her head rested on his bosom. She felt that it was a dream, but refused, for a moment, to be aroused from it. After all, could she ever

hope to know, of heaven, more than this? Were the visits of angels half so sweet? Perhaps, perhaps, her visions were a delusion. Perhaps she had no mission. Ah, if it were but so!

"Speak to me, Jeanne," he whispered.

"Ah, if I could," she murmured.

"What is this, my beloved—joy or repulsion?"

"Repulsion? And for thee, Robert? Nay, all the angels of heaven are not so dear to me as thou art."

"Then lift up thy head and let me see, in that bright face, all the joy I feel."

She did lift her face from his bosom, in all the radiant beauty love had given it.

"Do I look happy, Robert?"

"As the very spirit of love. Oh, I wish all that I possess of wealth or state were doubled, that I might give more abundant proof of the power thou hast over me."

"Can the angels love me better than this? Can all France ever be so much to me as this one heart?" whispered the girl to herself, while her head bent beneath his gaze as flowers droop under a vivid sunshine.

Never in her life before had the girl realized the possibility of a marriage with Armoise. To her, love had been an abstract thing, something pure and beautiful, like the angels that haunted her, a sweet bewildering dream, without beginning or end. She belonged to Armoise, just as she belonged to the bright spirits; at least, she had thought so. But now this love had become an earthly reality, a positive thing of the present. She had but to give up her dreams, fold the wings of her soul upon his breast, and heaven itself had nothing more beautiful for her. Why should she not do it?

"Speak, Jeanne," her lover cried, impatient at her silence.

She lifted her eyes, and there was no need of speech.

"Promise me that no wild fancies shall enter thy heart to work against me. Promise me that even thy dreams shall be of love," he cried, ardently.

"My dreams?" murmured Jeanne, turning pale, and suddenly recalled to herself and to her mission. "Alas, how can I help it if they come? The angels will not give up my soul in sleep."

"But love is the brightest and most potent angel of all, and none other shall have power to reach thee in these arms," said the young man, once more gently enfolding her.

The girl smiled, and her cheeks grew warm again; she nestled shyly to him.

"To-morrow it shall be known in castle and

cottage that Jeanne d'Arc is to become my wife," said Armoise, exultingly.

Jeanne started. She thought of her cousin, and the promise of her parents to him.

"But my father: will he consent?" she whispered, at this. She had no anxiety about the lady of the manor. Displeasure from that quarter had no terror for her; but profound filial reverence disturbed her with apprehension.

Armoise laughed. The idea that a peasant on his brother-in-law's estate could do aught but accept the honor he proposed amused him. He was only a French noble of the fifteenth century, after all, with all the prejudice of his class.

"Now," he said, breaking the exquisite tenderness of a silence that had fallen upon them both, "shall we go down to the mystic spring, and there consecrate our troth-pledge?"

"Not yet, not yet," said the girl. "I cannot bear the pleading or the anger of my father. Rather let us go deeper into the woods!"

Her lover consented to this, and the two sauntered on, deeper and deeper into the forest, so happy and so lost in the one sweet life-passion that they forgot everything else.

At last they sat down together in the soft cool atmosphere, and Armoise began to talk of the future.

"Beyond the western hills there," he said, "I have an old chateau, with broad lands, peopled by a hardy set of men, who will be rejoiced when I bring them a mistress so genial and so lovely. A mistress who, in her own life, has known something of their wants, and will supply them bountifully. Oh, my beloved, ours shall be a happy existence, full of usefulness and power."

"But I want no power. That should be given to men," answered Jeanne, in the sweet confidence of pure womanhood.

"Not the power to work good to those whom God has given to thy care?" said he.

Jeanne's eyes sparkled.

"It may be that it is in this way my dreams are to work out for the good of France," she said, as if half to herself.

"Believe it—oh, believe it, my beloved," he cried; "in love, and in love only, lies the power of a good woman."

Jeanne sat silent for awhile, her heart full, her eyes brimming with tears.

"Ah, it may be so, it may be so," she whispered, softly, at last. "Would it were! Earth would then be heaven."

"It shall be so," cried her lover, masterfully.

"What power can be stronger, grander, nobler, more divine, than that which links us two together?"

All the bright pure womanhood of the girl's nature rose uppermost now; she forgot everything, in the love that filled her whole being.

"Yes, I will yield myself to thee," she cried, with passionate enthusiasm, "and thus give everything to France. The voices that haunt me shall reach thy soul also."

As she spoke, she laid her head on his bosom, and clung to him with a wild sense that she was escaping the lonely destiny laid out for her, without altogether refusing it.

Armoise flung both arms about her, and held her close.

"First and foremost, thee, Jeanne: after that, France," he exclaimed. His glowing lips sealed the promise upon hers. "My love, my wife!"

Suddenly, a wild yell broke the silence, and

drove the blood even from Armoise's cheek. Jeanne sprang from her lover's arms, flung back the hair from her temples, and listened breathlessly. On his part, he leaped to his feet and grasped the hilt of his sword.

Again and again, that wild cry cut the silence, and echoed and re-echoed through the wood. It was followed by the clash of arms.

"It is the Burgundians!" cried Armoise. "They have fallen upon our friends. I know their war-cry. It is no band of robbers, as yesterday: those are men-at-arms."

Jeanne sprang from his side without a word and dashed through the forest with the speed of a deer. Armoise followed her, unsheathing his sword as he ran.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAITING AND WATCHING.

BY KATE AULD.

Oh, could I but wander
In search, love, of thee!
Oh, what blessed rapture
The thought brings to me
To know that, though absent
In lands far away,
Thou'rt loving me fondly
Despite thy long stay.
Then hasten, love, hasten!
Thou'rt coming, I know:
For the angels are whisp'ring
And telling me so.

I'm waiting, I'm watching,
I'm curling my hair
In the loose flowing ringlets
You like me to wear.
If thou'lt come, I will meet thee
In gladness and joy;

Ev'ry effort to please thee,
Dear one, I employ.
Do I dream? Is he wandering
On some distant shore,
Perhaps now remembering
His promise no more?

He may even forget me,
As nothing to him,
And my image may perish
In past memories dim.
But the love of a woman
Is changeless and pure,
Through gladness or sorrow
"Twill ever endure.
Yes, and fond hope will triumph:
My fears yet will prove
Unfounded: he's won all
A true woman's love!

OH, TELL ME, SOUL.

BY CHARLES KINLY SHETTERLY.

Oh, tell me, soul, what is this life?
A breath—no more?
Our dreams of love, ambition, strife,
Ah, soon are o'er.
Men come and go, like to the tides
Of some great sea;
And, like a flower, that withers, dies,
Ere born to be.

Time flies with each heart-throb, so swift,
Like eagle's flight:
To-day is ours, to-morrow is
But in our sight,
Unknown, unseen, and dark with fate.

Yet smiles are born;
We live; we make life low or great,
Like rose or thorn.

Let reason ever rule the mind,
The heart-love more:
"Twill sweet the life we leave behind,
And that before.
Oh, dream unfathomed—oh, fair day
Of smiles and fears!
Oh, breath in tenement of clay!
Beyond these tears,
Shall sorrow, sadness, weeping cease,
O welcome, soul, that rest and peace!

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, for a young lady, of diagonal serge, combined with velvet or velveteen. Any self-color, such as bottle-green, garnet, plum, navy-blue, or seal-brown. The skirt is perfectly plain in front and at the sides,



No. 1.

opening on the left side over the velvet panel. The back-drapery may be either made to fall in straight plaits over the tournure, down to the edge of the skirt, or it may be arranged in long puffs. A plain round short basque, with close coat-sleeves, in velvet or velveteen, forms the corsage for the house. The outside jacket,

which we give, is a close-fitting coat-basque, with lappels, cuffs, and collar braided in arabesque design with narrow worsted braid; the braid should be thick, so that it may stand up from the cloth when sewed on. As may be seen from the illustration, the cuffs and collar turn over. The coat fastens with concealed buttons, under the edge of the lappels. Four and a half yards of velvet or velveteen for under-basque and side-panel for skirt. Six to



No. 2.

eight yards of diagonal serge, according to the width, for skirt and outside jacket. The outside jacket may be interlined with flannel or quilted silk.

No. 2—Is a costume with corsage-blause, for a young girl. The skirt is perfectly plain. The absence of the narrow plaiting will be noticed

for all of this season's costumes—on the edge of the skirt. The front-drapery is a continuation of the blouse-waist. It makes a full apron-front, looped high at the sides. The back-drapery is arranged in the same manner, the fullness being allowed from the middle seam of the back and looped in irregular puffs. There is a little fullness on the shoulder-seams, as may be seen. The trimming for the waist, shoulder-bands, collar, cuffs, and waistband is braided with fine worsted braid in a simple pattern. Plain velvet may be substituted for the braided pieces

with, in accordance with the weather. A small turban-cap, of the same material, edged with fur, completes this very stylish and useful



No. 3.

if preferred. Eight to ten yards of double-fold camel's-hair or other soft woolen material will be required.

No. 3—Is the latest model for ulster wrap, with cape and hood. This garment is made of checked Scotch cheviot-cloth. The ulster is plain, close-fitting, buttoned down the entire front with large wooden buttons. Two box-plaits form the fullness for the back, ornamented by a button on each plait. The shoulder-cape is fitted to the top of the shoulder by being gathered. The pointed hood with the cape is adjustable, and may be added or dispensed



No. 4.

costume. From four to five yards of cloth will be required.



No. 5.

No. 4—Is a costume suitable for house or street wear. It is made of self-colored rough woolens. The skirt is kilt-plaited all around.

The drapery opens in front over the kilted skirt, and is caught up high at the sides. The back



No. 6.

falls in straight plaits, slightly looped, over the tournure. The jacket is plaited back and front,



No. 7.

either in side or box plaits, like a Norfolk jacket. Belted at the waist. Tight coat-sleeves,

high standing collar, breast-pocket on the outside. From eight to ten yards of double-fold goods will be required for this costume.

No. 5—Is a Garibaldi bodice, of striped brown-and-blue French flannel, with blue plush or velvet collar and wristbands. The bodice is open at the throat, so as to show the plaited chemisette, which may be of muslin or fine white flannel. The edge of the blouse is finished with a drawing-string or elastic, like a boy's sailor-blouse. This bodice will be very stylish and useful over an old black-silk skirt, for breakfast-wear.

No. 6.—For a girl of six to eight years, we

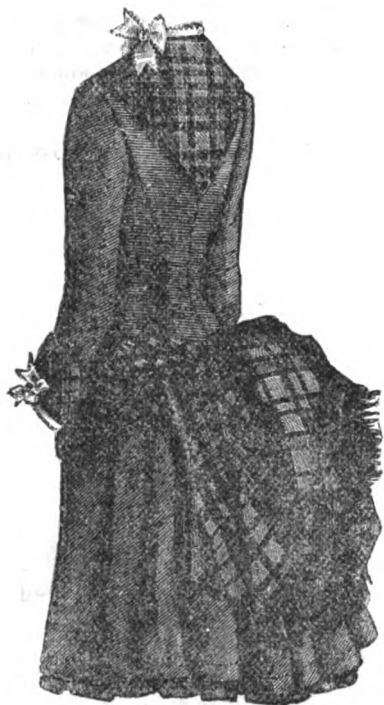


No. 8.

have a kilted plaid skirt, with a jacket of plain material to match the prevailing color in the plaid. The jacket opens in front over a plaid vest. The back forms a short basque. Deep sailor-collar, lined with surah to match. Cuffs the same. A sash of the plain goods, fringed at the ends, ties around the waist in one long loop with ends.

No. 7.—Costume for boy, with sailor-collar and cuffs. Make of marine-blue flannel, pants, vest, jacket. Collar and cuffs are of striped blue-and-white flannel to match. Very stylish for a little boy.

No. 8.—Costume for either boy or girl of five to six years. The garment is made of iron-gray and green checked camel's-hair cloth or Scotch tweed. It is double-breasted, with two rows of embossed metallic buttons. The back terminates in the cape, forming dolman-sleeves. Skirt of back in double box-plaits. The cape,



No. 8.

collar, pockets, and cuffs are trimmed with fancy worsted braid.

No. 9.—Another, for girl of eight to ten years, is of plain serge or camel's-hair. In this costume, the edge of the skirt is finished with an under-facing of the plaid. The hem of the overskirt is simply stitched by machine. Deep-pointed collar back and front, with sash and cuffs of plaid, cut on the bias, the edges stitched and ends of sash fringed out. Cuffs and collar

edged by a narrow picot-edged ribbon, with tiny bows, as seen.

No. 10.—Paletot, of flannel, for a little boy of two to four years. Box-plaited skirt on to a



No. 10.

petticoat body. Box-plaited jacket, with sailor-collared and cuffs. Collar, waistband, cuffs, and pockets trimmed with wide worsted braid.

CUT-PAPER PATTERNS will be furnished, if desired, at the following prices, viz:

Wrapper,	\$.35 to \$.50
Plain Skirt,30
Drapery (both sides alike),35
Drapery (sides different),50
Wrap,50
Coat,40
Ulster,50
Cape,25
Basque,35 to .50
Hood,30
Bathing-Suit,50

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dress,	\$.25 to \$.50
Basque,25 to .40
Coat,25 to .50
Cap,25 to .35
Leggings,20
Apron,15 to .25
Muff,15 to .25
Boy's Jacket,20 to .30
Boy's Pants,25
Boy's Suit (three to six years),30 to .50

Address JONES'S PATTERN-ROOMS, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

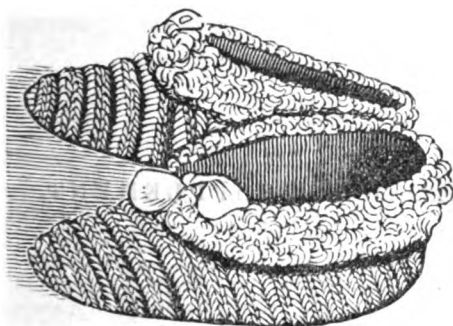
BED-ROOM SLIPPERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

These slippers are easily made, and will be found warm and comfortable. They look well, worked in two shades of color, or in two contrasting colors. Materials—three ounces double wool for the slippers, two ounces for the loop-

fringe, a pair of fleecy soles, two yards narrow ribbon or skirt-braid for binding the soles, and an ordinary bone crochet-hook.

Begin with a chain of twelve stitches; work backward and forward, in double crochet, in-



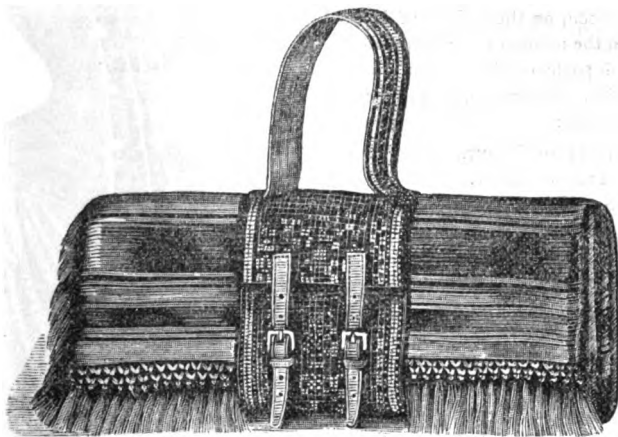
creasing at the beginning of every row by making two chain and putting the first stitch into the second chain; repeat till the upper or toe part is long enough: about eight ribs will be sufficient. For the sides, take up, on each, ten or eleven stitches, make one chain on the outside edge of each row, and leave the last stitch at the end of each row on the inside edge of the side-piece; this is done to give the sides the

proper slope. Care must be taken to keep the same number of stitches; ten or eleven ribs will make the sides long enough. Break off the wool, and work the second side, beginning at the eleventh or twelfth stitch, counting from the outer edge, and increasing as before.

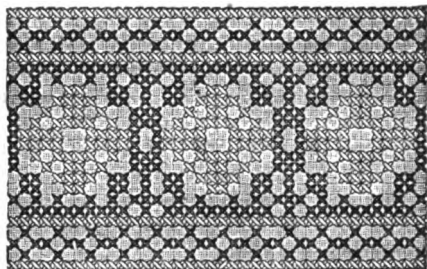
For loop-fringe, make a chain of six stitches, work back in double crochet five stitches, turn, *, put hook into both loops of stitch in preceding row, wind the wool three times over the hook and first finger of the left hand, draw all the loops through, and finish the stitch to the end of the row, turn, and do the next row in double crochet, repeat from *, making the loops in every alternate row to the required length. The slippers should be lined with flannel. To make them up, sew up the slippers at the back of the heel, bind the soles, sew them to the slippers, fix the loop-fringe to the top. Run a piece of elastic cord through the upper line of loops in the fringe. Cord and tassels, of the wool, tie in front.

TRAVELING-RUG, WITH EMBROIDERED STRAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The arrangement shown in our illustration is preferable to the ordinary strap, as it keeps the folded-up rug straighter, which is an advantage for carrying. The strap can be made of strong canvas, and embroidered with a cross-stitch design in fast-colored red or blue cotton, or the work may be done in zephyr or silk. Part of the design can be used for embroidering the handle, and a strong lining improves the firmness of both strap and handle. After the strap is completed, take it to a saddler and have the leather straps and buckles adjusted in the proper places.



THE KENSINGTON JACKET: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

The purpose of this department is to furnish, every month, the very latest novelty in the fashions, accompanied by a Supplement, with full-size diagrams for cutting it out. In this way, the patrons of "Peterson" can not only, if they wish, make their own dresses without the aid of a mantua-maker, but have the most recent Paris styles ahead of any other. One of the objects of "Peterson" is to lead the fashion; and this is one of the ways in which "Peterson" does it.

We give, this month, a "Kensington Jacket"—a very stylish affair, and suitable for late winter or early spring. It is quite an improvement, as will be seen, on the jackets of last fall.

Folded in with the number is a "Supplement," with the several parts of this jacket given, in diagrams, full size. There are, as will be seen, five pieces, as follows:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. SIDE-BACK.
4. SLEEVE.
5. COLLAR AND REVERS.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. The darts belong to the front-piece, No. 1.

The velvet revers can be worn either open or closed, thus making the jacket single or double breasted, at pleasure.

The material is fine cloth, the revers being of velvet to match. Fancy oxydized silver buttons are the prettiest, if they can be had.

Cut out the several parts in old newspaper or other material, and fit it to the person to wear it, before cutting into the stuff. Then cut into the stuff, and you will have a perfect fit. The so-called cut-paper patterns, turned out by the hundreds, all alike, hardly ever fit.

We also give, on the Supplement, a design for a scarf-cover for a Bible-stand, for a description of which see elsewhere.



LAMP-SHADE.

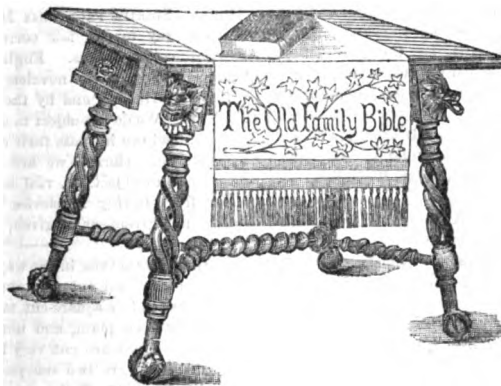
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Lamps, even where gas can be had, are becoming so fashionable, that lamp-shades are now indispensable. The one we give here is made of very thin silk, plaited to fit the shade. Two rows of lace of a light texture and open pattern are placed one above the other, for the lower edge; a similar one for the top. A butterfly bow of satin ribbon, two inches wide, is placed on one side. This covering may be adjusted upon a wire framework, if preferred; but they are generally made as a covering for the plain white shade.



SCARF-COVER FOR BIBLE-STAND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



On our Supplement, we give a design for a scarf table-cover, with the motto: "The Old Family Bible." Here, we give an engraving of the scarf as it appears on a suitable stand. The cover may be made of cloth, felt, momicloth, pongee, or self-colored China silk. The embroidery to be done in silk: the colors to suit the room and material on which the cover is made: of course, using dull green and brown for the ivy and stems. The lettering may be done in old-gold silk or in gold-thread. Such a scarf-cover should be in every home.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

CULTIVATING HOUSE-PLANTS, ETC., ETC.—The taste for flowers in the house is growing with every year. It is a taste, too, that ought to be encouraged. We think, therefore, a few hints may not be out of place in "Peterson."

About this season, if one has had a proper lookout for the future, the pots of bulbs will be coming forward nicely. Hyacinths are first in the descriptive list, being by far the prettiest in full bloom, though we would by no means disparage others. They should be planted in eight-inch or ten-inch pots, a half-dozen bulbs in each pot, and should be set in the cellar or dark closet until the roots are well made, which will be in from three to six weeks. Then bring them to the light, and see how quickly they will grow and bloom. Such lovely long spikes, of different colors, and as fragrant as a breeze from the spicy isles!

All hardy bulbs for the house should be treated much in the same way, viz., a burial in the dark for awhile. You may have a fancy "jardinière," for tulips, crocus, scilla, and such things, either filled with earth or the pots set therein; then put around the outer edge some creeping vine, a bit of tradescantia, sweet allysum, vincas, etc. The things we have named are of quick growth, and soon make a beautiful fringe of green, very pretty to the eye. If you can have but few flowers for winter, have the bulbs by all means, as they give more real pleasure for the money invested than almost anything else. They are no trouble to grow, and will bloom under the most careless treatment. Still, we never advise careless treatment of plants. If they are worth cultivating at all, they are worthy of all care.

Tulips, when grown in the house, are somewhat troubled with aphidæ. An excellent plan is to sift a small coating of fine-cut tobacco over the top of the soil. Then, when watered, the fumes of the "weed" prove too much for this troublesome pest, which disappears. Keep all these hardy bulbs in as cool a temperature as possible. We have had hyacinths in so cold a room that they have frozen, and yet they afterward bloomed finely. We have spoken only of hyacinths, tulips, crocus, and scilla, but there are many others—lilies, for instance—to which we may refer at some other time. Some of these, of course, are too late for some localities, this year, but not all.

In connection with this subject, we call attention to an article on another page, on "Window-Plants," etc., the first of a series on floriculture which we shall publish.

THE BEST GIFT TO MAKE.—A lady, writing from Andover, Ohio, says: "Among my Christmas presents came 'Peterson's Magazine' for 1887. I must say, of all the gifts I received, this is the most valued. It came to me first, for five years, as a gift from my father. Now, after being without it nine years, in consequence of his death, it comes again, sent by a very dear friend, with the assurance that I shall have dear old 'Peterson' for two years as a gift from that friend. God bless the magazine and the giver." Certainly, no more appropriate gift could be made to a lady than a paid-up subscription to "Peterson."

SO LITTLE TRIMMING is now put on bonnets, that it is quite easy to make them at home, after a look at the many shown in the windows. Care must be taken to set the bows in front up well, and, if a soft material, a long bit of wire will form a support.

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PRETTY HANDS AND FEET.—Hands are no more beautiful for being small than eyes are for being big; but many a modern girl would ask her fairy godmother, if she had one, to give her eyes as big as saucers and hands as small as those of a doll, believing that the first cannot be too large nor the last too small. Tiny hands and feet are terms constantly used by poets and novelists in a most misleading manner. It cannot be possible that they are intended by the writers to express anything but general delicacy and refinement, but a notion is encouraged that results in the destruction of one of the most beautiful of natural objects—the human foot. This, that the beauty of the foot depends upon its smallness, leads to the crippling of it, till it becomes, in many cases, a bunch of deformity. It is a most reprehensible practice, alike revolting to good taste and good sense, to put the foot of a growing girl into a shoe that is not only too short, crumpling the toes into a bunch, but, being pointed, turns the great toe inward, producing deformity of general shape, and, in course of time, inevitable bunions, the only wonder being that steadiness in standing or any grace of movement at all is left.

WE SHALL BEGIN, in the April number, a novelet by Mrs. John Sherwood: "The Professor's Daughter." It will run for three months, as "The Duke's Heir" did. Hereafter, as a rule, we shall print no novelet that will extend over six months, for we find, from numerous letters, that such is the choice of our readers generally. "The Maid of Orleans" was arranged to have been finished in six numbers, but it grew on the author, and it will not be concluded, therefore, until in August. "Along the Bayou," a story full of local color and vivid in its romance, will be commenced in July. Mr. Fawcett's novelet, "The House on Bowling-Green," as also Mr. Benedict's, "The Beacon-Street Beaumonts," will appear later in the year.

COPIING STORIES FROM THIS MAGAZINE is not confined, we would say to our fair correspondent Emily, to our American cotemporaries. English periodicals have frequently done it, as in novelets by Frank Lee Benedict, by Lucy H. Hooper, and by the author of "The Duke's Heir," etc. We do not object to this. If our cotemporaries here or abroad can increase their circulation by falling back on "Peterson" stories, we are not such "dogs in the manger" as to object. A real live magazine has nothing to fear from having its stories appropriated, even when credit is not given—or, if given, given ungraciously.

THERE IS NO CHANGE in the way of making dresses-bodices. The basques are all cut very short on the hips, and are generally ended in a square-cut tail at the back, with a fan of plaits, or even plain, and not with ornaments at all. The darts in front are cut very high, and are straight in form; and there are two side-pieces: one quite below the arm; and the seam of the side-piece at the back is as straightly cut as possible. The great fancy is still for a narrow and flat back, and all methods of cutting-out are tried to produce this effect.

LACE-TRIMMED HANDKERCHIEFS are again coming into favor, and are shown with narrow half-inch edging of either duchess or valenciennes lace, for general use, to rival the more durable embroidered handkerchiefs.

THE "BOOK OF BEAUTY," AND OTHER PREMIUMS.—One of our popular premiums to persons getting up clubs for "Peterson," for 1887, is the "Book of Beauty." This unrivaled gift-book is a volume of poetry, devoted to fair women, and illustrated with nine steel-portraits of celebrated beauties, etc., etc. It is bound in patent morocco, gilt, and will be an ornament for any centre-table. Every lady should have a copy of it. To earn a copy, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson."

Another of our premiums is a fine large steel-engraving, size twentyone by twentyseven inches, called "Mother's Darling." To secure it, you have only to get up a club for "Peterson." Or both it and the "Book of Beauty" can be had by getting up one of our larger clubs.

Another of our premiums is an extra copy of the magazine for 1887. Now, many persons will prefer this to any other premium. But it, and one or both of the other premiums, can be earned by getting up certain large clubs. See the Prospectus for all these. Now is the time to get up clubs. It is never, in fact, too late in the year.

TABLE-DECORATION.—A bank of moss on a table or chimney-piece is arranged first with crumpled-up newspaper, and then the moss laid over, completely hiding the paper. On a table, the ferns are put in tins, and sunk in the paper and moss; they stand upright, though they should not be very high; the flowers are put into the moss. A layer of brown paper is first laid down as a foundation, or the damp from the moss will penetrate. Any height can be arranged in this way. The flowers should, if possible, be of one kind or of one color.

"AS LONG AS I CAN SEE."—A lady sending a club from Crawford, Neb., says: "I took four magazines in 1886, and from two of them received only ten numbers. They will get no more of my money. But 'Peterson' can always, I find, be depended on; and few others can. The engravings can't be beat, and the stories are splendid. As long as I can see to read, or hear it read, 'Peterson' must be mine."

WE GIVE, in the front of the number, a pattern of a tidy, to be worked on Java canvas. It is printed in the appropriate colors. It may, if preferred, be worked in crochet. We constantly receive requests for these Java-canvas patterns. They never lose their popularity.

"VALUED MORE EVERY YEAR."—A lady writing from Aurora, Ill., says: "I find I value 'Peterson' more every year. I did not have to try hard to get up this club, as all the old members were anxious to subscribe again for your splendid magazine." Yes, people come of themselves.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SILK HANDKERCHIEF, edged round with lace, may be used as an antimacassar. If the design be traced round with gold-thread, it looks richer, and may even serve as a cover for a small table, especially a faded plush or velvet table.

WE HAVE BEEN REQUESTED to give a large-sized alphabet for marking, and accordingly do it in the front of the number. Monograms, initials, or even names, may be made from this alphabet by a proper combination.

EARN A FREE COPY of this magazine, by getting up a club. In addition to other clubs of this kind, we will send a free copy for getting up a club of two at \$2.00 each (\$4.00 in all), or club of three at \$1.75 each (\$5.25 in all).

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE HAD by writing to us, and enclosing eighteen cents a number. A news-agent often says he can't supply them, when he is only indifferent about ordering them. In such cases, write to us.

ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE TO A CLUB at the price paid by the rest of the club; and, when enough additional names have been sent, the sender will be entitled to another premium or premiums. The additions may be made at any time, all through the year. Go on, therefore, adding to your clubs and earning more premiums.

"WITHOUT MY DINNER."—One of our old subscribers, on renewing, says: "I would rather do without my dinner than not have 'Peterson' make its appearance." No other magazine has such a hold on the public as this.

LIKE "PETERSON" THE BEST.—Says a lady, renewing her subscription: "I did not take 'Peterson,' last year, but I find I can't do without it. I took another magazine, but like 'Peterson' the best."

THE STEEL-ENGRAVING THIS MONTH.—"The Mirror" tells its own story. It is copied after a picture in the last Paris Salon, which attracted greater crowds than almost any there.

"CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT IT."—A lady sending her subscription from Carson City, Mich., says: "I do not think I can live without your magazine."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Helen's Babies. By John Habberton, author of "Mrs. Mayburn's Twins." 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new edition of the first of Mr. Habberton's stories, and altogether the freest and best. Its humor is unsurpassed. The publishers scarcely exaggerate when they say its "fame is world-wide." The interest begins with the first chapter, and is kept up without intermission to the last. The odd sayings of Budge and Toddie, the two small lumps of boys, yet good-hearted ones also, are as natural as they are mischievous and provoking. The volume is a very handsome square duodecimo. Two hundred thousand copies, the publishers say, have been sold already, an astonishing success!

The Silence of Dean Maitland. By Maxwell Grey. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is a very remarkable novel, for a first attempt. Its merits are many. The rustic talk is garrulously and as naturally as Hardy's: "Granfar'r" is enough to make the reputation of the book alone. The character of the dean, though one of many contradictions, is evolved with wonderful skill and truth. The plot is intensely interesting. The pathos of the story, at times, is profound. Few things in modern literature are as powerfully told as the dean's last sermon in the cathedral.

Brother and Lover. A Woman's Story. By Eben E. Reesford. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: John B. Alden.—A story in blank-verse by a writer whose name is familiar to magazine-readers, and who has often, in fact, contributed to "Peterson." We should like to speak of the poem at length, and make extracts from it, but our limited space forbids this; and we must content ourselves, therefore, with merely saying that it is commendable in every respect.

Doctor Cupid. By Rhoda Broughton. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The author of "Cometh Up as a Flower" has a large circle of admirers, and will always retain them: for there are as many different tastes in novel-readers as in other things. The present story is one of real ability, in many respects. Its theme—first, last, and all the time—is love, always a popular one.

That Other Person. By Mrs. Alfred Hunt. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—A well-written story by the author of "Thornicroft's Model," "The Leaden Casket," etc., etc. There is one thing to be noticed about this volume, as well as about "Doctor Cupid": that it is bound in quite a new style and with great taste.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE RUSH OF SUBSCRIBERS, to be sent by mail, for the year 1887, has kept all hands busy at our office. The January and February numbers both have proved exceptionally popular. Everybody writes that "Peterson" is better than ever. The ladies, everywhere, prefer "Peterson." Nor is the reason for this far to seek. As the Concord (N. H.) Patriot says: "If your wife or sister or sweetheart likes reading and fancy-work, etc., 'Peterson's Magazine' will make her a charming present—one that will please her throughout the whole year. We have a sister that has taken it fifteen years, and thinks she cannot get along without it. It is undoubtedly the best and cheapest of its kind. Its steel-engravings are truly works of art, and its stories are the best. In fact, it embraces literature, art, and fashion all in one. Reading-matter forms one of the best presents—and one of the most lasting ones, too. We are fond of good literature—and, if one has that of good quality, many an otherwise lonely hour can be passed pleasantly; and, in reality, one can hardly be lonesome while surrounded by good authors."

There is still time to make up clubs or to subscribe singly. In no way can you get so much of its kind for your money as by subscribing for "Peterson."

WHO IS REALLY TO BLAME?—We have received a letter from a lady, who complains that she subscribed, last year, for a magazine that promised "all sorts of things," to use her phrase, but that she never received any of the premiums offered for subscribing, and that the periodical itself—we quote again—"was unmitigated trash." But was she not, herself, partially to blame? When a publisher offers what is impossible on its face, there must be fault in the people who, simple souls, are "taken in." They ought to have more sense than to suppose they can get "ten dollars' worth"—we quote the advertisement—"for one." But we believe that, if a publisher were to offer a silk dress to every lady subscribing, or a farm for her husband even, he would find thousands—perhaps tens of thousands—of dupes. They would send their money, and he would send *nothing*, but laugh in his sleeve at their folly. Of course, the affair in question was a swindle; and it is a pity there is no law to reach such fellows. But still, why will people be gulled?

FLORAL NOTES.

BY MRS. M. R. WAGGONER.

WINDOW-PLANTS, ETC.—Many persons who cultivate plants in the window fall utterly to have blossoms, during the long bleak wintry days. One correspondent writes me she has followed all the advice she ever read, in regard to slipping the plants in time, soil, size of pots, stimulants, etc., etc., and yet she never has any flowers until about time for bedding them out, in the spring; then they commence to bloom profusely. We can never tell just exactly, from a written statement of facts, in regard to the care of your plants; but, from the foregoing letter, I should judge the temperature of the room at night might have something to do with their not blooming, inasmuch as this correspondent says the plants sometimes bud, but dry up and drop off. If the temperature of the room is allowed to fall much lower than fifty degrees, at night, it is sure to blast all buds, unless upon hardy bulbs: a temperature of seventy degrees, or even higher, during the day, and of fifty degrees at night, might remedy this trouble, providing everything else were favorable. Their starting into bloom at the season when the nights become more moderate suggested the idea that they were kept too cold. If it is impossible to keep the room at the right temperature, at night, then

I would suggest keeping plants that are handsome without bloom. There are so many beautiful-leaved geraniums, nowadays, one can have such a fine assortment of them at a small cost, and they are as handsome as a flower if well grown. A "Madame Pollock," one of the tricolors, though old, is always worthy of cultivation. "Mount of Snow," a white-edged variety, and the new one, "Madame Salleron," are beauties, and grow readily from a cutting. "Itali Unita," another tricolor similar to "Madame Pollock," makes a fine show. "Beauty of Oulton," one of the golden-bronze type, is hard to eclipse; a well-grown plant will at least fill one pane with beauty. I mention the geraniums because the most ignorant amateur may cultivate them with at least a moderate degree of success; and, if I could have but one foliage-plant, it would be a fancy-leaved geranium. If you cannot succeed with the flowers, try the foliage.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE SHAMEFUL ARMY OF BORROWERS.—A lady, sending us a club, says: "One of my subscribers, last year, who had got tired of lending her magazine, discontinued it; but, this year, she came to me and said: 'I can't do without it. I never missed anything so much.'" This borrowing, by people too mean to subscribe, is a common complaint. To such persons, show the article on borrowers, by "Josiah Allen's Wife," in our January number.

SOME PRETTY SOUVENIRS.—We have recently seen, in pamphlet-form, a beautiful little keepsake, issued by Messrs. Young, Ladd & Coffin. It embraces pictures illustrative of their perfumery, where it goes, and by whom it is used. These scenes are all of a domestic nature, and the illustrations are beautifully gotten up in rare and original designs, and are calculated to please and interest people of elegance and refinement.

"THIRTY YEARS A SUBSCRIBER."—A lady writes to us from Pittsfield, Ill., saying: "I send you another club for your magazine. I commenced taking it in 1857, and have not missed one number since. I could not get along without it: it is like one of the family."

DRAWING-ROOM KNICK-KNACKS.

A GREAT MANY PRETTY KNICK-KNACKS may be fabricated, at odd moments, and at very little expense, which will add much to the beauty and cheerfulness of the drawing-room. For instance, photograph-frames of rough rounded wood about two inches wide, or of notched twigs, either painted brown and varnished, or gilded, are novel and easily made. They are hung up by colored ribbon. A novelty for showing off photographs, whether cabinet, promenade, or even larger size, and mounted groups or views, is on an easel of tolerable height, made of deal and afterward painted black, or in imitation wood. An ordinary sheet of very thick cardboard, measuring about twenty-four inches long and nineteen inches wide (the usual dimensions), is covered with some material such as crimson or orange-green velvet or cheap dress-fabric. Then three rows of ribbon, two and a half or three inches wide, are stretched across at distances as tightly as possible, and firmly secured to the back of the cardboard. One piece of ribbon is at the base, and the other two at distance of four and a half inches apart. These are then feather-stitched near the lowest edge to form receptacles for the photographs, which drop in, and stand up against the cardboard. Afterward two corners of plush, one larger than the other, are put on across the right-hand corner low down, and the opposite one on the top of the cardboard. These are merely for ornament.

and can be worked with a floral design, a slanting signature, or painted in oils on some other material than plush. The lowest corner should measure fifteen inches in length, across the cardboard, and the upper one about six inches. When this is all done, take a piece of lining of some kind, turn in the edges, and sew it neatly on at the back. Some discretion must be exercised as to the putting on of the ribbons, and the securing them to the material in front, as some photos are higher than others. Pins could be put in first, just to judge of the requirements. When all is finished, then rest the cardboard on the easel, put in the photos, arrange a silken sash-scarf in a loop round the top of the easel, pass it behind the cardboard, bringing it out on the left side, and then drape it across the base to the right. Thus, with no great amount of trouble or expense, a very ornamental drawing-room knick-knack is presented.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CURIOSITY OF OUR LANGUAGE.—In many respects, as foreigners truthfully say, the English language is a very curious one, the same word often having so many different meanings. Here is an instance: A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper, while he sleeps, runs. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper, until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper, and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

A SHAWL, IF USED TO DECORATE A ROOM, need not be cut up. If of a heavy material, it may be thrown over the back of a piano, or over a couch or easychair, as the case may be. Ladies who are fortunate enough to have many Indian or Paisley shawls can even drape doors and windows with them, instead of using ordinary curtains. In this case, however, they should be lined with red Adrianople, which will not only make them richer-looking, but will also preserve them from the ravage of time and wear.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

OYSTERS.

Roasted Oysters.—Wash the oyster-shells quite clean, and wipe them dry; then place in a hot oven for twenty minutes, and send them to table the moment they are taken out; or, if you do not care for the appearance of the shells, open the oysters rapidly into a hot dish in which is a little butter. Season with salt, pepper, and lemon-juice. In this manner, the rich flavor of the oysters is thoroughly preserved.

Pigs in Blankets.—Pepper and salt some large oysters, and then fasten each with a tiny wooden skewer into a slice of very thin fat bacon. Fry them for two or three minutes, just long enough to crisp the bacon, and serve without unskewering on triangles of hot toast.

POULTRY.

Croquettes.—About half a pound of cold meat, three tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped suet, three tablespoonfuls of boiled rice, three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumb, three tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one egg, salt, pepper, and a little gravy made from the bones of meat. Mince the meat finely, chop the suet, add all the dry ingredients and seasoning, mix well, moisten with a little cream, and make up into balls or small rolls. Dip each into eggs,

breadcrumb, or sprinkle over a little flour; fry in hot dripping. Serve with fried parsley and thick gravy.

Chicken-Loaf.—Boil a chicken in as little water as possible, until the meat can easily be picked from the bones; cut it up finely, then put it back into the saucepan with two ounces of butter, and a seasoning of pepper and salt. Grease a square china mold, and cover the bottom with slices of hard-boiled egg; pour in the chicken, place a weight on it, and set aside to cool, when it will turn out.

Stewed Chicken.—Cut up a chicken and put it into fresh water. Put into a saucepan one quart of water, a small onion chopped small, with pepper and salt; simmer for an hour. Then add the chicken, and simmer for another hour. Just before serving, add a pat of butter well rolled in flour and half a pint of cream.

VEGETABLES.

Potato-Cakes.—Unless the cook rejoices in a very good and easily-heated oven, these are better fried than baked. If not rapidly browned—they can scarcely be said to want cooking—the cakes are tough and indigestible. The chief ingredient should be potato, and to each half-pound of this put one ounce of butter or beef-dripping, salt to taste, and just enough flour to bind the whole. An egg is an improvement; but it is unnecessary, as the potatoes, when properly mixed, are light in themselves. Roll out to half an inch in thickness, cut into cakes, and bake at once; or fry in boiling fat. If the latter, they must be carefully taken up with a slice and drained on kitchen-paper. Serve with lemon and butter.

Potatoes.—If you wish to have potatoes mealy, do not let them stop boiling for an instant; and, when they are done, pour the water off and let them steam for ten or twelve minutes over a fire. In the spring of the year, it is better to boil potatoes in two waters, pouring off the first as soon as it comes to a boil, and then covering the potatoes a second time with cold water, adding a little salt.

Savory Rice.—Take some plainly-boiled rice, put it into a saucepan with a lump of butter, add as much tomato-sauce as the rice will absorb, and plenty of grated cheese; mix well, and keep stirring on the fire till quite hot. Serve piled upon a dish.

DESSERTS.

To Prepare Apples.—Peel and core apples. Make for each a little plate—like a pattypan—of pastry; place the apples in this, and bake. When done, let them cool, and then cover the apples with icing—sugar—and serve cold with custard or cream. The apples look like snowballs. 2. Stew apples, let them cool, mix with them the yolks of two eggs and sugar; spread nicely on a dish, and scatter thickly fine breadcrumb on the top, and bake in an oven. 3. Apples and a good deal of loaf-sugar—the proportion required is different with different kinds of apples—should be boiled together slowly from morning till evening; then put into a shape, and, when cold, they turn out stiff. Our shape has a hollow centre for this dish, and this is filled with whipped cream or custard.

Chocolate-Mold.—Grate three ounces of chocolate into half a pint of milk; add nearly one ounce of gelatine, quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, or rather more; mix all in a jug, and stand in a saucepan of cold water over a fire. Stir occasionally till the water boils, and then stir continuously, while boiling, fifteen minutes. Dip a mold in cold water, pour in, and turn out when set; flavor with vanilla. A beaten-up egg is a great improvement, added when the chocolate is half done.

Ukley Pudding.—Butter a mold well, line with teacakes, split. Take about two pounds of fresh fruit, stewed, or preserved in winter, pour it into the basin, cover well over with teacakes, and place a plate to fit inside the basin, and a weight over. Turn out, and cover with a rich custard; serve cold. The pudding not to be cooked. If for dinner, to be made the night before; if for evening, to be made in the morning.

Victoria Pudding.—Boil a pint of milk with very little butter and sugar. Mix two spoonfuls of arrowroot with milk, beat one egg, add the arrowroot to it with a few drops of vanilla-essence. Put it into the boiling milk, and stir till thick. Put it in a mold till cold; serve with jam round.

Tapioca Cream.—Put a layer of jam at the bottom of a glass dish; then a layer of tapioca boiled down to a perfect jelly. Let it go cold; whip cream and spread on the top.

CAKES.

Scotch Shortbread.—Three-quarters of a pound of fine flour, half a pound of butter, six ounces of sugar; cream the butter, add the sugar and the flour. When thoroughly mixed, turn on to a floured board, and roll out quarter of an inch thick, and a large round or oval shape; mark it prettily round the edge, and lay it on paper on a baking-sheet. Do not butter the paper, but fold it in four, to prevent the shortbread from burning. Little bits of candied peel or pink-and-white comfits may be placed on the top. The oven ought to be rather cool, and the shortbread a pale-brown.

Teacakes.—Three eggs, six ounces of sugar, one pound of flour, three ounces of currants, one large teaspoonful of carbonate-of-soda, one of cream-tartar, one gill of cream, or a little more—or a little milk can be used, instead, with the gill of cream. Mix the soda and cream-tartar thoroughly into the flour, beat up the eggs and sugar; add the flour by degrees and the other ingredients, make the paste just stiff enough to roll out on a board; cut into rounds, bake in a rather quick oven, brush them over with milk, to give them a glaze, before baking.

Soda Scones.—To four pounds of flour add two large teaspoonfuls of salt, half an ounce of soda, and a quart of milk, in which half an ounce of cream-tartar has been well stirred. Mix the whole well but lightly. Cut into round cakes and bake in a quick oven, or on an iron frying-pan over a clear fire. About fifteen minutes are sufficient. The scones should rise well; they need to be turned once. Wheaton-meal cakes can be made in the same way, and make an excellent breakfast-bread, both delicious and nutritious.

Lemon-Biscuit.—One pound of flour, three ounces of butter, one-half pound of sugar, two eggs, one lemon. Rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar and the grated lemon-rind; add the yolks of the eggs, and all the lemon-juice, if needed; whisk the whites last. Roll out thin, cut into rounds with a paste-cutter. Bake in a rather slow oven. They must be kept dry.

Doughnuts.—Six ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar, a little more than one gill of milk kept till it is sour, one ounce of butter melted, one-third of a teaspoonful of carbonate-of-soda dissolved in a few drops of boiling water, half an egg. Mix these all well together, roll out half an inch in thickness, cut into small shapes, and fry in plenty of hot lard.

Oatmeal-Biscuit.—Four ounces of flour, two ounces of fine oatmeal, two ounces of butter, one ounce of sugar, one egg; mix the dry ingredients, oil the butter in a little pan, break in the egg and mix, roll out on a board, and cut into shape. Should the egg not make it quite soft enough, add a very little milk. Bake on a floured baking-sheet.

Cornflour-Cakes.—One pound of cornflour, six ounces of butter, six ounces of sugar, two eggs and two yolks: flavor to taste with essence-of-lemon, vanilla, or orange-flower water; break it into little cakes, and bake in a tin. They are all the better for being kept in a tin canister.

PREPARATIONS OF CHEESE.

Turlets.—Make a paste with one ounce of butter, two ounces of flour, the yolk of an egg, a little water, a pinch of salt; roll it out to the thickness of an eighth of an inch, and line some pattypans with it. Take two ounces of finely-grated cheese, beat it up in a bowl with the yolks of

two eggs; add pepper, salt, cayenne, and nutmeg, according to taste—very little of the two latter; then work in three tablespoonfuls of cream, fill each pattypan with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven till done.

Straws.—Make a paste with six ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, three ounces of grated cheese, and as little water as possible. Season it with salt, pepper, and cayenne, according to taste. Roll it out thin, cut it into narrow strips, brush them over with a little yolk of egg diluted with water. Bake in a moderate oven, and serve hot.

Welsh-Rabbit.—Cut a slice of bread a little wider than the slice of cheese, cut off the crust, and toast it on both sides. Cut a slice of cheese moderately thick, toast it on one side; then put the toasted side downward on the bread, toast the other side, and serve at once.

Toast.—Grate some rich cheese, add pepper to taste, a beaten egg, and sufficient milk to make it of the consistency of thick cream. Warm the mixture on the fire, and, when quite hot, pour it over some slices of hot buttered toast; serve immediately.

OMELETTES, ETC.

Potato-Omelette.—Grate three mealy boiled potatoes, beat three eggs, and mix these with three tablespoonfuls of milk. Add salt, pepper, and any herb to flavor. Mince three ounces of ham or bacon in small dice; fry these in a pan; add a piece of butter, put in the mixed potatoes and eggs, stir all until set; then leave it to brown. Fold over and serve.

A Friar's Omelette.—To four well-beaten eggs, add four tablespoonfuls of thick cream, a little salt, and a few chives minced fine. Put two ounces of butter in a hot omelette-pan, set it over a slow fire, pour in the eggs, place a cover over, and red coals on it to draw and color the omelette on the top. When nicely risen, turn it out and serve directly.

Foam-Omelette.—The yolks of six eggs and two whites, a tablespoonful of arrowroot, and half a pint of milk; a little salt and nutmeg. Fried on the pan with a piece of butter; sift sugar over, whisk the whites of four eggs to a snow, with a little sifted sugar. Pile it on the omelette; brown it and serve.

Cheese-Omelette.—To six eggs and four tablespoonfuls of milk, add two ounces of grated cheese, some salt and pepper. Make some butter quite hot in a pan, fry the omelette quickly, and serve it as soon as it is set and colored a good yellow.

Chocolate-Caramelle.—One pint of sugar, dissolved in as little water as possible, half a cupful of butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one cupful of grated chocolate; boil until quite thick, put in buttered tins, and cut in squares when partly cooled.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS OR WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE NUN'S-VEILING. The underskirt is of blue satin, plaided in red and yellow. The overdress is full at the waist, is slightly draped, and ornamented with loops and long ends of blue satin ribbon, finished with crochet-balls in red and yellow. The bodice is high, slightly pointed in front, and has a vest and collar of the plaid satin.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF FAWN-COLORED STRIPED WOOLEN. The underskirt is quite plain. The overdress is long and shawl-shaped in front, and draped high on the hips. The pointed bodice opens over a full plastron of black and white checked silk. The collar is also of this silk. The open bodice has narrow revers. Hat of fawn-colored silk, trimmed with surah and feathers of the same color.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PRIMROSE-COLORED SURAH. The underskirt is trimmed with pointed bands of ruby-colored velvet. The overdress is plain, draped high on the

hips. The full pointed bodice has a waistband of ruby velvet, and the collar and trimming for the bodice are of the same colored velvet.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GREEN PLAID WOOLEN, worn over a skirt of dark-green silk. The back-drapery falls in full but plain plaits; in front, it opens at the left side, and is caught up with bows of dark-green velvet. The jacket-bodice opens in front over a vest of plain silk, and it has a green velvet waistband. The collar and cuffs are of the velvet. Hat of green felt, with green velvet trimmings and a red wing.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF RUBY-COLORED CASHMERE. The skirt falls in full plaits at the back, and in shawl-shaped folds in front; at the sides, it is trimmed with bands of gray frisé. The bodice is pointed at the back, and has a vest of gray frisé, and is caught across the front with bands of the cashmere. It is trimmed with small crochet buttons on either side.

FIGS. VI AND VII.—FRONT AND BACK OF WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED WOOLEN, OF TWO SHADES OF BLUE. The underskirt is of the woolen, plaited. The overskirt is made long and full, and draped over the hips, and in wings at the back. The jacket is made with basques at the back, and opens over a white marcellus vest. The rolling collar is faced with dark-blue silk. Felt hat, faced with blue velvet, and trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—NEW-STYLE SHOE, ornamented with black satin rosettes and old paste buckle.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CASHMERE AND DARK-GREEN AND RED PLAID WOOLEN. The underskirt, sleeves, and vest are made of the green and red plaid woolen. The same plaid forms a point at middle of the back of the bodice; also the collar. The full overdress and sides of the bodice are made of the green cashmere. Hat of dark-green felt, trimmed with red and green changeable silk.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF TWO SHADES OF HELIOTROPE-COLORED WOOLEN. The skirt is plain in front, with full plaits at the side and back. The overdress falls in a deep shawl-shaped point in front, is gathered very high on the hips, and is slightly draped at the back. The bodice opens over a cream-colored silk vest, and has a small hood at the back. Togue of dark-heliotrope colored cashmere.

FIG. XI.—BOW OF RIBBON, of light-blue and pink satin ribbon with picot edge, for the hair.

FIG. XII.—DOLMANETTE, OF CLOTH STRIPED IN TWO SHADES OF GRAY. The front is laid in plaits, and it is trimmed with dark-gray plush. The pockets and collar are also of the plush. The cape and sleeves are lined with red surah.

FIG. XIII.—BONNET, OF BLACK GATHERED NET AND BLACK LACE. The brim is of black velvet, beaded with jet. It is trimmed in front with a shrimp-pink bow and with a fan of black lace, with a steel comb at the back.

FIG. XIV.—MANTELET, OF BROWN CHECKED CLOTH. The trimming around the edge of the mantle, the pointed piece at the back, and the collar are of brown velvet. Crochet ornaments fall over the plaited velvet. Bow of satin ribbon at the throat. The ends of the mantle are finished with brown crochet trimmings.

FIG. XV.—JACKET, OF CHECKED TWEED, edged with a band of velvet. Large buttons in repoussé metal fasten the jacket slightly on the left side.

FIG. XVI.—CAP, OF WHITE LACE, for an elderly lady. A rosette of lilac velvet ornaments the front, and the long ends are fastened with a small ornamental pin.

FIG. XVII.—BODICE, OF HELIOTROPE SURAH. The front has gathered revers. A large collar is at the back. The gathered revers and the high collar are of plaid surah.

FIGS. XVIII AND XIX.—BACK AND FRONT OF MANTELET, OF FANCY CLOTH, and is lined with Florence or surah silk. The deep capuchin is made of the striped cloth arranged in

points. In front, it is fastened with an oxydized silver ornament.

FIG. XX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE WOOLEN, WITH A VERY FINE WHITE STRIPE. The skirt is laid in long plaits and small side-plaits. The overdress is draped quite simply. The close-fitting jacket has rather a short basque, with small pockets in front, cut in the cloth, large wooden buttons down the front. Hat of dark-blue felt, turned up with dark-blue velvet, and trimmed with blue feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing absolutely new in the fashions, for individual taste is so much exercised and the variety of styles has been so great that one often conjectures if anything quite new can be invented. Still there are some rules that must be observed, to be in the fashion. The tournure or "bustle" is invariably worn, but not very large if good taste is observed. There are fewer bouffants at the bottom of underskirts, nearly all the petticoats being made plain or with only lengthwise plaits. Overskirts are never trimmed around the edge. Mantles and jackets are either quite long or rather short, never made to reach just to the knees. Bonnets are small, with high trimmings. If these few rules are observed, the fancy may have full sway otherwise.

Heliotrope is the newest color, and is consequently popular. Some shades of the color are pretty, but it is not usually becoming, it is of such a sickly hue. Yet it has by no means dethroned the pretty blues, greens, and browns. Light-violet and lilac are more used also than formerly, and are charming, fresh-looking, spring colors.

Bodies are usually very much trimmed. Waistcoats, plaistons, and full or plain plaistons with long revers that extend from shoulder to the point of the bodice, as well as braces, are all forms of trimming. The latter are now put on much higher than they were, and are carried close to the band at the neck, and they sometimes meet in the centre of the back. The sleeves are often trimmed round the shoulder-seams on the bodice—a very useful fashion indeed, as the sides, which are too well worn by the friction of the arms, can be made quite respectable for a longer term of service.

Tailor-made costumes of pure wool that will not cockle are very much liked, and they are made in a simple style. Cheviots and serges are the popular materials, and the bodices are arranged so that they can be worn either with a waistcoat of white percale piqué or tucked linen, or with one to match the costume.

The make of the skirt depends on the figure. For slight women, short drapery over a skirt mounted in either very wide or very narrow plaits; for stout women, long drapery over a plain skirt; while, for medium figures, the overskirt, made in double-width material, is draped round the figure with only one seam, the lower edge being left to show its selvedge. These costumes are for those who affect rigid simplicity in their attire. If, however, another and less severe style is preferred, the dressmakers use a greater variety of materials, such as canvas, cashmere, shepherd's-checks, and plain and striped mohair. Canvas is combined with watered silk, and blue is the favorite color for such dresses; in cashmeres and camel's-hair, gray and brown are more popular, and these are also trimmed with watered ribbon. Another style is to have a skirt and waistcoat of basket-woven plaid, used diagonally with bodice and drapery of cashmere. These are fashionable in dark-gray with white, in blue, and in brown. In mohairs, gray and drab take the lead; but blue, combined with shepherd's-checks, is frequently made, and very well it looks when the bodice has a full checked plaistron and slender revers of blue velvet. Striped mohairs are most useful, and look stylish when the stripes are arranged with due regard to effect, as, for example, when the lines run lengthwise in the skirt and crosswise in the drapery.

Games of all colors, plain and striped, are popular for

young girls' evening-dresses, and the soft nun's-veiling is also still much used.

Jettied nets, galloons, braids, made into fanciful shapes, are all extensively used for trimming.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITES CHAMPS.

Sleeves have reappeared in evening-dresses. The uncovered arm, surmounted by a simple band passing over the shoulder, is decreed to be a thing of the past. Hereafter, all kinds of sleeves will be seen in dresses intended for evening-wear. Some are mere "cape"—as the very short sleeve, reaching half-way from the shoulder to the elbow, used to be called. Others are regular long sleeves, some fitting closely to the arm, others flowing loosely, like the Hungarian or Oriental sleeve. These long ones are always made of some transparent material, such as lace, or gauze, or tulle, and are often embroidered with gold or silver, or with colored silks, or chenille to match the material or trimming of the dress itself. Sometimes, a very short sleeve is formed of a double bias plaited ruffle of the silk or satin of the toilette. Black lace sleeves are usually made to reach half-way from the shoulder to the elbow, and, in the newest toilettes, fit closely to the arm. A pretty substitution for these new-fashioned coverings for the upper part of the arm is found in curved and graduated rows of beads matching the trimming of the dress, pearls being worn with white toilettes, and jet and gold beads, strung alternately, with black ones.

A new and very elegant fabric, lately introduced for trimming full-dress toilettes, is a network in fine chenille, sometimes interwoven with small crystal beads or studded with flat imitation-diamonds, which are really very large spangles in looking-glass and of an oval form. This new material is used for the short draperies now employed on the upper parts of trained skirts, or for bordering the opening of a ball-dress corsage, and also for forming short sleeves for evening-wear. It is very soft and rich in effect, forms very graceful folds, and has a velvety aspect that is very becoming. In dark-red and in silver-gray, it is very attractive. Another innovation, and a rather extravagant one, is to have the satin underskirt of a ball-dress—with train and corsage of velvet or of brocade—made with as long a train as the overdress. This train upon train has a very superb effect. Short dresses are still in vogue for evening-wear, particularly for young ladies. One of the later styles for these dresses is to have the corsage and overdress in pale-colored crape, looped over a short underskirt of plain dark velvet. A charming toilette of this style had the skirt in black velvet, with the gracefully-looped overdress and square low corsage in pale-pink crape. The overdress was caught up at one side to the waist, so as to show the underskirt to good advantage. On the corsage was set a Swiss bodice in black velvet ribbon and black jettied lace, with a band of the latter passing entirely around the arm at the shoulder. This toilette is also very pretty with white crape draperies, and with the underskirt in chestnut-brown velvet.

The new high style of dressing the hair is much employed by ultra-fashionable ladies, but by them only. It is neither artistic nor becoming, and a speedy return to something less exaggerated and grotesque is predicted. The hair is now built up on the top of the head in a sort of cone, formed of puffs and curls, and the height of the structure is increased by the addition of long-stemmed flowers, bird-of-paradise tails, and other lofty ornaments. Sometimes, diamond stars or flowers are set around the base of the cone. A very pretty mode of wearing diamond ornaments in the hair is to set them on a narrow bias double band of white tulle or gauze, thus forming a circlet or diadem of very graceful effect.

The taste for fantastic and many-colored garments has reached even the realm of ladies' underclothes. The new flannels for petticoats are barred or striped with fine lines, the stripes being either white on a dark-blue or red ground, or in colors on white. Blue and red lines crossing each other on a white ground form one pattern. The petticoat is finished with a wide stitched hem, bordered with a narrow ruffle scalloped in buttonhole-stitch embroidery in a color to match the stripes. Taffeta petticoats, in a tint to match the toilette wherewith they are to be worn, are much used in full dress. They are trimmed with flounces pinked at the edge in rose-leaf scallops. These flounces sometimes continue up the back, so as to aid the dress-improver; at others, two or three encircle the skirt merely. These petticoats are interlined with flannel, and are really sensible as well as elegant articles for ladies' wear. For the street, they are made of black taffeta, with a lining of scarlet flannel. Sometimes, for ball-dress wear, they are covered with flounces of imitation lace. The latest novelty in chemises is rather trying to our American ideas of freshness and cleanliness, consisting, as it does, of a garment in fine white cambric, with a yoke and sleeve-trimmings in black lace. These garnitures are, of course, to be removed before the article is submitted to the hands of the washerwoman.

The spring novelties in the way of hats and bonnets have not yet made their appearance, but I hope to be able to give a full description of them in my next letter. Meantime, ornaments in Rhine-stones are now used for adorning bonnets for evening-wear, three stars or three roses being placed in a row at the base of the crown, just above the wearer's hair. Two small buckles may be introduced amongst the trimmings of a black hat or bonnet, and a single large buckle of brilliants looks well in the front of a bolero hat in seal-skin. Some of these ornaments are very finely made and of the very best imitation-diamonds, so that they are very durable and produce a great effect. The diamond stars or roses look well in bonnets of gold lace, intermixed with dull grays or browns.

In gloves, white or cream-colored ones of undressed kid are now almost exclusively employed for evening-wear, though a few of the elder fashionables adhere to the tan shades that were so long in vogue; and, indeed, they are still a good deal worn with black evening-dresses, as they relieve the universal sombreness of the toilette. Satin slippers are made perfectly plain and with ordinary heels. The extremely pointed shape is no longer fashionable, either for boots or shoes. The latest style of ball-wrap is in solid-colored brocade, lined throughout with swans-down.

Visiting-cards and wedding-invitations are printed in old script, on rough-surfaced paper or cards, imitating the paper of the eighteenth century. The latest style of note-paper is in imitation-parchment, with the owner's name, in gold and colors, set slanting in one corner, and painted in the style of the illuminations in medieval manuscripts.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF CHECKED WOOLLEN OF TWO SHADES OF BROWN. The skirt is composed of three flounces. The bodice is plaited, falling below the waist in blouse-style over a brown silk mesh. The yoke and cuffs are of brown velvet.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF GRAY TWED. The knickerbockers are rather loose at the knee. The jacket is long and opens over a plaid vest. Small rolling collar.

FIG. III.—BACK OF GIRL'S DRESS. No. 1.

FIG. IV.—BROWN FELT HAT, for a young girl. The brim is faced with brown velvet, and the trimming is of shaded brown silk pompons and brown satin ribbon.



THE FIRST BLUEBIRD.

[See the Poem.]

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL.





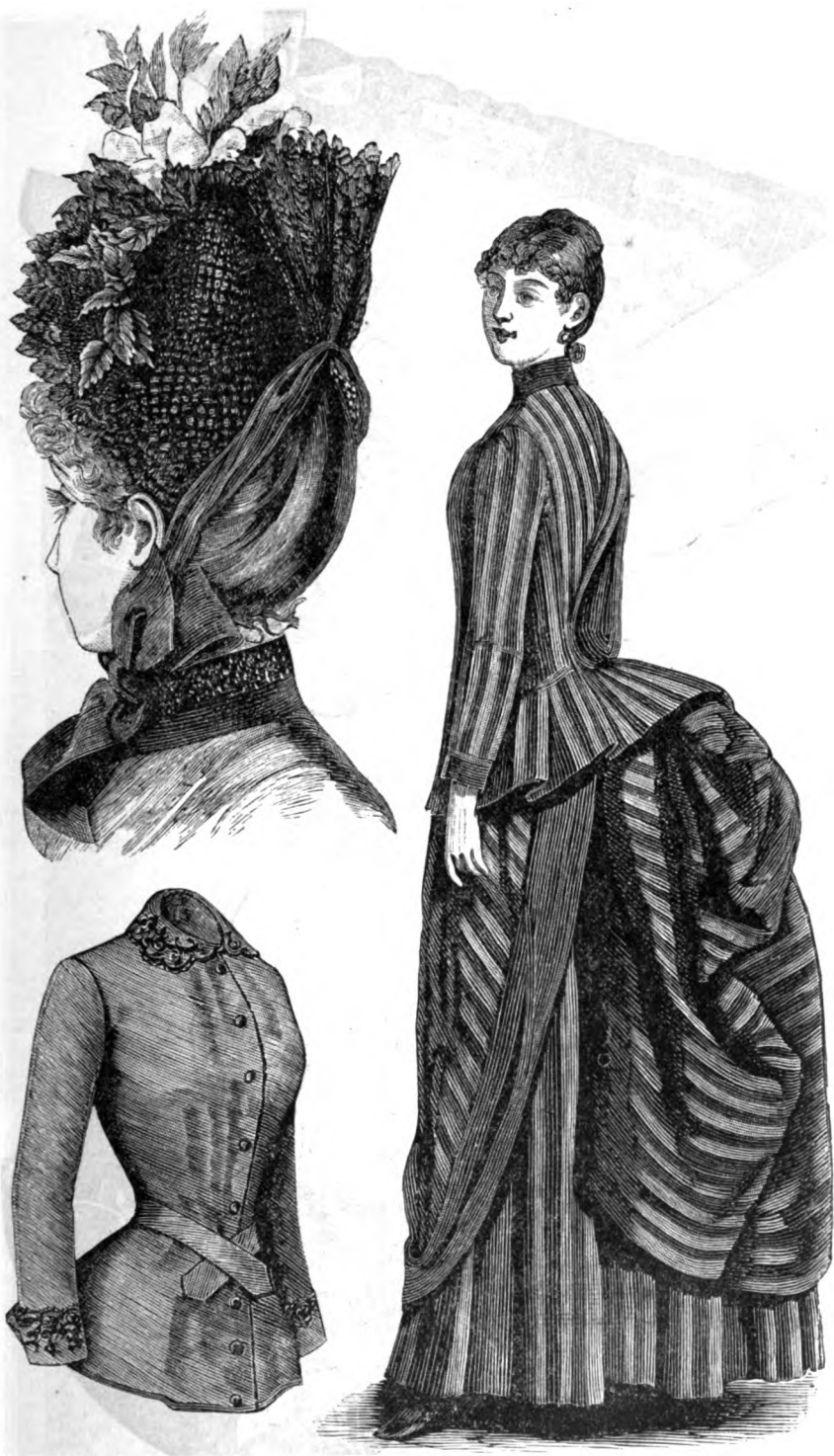
HOUSE-DRESS. BONNET. HAT.



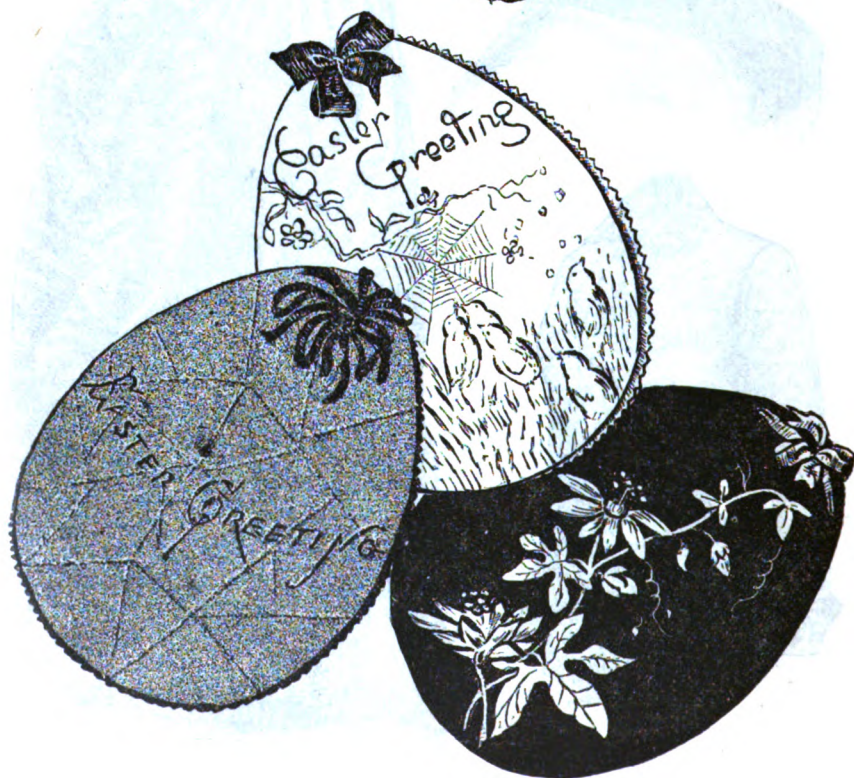
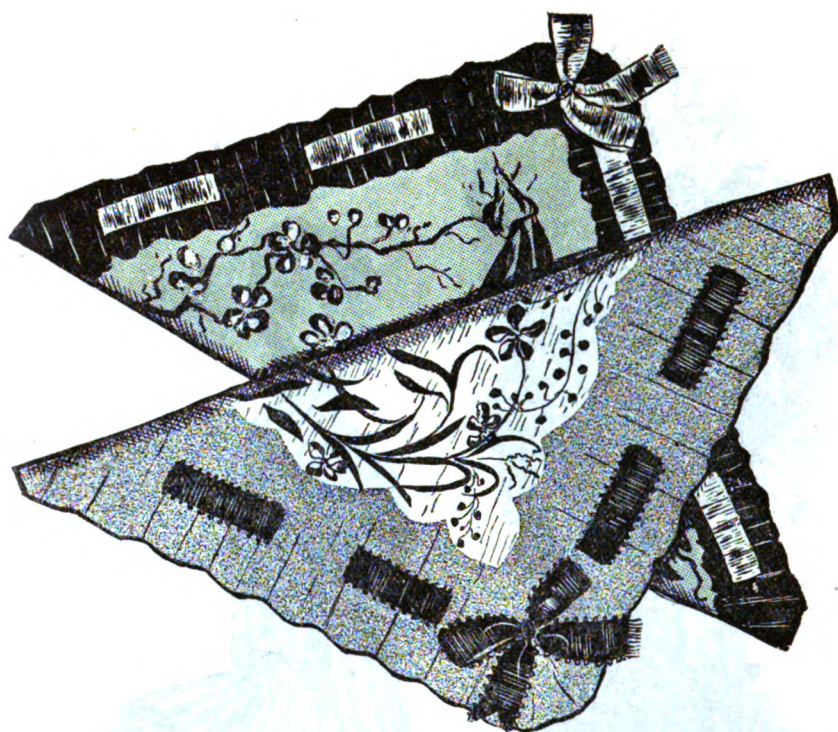
WALKING-DRESS. BODICE. HAT.



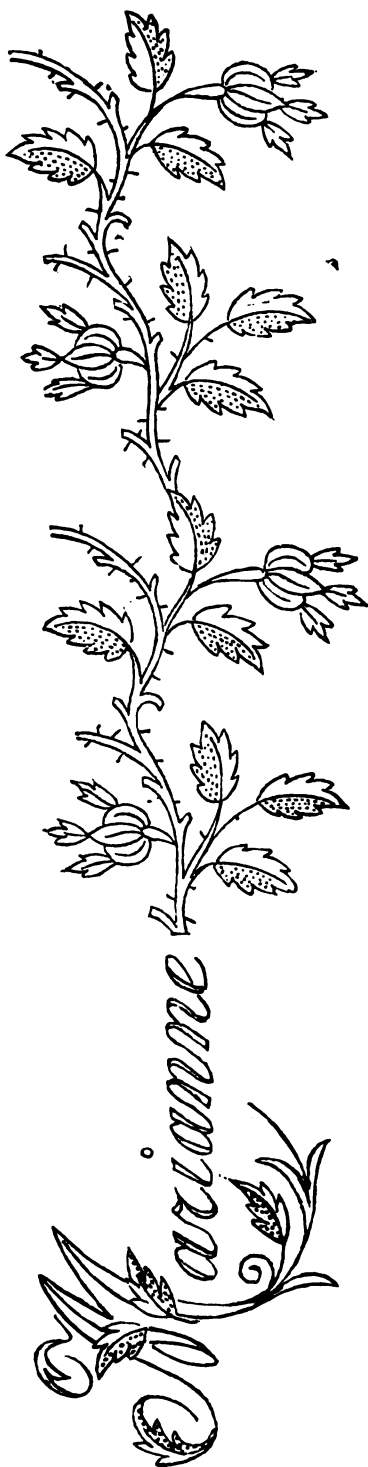
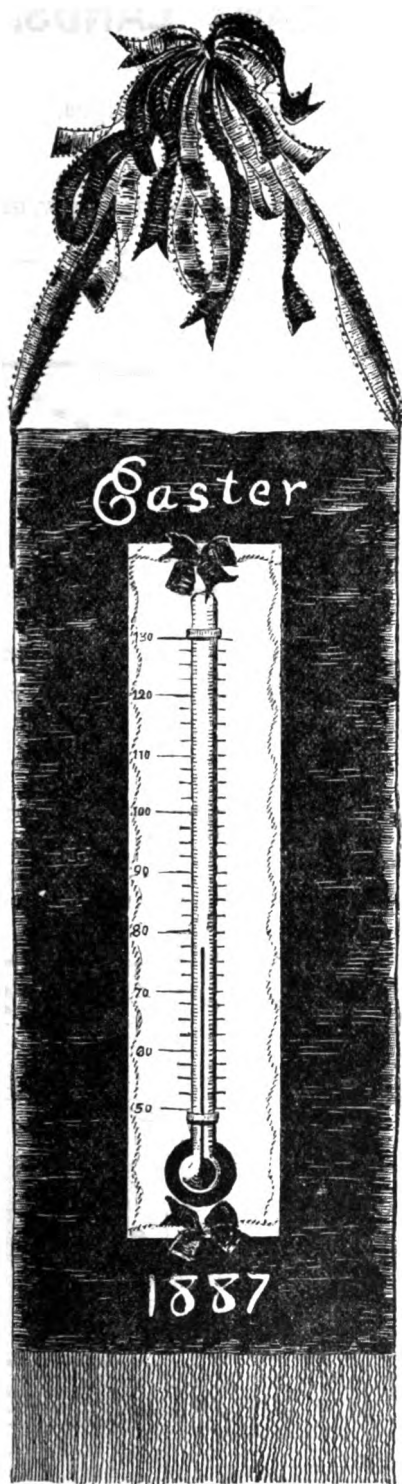
WALKING-DRESS. HAT. BONNET.



WALKING-DRESS. BONNET. BODICE.



JAPANESE SACHET. EASTER PENWIPER.



EASTER THERMOMETER. EMBROIDERY. NAME FOR MARKING.

THE MELODIES OF MANY LANDS.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Written by **CHARLES JEFFERIES.**

Composed by **CHARLES W. GLOVER.**

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a repeat sign.

The first system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are as follows:

1. The mel - o - dies	of ma - ny lands	Ere - while have charm'd my
2. Its words, I well	re - mem - ber now,	Were fraught with pre - cepts
3. It told me in	the hour of need,	To seek a sol - ace

The second system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are as follows:

ear,	Yet there's but one	a - mong them all	Which still my heart	holds
old;	And ev - 'ry line	a max - im held	Of far more worth	than
there	Where on - ly strick - en	hearts could find,	Meet an - swer to	their

THE MELODIES OF MANY LANDS.

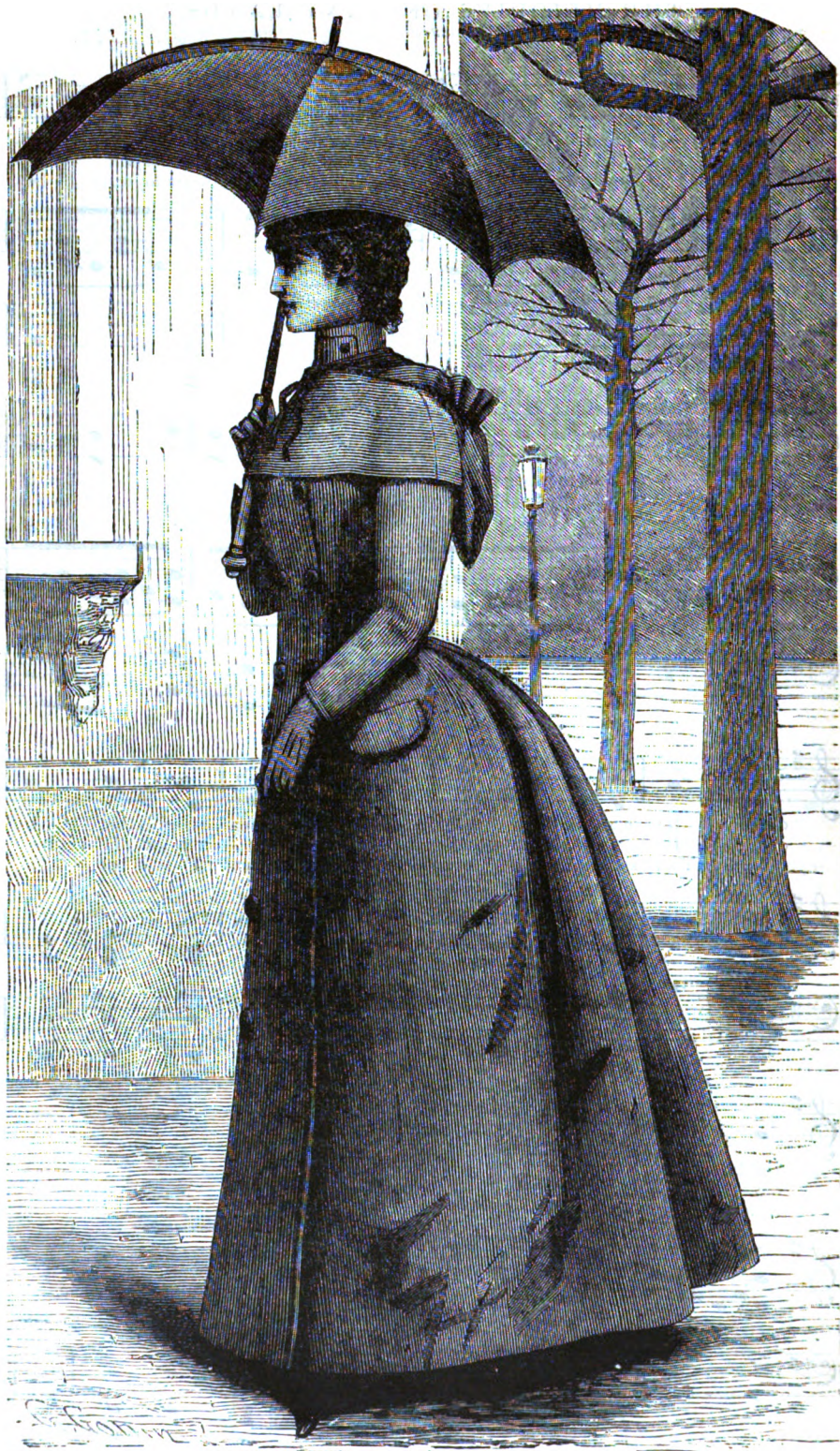
dear ; I heard it first from lips I lov'd, My tears it then be -
gold ; A les - son 'twas, tho' sim - ply taught That can - not pass a -
prayer. Ah much I owe that gen - tle voice, Whose words my tears be -

guil'd, It was the song my moth - er sang, When I was but a
way, It is my guid - ing star by night, My com - fort in the
guil'd ; That song of songs my moth - er sang, When I was but a

child. It was the song my moth - er sang, When I was but a
day. It is my guid - ing star by night, My com - fort in the
child. That song of songs my moth - er sang, When I was but a

child.
day.
child.

mf *dim.* *p*



NEW-STYLE ULSTER.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCI.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1887.

No. 4.

“J A E L.”

BY JULIA A. FLISCH.



you remember the story of Jael? Surely, you have heard of her? There isn't, to my mind, a more vivid bit of painting in the Bible. If I were an artist, in place of a mere idler and amateur, I'd have made that woman the subject of my 'chef-d'œuvre.' This is an attempt to portray her. It is a sort of Oriental head-dress, you see."

Now, all this while, Challoner had been studying the picture with a queer half-recognition, which was not lost upon me. Indeed, I had counted somewhat upon that feeling of consciousness when I bought it.

I was, as I had remarked slightly to

HAL CHALLONER took his cigar out of his mouth, and looked at the painting which I had just placed on the easel in my room.

"Ha! a new picture," he said.

"Yes, I picked it up to-day," I answered.

"What do you think of it, Hal?"

"Can't exactly see into it," said Challoner, staring at it with a puzzled face. "What does that half-coronet on her forehead mean—and the veil? Jael! Who or what was she?"

"That question does not speak well for your Biblical knowledge," said I, laughing. "Don't

Challoner, an amateur in art. There had been a time when I hoped to be something more; but fate had ordained that I should fall heir to wealth sufficient to gratify even my luxurious art-loving taste, without trouble on my part: and here I was, living in a sumptuous suite of apartments, well fitted-out with pictures and articles of vertu, and with only a nominal business to occupy part of my time, and still occasionally dabbling in oil. That very day, I had been painting, and had only removed my picture from the easel and put the other there. when I heard Challoner's step outside.

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"Do you know," said Challoner, abruptly, after a long pause, "I seem to have seen this face before? It looks awfully familiar. Of course, with a different head-dress. But the eyes, the mouth—both beautiful, yet both so resolute: it looks like a woman who would stop

Challoner and I had been friends of long standing. Perhaps it was the contrast between us that gave the half-romantic flavor to our friendship.

I was quiet, at times dreamy, living among my books and pictures, and averse to the society of women. He was full of life and brightness, popular among men, patted by women. There were some who called him shallow and a flirt; and, at times, and dearly as I loved him, I was constrained to acknowledge that he did play a part often which was not altogether honorable. But then, if silly girls gave their hearts carelessly into his keeping, and moaned over his defection afterward, was he altogether to blame?

Truth to tell, it was almost impossible to harbor any unkind feeling against him, when his sunny eyes looked into yours with that frank half-appealing glance, which was part of the charm that won for him the hearts of all so readily.

Of late, I, who watched him with peculiar love, had become somewhat apprehensive lest he, who had been the cause of unhappiness to so many women, should himself become the victim of a woman, and that woman one whom I believed to be the most heartless of her sex. It was this which had induced me to buy the picture, which had so vividly impressed me when I stumbled across it in an out-of-the-way corner.

at nothing for revenge, or to carry out her purpose, whatever it might be."

"Don't you know where you have seen it?" said I, with a keen glance at him. "Look again, Hal, and see if you can't trace a likeness between this woman's face and that of Miss Hollingsworth."

"Mariette Hollingsworth?" said Challoner, starting.

A deep flush dyed his face for an instant, then he asked:

"Who was Jael, anyway—some tragedy-queen? There is, as I've said, possibility of it in that face."

"Once upon a time, there was war between the hosts of Israel and the Canaanites, and Sisera was captain of the army of Canaan."

I began lightly. But, to save my life, I could not disguise a certain earnestness which crept into my words. Challoner looked at me half suspiciously, half wonderingly.

"Well," he said, briefly, "what has that to do with the woman?"

"This Jael was the wife of Heber the Kenite; and the Kenites, if not friends to the Canaanites, were at least neutral. Sisera was defeated, and fled from the field; he came to the tent of Heber, and there she met him, this woman Jael. She spoke to him with treacherous words of comfort and hope: she feasted him, she served

him with her own hands, she led him to a soft couch, and then—"

"And then?" said Challoner.

"Then, when he slept, she took the nail and the hammer and slew him."

"Uncomfortable sort of a woman, that," said Challoner, lightly. But he added, directly, with an accent of sharpness in his voice: "The idea of Mariette Hollingsworth's resembling this woman! Delmar, you are getting cranky. You do too much mousing among these old books and pictures; you need to go out more—go among the ladies a little. Come with me, for instance, and let me introduce you to Miss Hollingsworth. When you have had a good view of her angelic face, you will want to put this miserable daub into your landlady's kitchen-fire."

"I know Miss Hollingsworth," I answered. "Challoner, I still insist that this picture resembles her—not only in form and feature, but in expression, especially in a certain lambent something which I have seen gleaming, at times, even through Miss Hollingsworth's cool self-possession. Who knows? perhaps Sisera had wronged someone whom this woman loved. Perhaps the horde of Canaanites had snatched, from her, father, brother, or son—we cannot tell. At any rate, if there is any cause why Mariette Hollingsworth should desire to be revenged, she is the one woman whom I believe capable of taking that vengeance."

"How you talk," said Challoner, hastily, yet with a touch of uneasiness in his tone. "You are certainly getting turned, with your esthetic craze."

He threw away his half-smoked cigar, lighted another, and strode restlessly across the room. I could not resist the impulse to speak to him on the subject that had so oppressed me.

"Hal, old fellow," I said, and a tremor would creep into my voice, "you must let me talk freely with you, this once. I am half a dozen years older than you are, and I venture, therefore, to speak. Don't be angry, dear old fellow; because I think so much of you, you know."

"I know, I know," said Challoner, with a womanish softening of his face. "Go on, Delmar."

He had stopped by the mantel, with one arm leaning on it. I crossed the room, and stood by him.

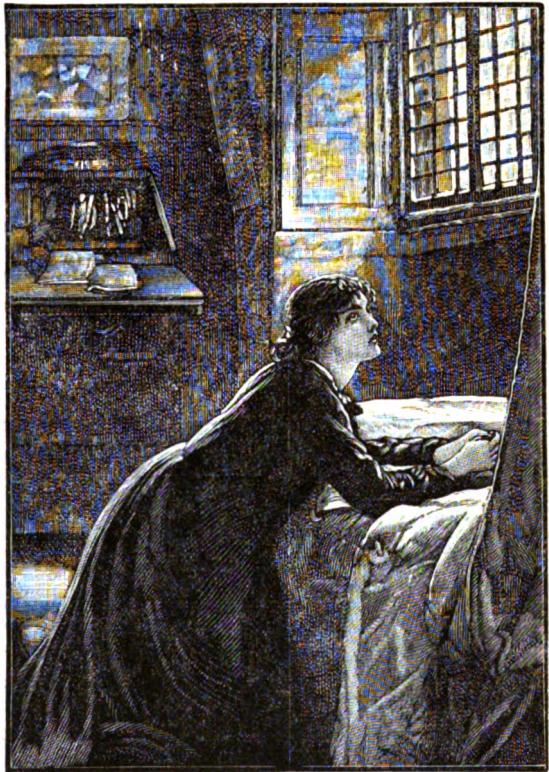
"I have seen you with many women, Hal," I

said, "and time and time again I have heard that you were to marry this one, that one, or the other; but there is only one woman whom I think there might be danger from, and that is—Mariette Hollingsworth."

"Well, and if I marry her, what then?" said Challoner.

"If she were like other women, I would say nothing," I replied; "but she is not. And, Challoner, do you remember that it is not more than two years since—since—Lilian Hollingsworth—died?"

Challoner started as if he had been stung.



"What has that to do with it?" he asked, with averted face.

"She was this girl's sister, who loved her passionately. You know it was whispered that you—that she—well, that she loved you, and you only flirted with her. It might have been heart-disease—it was very sudden—but it was said it was a broken heart. She was found lying on the sofa, in her chamber, dressed just as she had come from a ball, where she had seen you devoting yourself to another."

Challoner turned upon me with ashen lips, quivering with emotion.

"Good God! Delmar," he said, "why do you bring all that up now?"

Then he flung himself out of the room, and I was alone—alone with that pictured face, which looked out at me with Mariette Hollingsworth's eyes, only with an expression of horror, of remorse, yet of stern decision, which seemed to say that the woman shrank from the deed which justice, or the zeal of the enthusiast, demanded.

I did not see Challoner for some days, and then it was on the street, with Miss Hollingsworth. After that, I saw them together often. But he, as if the words of that night rankled in his heart, was constrained in his manner, and scarcely ever sought my company. As for the matter of that, none of his old acquaintances saw much of him. Mariette Hollingsworth seemed to have bewitched him. He was miserable out of her sight, and followed her like a faithful spaniel. Men of his own set sneered and said that it was only another of his little "affairs," but before long everyone knew that at last the trifier was in earnest.

I could not resist the mournful feeling that came over me when I saw them together; he so intense, so rapt, so full of buoyant hopefulness. Her manner was more reserved; that she did not discourage him was evident; yet, that there were times when she seemed to throw him off, I knew; for at such times he would come up to my room,

and, with a brief return to his old affectionate confidence, would pour out his trouble into my ears.

As time wore on, however, she seemed to incline more to him, and I tried to hope that she cared for him and all might yet be well.

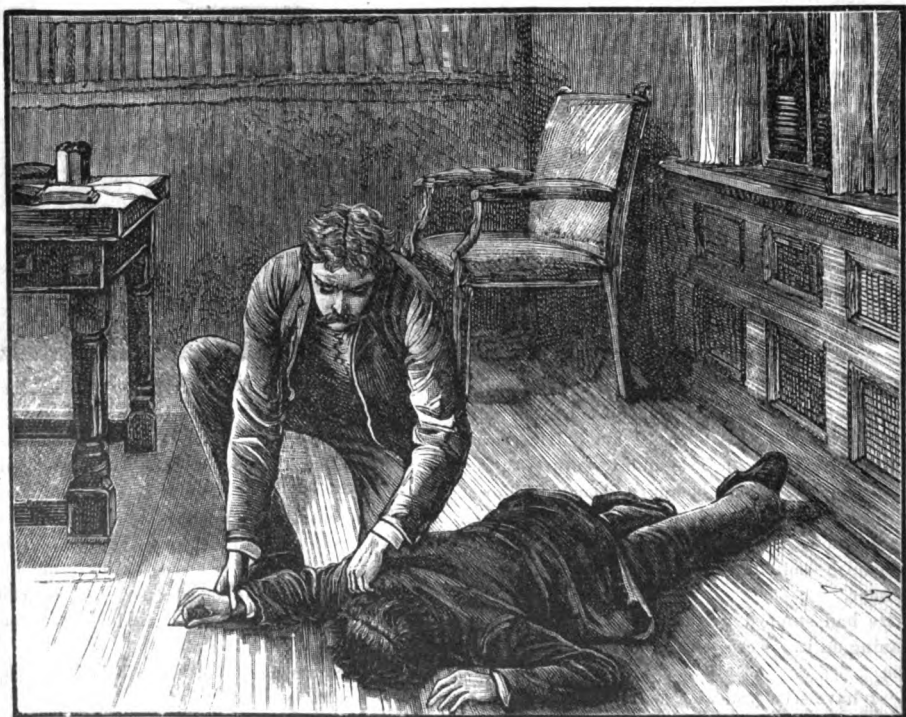
I had put away the picture of Jael, for, whenever I looked at that sad yet beautiful countenance, all my old doubts and fears about Hal's choice would come back with redoubled intensity; and, at such times, I could not but feel that Mariette had not, could not, so soon forget her sister's tragic death, for which rumor held Challoner—in great part, at least—accountable.

So time passed until the night of the ball to be given by the Fusiliers, a local military company, of which Challoner was a member.

I went, of course. And quite soon after, I saw Challoner enter with Miss Hollingsworth on his arm. He had never looked handsomer, more brilliant, more joyous, while she more than justified his evident devotion by her beauty.

I left the ball-room at a reasonable hour, and went home and to bed. How long I slept, I know not. But I was awakened by a succession of thundering knocks at my chamber-door.

I hastily rose and threw on my clothes and opened the door. One of my friends, in the Fusilier uniform, stood there.



"For God's sake, Delmar, come with me!" he cried. "Challoner—"

There he broke down and sobbed like a child. My heart seemed to stop beating, and I felt faint and sick. I asked, breathlessly:

"Challoner? Is he in trouble?"

"Dead," said my friend. "Poor Hal! Shot himself—Mariette Hollingsworth, we think. She must have refused him—mockingly, insultingly, perhaps. Poor Hal!"

I followed him out into the cold night, down to his boarding-house, and up to Challoner's room. A dense crowd was gathered there; it parted to let me pass.

Poor Hal! He lay where he had fallen. I knelt down and felt his pulse. Yes, he was dead—quite dead: and there was the spot marking where the bullet had gone in.

When we had done all we could for his body, someone called my attention to a photograph which lay on the table. It had not the Oriental head-dress of the false woman who had led him to ruin, but, in every other respect, it was a startling likeness. And, across the face, Challoner had written, as though with his last half-crazed effort, "Jael."

Early the next morning, I called on Miss Hollingsworth. My card was carried up, and, with scarcely a moment's delay, she stood before me. Never had she appeared more regal. Her long loose morning-robe set off her fine figure to advantage. Her face was strangely pale, but it was sternly calm. There were dark circles under her eyes, and I noticed a peculiar compression of her lips: but over all was that deep strange calm.

"Ah, Mr. Delmar," she said, in her rich deep tone, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

She held out her hand.

But I drew back, saying sternly:

"Madam, I do not care to touch the hand of a murderer."

She started violently and looked me in the face.

"You are tragic," she said. "Pray, what have I done to merit this salutation?"

"A murderess you are, madam," said I, "just as surely as though your hand had pulled the

trigger. Harold Challoner is dead—died by his own hand. He loved you—that you cannot deny—loved you, and you led him on until the last; then you scorned him, and he—died."

For a moment, a shivering horror seemed to seize upon her, and she covered her face with her hands. It was only for an instant; then she lifted her face, and I saw before me the pictured Jael. Yes, just such an expression was hers—that dumb shadow of remorse, the horror—but, over all, the look of avenging fate.

"Am I a murderess?" she exclaimed, in a deep, almost hollow, tone. "Then has he reaped nothing but the reward of his deeds. You men are strange creatures, Mr. Delmar. You play with women's hearts as though they were trifles; you revenge yourselves for one woman's perfidy on a thousand innocent women; but, when we too take the lash of justice in our hands, you cry: 'Out upon your womanhood!'"

"You loved him?" she said, after a pause. "Aye, but I loved too; it was only a girl, you know; but she was mine, and I loved her. Oh, how often, on my knees, I wrestled with heaven for her happiness! But it was in vain. He broke her heart." Her voice ended in a choking sob. "My one ewe-lamb is lost to me forever: and, to avenge her—and I am not ashamed of it—I played this man false."

Her words shook me, in spite of myself. A great horror took hold of me.

"And now," she cried, with a sudden passionate flame lighting up her eyes, "now, as I have lavished the intensest passion of a woman's soul to avenge one wrong, I will devote all that remains of life, with all of hope, of ambition, of pleasure, to the expiation of that act. Henceforth, no man shall lay his ruin at my door."

She lifted her hands toward heaven, as if in invocation. And thus I left her.

So far as I know, Mariette Hollingsworth has kept her word. She went away, and, from that day to this, I have never seen or heard of her. I burned the photograph of her beautiful face: but there hangs on my wall the pictured Jael, as a lasting warning to those who trifle with a woman's affection or trust a woman's smile.

A PRESENTIMENT.

BY ELLEN BURGESS.

THEY kissed; the moon was o'er them,
The roses all in bloom.
A sea-mist swept before them;
She shuddered: "'Tis a doom!"

VOL. XCI.—18.

Before that moon was over,
She wept alone. Alas!
The sea had wrecked her lover—
The doom had come to pass!

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A TRANSPLANTED ROSE."

CHAPTER I.

It is no light advantage, to a man, to have been educated by a cultivated father.

George Eliot has given us the poetry and the nobility of the position, in her story of *Romola*.

And, great as is that picture, undeniable the advantage, we must read in that history, as we shall surely do in lesser ones, this truth: it does not always bring happiness to the educated daughter.

For she will have unusual good-fortune, if her husband can be to her, in after-days, all that her father was.

But, in her sweet secluded happy youth, Effie Primrose thought of none of these things. Professor Primrose held his secure place in a rural university—some people were depraved enough to call it a one-horse college. Perhaps it had not as many rampant coursers to carry it along as had Harvard or Yale. But still, little Bartram held its own, and, in its way, turned out a scholar or two every year, one who was heard of afterward; and each one thought, as he went on and upward, that Professor Primrose had given him the right hand of help at exactly the moment when he most needed it.

I am free to say that this is not a reputation to be despised. Perhaps it is not the highest or the most admirable—to have merely helped other men to reach the heights—but still very well for a man who found in himself none of that restless ambition which makes the statesman, the soldier, or the scientist rush to the front. The patient scholar liked his work; he liked his pleasant old-fashioned house, with the elm-trees in front; he liked his library and his books; and he loved his daughter. She was the core of the whole thing.

He did not believe in co-education of the sexes. Effie had no masculine bringing-up. He put his own bucket down into the well of learning deep enough, but he took only a small cupful to give her to drink. Thus, he did not strain her mind, or give it too much work to do. He cultivated her. He did not plough, rake, harrow her mind, that it should be made to answer back with a prodigious crop of oats. He believed that her mind differed from those of his big boys, as her body did. They could play football, and she could not; they could bolt

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more Latin and Greek and mathematics than she could, he supposed. But then, Professor Primrose was old-fashioned, and belonged to a one-horse fresh-water college.

He was no Puritan, however; but liked to give his little girl an outing, to go to the rather innocent parties which occurred at commencement-time, and occasionally he took a trip to the great cities, and to Newport he went conscientiously every summer. He and Effie always had the air of blinking a little, as they went to the gay entertainments to which they were asked, like animals who have been brought up in the dark and are suddenly introduced to the sun. But Effie always remembered with pride how the most fashionable women greeted her father, and seemed so honored and pleased when he came up at the polo and spoke to them. They did not care much for her, she found out; but that did not trouble her. She had a great deal to think of, and "herself" had not yet become a prominent person to her. That is a very happy moment in a woman's life, when she is old enough to enjoy, and before she has begun to feel. Unluckily, it is as brief as the dew on the rose, or the bloom on the grape.

It seemed to Effie, perhaps, longer than to most girls, for she was not of the order of the gay beauties. It was a quiet cheerful face, a figure neither large nor diminutive—just the ideal woman, her father thought. Fine teeth, and good clear dark eyes, no particular brilliancy of hair or complexion, only a well-shaped head, and that kind of look which, for want of a better word, one calls lady-like. She seemed to be of the fortunate shape, and the fortunate color, and the fortunate size, which can always be fitted at a ready-made shop, and to whom the fates are usually lenient—the rank and file of humanity, those who garner in the most lasting, if not most beautiful, sheaves.

This neutrality of tint was, however, not the fashion at Bartram. There were brilliant red and white beauties, a whole colony of black-eyed flashing gypsies, who grew up under those proper-looking elms, nobody knew why. Italy seemed to have colonized in New England, for the nonce, or had Arles come over—Arles, with its dark-eyed Provencal beauties? So distinguished were these Bartram beauties, that no senior class left

with whole hearts. "I knew you married a Bartram girl," would be said to many a wise judge and successful lawyer, in after-years, as he introduced his handsome wife to an old college-friend.

Perhaps going about with her more showy friends had not been without its effect on Effie. She got to underrate herself, and to think herself a very brown wren indeed. It did not make her morbid, but it perhaps laid her open to the dangerous and insidious power of flattery. For, when a woman considers herself unattractive, he is a very fortunate man who first tells her that she is fair to him.

There came to Bartram, when Effie was about eighteen, a man who was destined to leave a life-long memory behind him. Ernest Richards was of the facile-princeps kind, and of the handsome stylish first-man stroke-oar kind. Every class has a specimen. He became engaged, in his junior year, to Effie's friend, Sally Lord, the very greatest beauty in all Bartram; and everyone said, how exceedingly appropriate.

Effie saw a great deal of them both, and was intensely interested in the engagement. Perhaps for the first time in their lives, she and her father discussed character on that occasion.

"I never have liked Ernest Richards," the professor said. "There is a bad look in his left eye."

"Oh, papa," said Effie, "you must be getting the dyspepsia again."

"I am very sorry for Sally Lord," said he.

"She is not sorry for herself," said Effie.

"No: you women are the slaves, the victims, of your affection," said the professor, his face taking on a look which even Effie had never seen there before. "Handsome specious men: men with a trick of the eye and of the voice: men with that sunny sudden smile. I dread them! I have had reason—"

He stopped; his habitual calm came back, and he began pacing up and down the room. It was an epoch in Effie's existence—it opened a door. As we go on in life, we are all like the second calendar—wanting an eye; we are always opening doors. The professor walked off to his duty, and Effie sat alone for an hour.

She began to think, but nothing came of it; and, before she could resume the thread of her disturbed recollection, a carriage drew up to the door, and she heard sounds of a person alighting, trunks being taken off—in fact, she knew what had happened. The only discordant element in her calm life was entering it again.

Aunt Kitty Manners had arrived! Aunt Kitty Manners, her father's sister, of whom she was properly afraid; Aunt Kitty, very rich, very

sour, very authoritative; Aunt Kitty, who ruffled her serene housekeeping, scolded her about her gowns, and called her dowdy; Aunt Kitty, who told her beloved father that he did not make enough of himself; Aunt Kitty, who always trod on the tail of the Persian cat.

But there was nothing to be done about it. She always came at "commencement," and generally endowed a reading-room or a dormitory, so Aunt Kitty Manners was very popular with the faculty, and usually was taken in to dinner by the president himself.

Effie ran down through the elm avenue with what face she could muster to greet her relative. She pulled her neat white gown and blue ribbon into shape as she ran, with a faint hope of escaping criticism. Corbin West, an illustrious senior, was passing, and thought she looked very sweet, a delicate girlish figure; but, as he was walking away, his blood boiled to hear her aunt say:

"How do you do, my dear? Oh, what a guy you are, in that gown! No bustle? No, absolutely none! And blue, of all colors in the world, when red is absolutely the color, this summer. And such a cut! Well, fortunately, I have brought you a red foulard, with a yellow kangaroo-pouch in front, and a high pointed hat with poppies, for commencement, else you would not be fit to be seen. My brother does neglect you so. For a motherless girl, it is too bad. If you hadn't me, I don't know where you would be. Here, Hester: see to the trunks. Don't let my bonnet-box be upset. Anybody here to carry them upstairs? I dare say not."

"Oh, yes, aunt: here is Abram. And how do you do? Don't mind my gown, but come in out of the heat."

"Yes, you may well say 'heat.' I dare say I am frowzy. Yes, no doubt, coming' all this way to see my relatives, in this weather. No one but me would do it. Where's your father? Toiling and moiling over in that hot lecture-room, no doubt, when men who get twice his salary never do anything. Why, at Columbia College, now—"

"Here we are comfortably inside," said Effie, leading her disturbed relative along; "and papa will soon be home to tea, so you shall go up and have some hot water, while I go in and see what we can knock together to give you a good meal; for you must be hungry."

Effie transferred the remainder of the "Jeremiad" to Hester, and sent up the hot water by her neat little maid, while she descended to her cool kitchen to propitiate Mrs. Lynch, the cook and factotum, who, like most New England factotums,

needed propitiating, especially when Aunt Kitty Manners arrived.

Effie was also dreadfully afraid of Mrs. Lynch; and she had reason, for that independent person had a temper of her own, and always threatened to leave just before the commencement-dinner.

When the professor came home, he found Aunt Kitty Manners in a very stylish cap, fanning herself in the sweet rose-scented front-parlor, while the odor of a very comfortable and savory tea, as the last meal of the day is called in the New England country-towns, was penetrating the more subtle and refined essence of the flower-vases.

The professor was hungry and tired, and he did not object to the grosser element.

"How do you do, sister?" said he, bending over and kissing the wavy outline of Mrs. Manners's false front.

It was a tribute to its genuineness which touched her, and she greeted him cordially, and, for a moment, without a reproach.

"Excellent cream and very sweet bread," said Mrs. Manners, after discussing a mutton-chop and some lobster-salad, several pieces of toast, a few muffins, and a plate of strawberries.

Mrs. Lynch had outdone herself, and Effie smiled at her father. They were quite safe, for that evening, she hoped and thought.

"Your tea is miserable; it has a greenish flavor," said Mrs. Manners, feeling that she had been too suddenly propitious. "But the rest of the meal is good. And I ordered you a chest of tea, just before I left New York. Park & Tilford will send it up to-morrow. Now, I want to see your first boy—I want to see Ernest Richards. Effie, if you had had half a head on your shoulders, you would have caught him. He is the man, I hear, that is to bring Bartram up to a level with the other inland colleges. I knew his father. I should not wonder if I gave him a traveling-scholarship."

"Oh, sister, do not talk such nonsense," said the professor, a worm who could turn when trodden on. "How little you apprehend what a traveling-scholarship means."

"Hoity-toity, Anthony," said Mrs. Manners, prepared to give tongue.

But Effie's quick ear had detected two pairs of feet on the gravel. "Listen, aunty—here he comes, with his fiancée, Miss Lord. And here—let me pin this white rose in your dress: it exactly suits your beautiful fall of lace."

Ah, little peacemaker, how sweet and how honorable your effort! Will it be rewarded with the noble promise, and shall you inherit the earth?

If ever poor Effie had thoroughly admired the fiancé of her friend, the all-conquering Ernest Richards, it was on that particular evening, as he immediately deserted Sally Lord and herself and devoted himself to the severe Aunt Kitty Manners, who never permitted a rival near the throne. And how full of tact and deference he was to her father—not seeing, or pretending not to see, the coolness in his professorial air. And how prettily he relapsed into Italian, as Count Correnti, the banished republican, who professed the Tuscan accent at Bartram, came into the room. And how patiently he bore the evident flirtation which now began to go on between Corbin West and Sally Lord; for Corbin West had followed the Italian professor, and had also, perhaps, preceded his clever classmate in the volatile affection of the handsome Bartram bello.

Little Effie, honorable in all things, pure and simple in her outlines, loved her friend and her friend's friend. Nothing disturbed that generous nature so much as to see either of them unworthy of the other. She was pained to see Sally flirt, particularly as Ernest Richards was behaving so very well. Yes, she caught the rounded outline of an Italian sentence, as it fell from his lips; and, an excellent scholar herself, she admired its perfection.

But the Count Correnti preferred talking to her, very much, to talking to Ernest, and Effie was soon measuring out her own "Toscana." Judging from his pleased smile, she spoke the language of Tasso well enough to console an exile.

The rose-scented parlor of Professor Primrose began to be unpleasantly warm, as the president dropped in, and then the professor of mathematics and Mr. Scott, the gentleman who conducted the finances of Bartram—all wishing to pay their respect to Mrs. Manners.

So Effie led her young forces out to the lawn-tennis, through one of the long open French windows, on the lawn, which lay cool in the moonlight. The net was up metaphorically, for no one wished to play; but it was nothing to the invisible net which was wrapping them all about.

Sally Lord was rather officiously walking off with Corbin West, and Effie found herself alone in the moonlight with Ernest Richards. She felt very sorry for him, and gave his arm a little pressure.

"She does not mean it," said she.

She was indulging in a fond dramatic dream of first-love. She was thinking how poor would seem, to Ernest Richards, all the triumph of his commencement, to come out at the head of his

class, if the woman he loved trifled with him, even for a moment—Corbin West, too, the possible rival in every respect. She looked up at him in a consoling way. To her astonishment, Richards was looking down at her with an expression which she had never seen on his face before: it was of the most intense burning admiration.

"I was not thinking of Sally—I was thinking how charmingly becoming your dress is, to-night, Miss Effie, and of what your aunt has been telling me, of her intention to take you to Europe. I, for one, shall not be ashamed of my fair countrywoman."

Great heaven, what a shock! Effie felt that the world was opening under her feet. An unpleasant feeling, almost of insult, covered her fair face with a most painful blush.

And then, as if to open a road of escape, she saw Sally looking back at them through a pale moonlit avenue under the trees. She hoped that she had seen neither her face nor that of Ernest; but, remembering a novel she had just been reading, she thought to herself:

"He is trying to make her jealous: they are both playing the same game. How unworthy of them!"

She dropped the young man's arm and ran forward a few steps, picking a rose as she went on.

It was a woman's refuge, from herself and from him.

"Take me to Europe, did you say?" said she.

"Yes. Mrs. Manners says you and your father will go to Europe with her, for I don't know how long."

"I have not been consulted," said Effie.

CHAPTER II.

THE cloisters of Bartram, like those of Oxford and all other universities for the training of the superior sex, gladly opened themselves, at commencement, for the gay flutterers of ribbons. Fashionable mammas came up to see their sons graduate, as the term goes in America. They call it "commemoration" at Oxford; but the principle remains the same.

And the Bartram girls met this yearly influx of fashion as the amazons defied the Lapithæ. They might be a little behindhand as to bonnets, but not much. A certain "chic," perhaps, was wanting, which those New York girls were so rich in; but they were quite content with the fact of glowing cheeks and brilliant eyes. They fell back behind the ramparts of their beauty, quite satisfied that they would not be left un-

stormed. Perhaps there was a great glory to these warriors in one species of defeat.

*"Château qui parle,
Femme qui écoute
Va se rendre."*

And it must be acknowledged that the Bartram amazon had listened—yes, on many a moonlight evening, the Bartram warrior had parleyed with her foe. The parties, the president's reception, the ball given by the graduating-class—all preceded the exercises of the last day.

Ernest Richards took the oration, and his theme was Lord Bacon. It was a masterly, but not a pleasant, oration. "How should he know so much of guile?" whispered the president to Professor Primrose.

The professor merely lifted his fine eyebrows, as the boy went on dissecting that twisted and that disappointing character.

Then, having finished, flushed with applause and victory, the first man in his class, in that hour of triumph which has no equal in after-life, he turned to the audience, and made a happy and impromptu speech, praising everybody, loving everybody, full of the rhetoric and the overflow of youth, full of

"The true, the bluish Hippocrene."

As he made it, he looked—not at Sally, but at Effie. He saluted her last, with glistening eyes, and, bowing, descended from the stadium.

Corbin West, the poet of the class, was next in order. This, the most agreeable of the college honors, was full of point and wit, and interrupted by frequent applause. He, too, with some telling lines, sang of the beauties of Bartram, and, passing all others by, looked at Effie.

By this time, her cheeks were burning and her eyes full of light. She could not comprehend what had happened. Those who looked at her beheld the spell of enchantment that falls on a plain woman once or twice in her life. She was beautiful, for an hour. Was it ever to come again? Or was it but the wing of an angel which touched her in passing?

To her shame and distress and confusion, she could not forget the scene in her own cool garden, when Ernest Richards had looked, if he had not spoken, love. It came back, and back, and back. It would not be banished. She dreamed of it, and mused over it, that sudden recognition of eye and lip, that blaze of meaning in the superb black eyes which did not belong to her.

Had any lover thus falsified his trust, and looked at any other woman? Had Abelard such looks for any but Heloise? Had Romeo looked at other than Juliet? Did Tasso smile on some

Corinna, and thus falsify his love for Leonora? The sense of shame was uppermost, too. Had her little cordial touch on his arm been misapprehended? No, she was woman enough to know that he, who had thus looked, had loved, and had meant that she should know it.

She was not astonished when Corbin West looked at her, as he read his poem. She knew that he liked her, and she expected a modest little tribute. Poor Corbin! She did not remember or trouble herself about that much.

But Ernest's look came back. She could not forget it. It was like a burning coal of fire. It had seared her brain.

Of course, if he had been so wrong, so dreadful, so inconstant, she must be the one to show him the path of rectitude. She would treat him with scorn, coldness, and, if necessary, speak to him with all the tenderness of Ariadne, but with all the firmness of Diana. Many were the innocent and the pretty little formulas which flitted through her brain.

Do these prepared speeches ever come to anything? Was one of them ever delivered? Is the heart or the tongue ever responsive at the right moment? How well we think we shall behave, and how badly we do behave, when the supreme moment arrives.

She expected to meet Ernest, for two or three days, but did not. She only met Sally, very triumphant, who said he had left town immediately after commencement. A dull thud of disappointment followed this announcement. If she could only have told him how wrong he was, she would have felt less guilty; and as for Sally, how could she go on allowing Sally to call her friend, after this had happened? Did Sally suspect? No. Sally was as full of hope and animal spirits as ever. Poor little Effie! She had yet to learn that a woman has many such a treachery to hide—many a smile, and perhaps sometimes a word, sometimes many words.

Meantime, all this was her own secret. It had escaped the notice of her father and her aunt. Neither of them had seen any agitation or any trouble written on her brow. They had not been looking at either orator or poet when those "glances had betrayed them." Mrs. Manners was fanning herself, at the time, and thinking how very hot it was, and, after all, was she not a fool to come up to these stupid commencements, merely to get a little flattery for giving away some of her money? Should she do it again? Just then, her eye fell on a very pretty woman, who was—can we write it?—looking at the professor, and absolutely nodding and smiling. Yes, it was that horrible Mrs. Brisler—Mrs.

Brisler, the "bête noir" of Mrs. Manners, the shocking daughter of that dreadful Professor Mains, who had behaved so, and who had married, and got herself out of the way for a moment, but who was now so absolutely depraved as to be a widow, and so notoriously known to be looking out for Professor Primrose.

It grew very warm for Mrs. Manners, as she remembered how lenient the professor had always been to Mrs. Brisler, how he had argued that she was more sinned against than sinning, etc., etc., and all that nonsense. Mrs. Brisler belonged to Bartram, as some curious woman does belong to all establishments, either of religion or learning. As Anthony Trollope says, the "dean and chapter and Mrs. Brown." So it was the president, the professors, the students, the dean, the bursar, and Mrs. Brisler, at Bartram. No one knew how or why, but she was a part of the education there.

And a very pretty woman. Whichever way she turned, Mrs. Brisler revealed a new prettiness. Now it was her profile, now it was her well-opened blue eyes, now it was her smile, and again it was her figure, now it was her eyelash, and then it was the back of her head. If she was pensive, which she seldom was, Mrs. Brisler was not so very pretty; but, if she dimpled all over with smiles, and encouragement, and cheerfulness, she was dangerously pretty still.

Effie was sitting alone in her neat little dimity bed-room, when her Aunt Kitty tapped and walked in, two or three days after these exciting events had occurred. She was trying not to think of Ernest and that strange expression; and the more she tried, the more she thought of him.

Mrs. Manners sat down opposite to her, and remarked, encouragingly:

"Effie, don't sit maundering here. Be up and doing. Rouse yourself. You are as stupid as an owl, and as blind as a bat. Listen to me. That woman is going to marry your father."

"What woman? Not Mrs. Lynch?" said Effie, like a child in the nightmare. She saw Mrs. Lynch cutting asparagus in the garden, at the moment.

"Now, Effie, don't be insulting. No Primrose ever married his cook, though, for general honesty and good character, Betsy Lynch is worth ten of her. No; that woman, Brisler, I think they call her."

"Oh, that very pretty Mrs. Brisler?" said Effie, rather warming at the thought. "Oh, she is too young. Why, she might be papa's daughter. She never could look at papa. Why, people even said that Ernest Richards liked her, before he—fell in love with Sally. Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! and no 'Oh, no!' about it. That woman means to marry my brother, and she shall not do it, Effie. I am going to take you both off to Europe. For a year, at least. You must help me save your father."

"I don't believe he can leave the college," said Effie.

"And you would tamely sit here and see him married by that—woman, would you? Look there, Effie—look out of the window! He is absolutely walking up the street with her, I do believe. Oh, can I live through this? He is bringing her home to tea!"

"Oh, yes," said Effie, calmly, "he always used to bring her home to tea. He has the care of her money, and she likes to consult him. They often used to talk all the evening about stocks and things, while I was learning my Virgil. She is very clever at business, he says. I must run down and look at the table."

Effie met the offending mother—that-might-be with a very bright smile, and kissed her warmly. She even called her Cora, and took off her bonnet for her.

Aunt Kitty Manners was leaning over the balustrade, and nearly fell over, with her rage at this demonstration.

"A pair of fools," said she; "but it shall not succeed. No, not if I live—if I am Kitty Manners, and I think I am."

That evening, after her papa had taken Mrs. Brisler home, Effie heard her aunt's door shut for the night, and, putting out her candle, she sat looking forth at the silent trees and flowers.

Her beloved father! How little she had seen of him for the last month! How interrupted that serene and constant intercourse had been! Was he going to marry again? She thought of her mother. Her mother! She had never known about her mother, except that she died many years ago, and her nurse said she must never speak of her mother to her father, as it made him sad.

Somehow there came back her father's expression, and in connection with Ernest Richards, too. How everything seemed to centre about him! What had he said?

"You women are the slaves, the victims, of your affection. Handsome specious men: men with a trick of the eye and of the voice: men with that sudden sunny smile. I dread them! I have had reason—" It came back to her as if he were speaking. What did it mean? Had it any possible reference to himself? Oh, no, that could not be.

Suddenly, she heard his steps on the gravel-walk. She would go down and see him.

"Dear papa, you're home at last!" said she, extending her white hands to him through the darkness.

"What, little daughter, up at this late hour? Come in, and let us have a talk."

They were very intimate, these two. They sat, Effie in her father's lap, her arms around his neck, talking in their old familiar way, about a thousand little nothings, how the president's spectacles had fallen off into the punch-bowl, and then about Aunt Kitty and her proposal to take them to Europe.

"Shall we go, papa?" asked Effie.

"Well, Effie, I think it is the best way of silencing Aunt Kitty—perhaps. We will go for six months, and come home in three. You would like to go?"

She put her head down on his shoulder, and burst into tears.

"Why, Effie, what does this mean? Why do you weep? Tired out—annoyed at Aunt Kitty? We will not go, dear Effie. We will stay here, as we have always done."

Effie sobbed her little ten minutes out on her father's shoulder. Then she raised herself and looked at him, in the dim moonlighted room.

"Father," said she, "tell me about my mother. Why do we never talk of her?"

The professor put her out of his arms, suddenly rose, and looked at her a moment; then, in a voice totally unlike his own, he said:

"Effie, you must never speak to me of your mother."

CHAPTER III.

THE prosperous landlord of the Hotel de l'Europe, at the Lake Onefrio, looked out on the glassy surface of that smooth Italian water, and cursed it in his heart. What had that unoffending water done to him, that he, Rafael Gozzadini, of Rome, whilom Italian courier, admirable cook, successful landlord, should anathematize it?

Yes, what was the cause of his rage? Simply that a large party of "Americanos," known to be rolling in wealth, careless of "les bougies," wanting the best "voiture de remise," demanding the "piano nobile," had gone over to the other house—to his rival in all trades—Cesare!

Rafael thought as he talked, in a fine Roman mosaic of all languages. He was a married man, having espoused, from reason, and not for love, "en second nocces," Mathers, the English maid, who had served the "famille Inglis" with whom he "traveled long." It was during that period of double servitude for Rafael that he had learned to forget the wild passion of his youth—his beautiful Maddalena, who "went" for an artist's-

model, and led him a dance, but who, poor thing, inconsistently died of the cholera, just as she had given him a little son, whom he loved but had no time to take care of. Rafael gave her decent sepulture and returned to the road. He could not afford to bestow much time on the exercise of grief. He could not let feeling interfere with business. He learned that Mathers had money laid by, even more than he had. She too was growing tired of traveling, and, on meeting with her two or three times at long intervals, he finally offered himself, in the second-class carriage, again and again promising to be "stiddy" and to keep a hotel. Somewhat scornfully, Mathers had accepted him. But sentiment, with love, hate, vengeance, and despair, had been left outside. It was her peculiarity to hide her emotions, if she had any. And now, as her lord grew furious, she grew cool. With a stony British stare from an eye whose refrigerating power gave Rafael the ague, she received him in his wrath, in a cool cell behind the office-desk, where, as Madame Gozzadini to the rest of the world, but always Mathers to him, she kept the books with marvelous exactitude, and from that elevation ruled her spouse.

"What is it now?" she asked.

"Cesare has got them all, all the rich Americanos," said he, throwing his arms in the air.

"Go down," said his practical wife, "and attend to the *choux fleurs au Parmesan* and the *filet de bœuf Beaumaire*. Your Neapolitan is a fool. I have two letters—a French family and two English come to-night."

Mathers knew that, whatever else Rafael pretended to be, he was primarily a cook. Had fate made him king, emperor, pope, senator, or warrior, his heart would have been still in his saucepans. And a greater cook than Rafael did not live. What his immortal namesake had been to the frescoes of the Vatican, that was Rafael to the "*choux fleurs au Parmesan*."

She had touched the chord, but the great harp of Rafael's emotions still required a little tuning. So he answered her angrily:

"The French are mean, stingy. So your Inglis, they count *les bougies*. Steffano"—the Neapolitan—"can cook well enough for them."

"So you would send more custom over to Cesare, would you?" asked madame, turning the icy eyes full on her fiery husband.

"I will go see to the *choux fleurs*," said Rafael, shivering as he brought his little brown face into some semblance of composure. He was like the retired tallow-chandler: he liked to go back, on melting-days, although it was beneath his dignity, as landlord, to do the cooking himself.

"Here some letters Inglis," said he, taking several from his pockets, and giving them to Mathers, who attended to his correspondence.

She was diligently arranging her books, reading and answering the letters, grateful that she had gotten rid of Rafael. Indeed, she had married him to get rid of him, rightly estimating what a slavery marriage would be to the flighty, irresponsible, passionate little man; and forgetting, as even the coldest Mathers often does, that there is no such impossible creature to manage as a fool. All at once, she heard his voice close to her ear.

"Mathers," he said.

"Well, well! What? There, you have spoiled my addition. Indeed, to-day, Rafael, you are too much of a trial; really, you are!"

"Mathers," said he, smoothing down his cook's-apron with one hand, "what do I know about the *famille Primrose*?"

"How should I know what you know, Rafael?"

"Did you once serve *famille Inglis* of that name, Mathers?"

"No," said she, rather curtly, looking down into her ledger carefully.

"There is great *famille Inglis* of that name: is it, Mathers—Lord Rosebury's?"

"Oh, yes," said she. "They were often in Rome. Perhaps you have traveled with some of them."

"No, no, no, no, no! I never forgets the *familles*, but I could not think why I think so. I am forgetting my memory! 'Tis the name of the Americanos. An old lady, a gentleman, a young lady, an Italian gentleman, Count Correnti, a maid; and all at Cesare's, across the lake, and I read '*Primrose*' on the trunks. It make me think I know something! Well, I go to the *choux fleurs*."

It was fortunate for Mathers that Rafael remembered the great art, for her lips were trembling, her face white, as he retreated.

There were certain ledgers and account-books which Mathers kept locked from her lord. She had been inestimable as an Abigail, because she could hold her tongue; and, as it often comes to such close-lipped people, many a tragic secret was buried deep in her icy bosom.

She looked carefully around the office and found that she was alone. Then, taking a little key from her watch-chain, she unlocked a drawer, and, fumbling amongst a few old books, she took out a small and shabby diary. Looking over its pages, she noted a few dates and entries, put the paper thus written on in her pocket-book, locked the drawer, and again devoted herself to her correspondence.

Presently the great bell began to ring. The "familles Inglis" and the "famille Française" had arrived, and madame went forth to receive them with excellent composure.

Three hours later, after the table d'hôte was over, and Rafael slept, on the back veranda, the innocent sleep of exhausted culinary effort combined with "une petite verre cognac," Mathers, in a neat and unobtrusive costume, took a boat, crossed the lake, ascended to the rival house of Cesare, and, under pretense of calling on her old friend, Madame Antonelli, looked at the book of arrivals, and carried home with her a paper, on which was written: "Mrs. Kitty Manners, Anthony Primrose, Miss Effie Primrose, the Count Correnti—America."

The two little papers rustled in her prim pocket, as she recrossed the silver lake.

"It is a great secret!" said she. "It is worth ten thousand pounds."

Little did Rafael Gozzadini know of the agitation which ruffled the composure of Mathers. But, to his horror and astonishment, he found, next day, that she had made two mistakes in her addition, and that she was showing a disposition to gad, for she told him that she must go to Como, the day after to-morrow, to see her doctor, who alone knew how to relieve her bronchitis, a chronic complaint with Mathers.

He endeavored to remonstrate, but she simply looked at him: a look so chilling that he was forced—for Italians dread a draught—to go to his kitchen, shut all the doors, and compose a "panathee tortue au currie" so hot that it took all the skin off the roofs of the mouths of the "familie Inglis" who partook of it at dinner.

Rafael Gozzadini, however, was not to be entirely left to his pots and pans. He was to have another distraction; nor, indeed, was he to be deserted wholly by the "familles Americanos."

While Mathers was at Como, there drove up one such very beautiful "dame Americaine" that the brown eyes of Rafael danced in his

head. She came alone; that is, with her *femme de chambre*. She wanted the "piano nobile." She was evidently "tres riche, tres distingué," said Rafael to himself.

And he admired the pretty foot, the brilliant and lovely complexion, and the grand figure, the fine eyes, and the quiet air of command of this lady. Rafael had an eye for beauty, and—voilà! she appealed immediately to his Italian love of intrigue and mystery: for, sending for him, she sent the *femme de chambre* out of the parlor, and said to him in a rather melodramatic voice:

"Are you a person of discretion?"

He answered in decided affirmatives, in three languages. She nodded her head, and, looking across the lake, asked:

"Some Americans there?"

"Yes, madame," said Rafael, his wounds opening. "The familie Primrose."

"You are to go over there for me, and find out Professor Primrose, a tall gentleman with gray hair and whiskers; find him alone, and hand him this letter unobserved. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, madame," said Rafael, bowing to the ground; and he departed, feeling twenty years younger.

"Yes, perfectly. Professor Primrose," he repeated to himself. "Ah, there is some mystery here. Some little affair of the heart. Rafael, it will be for you to make the most of it."

Rafael crossed the lake, and spent the afternoon watching the professor, who sat with his daughter leaning over him, or talking to his sister, or walking with the Count Correnti. He was not a moment alone. But, fortunately for his watchful Macchiavelli, at last he started off to hire a boat.

Then Rafael, lazily following, and keeping him in view, until they were out of sight of the hotel, forthwith came up, and addressed the astonished professor as if he thought the latter a second Don Juan, at the least.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD.

BY EGBERT L. WOODSTOCK.

Sax's plundered all the woodland-dips,
An early springtime rover,
And now she turns and homeward trips,
With basket brimming over.
What sound is that, which makes her stand
With spellbound feet, and lifted hand,
And dewy eyes, and eager ear?
Three muffled words: "A bluebird—bear!"

The path turns June before her feet,
The woods are rustling mazes,
The brown bees suck the clover sweet,
The wild-rose round her blazes.
And from the wheat, now far, now near,
The later bird-songs meet the ear,
All called to life. Oh, how they throng
With summer, at that bluebird's song!

THE 'WAIF.'

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

Lottie had heard every word of the conversation between her mother and grandmother—not because she had been eavesdropping, by any means, but her favorite seat in the fork of the old pear-tree brought her in such close proximity to the window of the sitting-room that she could not help hearing.

"I intend to tell Mary, this afternoon," said her mother, addressing the grandmother—a handsome old lady, arrayed in a shabby black satin, and wearing over her fine gray hair a point-lace cap that had evidently seen better days—"that we can't afford to keep her any longer."

"What! and do the cooking yourself? Have you quite lost your senses?"

"No, mother. But I've been taking an inventory of our affairs, so to speak, this morning, and I find that we are almost on the verge of bankruptcy. We can't afford to pay Mary, consequently I shall tell her to find a home elsewhere."

"Nonsense! She'll get her pay sometime," testily answered the old lady. "Let her take her chances. It's bad enough to have only one servant; but to see you degraded to a common drudge—"

The old lady broke off, appalled by the very idea. She was one of those persons who never get over their pride of caste. Born to great wealth, and worshiped as a reigning beauty, she had not been able to forget, in all her subsequent poverty, her original position. Nor had she ever quite realized her fallen state. Despite her husband having died a bankrupt—ruined by causes beyond his own control, however—despite the fact that her daughter had been left a widow, with only a small pension to live on, she could not understand why they had been compelled to leave New York and seek this cheaper locality in the country, nor why now they had to discharge their only servant. In all other respects but this, she was a model old lady.

What her mother had said was true, as Lottie knew only too well: they were almost on the verge of beggary, only they were too proud, by far, to beg. There was not a drawing of tea nor a morsel of meat in the house.

The child stood in the red glow of the westward-going sun, for awhile, with an earnest puzzled face. If she could only think of something.

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All at once, as she looked out toward the meadow, a bright idea flashed through her brain. Why not gather wild things—daisies and thyme, and other wild-flowers—for the market? People made money by the sale of such things, she knew: she had seen children selling them in the country-town close-by; scarcely a week before, she had seen them selling cat-tails and pine-cones, and the like. And to-morrow would be market-day, and she could get up with the dawn and disguise herself as a beggar-child, and go into the town and sell her flowers, and get home again with money to buy a comfortable breakfast before her grandamma was up. The thought had the force of an inspiration.

"I'll do it," she cried, bringing her dimpled brown hands together. The next moment, she was flying down the hill in the direction of the meadow, with the speed of an antelope.

The day after, a gentleman—a stranger, who had risen early to have a look at the quaint old Virginia market-town—saw a little beggar-girl, as he thought, sitting on the Court-house steps, offering wild-flowers for sale. Her frock was too short for her, and torn and frayed at the edges, leaving her limbs bare to the knees; her long hair fell in disheveled curls from her head; altogether, she was the picture of a "waif." He stopped, full of pity.

"Will you buy some flowers, sir?" the child said, looking up at him with her frank innocent eyes.

"Daisies?" said the gentleman. "I'm fond of daisies. I used to gather lots of them, in England, when I was a boy. It reminds me of home. Yes, I will take all you have there."

"What—all?" said Lottie.

"Yes—take this for them."

He put his hand in his pocket, and drew forth quite a little sum in silver change.

But Lottie shook her head. "Why, that would buy all the daisies in the meadow," she said. "To take it would be to cheat you."

"But you must take it," urged the stranger, "and you can then go home. Otherwise you may have to sit here all day."

So Lottie after awhile consented, and, hurrying home, was there, as she had planned, before her grandmother was up.

Her little scheme had worked so successfully,

that she determined to try her luck on the next market-day again; and so, on Friday afternoon, she set out to gather more wild flowers. She was wondering, in a puzzled way, how it was that all these wild meadow-things, the birds and the blossoms and the toads, grew and thrived, and never lacked for anything, and yet they were not obliged either to toil or spin; while her poor mother worked hard from sun to sun, and yet was often in need of daily bread itself.

Like many others, Lottie found this problem a hard one, and was forced to give it up; and, as the sun hung above the river like a great globe of fire, she turned her face homeward, with her treasure of daisies and wild grasses in her arms. She meant to keep them fresh in the dew, and hurry over to market with the first blush of the dawn.

But, at the entrance of Willow Lane, as Lottie was running along, singing, all of a sudden she heard a man's voice shout: "Hillo!"

She turned, with a little start, not of fear, but of surprise. There, on one side of the road, was the young man who had bought her daisies two days before, but now his handsome face was pale and anxious.

Lottie came to an abrupt standstill.

"What's the matter, sir?" she questioned, going up to him, her eyes full of pity. "Are you ill?"

"No, not ill," he replied, "but my horse took fright just now, and threw me—and I believe my shoulder's out of joint."

Lottie looked at the pale handsome face again.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded, at last.

"I'd like to get shelter for the night, and a physician to attend to my shoulder. I'm a stranger here. Can you tell me where to go? It's a long walk back to the town, and I am hardly up to it."

Lottie reflected a moment.

"Our cottage is near," she said, at last, "and my mother would know just what to do. I live with her and grandma. Yes, come along. I'll manage it."

She led the way, and the other followed.

"Does your shoulder hurt you much?" she asked, pityingly, when they paused for a moment at the stile.

"Pretty badly. But I don't mind. Can you find anyone to send for a doctor?"

"I'll go, myself, as soon as I have turned you over to mother."

"Tell me about your mother," her companion said.

"She's had lots of trouble," answered Lottie, shaking her head sagely.

"What sort of trouble?"

"Oh, my grandfather died first, and everything went, and we were left as poor as church-mice. And then—"

"Well, go on."

"Why, father died too; and then—and then—well, we got poorer and poorer, till we had to leave New York and come here—to 'bury ourselves,' as grandma says."

"But you haven't told me your name," said the other. "To begin with: what was your grandma's?"

"Oh, that was 'Courtenay.' And mamma's is 'Belford'—"

"What?" cried the stranger. "Courtenay, of Courtenay Place, on the Hudson? It must be. Yes, there was an only child—a daughter—and she married a General Belford." He spoke as if thinking aloud.

"Why, you seem to know all about us," interposed Lottie, her big eyes growing larger and larger, as she stared in amazement at him.

"I ought to," was the answer. "My name is Courtenay, also. Have you never heard your grandmother talk of her English relations? Her husband was my grandfather's first-cousin. It is to hunt you all up that I've come over to America. A great estate has fallen to your mother—half to her and half to me, as next heirs. What a lucky coincidence, to discover you in this way! I traced you to New York, and afterward to this part of the country. But then I lost all sign of you, and had started to return to New York, and so to England. I wonder you never saw any of the advertisements for you in the newspapers."

"Oh," cried Lottie, "we never see the newspapers: we are too poor to take them. "But now—now," clapping her hands, "I needn't sell daisies any more." Then, with a sudden look of shame: "But I'm forgetting your shoulder all this time, sir. Here's our cottage, and that's mother coming to the gate; and I'll run right off for Doctor Welles, while you're telling her all about it, and be back in no time."

She kept her word, and ran all the way, and was back in "no time," as she phrased it. And, while the doctor was replacing the dislocated shoulder, she busied herself in putting the daisies in water. "I'll think more of daisies than ever, after this," she said, with a happy little laugh, as she arranged the clusters: "for, if I hadn't gone after them, I might not have met our cousin; and maybe he never would have found us; and none of this would have

happened. Dear me! it just reminds me of a fairy story-book."

It would have reminded the reader of a "story-book" also, if she could have seen Lottie a few years later, when the "waif" had grown up into a beautiful young woman, and was living with her mother, at Courtenay Hall, in England: which belonged to her mother, and would, in due time, belong to herself by-and-bye: living there a great heiress, and courted by everybody. Thither they had gone, immediately after their cousin had discovered them, and there they had remained ever since, "grandma's" last days having been made happy by realizing that she

was "a great lady" again, after all her poverty and other tribulations.

Still more will it seem like a story-book when we say that Lottie is soon to marry her cousin, the "handsome gentleman" whom she found by the wayside, with his shoulder dislocated.

"I have waited for you, all these years," he said to her, the evening he won her bashful confession that his love was returned. "I made up my mind to do it, if I could, the day I saw you first—looking like a pitying angel, as you stood before me after my accident, and I recognized in you the little beggar-girl, as I then thought, the homeless Wair."

SACQUE AND DOLMANETTE.

BY G. INGLIS.

Comes the maiden, tripping lightly, tripping down the wintry street;

Johnny Frost her nose is nipping—nipping, too, her two small feet;

Yet her glowing eyes triumphant and her all-too-conscious back,

Trumpet-tongued, tell out her story: "This is real, this new seal sacque."

Muse of mine, suggest a symbol that may shadow forth her state,

And her dignified demeanor, howe'er dimly, illustrate.

"Will the rough old Roman suit you who on Carthage ruins sat?"

Better still, the dudelet—radiant in his first high silken hat?"

"Polly Perkins, I've got even; stoop your bold and haughty crest.

Yours is not the Simon-Purus—imitation, at the best."

So this dainty maiden's saying, in behind her frost-nipped nose,

And with joy valnglorious tingles to her tips of frost-nipped toes.

Polly Perkins, proudly pretty, sallied forth that winter morn,

Blushing hope and lovelit fancy in her breast anew were born;

For paternal pork-investment had set free her soul from fret,

And, instead of imitation, she'd a real seal dolmanette.

"Could I now meet dear Adolphus," this bewitching little elf,

Glancing shyly at a window, whispers gently to herself,

"I am certain that, from henceforth, he would nevermore at all

Think it worth his while to look at that there horrid Sallie Small."

"Blest if there ain't Polly Perkins, with a real seal dolmanette!

Thinks that now she's sure to catch him—sweet Adolphus Snow—I'll bet."

"Well, I never! Goodness gracious! but there's Sallie Small got back.

Yes, and truly—bother take her—that's a new real sealskirk sacque!"

ANOTHER DAY.

BY JEAN LINTON.

ANOTHER day dawns, cold and gray,

As forth upon the world I look;

The earth, snow-clad, seems pale and sad,

The leafless trees by winds are shook.

Another day to find my way

O'er rugged paths so bleak and drear;

To blindly grope, and vainly hope

That, from my sky, the clouds may clear.

Ah, once I trod a flowery sod,

With hopeful heart so glad and gay;

While, overhead, blue skies were spread,

And sunshine flooded all my way.

But, sad and strange, with sudden change,

My landscape grew a dreary waste:

The sunshine fled, and on my head

The storm-clouds broke in angry haste.

Still dangers throng; the way lies long

Up stony steep, o'er desert-plain.

What lies beyond? Oh, question fond

To which no answer yet I gain!

But this I know: that I must go

Until I reach the destined end;

The light may pale, my vision fail,

But I my way must onward wend.

But, as I toil o'er rocky soil,

With heavy heart and weary feet,

This thought brings cheer, each day I near

The rest that I shall find so sweet.

FAIRLY CORNERED.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I WAS sent to arrest a young man named George Harding, on a charge of having stolen money, bonds, and jewels from the house of Mr. Morton Ward, a rich London banker.

The robbery had taken place on the previous night, and these were the details as Mr. Ward gave them in his evidence: He resided in a villa at Twickenham, and had, that evening, returned home unexpectedly, after an absence of two days. It was late when he arrived; but, feeling no inclination to sleep, as soon as his wife and the servants had retired he went into his study to look over the correspondence which had accumulated since his departure.

A couple of hours passed in the perusal and writing of letters and the examination of some long lists of accounts which had been prepared for his inspection. He was disturbed by a sound as of a door softly closing on the ground-floor.

He listened for an instant, thinking that probably his fancy had deceived him; but a repetition of the noise induced him to rise and go out on the landing, which was always kept lighted the night through.

The house was divided by a wide hall, opening into a back-building, in which the dining-room and library were situated, and near the end of this corridor was a side-door that gave egress into the shrubbery. That door stood slightly ajar. Mr. Ward's first thought was that it had been left so by some careless servant, and that its swinging back and forth was the sound he had heard.

He passed downstairs; but, before he reached the bottom, a man darted out of the library and disappeared through the side-door. As Mr. Ward entered the corridor, a second man came out, with whom he instantly grappled. A brief struggle ensued, and Mr. Ward was knocked down; but he had time clearly to recognize his assailant as George Harding.

When he got on his feet, the robber had vanished, and, by the time the servants were roused by the alarm-bell, both men had so much the start that pursuit was useless.

A small safe which stood in a closet off the library had been opened, and the valuables were gone.

The evidence given by the butler and footman corroborated that of their master. Though

neither of them had seen the burglars, Mr. Ward's torn coat and scratched hands bore witness of the struggle; and, the next morning, the footsteps of the thieves were plainly discernible on the grassplot, and the garden-gate was found unlocked.

The case seemed clear enough, and I was soon in search of Mr. George Harding's whereabouts. He had left London that morning, on his way to Italy; and I caught him at Folkestone, where he had been forced to wait—an accident to the train having caused him to miss the day-boat to Boulogne.

I had learned that he was an artist of considerable talent—well born and connected but poor, and bearing the reputation of having been somewhat extravagant and dissipated: though, of late, he had devoted himself assiduously enough to his profession to give his friends strong hope that he meant to retrieve those youthful errors.

I found him in his room at the hotel, lying on a sofa, smoking a pipe—as handsome strong-built a chap of twentyeight or so as one could wish to see. I had no time to spare, for I wished to get back to town by the next train: so I explained without any circumlocution that he must prepare to accompany me.

When I told him that he must consider himself under arrest, he flamed up like a tiger—actually I thought, for a moment, that he was going to be crazy enough to show fight.

"Better not," said I, slightly rattling the handcuffs I carried in my pocket. "Just take it cool and quiet—that's natural, I know, to a gentleman like you. Only be natural, and we shall get on as easy as possible. I don't want to use these persuaders unless you make it necessary."

He calmed down at once, and began to laugh.

"My good sir," said he, "I have no doubt you are a very keen quick-witted officer; but you've been a little too fast this time, and fallen into an odd blunder."

But I assured him that he was the very person I wanted, and that I must have the pleasure of his company back to London without any delay—peaceably, if that could be managed—but, anyhow, he must go.

He stood and looked me full in the face for a minute, then he asked calmly enough:

"Perhaps you will tell me with what I am charged."

I told him in a few words, and pulled out the warrant; he just gave one long breath and sat down in a chair, as white as a ghost, with the strangest expression on his face that I ever saw; but whether it was rage, horror, or guilt, or a combination of all three feelings, was more than I could decide.

When I reminded him that I was in a hurry, he rose, put on his boots and coat, and locked his portmanteau, all in an orderly enough fashion, but not once opening his mouth, and looking like a man half stunned.

He did not speak a dozen words all the way up to London, and, as I never want to torment anybody, I left him in peace and read my newspaper, wondering a little, between whiles, how a fellow in his position could have walked into a scrape of exactly that sort, and then wondering at myself for being such a donkey, after all my experience, as to be surprised at anything anybody might do, gentle or simple, given inducement or pressure enough.

We reached town in good season. Harding underwent his preliminary examination, was duly identified by Mr. Ward, and safely lodged in prison. His case would come on in a few weeks, and there could be no doubt as to its termination.

There were paragraphs in the papers, of course, but Harding was not of sufficient prominence in his profession to render him a subject of any special interest. Mr. Ward did not appear bitter, but very determined.

Four days went by, and, about eight o'clock on the fourth evening, I was told that a lady wished to see me on business which could not be delayed. I got up from my desk, at which I had been occupied copying out some memoranda, and went into the room where the stranger was seated.

She rose as I entered, and turned her face full toward me. I think I never saw a more lovely countenance, just from its expression of mingled purity and strength.

"This is Mr. Ransom?" she said, inquiringly.

"Yes, madam," I answered, bowing; "you wished to see me on some matter of importance?"

"I am Mrs. Morton Ward," she said, very quietly. "I have been in Glasgow since Tuesday. I only heard this morning of George Harding's arrest."

The banker's wife! If my face expressed half the surprise I felt, it must have been an exceedingly astonished countenance that met hers. Of course, I controlled myself in a second, and, as

she stopped short, either from emotion, or being at a loss just what to say next, I spoke, to give her time.

"Did you wish to see me in reference to him?" I inquired.

"Yes," she replied, slowly; "I came here to tell you that—George Harding is innocent of the charge brought against him—innocent, I say."

I was a good deal taken aback by this emphatic assertion, coming from the source it did, and perhaps the consciousness that I was behaving very differently from my ordinary business-self made my voice a little gruff as I answered:

"Well, ma'am, I hope he will be able to prove that he is; but, I must say, appearances are pretty strong against him."

"I know they are," she said, growing, if possible, even paler than she was before, but speaking with an energy oddly at variance with the almost apathetic calmness of her manner. "Mr. Ransom, a more fiendish plot to ruin an innocent man was never devised by any human being."

I stared at her, wondering for an instant if her brain were a little unsettled. But no: there was no sign of insanity in that face. She might be a woman worked up to a pitch of such desperation that she was reckless of consequence; but she knew well what she was doing, and meant to go through the task she had undertaken.

"A plot?" I repeated. "Admitting that to be so, madam, there could only be one person who devised it—"

"Only one," she interrupted.

"And that—"

"Was Morton Ward," she interrupted again.

A sudden trembling-fit seized her, and for a little she could not speak. There was a jug of water on the table; I poured out some and handed it to her in silence. I knew the threatening hysteria was more likely to pass if I let her alone, and I was not sorry to have a few moments to think over her astounding declaration.

Presently, I looked at her. She had drunk the water, and was leaning back in her chair, as quiet as at first. When she met my eyes, she made a movement of her head to signify that she was able to talk again.

"You meant what you said?" I asked. "You accuse your husband? Mr. Morton Ward is your husband?"

"Yes."

"And you tell me deliberately that his charge against George Harding is a plot—a conspiracy?"

"I do."

"And his motive?"

"Revenge—the cruellest and most cold-blooded that a man ever took," she replied, in a voice which had grown as stern and unflinching as her face. "Mr. Ransom, I must tell you everything."

"Yes, else I can be of no assistance. Don't keep back a single detail, however slight, however difficult to speak of," I said, beginning to be a good deal interested and more puzzled.

"I know how this must sound," she went on; "I know what you must think of a woman who can accuse her husband of such a crime. But what can I do? I cannot, I dare not, leave an innocent man to suffer, if anything in my power can help him."

"You can just do, madam, what is always best under all circumstances," said I; "that is, tell the whole truth—the consequence of doing that is in no human being's hands."

She sat still for a little, then said abruptly:

"I was once engaged to George Harding. He was poor, and my family never rested until they separated us. I know, for awhile after that, he was somewhat dissipated, but never so much so as they are saying now. Two years ago, I was persuaded to marry Mr. Ward. I suppose all this sounds irrelevant; but I had to tell it, to make the rest of my story clear."

"Tell it in your own way, madam," I said, knowing from experience this was the only hope of getting a clear straightforward account as to any knowledge she might possess in regard to the robbery.

"I never saw Mr. Harding, after my marriage, until a few weeks ago," she continued. "He had been in Italy, and only returned to attend to some business. We met here in London, by accident; but Mr. Ward was very angry."

"You told him you had met Harding?"

"I meant to do so—indeed, I did—but he heard of it before I had an opportunity to tell him."

"He was angry?"

"He never is—at least, he never shows it," she replied. "He only told me this: if I ever exchanged another word with George Harding, he would make us both repent it so bitterly that we would wish we were dead."

"And did you—I mean, you disobeyed him?"

"Yes," she answered, very quietly. "Last week, Harding came down to Twickenham; he met me when I was out walking. I feel sure now that Mr. Ward was informed of it, though I had no suspicion then."

"Did you see Mr. Harding after that?"

"Yes. I got a note from him, begging for one

last interview before he went back to Italy. It was wrong of me, if you will; but I consented."

"Well?" I asked, as she paused.

"This was on Sunday. Mr. Ward had gone to Edinboro the night before—called away, he said, by sudden business. I was engaged on Sunday evening—my sister-in-law was to be at the house. I wrote to Harding to come on Monday night: I would meet him at the back-gate which leads into the shrubbery."

She stopped again, but evidently neither from confusion nor shame—her features never altered—her voice did not falter. "It was no silly romance, no wrong feeling, Mr. Ransom, which caused me to do this," she said, presently. "I knew that George was poor—tormented by old debts: it was in my power to put him straight with the world; I wanted to ask it as a right, because—I had loved him."

"Ah!" I said, involuntarily.

"Not with Mr. Ward's money," she hurried on; "neither he nor I would have stooped to that, to save my soul or his! But I have a few thousand pounds—they were given me six months ago by a cousin, when he was dying—given in bank-notes, so nobody knew anything about the matter."

"I understand," I said. "Well, Harding came into the garden on Monday evening?"

"Yes—we were there for over an hour; he would not let me help him," she said; and even now, woman-like, she stopped to sigh over her disappointment.

"You saw him out—and shut the gate after him?"

"I could swear I locked it, though the servants found it unlocked in the morning," she replied.

"Was Mr. Ward at home when you got back to the house?"

"I met him in the garden-walk, Mr. Ransom."

"Had he seen Harding?"

"He did not say so; he greeted me as usual; said he had returned unexpectedly a little while before, and just added: 'You walk late!' His voice frightened me then, but in a moment he was smiling and pleasant."

"What happened after that?"

"He bade me good-night, and I went to my room. I had fallen asleep, and was awakened by the ringing of the bell; the servants were downstairs when I went into the library; Mr. Ward only told me that the safe had been robbed by burglars."

"Then he did not mention Harding?"

"Oh, no—and I never thought—not once!"

she said. "It had been settled, days before, that I was to start on Tuesday morning, for Glasgow, with my sister-in-law. We did start. I knew nothing of what had occurred till I read it yesterday in a newspaper. I took the first train back."

Her voice had quickened and grown tremulous as she spoke; she checked herself suddenly, and pressed her hand against her bosom—afraid, I knew, poor soul, that the least giving way to excitement would make her break down completely. I motioned to her to sit quietly, and occupied myself for a few moments arranging some papers which lay on the table. Presently I glanced at her, and saw that she had recovered her enforced composure, so I asked:

"What has passed between you and Mr. Ward in regard to the matter—what have you told him?"

"Everything," she replied; "everything."

Before I put my next question, I knew what the answer would be; but, all the same, I inquired:

"What did he say?"

"That my story did not hinder the other fact being true—only corroborated it, indeed! I had not locked the gate, and he—George Harding—knew it, and came back afterward with an accomplice, and committed the robbery."

I had not much doubt myself but what this was the case; for, during these four days, I had learned a good deal in regard to Mr. Harding, and knew that, at one time at least, he had been mixed up with a rather shady set of people. But, all the same, I felt very sorry for this unfortunate lady; no man of penetration and experience could have entertained the slightest doubt of her having told the exact truth in every particular. If there had been anything beyond, she would have revealed it as unflinchingly, however much it might have militated against herself, in her eager hope of serving the man she believed so deeply wronged.

"I do not know who Harding's lawyers are," she said, rousing me from the unpleasant reverie into which I had fallen, "but I should have come to you in any case, Mr. Ransom, for I know you to be a kind and just man."

"How did you chance to know anything at all of me?" I asked.

"You remember a young fellow named James Corey? He would have been transported, except for your diligence in tracing a crime to its real source. Well, his mother was an old servant in our family: she had often talked to me about you; so, when I saw your name, I determined to come here."

"I do not perceive, madam, how I can help you—"

"Yes, you can," she interrupted; "you can get me permission to see Harding—I must see him once!"

"I can do that, certainly, and I will," I answered; "but you must excuse me for reminding you that if Mr. Ward were to discover you had been to the prison—"

She did not wait for me to finish; she flung out her hand, as if waving that chance aside as a matter of no consequence, and asked quickly:

"Do you mean there is nothing else can be done?"

"Mr. Harding's solicitors would be the best judges of that," I replied; "but I think there is nothing. Fancy being called as a witness for Harding, in a criminal suit and testifying against your husband."

A second gesture of that nervous hand told how little any regard to appearances or the opinions of others would weigh with her here.

"Then, too," I urged, "you must not think me cruel—but, since you have talked frankly with me, I must tell you the truth."

"Yes, yes—I knew you would do that!"

"Well, Mr. Ward's assertion was quite correct—your story would tell terribly against Harding."

"I locked the garden-gate," she said; "I tell you I locked it, Mr. Ransom. Another thing: do you believe that a man capable of robbery would have refused the money I offered?" I had known many a criminal, many a lost degraded wretch, display such incomprehensible scruples, generosity, and even traits of honor, that Harding's refusal did not surprise me; but this was a question utterly useless to enter upon.

"I never thought about being a witness," she added, when I remained silent; "I hoped that what I have told you might hinder the matter's coming to a trial—that Mr. Ward could be induced to drop the affair, if he were shown clearly that everything told against himself."

I explained to her the impossibility of this, and reminded her that if, as she believed, her husband were animated by a spirit of revenge, no inducements would be of any avail.

"From a legal point of view, you can see that nothing does tell against him," I said, in conclusion; "you and I may believe that he is doing a wicked wrong, just to gratify his malice; but he has already identified George Harding—sworn to his identity; there is no backing-out possible."

She uttered one low groan, fuller of anguish than floods of tears, and sat mute for a little,

with her head turned away. Presently she looked back at me, and said quietly as ever:

"You promise that I shall see him—to-morrow?"

"Yes, I can arrange it for to-morrow—about two o'clock—if that time will suit you."

It was settled that she should call for me, and, after a little more conversation, she rose to go.

"I wish I could thank you," she said, while her lips quivered slightly. "You have been very good to me."

I think I never felt so sorry for any woman in my life, but words of condolence would only have been cruel.

"You must get home and rest," I said. "If you do not, all this terrible excitement will make you ill."

"I shall not be ill," she answered. "When the worst comes, I shall not even be able to die. Some women would, I think; but I shall have to live on and on, knowing that the man who loved me is enduring a living death through me—through me."

She turned to go. I opened the door for her, and gave her my arm to the carriage in silence. I could not, much as I longed to, hold forth the least hope, and it was better that she should face the plain truth from the outset.

The next day, she drove to my lodgings at the appointed hour, and we went to the prison. After a very brief delay, we were shown into George Harding's cell.

He was writing busily when the door opened. He started up, at sight of her, and stepped quickly forward, exclaiming:

"Elinor! Elinor!"

"Yes, George," she answered.

Then they stood for a moment with clasped hands, looking mutely in each other's face. I was moving quietly away, but Mrs. Ward stopped me.

"Don't go," she urged. "I would rather you heard every word we have to say. George, Mr. Ransom has been very good to me. He believes what I told him. He knows you are innocent."

The young man held out his disengaged hand to me, with a quick flush of pleasure rising in his face, and I—well, I didn't speak, but I tried to look as if the poor woman's assertion were the truth; and, indeed, for the moment, while face to face with the handsome young fellow, I did half believe that it was.

We staid there for nearly an hour, and, quiet as both were, I never was more touched than by their conversation and manner. A brother and sister might have talked and acted as they did, and, though my faith in human nature may be

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limited, I knew that no woman ever more thoroughly deserved to be trusted and honored than this unfortunate lady.

Well, the case came on in due season, and of course there was only one way for it to end. George Harding was convicted, and sentenced to five years' hard labor.

The day after his condemnation, Mrs. Ward disappeared. With all his efforts, with unlimited money at his command, her husband could find no trace of her whereabouts.

Two years went by, and, at the expiration of that period, the rich banker was on the eve of failure. He had speculated in a reckless fashion very unlike his former staid business-habits, and the result had been a sudden and overwhelming ruin.

The day after I learned this fact, an American with whom I had grown quite intimate, through my having been able to assist him in privately settling a very troublesome business, called to bid me good-bye, as he was to sail for the New World the next morning.

He showed me a pair of diamond bracelets he had purchased for his sister. They answered to the description of those which had been stolen from Morton Ward. My friend had also obtained, from the same source, certain American bonds. A reference to my note-book showed that one of them bore the number of one of those taken from Mr. Ward's safe—the numbers of the others he had not been able to remember. All these things my American had bought from a certain Jew dealer, whom I knew to have been at one period in Mr. Ward's employment and confidence.

That evening, I paid a visit to the banker's lodgings—he was living in London now. I was shown up at once to his room, and the first words I said were:

"I have called on important business, Mr. Ward. Your lost bonds and jewels have been found."

He sank back in his chair, looking like a dead man. I stood and watched him.

"Found?" he stammered, presently. "How? Where?"

"They are still in the possession of the American to whom your friend Levy sold them," I said. "Unfortunately, he did not sail the day they were put in his hands, as you supposed he had. Mr. Ward, you will pay dear for your revenge!"

He rose slowly from his chair, and looked full at me, leaning his hand on the table to support himself. He had changed greatly during the past two years, as I knew already, having often met him, but the disasters of the past week had turned him into an old man

He attempted neither denial nor bravado. He realized perfectly that the game was up, and bore the final blow very well indeed, unexpected as it must have been, for he had supposed my American friend safe out of the country—bonds, jewels, and all.

"What do you want of me?" he asked.

"I shall have to ask you to go with me," I said. "Of course, you know that."

He did not speak again, but quietly made his preparations, and I took him to the police-office, where he passed the night.

The next morning, he was found dead in his cell—he had poisoned himself.

Of course, in due time, George Harding was

not only pardoned, but cleared from every stain. I was able to furnish him a clue to Mrs. Ward's whereabouts, and he and I went in search of her to a mountain-village in Austria, which had been her place of refuge during all that dreary time.

In a few months, the pair were married and set out for America. I was over there last year and saw them, and a very, very happy couple they were. They were prosperous people, too; for, besides a small fortune which an uncle in Australia had left him, Harding had been successful in his profession, and his wife managed admirably the Virginia plantation which will probably be their home during the rest of their lives.

HELEN OF TROY.

BY GERTIE V. MACK.

I READ the tale: how, on the plains of Troy,
The peerless heroes of a peerless age
Poured out their blood and died with haughty joy,
While e'en the gods looked on and shared their rage.

And all for one fair face, whose like again
Shall never light the world's dull commonplace;
Whose maddening charm made it more sweet, to men,
To die for her than live for others' grace.

Long time I mused upon the grand old story—
The city, camp, and plain, the feats of arms,
The bloody dubious victory, the glory,
And, last and loveliest, Helen's fatal charms.

And slowly, from the infinite of dreams,
A dim sweet vision swam upon my sight,
As, 'mid the fading fire of sunset, gleams
The evening star with soft delicious light.

Juno's proud height, Diana's slender grace,
Aurora's bloom and tenderness were blent,
And, glowing in her air and in her face,
The sensuous witchery that Venus lent.

But, when I met her large pathetic gaze,
I read a sorrow deeper than all tears:

The still despair that knows its destinies,
And sees how vain are human hopes and fears.

"Oh, blame me not," she said, "for I became
What the gods willed—a woeful Nemesis,
Of womanhood the glory and the shame;
But I too suffered deeply—think of this!

"A loveless prize to Menelaus given;
I pinned in secret, and I knew no joy
Till Paris loved me and my bonds were riven:
But mine was still the saddest heart in Troy.

"Deeply I shared the bitter curse I wrought,
Haunted by dread fears if I waked or slept,
Till dead my beautiful to me was brought,
And, over all, despair and ruin swept.

"Troy fell for me, and many brave were slain,
Some captive-led, of home and hope bereft;
But still, the happy owe a debt to pain—
I, only, had no cloudless memory left."

The vision faded; but I thought no more
Of illum: for the dream of that fair face
Outshone all else, recurring o'er and o'er
With the lost witchery of Olympian grace.

LOVE'S KNIGHT.

BY LUCIEN ARNOLD.

EARLY, I bowed at Love's fair shrine.
"What dost thou here, with me?" Love said.
"She kissed me, and her lips were red."
"Rise up," Love cried. "Thou dost divine
Naught yet of me: thou art not mine."

Again to Love I bent my knee.
"Why bowest thou," Love said, "down here?"
"She wept at parting, Love, with me."
Said Love: "Thou canst no lover be
"When tears alone show love to thee."

Once more to Love I knelt full low.
"Why comest thou," said Love, "again?"
"Not for a kiss, nor yet for rain
Of tender tears, for naught I know—
Save that, to her and me, release

"From all unrest, a gracious peace,
Exalted joy, serene and high,
Do always come." "No longer lie,"
Said Love, "here at my feet, in light
Walk thou, my worthy welcome knight."

A DAUGHTER OF SPAIN.

BY ADELAIDE MERRIMAN.

THE plaza containing the great dolphin fountain in the city of Monterey, Mexico, is a pleasant place in which to while away a morning, when the weather is fine and the roses in bloom. It is delicious to sit there idly watching the señors and señoras, as they pass to and fro in their picturesque costumes, and to listen to the musical drip, drip, of the fountain, and the sweet jangle of bells from the neighboring cathedral.

Mr. Gains De Forest Paddock sat there, one delightful morning in March, thoroughly conscious that he was enjoying himself. He removed the sombrero which he had purchased immediately upon his arrival in Monterey, and allowed the rose-scented breeze to play upon his lofty brow. Leaning back on the great stone bench, he leisurely smoked his cigar and watched the passers-by, taking especial notice of the dark-eyed señoritas.

Presently a young man came hurrying along one of the paths which led through the plaza, approaching Mr. Paddock from the rear. This individual gave a great start of surprise when his eyes first fell upon the comfortable figure on the bench.

Mr. Paddock had just lighted another cigar, and was returning his match-box to his pocket, when, without any warning, there came a tremendous slap upon his shoulder, so forcible that it nearly drove him through the seat, he afterward declared. Before he could recover himself, the astounded young man felt his hand grasped and shaken in an energetic manner, while a familiar voice exclaimed:

"Do my eyes deceive me, or am I dreaming? Can it be that I am once more clasping the hand of the immortal Paddock? Why, Paddy, don't you know me?" he added, seeing the look of utter amazement in the face that was upturned toward him.

Mr. Paddock's expression quickly turned to one of dismay. He tried feebly but ineffectually to withdraw his hand.

"Tom Turner!" he said, rather faintly.

"The very same," returned the other, seating himself beside the reluctant Mr. Paddock, who glanced furtively to the right and left, as if he meditated an escape.

"I'm tremendously glad to see you," went on

Mr. Tom Turner. "You can't say the same in regard to me, though; I can see that by your face. I suppose you are thinking of that last college-scape. I rather did you up then, didn't I?" and he gave a delighted chuckle at the remembrance. "But come, now: you ought not to harbor malice, after all these years. Boys will be boys, you know, and I never intended anything but a harmless little joke."

The speaker had a frank engaging way with him, and Mr. Gains Paddock felt the resentment which he had cherished during the five years that had elapsed since they left college gradually departing.

"Oh, I don't mind it now," he said. "But of course I felt rather cut up about it, at the time. No fellow likes to be turned into a laughing-stock, you know. I couldn't help but think it a confoundedly mean trick, and, to tell the truth, I never expected to speak to you again. I'll forgive you, though," he added, cheerfully; "I could not harbor malice in this delightful place, if I tried."

"You like it, then?" said Mr. Turner, accepting one of Mr. Paddock's cigars. "Well, tell me, please, in the name of all that is uncommon, how did you happen down here? When did you come, and why did you come, and how long do you mean to stay?"

"I came yesterday," replied Mr. Paddock, "and I came to see the country, the people, and more especially the dark-eyed señoritas. I don't know exactly how long I can stay. It depends on the old gentleman, I suppose. If I be allowed to do as I please, I think I will remain a month."

"What old gentleman?" asked Mr. Turner, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "I thought your father died when you were an infant."

"So he did," returned the other. "I was speaking of my uncle, Gains De Forest. I was named for him, I am sorry to say. Ma thought it a fine thing to do, as he was a bachelor, and promised at the time to make me his heir. It was the worst misfortune that ever befell me, though."

"Why, that is odd. Seems to me, if I had a rich uncle, who was amiably disposed toward me, I should regard it as a subject for rejoicing."

"You wouldn't if he were like mine," returned

Mr. Paddock, dejectedly. "He is one of those wiry old gentlemen who will never die. He'll dry up and blow away first, and he spends his life in making everyone around him miserable. He has taken me into business with him," he added, with a groan.

"What!" exclaimed the other, "you don't mean to tell me you have gone into business? Why, I thought you intended to be a poet. I never thought of you as anything else. Always pictured you, in my mind's eye, as sitting on some kind of a throne, dressed in a toga, with a laurel wreath around your lofty brow, and the words 'Immortal Bard' inscribed somewhere or other."

Mr. Paddock flushed slightly. "You needn't make game of me," he said. "Though I'll own that, when I left college, I determined to devote myself to literature. To be frank, I'll confess that I did try it for a year; but it didn't pay. You've no idea what a drug poetry is in the market. Ma worried about me all the time, and, when Uncle Gains offered me a position, she talked and cried, and cried and talked, until I took it. I wish I had drowned myself first. I fairly loathe business. I tell you, it was rough to have to come down to it, when I had always had such high aspirations."

Mr. Turner looked gravely at his friend, though he could not prevent his eyes from twinkling.

"What business are you engaged in?" he asked.

"The wool business," replied Mr. Paddock, with a shudder. "I came down to Texas to contract for wool on the ranches. I've about finished up now, and so I ran down here. I had no idea it was so picturesque and romantic. I feel as if I would be contented to pass the rest of my days here. But what are you doing in Mexico, Turner? I thought you were in California."

"So I was, for a time; but I have been here for the last two years—introducing a new patent. Had quite enough of it, I assure you. Just beginning to think of returning to civilization. I tell you what—"

He did not finish his sentence, for just here Mr. Paddock grasped his arm excitedly.

"What's the matter?" said Turner. "Scorpion bit you?"

"No, no," cried the other, in a hurried undertone. "Look at this lovely girl—she's behind the rose-tree now. Here she comes."

Tom Turner looked up quickly, and then his dark eyes twinkled suspiciously, though he kept his face straight. The young lady was coming

toward them. As Mr. Paddock gazed at her, legends of the Alhambra rushed into his brain. The slender dark-robed figure, the gracefully-poised head, over which a black lace shawl was thrown with picturesque grace, the liquid dark eyes, with their long lashes, the rich olive complexion and lovely coloring, might well have belonged to some "Zayda" or "Zorayda," beautiful daughters of ancient Spain. Mr. Paddock's heart began to beat in an unusual manner. In passing, she gave a quick sidelong glance at the two young men, and then she shot a second and decidedly mischievous look at Mr. Turner, while two dimples were visible for the merest second, as she hurried on and disappeared around the fountain.

"When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music," murmured Mr. Paddock to himself. Then, suddenly catching his companion's eye, he flushed all over his blonde face.

"You know her, Turner?" he asked, rather shamefacedly.

"Well—slightly," answered Turner, dryly.

"Did you ever see a more beautiful creature?"

"As a matter of course," said Mr. Turner, coolly, "she's a good-looking girl, I will admit; but I've seen hundreds I thought prettier."

"The word 'pretty' is not to be used in connection with her," said Mr. Paddock, impatiently. "Her beauty is something more than mere prettiness. And then her grace, too, and the noble poise of her head, render her doubly fascinating. I tell you, Turner, I'll wager that the blood of Spanish kings runs in her veins. She is probably a descendant of some ancient noble family—a true daughter of Spain. Just the glimpse of such loveliness is well worth my trip down here."

"I say, Paddy," said Turner, "you are the same enthusiastic romantic fellow you were in college. The wool business hasn't changed you a particle. I wish I could have kept my youthful rapture as fresh. It is really reviving to hear you go on."

"You never had any youthful rapture," returned Paddock, pettishly. "I think you were born a trifle 'blasé.' There is no more enthusiasm in you than in a head of cabbage—and never was. If that face did not move you, nothing can. What's her name?"

"Her name?" repeated Turner. "Oh—why, it's—" He paused for a moment, while he opened a little box and took from it one of the small Mexican matches made of wax and capable of being lighted at both ends. As he struck this, he said again: "Her name is—"

here he paused once more to light his cigar, and then finished—"is Anita—Anita Turnorio. Rather pretty, isn't it?"

"Anita Turnorio!" said Paddock. "Anita! How wonderfully musical these Spanish names are! The language is poetry itself. Do you know, Turner, I feel convinced that I would be perfectly happy to live here all the rest of my life—wed some beautiful *señorita*, dwell in one of these great '*casas*,' where a fountain always plays in the courtyard and bright-hued flowers bloom. To dream sweet dreams in the cool quiet rooms, while the sun burns fiercely outside; and then, at eventide, to sit by the fountain and lightly touch the guitar, or join in the gay fandango, beneath the calm light of the moon. Ah, such is the life a poet should lead; such—"

Turner nudged the speaker rather emphatically with his elbow.

"Come down, Paddy—come down," he said. "Don't soar entirely away from me. You're not a poet, you know—you deal in wool, at present."

Mr. Paddock flushed hotly; he looked exceedingly wrathful, for a moment. He had quite forgotten himself, and it was hard to be brought back to the stern reality of life in such a rude manner.

"You are a regular brute, Turner," he said, angrily. "There is no more soul, no more sentiment, in you than in an old cow."

"So you remarked a few moments ago," returned Turner; "only then I was compared to a cabbage. The two go nicely together, I believe. I may be a brute—undoubtedly am—but I am a practical brute. The picture you draw of Mexican life sounds delightfully; but, when you come to try it, you will discover several things which you had overlooked. Firstly, there are the insects. You will find, after you stay here six months or so, that you will become intimately acquainted with every species of bug ever invented; and, as for mosquitoes, they will serenade you so regularly that at last you will be unable to sleep without their music. Then, too, you will find, if you remain during some of the winter months, that you never knew before what cold was—cold that chills the very marrow in your bones. You will discover that your '*casa*' is like a dungeon; and, if you ask for a fire, they will bring you a little handful of burning charcoal—a mere sample of a fire, so to speak. I suppose, too, that even a poet will be obliged to live on something more substantial than poetry and moonlight; and, when you try to subsist on their vile *chile-con-carne*, *frijoles*, and *tamales*, in

which the red pepper brings the tears every time, and have tasted their bitter black coffee and insipid pulque, you will agree with me that truly there is a dark side to the picture. I can go on darkening it indefinitely, but I don't want to discourage you entirely."

These words seemed to have very little effect on Mr. Gains Paddock. I doubt if he heard them all; for, when his friend finished speaking, he asked eagerly:

"Will you give me an introduction to Miss Turnorio?"

"Introduction?" cried Turner. "Hear the innocent! Don't you know you are in Mexico? Manners and customs are quite different here from what they are at home, I can assure you. Young ladies do not receive visits from gentlemen. They are never allowed to go out alone, even. It was very unusual for Miss Anita to pass through the plaza unattended. She had managed to slip away from her chaperone, I suppose. If you have really taken a fancy to the young lady, I can tell you all you want to know about the way they do things down here, and help you along as well as I can; but an introduction is out of the question. Your courtship must all be done with the language of the eye."

"That sounds interesting," said Paddock.

"It is interesting. I have tried it myself. You have only to hover around her dwelling, gazing ardently at her window, and, when you meet her on the street, to throw your whole soul into the glances you give her. To follow her at a distance, when she goes out, is another neat little point in the programme. She will notice you presently, and, if she smile on you or drop you a rose from her window, you can take it as a good sign. Then is the time to get some friend to go to her paternal relative and lay before him your proposal for the hand of his daughter. If he consent, you will be invited to the house and introduced to the family, daughter included. After that, you can take your *inamorata* and her mamma out, and can talk to the mamma and look at the daughter; but you are never allowed a *tête-à-tête* with your fiancée until after the wedding. Does the prospect please you?"

"Well, no," said Mr. Paddock. "I am not so anxious to wed a dark-eyed *señorita* as I was a moment ago. I was only in jest, anyway. Why, ma would go crazy at the idea of my marrying a Mexican girl. I'd like to know where Miss Anita lives, though. I would not mind strolling around under her windows, while I stay here, and having a mild flirtation. I won't remain long enough, probably, for it to amount to anything. Of course, I should not

want her to become interested in me just as I was leaving, but I don't suppose there will be any danger of that."

"I don't know about that, Paddock," said Turner, gravely. "You are a mighty good-looking fellow, and a blonde, too. The Mexican girls are wild about blondes. They see them so seldom, you know. Still, as you say you won't be here long, I don't believe you can break her heart, when you have so little time. Come on," he added, rising, "and I will show you the casa in which your Spanish princess resides; for, if you are to make a short stay, you have no time to lose."

The calle or street called Iturbide was much like the other streets of the city, yet it might soon have been observed that it possessed a singular fascination for Mr. Gains De Forest Paddock. There was one particular iron-barred window in a great stone casa which stood on a corner, that he never could pass without giving an ardent glance in its direction. After a time, he began to linger beneath its bars, and one afternoon he was discovered by his friend, Mr. Turner, leaning against the opposite wall, in true Mexican style, gazing up at the window, with his soul in his eyes and a bright red rose in his buttonhole.

"Hello, Paddy!" said Turner. "You are getting along finely, I see. Be sure you don't leave the poor girl with a broken heart, though, when you take your departure."

"You needn't make game of me," returned Mr. Paddock. "I am only amusing myself, and I'll risk the young lady, for I have only had just the merest glimpses of her. Think I'll give the whole thing up. It doesn't pay. Where do you keep yourself, Turner?" he added. "I haven't seen you for an age."

"I am tremendously busy just now," said Turner. "But I hope to be through soon, and then I will devote more time to you."

About a week after, Turner met Mr. Paddock in the plaza, and was at once seized by him and carried off to his room in the Hotel Vignau.

"Sit down, Tom," he said, rather excitedly, pushing him a chair and handing him his cigar-case. "I want to have a confidential talk with you. I had a letter from the old gentleman yesterday."

"Had you?" said Turner. "No bad news, I hope?"

"No; quite the contrary. For a wonder, the old fellow doesn't seem to be in a hurry for me to come home. Said, as long as I was here, I might as well see as much of the country as possible; that business was dull, and my being

absent made no great difference. He wants me to find out about some mines down here, in which he has an interest. I suppose that accounts for his unusual letter. Awfully clever in him, though, especially as I—" here he paused and knocked the ashes from his cigar, and then continued, blushing a little—"have seen the young lady several times lately."

"You don't tell me!" cried Turner, looking very much interested. "I had an idea you had given up the flirtation."

"I meant to—in fact, had quite made up my mind I would—when I chanced to pass just as she came to the window and looked out. Jove! Turner, she's divine, and no mistake. I may as well own that all my resolves fled when I saw her. I stopped and looked up at her, until all at once she seemed to see me. I believe she remembered seeing me in the park, too, for she appeared a little surprised; and then, as I still stood gazing at her, she turned quite red and left the window. That very afternoon, I saw her again. She was walking along the street with an old woman who looked like a Mexican. They went to vesper service, and I followed them. The organ was playing when I entered the cathedral, and the choristers chanting, and there was the faint sweet smell of incense in the air. Awfully romantic, I assure you. After I became accustomed to the dim light, I saw the two not far distant. Queer thing, too! The old woman was kneeling and telling her beads in the most devout manner, but Miss Anita was standing and looking on with a dreamy expression in her glorious eyes. She seemed to be taking no part in the service."

"The younger ladies are not as strict as the old ones," replied Turner.

"Well, she did not see me, at any rate, and I had an excellent opportunity of observing her. I may as well acknowledge that I lost my heart in earnest. I don't care what my uncle says, or me either. I don't care if she is a foreigner. If I can marry that girl, I shall do it."

"Good for you, Paddock," said Turner, his brown eyes dancing. "I admire your courage, and I say 'go in and win.'"

"I am afraid that will be a hard matter," said Mr. Paddock, soberly. "Before the service was over, I managed to get a little nearer, and I knelt too, with the rest, but I gazed up at her. She was the saint I was worshipping. You know, Turner, how it is when you gaze steadily at a person for a long time—how sometimes, all at once, your eyes will meet. Well, that is the way it was in the church. I caught her eye, and she gave a little start and looked away immediately;

but in a few moments she glanced in my direction again. I never took my eyes from her face, and tried to throw as much expression into them as possible; but, instead of blushing and appearing pleased or confused, she seemed to be annoyed. She actually frowned and turned squarely around, so I could see nothing but the back of her head, or rather the lace scarf which covered it. Now, how do you account for that, Turner? I am afraid she has taken a dislike to me."

"Nonsense!" said Turner. "Only maiden coyness. In fact, it is a good sign, rather than a bad one. She is only trying your faithfulness. Miss Anita is an out-and-out little coquette, I've been told. When admirers flock around, she doesn't smile on them at once. She doesn't drop into their arms, to use a figurative expression. She frowns and pretends to be displeased, though of course she enjoys it. What girl wouldn't? I have heard it rumored that she has declared her hand will only be bestowed upon the suitor who perseveres in spite of all discouragement. If you get her, Paddock, you will have to work for her. But, as far as I am concerned, I shouldn't care two straws for a girl I could get for the first asking. You always appreciate a thing more if you have hard work to get it."

"That is true, Turner, and I am glad you have told me this. It explains her conduct since then. You see, I hurried out of church first, and stood leaning against the wall, so she would have to pass me. I know they must have seen me, for the old woman looked squarely at me and said something to Miss Anita in Spanish; but my lady only tossed her head and passed me without a glance, as if I had been a post. I own, I was quite discouraged at this. However, a couple of days after, I strolled past her house again. I couldn't help it. I stopped and looked up at the window, as usual. In a few minutes she appeared, to my great delight. I was so overjoyed that I clasped my hands and looked up at her imploringly. Now, what do you think she did? She took no notice of me, apparently, but came nearer the casement and reached her hand out. I rushed forward and stood ready to catch the note or rose I was sure she meant to drop; but she never looked at me—just banged those great wooden shutters together, right in my face. Actually slammed them! Of course, there was no use in gazing up at the window any longer, when those shutters were closed. It must have made her room awfully dark, too. I haven't been near that corner since. Have done nothing but mope around and have the blues."

Mr. Turner had been seized with quite a severe fit of coughing.

"Swallowed some smoke," he said, rather incoherently, and he hurried to the window, in search of fresh air, apparently.

"Paddock," he said, presently, in rather a shaky voice, "you ought to feel encouraged. It shows she is interested in you, or she would never take so much pains to discourage you—bring out your mettle, as it were. Now, if you want to win that girl, your way is plain before you. All you need is perseverance. She will be apt to frown on you and discourage you at first; but, after you have proved your devotion and faithfulness, she will probably be as gentle as a kitten. Oh, I understand these Mexicans. Now, if I were you, I would serenade her to-night."

Mr. Paddock quite fell in with the idea; and, at a late hour, the two young men, muffled in serapes, might have been seen piloting a band of hired singers through the narrow streets, to the well-known casa. There, beneath the witching light of the moon, strains breathing of love were softly, sweetly warbled. It was all so romantic that Mr. Paddock was enchanted.

"That music is lovely enough to melt the heart of any girl," he whispered, ecstatically. "I feel just as Romeo used to feel."

"Hist!" said Turner. "What soft light through yonder window breaks?"

"There is a light in her room," said Paddock, delightedly. "Now, in a few minutes, Juliet should appear, clad in white, upon yon little balcony."

"'Tis not Juliet, but the nurse," said Turner, as the form of the old Mexican woman was seen through the iron bars. "She comes to breathe a message to us. Hush!" And, with a wave of his hand, he silenced the singers.

No message was heard, however: nothing but the creaking of a rusty hinge, as the ponderous wooden shutters were once more banged shut in the faces of the two young men.

Paddock turned a look of such utter discomfiture upon Turner, that the latter leaned back against the wall and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Never mind," he said, when he recovered himself a little: "'faint heart ne'er won fair lady.' It's a good sign, I tell you—a good sign: just you mark what I say."

"Good sign or not," said Paddock, "it will be a long while before I squander my money again, hiring serenaders to sing to wooden shutters. I am beginning to be tired of this, Turner."

"Then you will be like all her other suitors, and will never win the hand of the lovely Anita."

Come on, though. 'Now is the time for disappearing,' or they may turn the dogs loose."

Mr. Paddock did not retire immediately, when he reached his room that night; he paced backward and forward, knitting his brow and smoking furiously.

"I will go home to-morrow," he said to himself; "I will no longer persist in this foolishness. I will take one farewell stroll by the house, and then I will tear myself away, even though it read my very being."

The thought seemed to inspire him; for he sat down and dashed off a little sonnet, beginning "Hush, slowly-breaking heart, and make no moan," after which he retired, and slept very well, considering, during the remainder of the night.

He dressed himself with extreme care, the next day. It was the last time he should see Anita—or her window, rather: he was not so sure of seeing her. If she did appear, however, and cast a glance in his direction, he wished to present as faultless an exterior as was possible. He thought he would merely stroll past her house without pausing; but, when he arrived at the spot, he could not resist the temptation to stop.

He had not stood there long, when, to his great joy, she appeared. He started eagerly forward, gazing up at her with his eyes full of longing. To his surprise, she neither frowned, blushed, nor looked annoyed. She surveyed him coolly, almost meditatively. It seemed as if she were revolving some project in her mind. At last, she turned her head away, still keeping her position at the window, and Mr. Paddock could see that she was speaking to someone in the room. Mr. Paddock had an excellent opportunity of observing her finely-cut profile; but he forgot all about it, in his astonishment, when, a moment later, he heard the ponderous doors which opened out of the patio or courtyard unclosing, and saw the old Mexican woman come out and cross the street, with the evident intention of speaking to him.

"The señorita begs that the señor will step across the street into the patio," said the old woman, in very good English, though with a Spanish accent, when she reached him.

Mr. Paddock was dumfounded. This was quite out of the usual programme as mapped out by his friend Mr. Thomas Turner. What did it mean? Suppose an irate father or brother were lying in wait for him within those walls? He hesitated, and finally glanced up at the window again. She was still there, watching him, and, as she caught his look, she bowed and smiled.

He hesitated no longer, but followed the old woman across the street, through the great doors, and into the stone-paved courtyard.

Here he was left alone for a moment. He glanced about him, noting the blooming flowers that surrounded the fountain, the cushioned divan, across which a guitar was carelessly thrown, the bright-hued parrot, which hung head-downward from its perch.

"Everything is just as I imagined it would be," he murmured to himself.

A moment after, a slender dark-robed figure stood before him, a pair of deep dark eyes were gazing into his, and a clear voice was saying politely, in perfect English:

"Good-morning. Have I not the pleasure of addressing Mr. Gains Paddock?"

"That is my name," returned Mr. Paddock, bowing rather awkwardly, while he turned very red.

"I thought I was not mistaken," said the young lady. "Will you please step into the parlor?"

In a dazed manner, Mr. Paddock followed her into a room which opened off from the courtyard. In spite of his confusion, he noted, as he entered, that the apartment, though quite Mexican in character, was arranged very differently from the rooms he had seen through iron-barred windows, as he passed along the streets, during his stay in Monterey. There was no stiffness to be seen here. It looked like an Americanized Mexican apartment, he thought, noting how bright-hued serapes served as portières and rugs; and how artistic Mexican pottery was, when arranged with an eye for effect, and with a good background.

The young lady motioned him to a chair, and then seated herself directly in front of him. She was wonderfully self-possessed and collected. Under her straightforward gaze, Mr. Paddock felt more uncomfortable than ever before in his life.

"You are, no doubt, somewhat surprised at my seeking this interview," she began. "But I am convinced that you are laboring under some kind of a mistake, and, in order to prevent further annoyance to both of us, I felt it my duty to enlighten you. Excuse me if I ask whether you know my name."

"You are Miss Anita Turnorio, I believe," said Mr. Paddock, somewhat faintly.

The young lady flushed a little, and exclaimed under her breath: "There—I knew it!" Then she continued rapidly:

"You were a classmate of Mr. Thomas Turner's, were you not?"

"I was," said Mr. Paddock, meekly.

"May I ask if you became very well acquainted with him, while you were in college together?"

"Why, I—I—yes, I think I was well acquainted with him," stammered Mr. Paddock, utterly amazed at the turn the conversation was taking, and wondering what was coming next.

"Then I would like to know," went on the young lady, "if, during your acquaintance with him, you found him a person whose word could always be relied upon? Did not his love for practical joking sometimes lead him—"

"By Jove!" interrupted Mr. Paddock, forgetting everything, as an astounding conviction began to force itself upon him. The voice, manner—everything, in fact, about the young lady before him—helped to convince him. In spite of her dark eyes and olive complexion, she was no Mexican, but an American; and Tom Turner had, a second time, been the cause of his making a perfect fool of himself. His eyes flashed, and he sprang to his feet, saying hurriedly:

"If I was not thoroughly acquainted with Tom Turner before, I feel that I am now. I overlooked the other affair; but, this time, I'll—"

"No, no: pray don't," interrupted the young lady, also springing up, and laying her hand entreatingly on the arm of the irate Mr. Paddock.

"Promise me you will do nothing rash," she went on, gazing up at him. "Promise me—for he is my brother."

"Your brother?" cried Mr. Paddock, aghast.

"Yes. I am Anna Turner. I knew, from the very first, that Tom was plotting some kind of mischief," she continued, speaking rapidly. "He even left this house and went to the hotel, shortly after you arrived, giving a very lame excuse for so doing. He never came here, except in the evening. I noticed you, of course, saw you were an American, and questioned him about you. He never would give any satisfactory answers, however. Afterward, when I saw you at the street-corner," here she blushed a little, "I knew Tom had been deceiving you in some way or other. I tried to open your eyes in various ways, and finally taxed Tom with his perfidy. Then he wanted me to personate a Mexican girl, and carry on the joke; but I refused, and privately made up my mind to tell you the whole truth, at my first opportunity. It was a little hard for me to do; but, if you will promise not to go to Tom about it—he meant no harm, only a little fun, you know—I shall be quite glad I have carried out my resolution." Mr. Paddock listened to her with a swelling heart.

He had thought the young lady charming at a distance, now he found her quite irresistible. The brilliant color which had mounted to her cheeks as she spoke, the varying expression of her countenance, rendered her more dazzlingly beautiful than ever. He forgot his resentment toward her brother, he forgot everything save that he was in her presence.

"Certainly, I will promise," he said, fervently. "I will promise anything you ask. Some way or other, I don't feel angry at Tom now. You see, if it hadn't all happened, I might not have been here talking with you. Of course, I did not like it at first; it is the second joke he has played on me, too. I ought to have known him better than to have believed anything he said, but I thought he would have changed by this time."

"Yes, anyone would suppose it, for Tom is thirty now; but I am beginning to fear he never will change," she said, with a little sigh. "Whenever I have a chance, though, I nip his jokes in the bud, as I have on this occasion."

"It was awfully good in you," said Mr. Paddock, gazing at her adoringly. "I expect I have made a perfect ass of myself," he continued, reddening somewhat as he recalled the past. "But I saw you pass in the plaza, and you were so—so beautiful, you know, and I thought you were a Mexican—it was the lace shawl over your head, I suppose—and Tom told me you were, and that—that—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," said Miss Turner, coming kindly to his assistance; "I have often been taken for a Mexican. However, as Tom put himself to no end of trouble, going to the hotel and all that, the joke has turned on himself, and he is the only sufferer after all."

Mr. Paddock felt himself growing hot and cold by turns. He would not lose this opportunity, he thought; he would speak. "I—I don't know about that," he faltered; "under some circumstances, I may be the sufferer for the rest of my life. Under others, this visit may prove the crowning point of my existence. I—I hope it will be the latter."

Miss Turner blushed violently. She could hardly mistake his meaning; but she seemed to take no notice of his last speech, as she said hurriedly:

"We shall not live in Mexico much longer. We have been here two years now. Papa had something to do with the Government, but his work is nearly finished now. I shall be quite sorry to leave, for some reasons, though of course, being separated from very dear friends, I am anxious to return to them."

As Miss Turner mentioned her "dear friends," she carelessly played with her rings, and flashed a large solitaire diamond, which she wore on her left hand, into Mr. Paddock's face.

He saw it, but would not believe, would not heed.

"Where will you go when you return? Where will your home be? Will you let me come to see you?" he asked, eagerly.

"We shall go to New York, at first," she said, and then continued with glowing cheeks: "I expect my future home will be in Baltimore, though I shall probably travel for a year or so after my marriage."

Mr. Paddock sat motionless for a time. The words of his sonnet, "Hush, slowly-breaking heart, and make no moan," kept repeating themselves over and over in his brain. At last he rose, and said, a little unsteadily:

"I must bid you good-morning, Miss Turner—good-morning and good-bye also, as I leave for home to-day. You can tell your brother I have gone, if you like. I shall not see him again. It is better that I should not do so."

"Good-bye," said Miss Turner, kindly, rising and holding out her hand. "I am very sorry this has happened, and very much ashamed of Tom. It is kind in you to forgive him."

"Oh, I can't say truthfully that I forgive him," said Mr. Paddock, candidly. "But I will overlook it, for the sake of his sister. Good-bye, Miss Turner," he continued; "may you be very happy."

His voice faltered a little, and he turned and hurried from the room and from the house, feeling that life held nothing more for him—"naught but an aching heart and an endless longing," he murmured sadly to himself, as he made his hurried arrangements for departure.

He found he was mistaken, however; for, when his uncle died some months later, and left him his sole heir, he discovered that life held a great many things for him.

Not long after, he wedded the belle of the season, and all his acquaintances allude to him as "that lucky dog, Paddock." Nevertheless, as he himself feelingly observes, "in all poetical natures, there is a touch of sadness," and he spends much of his elegant leisure in his library, writing touching little poems, in which "fountains play," and "jasmine blooms," and "guitars tinkle," and broken-hearted lovers are ever moaning beneath the windows of dark-eyed, beautiful, but stony-hearted damsels, whom he usually styles "daughters of Spain."

AT EVENTIDE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

When twilight falls, and o'er the earth
The soft south wind sighs low,
And toward the purple-vestured east
White cloud-processions go,
And, one by one, the silent stars
Come out and gem the sky,
The veil grows thin that hides away
The land no mortal eye
Hath ever seen, and to our lost
The longing soul draws nigh.

We almost feel their sacred touch—
Who, long ago, went out
Upon the shoreless sea of death,
Followed by prayer and doubt;
We hear the voices that we know

Are stilled throughout all time,
And grandly, like the distant chant
Of some cathedral-chime,
The sweet notes soothe and comfort us
With melody sublime.

And to us, through the twilight still,
Comes faint suggestion sweet
Of what may be, of what may come,
Our wandering souls to meet—
When we have cast our mooring off,
And outward, on the tide,
Passed from the harbor and the port,
And, on the farther side,
Have dropped our anchor on the Rock
Which ever doth abide.

THE RETURN OF THE ROBIN.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

The dogwood gleams in forests bare,
With red the maples bloom;
The marmoset fills all the air
With subtle sweet perfume.

I wake, some morn. I hear a strain
Remembered well, and dear.
"It is the robin come again,"
I cry. "The Spring is here!"

FROU-FROU.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

WHEN Robert Moore walked into the parlor of Senator Duncan's house, a pretty petite figure, clad in blue velvet, emerged from one corner of the sofa. Simultaneously, a dumpy bundle of long curly white hair, the pet poodle of pretty Beatrice Aldrich, and our hero's particular aversion, flew at him with a salute of short snapping barks.

"Frou-Frou!" cried Miss Trix, reproachfully. "Come here, you naughty doggy! Don't mind her, Robert. She won't bite."

Nevertheless, Frou-Frou had caught hold of the leg of Robert's trousers, and was worrying her sharp little teeth through the cloth. Robert shook her off with a smothered exclamation of disgust. He hated poodles, and this one in particular. Frou-Frou, being flung off with considerable force, fell against the piano-leg, and forthwith set up a howl.

"I wish you wouldn't be so rough with her, Robert," said Trix, gathering up her pet and cuddling it fondly. "Poor little Frou-Frou! It was an abused doggy, so it was, and Trix won't let them knock it around so!"

"I don't see why you always keep that little beast around you, Trix," said Robert, savagely.

"I keep it because I want to."

"If it were only good for something besides snapping at one's heels, I wouldn't mind. But it is such a stupid ugly little brute!"

"Ugly?" echoed Trix, indignantly. "I don't see how you can say that! Frou-Frou is a very pretty dog. Everybody says so. But you never did like her, Robert. I suppose it is not to be expected that you would, when Captain Ellis gave her to me."

This last was said with a vindictive little fling, that brought the color flaming into Robert Moore's face.

"You know what I think about your accepting presents from gentlemen, Beatrix," he said, shortly. "But, never since we have been engaged," this with angry emphasis, "have you shown the slightest regard for what I think or say, in such matters."

"Well," said Trix, with a rebellious pout, "you are always asking such absurd things. You know I wouldn't give up Frou-Frou for anyone—not for anybody in the world!"

"Did I ever ask you to give up Frou-Frou?"

"Well, you've been awfully disagreeable about the poor, dear darling."

"I shall be very careful what I say hereafter."

The tone in which he spoke made Miss Trix look up quickly, and her sunny blue eyes clouded.

"Don't look at me in that way, Robert!" she cried. "You know I don't like you to look like that."

"Do you think you really know what you do want, Beatrix?" he said, impatiently, as he walked up and down the room.

"Don't call me Beatrix!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "I hate to be called Beatrix, and you—you've called me that twice."

Robert looked out of the window, then at the little sobbing figure on the sofa. She was hardly more than a child, and never, he sometimes thought, would be anything else; yet how this great strong man did love her! He could not bear to see her cry. It was folly to quarrel with her, anyhow. A wave of tenderness swept over Robert's heart, and, obeying its warm impulse, he took Miss Trix in his arms.

"Don't cry, darling!" he said, brushing the golden curls away from the flushed tear-wet face. "Dry your eyes. There! you're making them all red, and I have come to take you down to the flower-show. Run along and get your hat on."

It took about fifteen minutes of alternate kissing, petting, and cajolery, to drive away the clouds from Trix's face. But she tripped away smiling at last, with Frou-Frou following her. At the end of ten minutes more, she came back in a jaunty blue velvet jacket and Tam O'Shanter cap, carrying a pretty feather muff and Miss Frou-Frou.

Robert's face clouded instantly.

"Trix," he said, "you are not going to take that—that dog with you?"

"Why, of course! I always take Frou-Frou."

"Not when I am with you!"

"Why, Robert!" she exclaimed, in a grieved tone. "I thought you said you were going to be good to me."

"I am, if you will let me. But I object most distinctly to that poodle. I am not going down

street with you, if you carry Frou-Frou. If there is anything I detest, it is to see a woman going along with a dog under her arm."

"Very well," said Trix, sitting down, with a stubborn look on her baby face. "You can go alone, then. Frou-Frou and I must go together, if we go at all—mustn't we, Frou-Frou?"

"Am I to understand, then," said Robert, "that you refuse to leave the dog behind?"

"Yes."

"Then I must bid you good-morning," he said, curtly; and, before Trix was aware of it, he had stalked out of the parlor, banged the front-door, and was gone.

Trix sat still for a moment or two, actually dumfounded; then she broke out in a savage soliloquy:

"The idea! I suppose he thinks I am going to give right up to him in everything. If I began that way, I couldn't call my soul my own, when we were married. Catch me letting any man domineer over me so! No, Mr. Robert: you can't do that. I have as much right to my way as you have to yours, and I'm going to have it."

With this rebellious speech, Miss Trix flounced upstairs and took off her things. The next day, a messenger was dispatched to the office of Mr. Robert Moore, with the following communication:

"MR. ROBERT MOORE:

I am satisfied that we have made a mistake. We could never be happy together, and it is better for us to separate than to risk a life of infelicity. [Trix thought this sounded very well.] I return to you your ring, begging you will consider our engagement at an end. When you receive this, I shall have left Senator Duncan's. I am going to travel, so that we may perhaps never meet again. Good-bye. I shall never marry; but I wish you much happiness.

BEATRIX BLANCHE ALDRICH."

When Robert got this note, he sprang into a cab and dashed off to Senator Duncan's. Miss Dolly Duncan received him rather haughtily. She was evidently in Trix's confidence, and sided with her.

"Miss Aldrich has gone to New York," she said, coldly. "I cannot give you her address."

Robert bit his lip. Trix was in earnest, then? He went home, packed his valise, and took the next train for New York. As he sat in the smoking-car, vainly trying to puff away his discomfiture, he said: "If I can only see her, I am sure I can bring her to reason. But how shall I find her?"

There had been a time when Robert had dreamed of the woman who was to be his wife—

a splendid regal creature, at whose feet he was willing to prostrate himself, in adoration of her rare intellectuality and strong womanhood. Why should he care, if Trixy Aldrich had thrown him over for a woolly white poodle? What a fool he had been, to give her the chance! And yet there was something about her, childish as she often seemed, that had, for him, an inexpressible charm. After all, she was, for him, the one woman in the whole world. Hence, he was thundering along on his way to New York, pursued by a cruel fear that he would not find her, and thinking that, if he only had that wilful golden head resting on his shoulder again, he could somehow bring her to reason.

The next morning, he woke up in his room at the hotel, and made up his mind that he would inspect every register in the city, to see where Trix had gone. He did this; but he could not find her. At last, coming out of the Windsor, one day, he was moodily thinking he might as well go home, when an incident occurred which at once changed all his plans.

The street was thronged with vehicles, and Robert was standing on the curb, waiting for a chance to cross, when suddenly, from among the crowd on the sidewalk, out darted a fluffy white poodle, with a blue ribbon in its collar. The dog was evidently lost: for it ran helplessly first one way and then the other; and finally, in a fit of bewilderment, dashed right in among the passing carriages.

Poor little dog—it was frightened to death; and surely the wheels would have crushed it utterly, had not Robert rushed forward, with a sudden feeling of pity, caught up the poor dog, and passed with it to the other side. There he stood, looking around for the owner of the poodle. But no one was forthcoming. Meantime, he saw that the dog had not wholly escaped—there was blood on its white coat. Evidently, it was hurt internally.

"I guess its lost, sir," said a big policeman, who came up and began at once to speculate about possible reward. "Better take it home with you."

Robert looked ruefully at the soft little bundle of wool, which was spattered all over with mud, with here and there a stain of blood. One would have thought that he would have turned the poodle over to the policeman's care. But our hero was one who could never resist the sight of suffering, even in a brute; and the dumb pitiful appeal in the dog's eyes moved him beyond belief.

"Poor little dog," he said, "I'm afraid its badly hurt."

"Better take it home, sir, and send for a doctor," repeated the policeman. "It may pull through it yet."

"It looks, to me," answered Robert, "as if it were hurt internally—and fatally."

Before the policeman could reply, a sudden shriek was heard, and a delicate girlish figure came rushing along the sidewalk. On hearing the shriek, the poodle looked up as if it recognized familiar tones; its dim eyes brightened when it saw who uttered them; it struggled faintly, as if to escape from Robert's arms.

"Oh, my poor darling!" cried the newcomer. "What has happened? Are you hurt? Why did you run away? Please, sir, give her to—"

Up to this moment, in her excitement, the speaker had seen only the dog. She now recognized Robert. She stopped, flushing painfully.

"I rescued her from under a carriage-wheel, dear," said her lover: for it was Trix who had rushed up; "but alas! too late, I fear. I am so sorry." As he spoke, he put the dog tenderly in the girl's arms.

"Oh! oh!" cried Trix, "my poor Frou-Frou! I had gone into a store, you see," she said, turning to Robert, as if half apologetically, "leaving her in the carriage. She sprang out, ran away, and got lost; and now, now—"

She burst into tears. The dog saw it, and looked up at her with infinite sympathy in its eyes, as if it knew and would gladly share her trouble. Robert was inexpressibly softened.

"Let me take you and Frou-Frou to your carriage," he said, kindly. "Let me see you home. Perhaps Frou-Frou is not so much hurt, after all."

Could the dog understand? Whether it could or not, it looked from one to the other with a look that seemed to say it knew better; then, sinking back, with a moan, into the arms of its mistress, it lay there motionless. It did not stir, even when they reached the carriage; but, before they had gone many blocks, it suddenly gave a shiver, opened its eyes, looked up at its mistress pitifully, sighed, and sank back. Poor Frou-Frou was dead.

Over her grave, the lovers forgot their estrangement. If she had separated them while living, in death she reunited them. Trix, weeping on Robert's shoulder, forgot her anger at him; Robert, soothing her, forgot her pettishness and injustice. She yielded to his kisses, no longer now rejecting them; she smiled thankfully when he replaced the betrothal-ring on her finger. She murmured:

"Oh, how kind you were to poor Frou-Frou. How shall I ever repay you?"

Trix, after that, never had another favorite. She has long been married, and is the happiest of wives and mothers. With her children's arms about her neck, and their kisses on her cheeks, and the love of her husband, she has nothing more, she says, to ask for in this world. You would hardly know her for the wilful childish Trix of the old days.

*"DE DARKIES, THEY HAVE LEFT THE OLD PLANTATION."

BY S. M. WRIGHT.

For many days, I've wandered lone and weary,
To find once more de home where I was born;
And oh, it makes my heart so sad and dreary
To find it all deserted and forlorn.
Old massa sleeps in peace upon de hillside;
De darkies, dey have wandered far away:
In sadness dere, I turn my weary footsteps,
For de blinding tears are falling while I stay.
De darkies, dey have left de old plantation,
De little old log cabin's rotting down;
Deserted are de fields of cane and cotton—
There's nothing like de old home to be foun'.

I find de house on massa's old plantation;
But massa, he's not in it any more.
Here's de cabin where de darkies used to frolic,
While de pickaninnies played about de door.
Here we gathered, when de hard day's-work was over,
And danced to de full moon's silvery light;

But de banjo's long been silent in de cabin,
And de songs we used to sing have taken flight.
De darkies, dey have left de old plantation,
De little old log cabin's rotting down;
Deserted are de fields of cane and cotton—
There's nothing like de old home to be foun'.

Yes: de darkies, dey have left de old plantation—
Dey have wandered from de old home far away.
De Lord, he struck de shackles from de black man—
And Uncle Abe, he helped to speed de day—
So we left de old plantation free forever,
Singing joyful songs of jubilee and praise;
But my eyes, dey fill with tears I cannot smother
When I come and see de remnant of those days.
Oh, farewell forever, massa and de old home!
Fading visions of my youth, ye could not stay:
Ye have all gone, and left de old man weeping,
As he trudges out upon his lonely way.

*These lines found expression from an incident related to us by a lady-traveler enroute for New Orleans, who very feelingly described the return of one of her father's old slaves: who, after an absence of eighteen years, traveled on foot a long distance, to see once more the old home where he was born and raised, and who wept bitter tears to find his old master dead, and the whole scene so changed that he scarcely recognized his old home.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1836, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 282.

XIV. THE SUDDEN ATTACK.

WHILE these two young people were dreaming in the forest, the villagers were decorously enjoying themselves by the fountain. The sick were laved in the pool some little distance below the spring, and innocent young people were, from time to time, reflected in the upper fountain, while they filled their wooden goblets and drank together of what was to them sanctified water.

On the grassy knolls and under the shade of the beech, old people lay sunning themselves in the fresh air of that Sabbath morning. There was no rush for amusement, as on the previous day; but everything was calm, earnest, and full of cordial happiness. The old grandame, whose bath had made her weary, was sleeping in the moss chair which Jeanne had filled the day before. The red blanket had fallen away from her shoulders, and lay in a heavy wave across the green of the moss. The thick hair, white as snow, fell back from a broad forehead which bore but few wrinkles, spite of its age, and a smile lay on the still expressive mouth.

This old woman made a grand picture, as she lay there in the calm repose of a sleep that seemed like childhood. Now and then, a neighbor would come up to make sure that she rested well. More than once, Jacques d'Arc bent down and listened to her breathing, which was strangely quiet that day. In fact, the aged dame was a common object of solicitude, being the oldest person in the village, and a noble relict of the past. Every man, woman, and child claimed an interest in her.

Hermette and Mongête, who had followed Jeanne to the wood and failed to find her, had just come in with their hands full of wild flowers, which they laid softly down on the moss by the old woman's face, where she might catch the perfume on her first waking. It was a pleasant sight, and in sweet poetic harmony with the day and with the occasion—calm, peaceful, and Sabbath-like.

The Druid forest came close down to the spring, and many of the villagers had gathered in the thick shade it flung upon the turf.

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Some were singing quietly; others, remembering the day, whispered prayers in a solemn undertone, while the young people drew apart in couples, shared goblets, dividing their cakes in half, and pledged themselves for the coming year. Little children were on every side, playing on the turf, pelting each other with grass, and slyly scattering water-drops from their wooden goblets, all feasting on the tiny cakes that they had been longing for a whole twelvemonth.

The air was unusually still, that day. The leaves of the forest scarcely whispered to each other, in the dead calm of the atmosphere. But, all at once, a point of young trees, that shot down toward the spring, broke into sudden commotion. The undergrowth began to sway and rustle, as if troubled by a mustering storm. No one heeded this, for the woods were full of wild boars and wilder deer, which a crowd of villagers was likely to disturb in their thickets. One or two of the old men looked that way, wondering that a herd of wild creatures should come so near the open fields. But, before they could speak, a fierce twang rent the air, a great flight of arrows tore through the branches, and fell, death-winged, into that harmless crowd. Some struck the Beautiful May and lodged in its branches. Some rained down into the fountain and were carried off by the stream that ran from it. Others struck the terrified crowd, wounding and killing as they flew.

Maddened, wild with terror, and in fierce wrath, the villagers rushed together. Some had weapons. Others tore down branches from the trees and broke them into huge clubs, ready for a rush on the dastards who had assailed them. Some of the women gathered the children in a circle, drew a cordon around them, and protected them with their own bodies. Others rushed up to the Beautiful May, and, when they saw that old woman slipping down from the moss chair, with an arrow cleaving her heart through and through, set up a cry that rang through the forest in such a wail of distress that the brigands who had caused it shuddered in their covert.

This cry it was that brought Jeanne out of her love, back to the villagers. As the doe hears the cry of its young, Jeanne rushed through the glades of the forest. She came, like an avenging goddess, upon the scene of death. For one moment, she stood still and dumb. Partly upon the ground, partly upon her own moss chair, lay the dear old woman who had been so sacredly loved in her home: her white hair scattered, a dark stream welling around an arrow buried to the shaft in her bosom, and the crimson blanket weltering like a sea of blood all around her.

"Grandmother! oh, my grandmother!" cried Jeanne.

The girl was kneeling on the ground, white with terror, shaking with grief. Her trembling hands attempted to wrest the arrow from its hold; but a gasp of agony followed the effort, and she shrunk away with both hands to her face, moaning piteously.

But, in a moment, she sprang to her feet. The wood was alive with marauders that came storming through it, shouting hoarsely and straining their bows afresh. A stout man, lithe as a deer and strong as an ox, shouted fiercely, as he strained upon the long bow in his hand:

"Stand aside, there. I have winged the old pheasant, and want a fair aim at the chicken. She will never drive a brave band across the river again. What ho! There she stands."

Jeanne did not comprehend the full meaning of these words. But she knew that the murderers of that good old woman were boasting of their bloody work, and turned her brave face full upon the man, with a glance that made his hand shake for a moment, so startled was he.

That moment saved the girl's life: for, while the murderous bow slackened a little, an arrow whistled by her and plunged its iron head into the braggart's swelling throat, cleaving through a great artery.

A shout of triumph went up from the villagers, followed by a fiendish yell upon the other side; for their leader had fallen upon the earth, face downward, with a torrent of blood gushing from his neck, and turning the grass to a horrid crimson.

It was her lover who had saved Jeanne's life. When he came up, one of the villagers was clumsily straining at an old ash bow. The young man snatched this from his awkward hands, settled the arrow quick as thought, and, straining at the ash with the strength of a dozen men, sent it whistling on its death-work. A hoarse gurgling cry broke from the wounded marauder.

"On, on, on! Are ye men, to halt because one falls? On, on, on—"

His voice was stifled with a great rush of blood. He strove to turn upon the sod, but those huge limbs only quivered in response to the effort, and he lay there like an ox struck down with a blow between the eyes.

The last words of this stalwart robber, as they rushed and gurgled through his throat, stung his followers to madness. They rushed out of the thicket that protected them, and a dozen arrows were aimed at Armoise with all the force of frustrated and fiendish hate.

With the leap of a panther, Jeanne sprang before him. He attempted to put her aside, but she knew that she had neither arrow nor shield, and kept her place bravely. The very audacity of her courage quelled the bitter hate in these men. They paused a moment, in astonishment and admiration, the grandeur of her heroism striking them dumb.

This one gleam of humanity was fatal to their purpose. In his swift flight after Jeanne, Armoise had found breath to wind the bugle which hung to his belt. It was answered by a shout close at hand. The marauders heard it, and, not knowing how large the force might be, retreated, scattering hastily through the wood.

Several children, and one or two of the villagers, had been wounded, and lay on the ground moaning. When the enemy was gone, those who had fled in search of weapons came back, to give help to the sufferers and bear that noble old woman to her home in Domremy. As they gathered under the dusky shadow of the Beautiful May, Armoise warned Jeanne of her danger, and besought her to retreat to the village with the rest, while he and his men took care of the dead and wounded.

She did not answer him, but looked into his eyes with the dumb agony of a wounded animal gleaming in hers. Before he could expostulate or attempt to arouse her, a spire of flame shot up from the church in the valley, and along its stone tower a sheet of seething fire tossed to and fro, like lightning in a thunder-cloud.

"Look," cried Jeanne, stretching forth her hand. "God has smitten us at every point. Death here. Fire down yonder. A fearful sign to those who disobey Him."

With this exclamation, uttered in a low voice, that fell almost to a horrified whisper, Jeanne fell upon her knees by the corpse of that old woman, and buried her white face in the crimson drapery that lay around it.

XV. IN THE FOREST.

"STAND up, child, and let me look on the face of my dead."

It was the voice of old Jacques d'Arc, hoarse and broken with grief. Jeanne lifted her white face, saw who it was, arose from her knees, and shrunk away like a guilty thing. While she stood apart, with her clasped hands drooping downward and her eyes fixed on the ground, her father had knelt by his murdered parent, and, with his rough hand, was tenderly smoothing the gray hair back from her temples.

"Oh, mother! mother!" he cried, hoarse with the dry agony of a strong man to whom tears are unknown, "could they not have spared thee, in thy helpless old age—so sweet and dear to us, but nothing to them? What will our hearth be, when thou art away? Ashes! ashes! ashes!"

"Father!"

Jacques d'Arc lifted his eyes, full of agony more bitter than tears, and looked wonderingly in the colorless face bent toward him.

"Father," said Jeanne, "let thy blame and thy curse, if they must come, fall on me. My grandame perished because of my disobedience."

The stout old man shook his head, and bent it low again. He could not comprehend the anguish of self-reproach that wailed through his daughter's voice.

Armoise approached the stricken man, and touched him on the shoulder.

"The danger is not over," he said. "These Burgundian marauders will soon learn how meagre our force is, and will return."

Jacques d'Arc started to his feet.

"What ho!" he shouted. "Is there no one to avenge a dastardly crime like this? Bring arms! The fiends were routed yesterday. Have we grown weak, that they murder helpless old women before our eyes? Jacquemin Lozart, neighbors one and all: those who have weapons, make ready; those who have none but clubs, tear up stones from the earth—rend the traitors with hands and teeth—make their hearthstones black as they have left ours!"

A half-score of young men, who came racing up from the village with ash bows, axes, and rusty spears in their hands, drowned the last words of this speech with a wild shout.

"Lead on! lead on!" they cried. "We are ready."

Armoise sprang on his horse, which had been waiting for him all the morning, and which his servant now brought up.

"This way!" he cried, pointing to a glade in the wood. "They are at it now, and our poor fellows are fearfully outnumbered."

The young men followed him, with shouts of rage and the swiftness of tigers. But Jacques d'Arc led them all, whirling an axe around his

gray head till it glistened like a star through the green leaves.

By his side, like a prophetess driven from her altar, moved Jeanne, his daughter. She, too, had snatched a weapon and followed the old man, fired by an heroic impulse to save him or die with him. He saw her, and, for a moment, stood still, dropping his axe to the ground.

"Jeanne, my child, go back, I charge thee. This is no work for women," he said.

The girl paused and drew breath.

"Father, I cannot. Once have I disobeyed the voice of God. And lo! what comes of it? Let me atone, and die."

There was no time for parley. Even as Jeanne spoke, a body of men came rushing through the forest, with a larger body in hot pursuit. It was the little band that Armoise's bugle had summoned, and they were now running from a fierce and most unequal fight. A storm of arrows flashed after them—lost in the leaves, quivering in the tree-trunks, wounding right and left, as they reached a human victim. Jeanne darted in front of her father, and, for him, made a buckler of her body, during all this wild death-storm. His stout arm was not strong enough to put her slender person aside. No stormy petrel was ever more at home in a tempest than this young maiden felt, in the fierce heat of that skirmish. She had snatched a small axe from the girdle of a peasant, when her father led on the fray. Twice, an arrow, that would have reached his heart, was shivered against it. Once, the shaft was cut in twain on the sharp edge, and the feathered end fluttered down to her feet. The maiden gave no blows, but shrank from none. She had but one thought: to shield her father and keep her lover in sight.

Robbers are seldom valiant. Scattered among the trees, this peasant-crowd seemed a formidable reinforcement. Armoise on horseback, with his drawn sword flashing through the leaves, seemed to threaten an organized defense from the castle. The flames, leaping up from the church-tower, struck the marauders with superstitious dread. Still they pressed on for one final charge. A brother of the man who had fallen saw Jeanne still in front of her father, whose axe gleamed and circled above her head. His quiver was exhausted, but a small battle-axe swung at his girdle, which he seized and leveled at the white brow of the maid, as a savage poises his tomahawk. Jacquemin Lozart, who kept close to Jacques d'Arc, leaped forward. His club of knotted oak was cleft in twain by the blow, and the axe fell harmless at Jeanne's feet. The assault changed now. With a wild fierce

shout, that rolled like thunder through the wood; Jacques d'Arc plunged forward, leading on his men. Jeanne strove to follow, but a spent arrow pierced her arm, and, while she paused in sudden pain, the enemy had scattered, and a wild rambling contest followed.

Armoise led the pursuit. She could hear him leading it on, deep in the forest. Her father's voice thundered out fierce cheers from another direction. Lozart alone remained by her side.

The girl was faint with pain. A gush of blood had followed the arrow-head, and the sight of it made her shudder. It was not that the blood was her own that she shrunk. Up to the day of her death, even that of an enemy would make her whole being recoil. The mere brute force of heroism was unknown to this brave and gentle girl. She made a feeble effort to tear the arrow from the tender flesh, which it had penetrated, but sickened, and leaned against a tree.

Lozart came up, removed the rankling iron, and tore a fragment of linen from his own dress, with which to bind up the wound. The young man felt her shudder, and thought that the touch of his hand caused the tremor.

"Dost thou hate me so balefully, Jeanne?" he said, with bitter sadness in his voice.

"Hate thee, Jacquemin?" she replied, turning her grateful eyes upon him. "Why will ye think so? Has anyone living ever known me to hate the meanest thing my God ever made?"

"Ah, but I would rather have hate than this!" cried the young peasant, with passionate discontent. "It is love that I ask, Jeanne, and love that I will have, or nothing at all."

Jeanne shrunk away from the fiery passion of this speech, and drew back into the weakness of her young womanhood as fawns seek shelter in ferns and thickets. For once, the girl was evasive. She was not strong enough for another contest that day. With her large pleading eyes fixed on the young man, she besought his forbearance.

"My grandame is lying dead down yonder," she said. "My father, even now, is face to face with our bitter foes. Is this a time to speak of love, or should you be here?"

The young man paused a moment. Then, flushing with sudden shame, he seized her hand.

"Ah, Jeanne, canst thou not see how I love thee, when that love draws me from a contest my heart pants for?" he pleaded.

"The man who loves me must love France better," answered the girl, with grand significance. "When King Charles is on his throne, a crowned and anointed sovereign, it may be time

for our young men to think of peaceful homes, and for women of France to listen."

"Ah, Jeanne, is there any time when a true heart will not speak of such feelings as make a laggard of me now?"

"Truly there is," answered the girl. "Even cowardly little birds do not mate in winter storms. Look yonder!"

An opening in the forest revealed the tower of the church standing black and upright against the sky. All that the fire could feed on had burned out, leaving a cloud of smoke hovering like a pall above the ponderous stonework.

"While traitors come so near, that God's own house is blackened in our sight," she added, "selfish passion should sleep. Go thou, and give strength and life to France; for there alone canst thou follow me!"

With these words, Jeanne turned away, and, going slowly down to the Beautiful May, joined the crowd of women who were carrying her grandame's body toward the valley.

XVI. IN THE NIGHT.

Down in the half-ruined old church, Jeanne d'Arc spent that night, for to that spot the body of her murdered grandame had been taken. The old building was of stone: heavy, massive, and so hoary with age that the very flames seemed to hold it sacred. They had seized upon the woodwork wherever it was found in tower or roof, and consumed it fiercely, choking up the heavy gargoyles with ashes and leaving broad black stains upon the walls. Fire had power to desecrate the sacred building, but not to destroy it.

The interior was blackened with smoke, which had curled up among the rafters and hung like a pall above the dead woman, who lay before the altar with all the noble outlines of her marble face uncovered and lying like a statue on that drapery of scarlet cloth which had been around her when she died.

The people, terrified and scattered as they were, had not failed in reverence to the dead. The smoke of censers rose white and fragrant to the hovering cloud above, and the light of consecrated tapers fell solemnly on the folds of snowy hair that crowned that head, august with age and impressed with the beauty of a noble soul.

That night, Jeanne had begged of her parents that she might be left alone with their dead. There was something in the earnest, nay solemn, supplication of the girl, that even those superstitious old people found irresistible. The stillness of death seemed to have fallen upon her. Her wild eyes were full of terror, which no

danger she had encountered could have inspired. She seemed like a creature soul-haunted.

And so she was. Superstitious, sensitive to a painful degree, fired by religious enthusiasm, she believed that God had punished her for swerving from the path of glory which His finger had pointed out. She had seized upon one delirious hour of womanly happiness, and that good old woman had perished that she might be drawn back to her duty. Through that band of fierce Burgundians, God had smitten her to the heart. Thus, at midnight, this strange and beautiful girl knelt by the altar of the half-ruined church, pale and still as a marble figure. Stunned by the blow that had fallen upon her, she bent her head and ceased to struggle. Love for Armoise lay in her heart, as a sin that must not live but which she could not bury.

The girl did not reason or resolve. She only gave herself up and submitted. God had smitten her too sorely for resistance. But all the glow and hope of her life was hushed in her bosom. Once or twice, she arose and looked on the face of that aged woman, who had fallen a martyr to the great sin of her love. Before God, before France, she had set up this human idol, and the result was death!

Still, those quiet lips seemed to smile forgiveness upon her, and this filled her heart with a flood of tender regret. Never, since she could remember, had they refused to answer her glances with a smile, and she saw it now as light shines upon ashes.

The solemn stillness of the church bore heavily upon her. Outside she heard the low shiver of leaves and the murmur of water among rushes, funeral sounds to her. All at once, another sound came to her ear—the sob of a human being who seemed to struggle with pain.

The maid lifted her head and listened. A note of sorrow was sure to send sobs of sympathy through her heart. The sound came nearer. It seemed to that listening girl as if her own name were breathed among the sobs.

The church-door was open, day and night. Through it now came what seemed the figure of a young girl, still almost a child. It moved along the floor with steps that dragged and faltered, leaving black drops; that might be blood or rain, on the paved aisle as she moved.

"Jeanne! Jeanne!"

The voice was low and full of pathetic pain. Jeanne heard it, and arose to her feet, holding on to the rails of the altar.

"Mongète! My Mongète!"

This cry thrilled through the silence, and again the girl answered:

"Jeanne! oh, Jeanne, help me a little."

Jeanne left the altar, and went forward with both hands extended, trembling as she went. The girl crept a pace or two further and fell into her arms, where she lay speechless. Her garments were wet. Heavy drops fell from her white bosom to the floor.

"Mother of God! it is blood," said Jeanne, with a shudder.

"Yes," sighed Mongète, "it is blood. The arrow-head is here. I cannot get it out, my hands are so weak."

Jeanne lifted the child in her arms and laid her upon the steps of the altar, as lambs were given for sacrifice. The tapers threw their light upon her wan face and on the snow of a tender young bosom torn by an arrow-head of rough iron. Jeanne shuddered.

"Oh, Mongète, my child, my white lily, how did this hurt come?"

"I was in the wood. It came through the leaves. No one was there to help me. Oh, I have been so long in coming. The light led me on and on. Now it has gone out."

That poor little voice fluttered into silence. Jeanne heard nothing but the slow heavy dropping of blood upon the white steps of the altar. The young girl's lips were partly open, but not a sigh escaped them. She was dead.

Daylight found Jeanne prostrate upon the altar, not insensible—that would have been a mercy—but still as the death around her. She had closed those soft brown eyes and laid the victim tenderly by the old woman, where she lay as snowdrops sleep under the sere brown leaves of winter. With a soft and reverent touch, she had smoothed the silken curls and folded the slender hands.

Was this, too, in atonement of her sin? Was the flowery path she had been tempted to tread blocked up by death? She struggled no longer, but fell upon her face in blind submission.

The next day, there was a funeral from that lonely church—a double funeral, in which those extremes of life, the blossom and the sere leaf, drifted out of the dark valley forever in mournful company.

When a whole community is sad, the sufferings of any one individual are scarcely noticed. Jeanne had lost her grandmother and one of the dearest little friends she had on earth. Was it strange that her face had grown so deadly pale and her eyes so mournfully large? She was always a sensitive creature, full of quick impulses, the neighbors said at the funeral, and the violent death of two persons so well beloved had fallen with terrible effect upon her.

But the grief of this strange girl was silent as it was deep. To no one but Hermette did she speak of her loss. These two were drawn together in their grief. People observed that, while Hermette wept bitterly, Jeanne walked by her side, looking afar off with an expression in her eyes that no one could fathom, for it was something more pathetic than tears, more earnest than a mere resolve.

Meantime, the days passed, and no one outside of her father's house saw Jeanne. Up in the loft where she slept, the girl was busy with her needle, fashioning garments from some coarse woolen cloth that she had helped to spin and weave for the winter clothing of her brother, who was a tall slender lad about her own height.

During these days, Armoise haunted the beautiful beech-tree morning and night, but found nothing but withered garlands and that broken moss chair, from which a heavy rain had not yet washed away the blood. More than once, he wandered into the church, hoping to find Jeanne there; but, when he saw her kneeling at the altar, with her rapt face uplifted to heaven, his heart was seized with awe, and he went away without daring to address her or make his presence known.

It is impossible to say what sublime influence was at work on that sensitive nature during this time; but one thing is certain: that which was to be in the hereafter formed itself into a resolve which had all the solemnity of revelation and all the fixed purpose of absolute reality.

Must she give up Armoise? Was he to be driven from her heart by fasting and prayer?

Those who looked on the sweet mournfulness of her countenance, so thin, so colorless, that the large gray eyes seemed to illuminate mysteriously, might have seen there pale traces of the struggle that was going on in that young soul.

XVII. THE STRANGERS.

A GROUP of horsemen had entered the Valley of Domremy. Apparently, there were two peasants and a priest, and behind them two men on sumpter-mules, who might or might not belong to the same party. They seemed harmless travelers of the better class. As they came into the shadow of the Druid wood, one of the men, who seemed impatient of delay, pushed forward and soon left his companions out of sight. This man was, perhaps, twentyfour years of age, slender in person, and carrying about him that indescribable air of command which high birth and breeding were sure to give in an age when distinction of rank lifted one man infinitely

above another in the great social economy of a nation.

This man had little save his own personal presence to distinguish his rank as above that of a common peasant. His doublet was of coarse fustian, his falling hose were bespattered with mud, his pointed shoes, linked to the knee by a chain of tarnished metal, gave no indication even of superior prosperity; but there was a graceful ease in his bearing and a look of command in his clear blue eyes that set his humble garments at naught.

On a closer observation, other indication of rank was visible. The horse he rode was a pure-blooded steed, such as no peasant ever bestrode as his own. Though almost enveloped in a saddle-cloth of dun-colored frieze, his quick action occasionally exposed a glimpse of crimson housing and fringe of tarnished gold underneath, and the frontlet of his bridle had, at one time, been fretted with jewels; for the setting was still there, bent and broken, as if the stones had been but recently removed.

This man, in his impatience, had outridden his companions, and was now compelled to wait for their approach. Before him, standing out grandly from the crowded trees of the Druid wood, stood an enormous beech, whose bronzed leaves were taking a ruddier hue from the glory of a gorgeous sunset, which came pouring its gold-and-crimson through the woods.

"A grand old tree," exclaimed the horseman, riding under its branches, and looking up to its leafy dome. "If no better quarters offer, we can camp here safe from rain or dew. I doubt much if my people will ever pitch me a more royal tent. Ha! Blackheart, thy ears have caught the sound of running water. Well, find it out—find it out."

The horse, thus set free, turned eagerly and went down the sloping bank of a ravine, which was half choked with flowering vines and grass. The head of this hollow was brightened by a spring, which came leaping into the cavities of an old Druid font, and formed a rocky pool some few yards further down the slope of the hill. Footpaths, well trod, ran down to both font and pool; but the horse chose the upper track, and thrust his thirsty mouth deep into the sparkling water of the font, at which his master laughed and patted him on the neck.

"That is right, old friend: take the brightest and the best. France, at the worst, owes us pure water and fresh air with the rest of them. What! had enough? Then it is my turn. So stand aside for the king."

The traveler said this with laughing mockery,

which had just a shade of bitterness in it, while he laid the bridle on his horse's neck and dismounted. Taking the stream a little above the place where his steed had refreshed himself, he bent down and drank eagerly of the cool water. Then, drawing a deep breath, he returned to his horse, which followed him up the bank and under the beech again with the docility of a dog. Here the young man took an anxious look down the valley, in search of his companions; but they were not in sight: so he drew off his heavy buff gloves, doffed his cap of rusty velvet, and commenced fanning himself with the tuft of heron's-plumes that ornamented it, while he carelessly ruffled up the heap of rich brown curls, that fell in damp masses over his forehead, with the disengaged hand, which was now revealed shapely and white as a woman's.

He had not remained long in this position, when a second traveler came in sight, moving slowly along a horse-path that skirted the wood. His horse, that seemed little inferior to Black-heart in beauty or strength, halted painfully in one of his forelegs, and, just as he came in sight of the beech, stumbled and fell.

"He is hurt past moving," said the newcomer, laying the head of his steed tenderly down on one of the cushions of moss that grew thickly along the path, as the young man came toward him, leaving his own horse under the beech. "Thus, sire, my evil-fortune ever follows those I would serve. This is a hard mischance, just as our journey comes to a close."

"Nay," answered the young man, with a good-natured laugh. "I was but now wondering if any general of France had a more lofty tent than the ruddy-leaved old tree yonder. To our right, is a spring of the coolest and brightest water ever drunk by man or beast. Cheer up: thy steed may not be so far gone as he seems; and, if he is, the king of France has been in worse strait than this, and lived through it."

"But he will die," answered the newcomer, with a look of keen distress, while he made an effort to arouse his prostrate horse.

"Nay, nay: he is but exhausted. A draught of water from yon spring will put new life into him."

"Ah, sire, it is worse than that. As I passed along the skirt of the wood, a flight of arrows whistled by me; one struck this poor beast in the shoulder, where the shaft broke off, leaving the iron deep in the flesh. I greatly fear the arrow was poisoned."

"Heaven forbid," exclaimed the younger man.

"Look, look, sire! A simple wound never produced agony like this," cried the master of the horse, who had stooped and was striving to encourage him by every gentle method in his power. But it was all in vain that he patted the reeking haunches and drew his hand, with words of encouragement, down the soiled and panting neck. The poor brute made one desperate effort, and threw out his forehoofs with a force that stretched all his sinews till they worked like serpents over his panting chest and lifted him from the earth. But he fell back, and once more lay panting in the dust, his great wild eyes turned upon his master with a look of almost human appeal.

Again the young man bent down with a despairing attempt at aid. The horse answered it with a lift of the head, again buried his hoofs deep in the gravel, and made one more desperate attempt to rise; but the sinews, which laced his body like whipcord, relaxed suddenly. He fell slowly forward, the flesh quivered on his slender limbs like thick grass stirred by the wind, and the generous animal lay dead at his master's feet.

The young man looked mournfully on the body of his dead steed a moment, then turned away, that his companion might not see how deeply the loss had moved him.

"Fie, man! do not take it so hardly," said his companion. "We have yet a few good steeds at Chinon, if the English do not ravage the place before we get back, and thou shalt have free choice of the best."

Dunais—for so the man was called—turned suddenly, and kissed the hand Charles held out to him.

"It is not that, sire, nor altogether grief for this poor beast that moves me, though I loved him well: but that he lies here stark and dead shows that there is danger about us, and our rashness may have placed the king within reach of his enemies."

For a moment, the handsome face of King Charles was clouded. But he was of a light and careless nature, and scoffed at danger when it was not close upon him.

"Never fear for us," he said, laughing: "we were born and bred in feud, worse than any England has threatened us with. Besides, our own oppressed subjects are as likely to assail us as Bedford's men, for our whole army is broken up into bands of brigands. It may be a shot from our own people that has brought down thy horse."

"Even then there would be peril."

"But we are used to that. Oh, here comes—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THEIR FIRST QUARREL.

BY ELLEN ASHETON.

THE quarrel had begun in the morning, and it was now nearly ten o'clock at night; yet neither would give in, and the situation was becoming grave.

She realized it. She had been married three years—it had been a love-match—and, although she had often had little differences with her husband, they had never before lasted more than an hour at the most.

It had been a lovely morning, but hot, and they had arranged to go out together. He had proposed it, just a walk in the park, near which they lived; the exercise would do her good, and it would be very pleasant under the trees.

She had risen late and was in a bad humor. She was nervous and oppressed by the heat.

In the street, he remarked that her bonnet was a little on one side.

"I'm sure it isn't," she briefly replied, and tossed her head in defiance.

"Allow me, my dear—"

"I won't allow you at all; my bonnet is quite straight," she interrupted. "I do wish you would not always make remarks about my toilette; you inspect me all over. One day, it is my dress that is wrong, now it is my bonnet. Don't I know how to dress myself?"

"But, my dear, I only said—"

"You only said! Well, that's quite enough."

And she laughed a short, mocking, disdainful laugh, that was terribly exasperating.

He was not to be so easily beaten, though.

"Well, then," he pursued, "if that's the latest fashion, I had better follow it." And he tipped his own hat up on one side.

How disgraceful! She blushed, as she looked at him. What would people say? That she was walking out with some low music-hall fellow? However, she said nothing—only quickened her pace, in order to walk in front of him: she would not appear to be in his company. He quickened also, and, for the rest of the walk, remained malignantly glued at her side.

At last, she was obliged to speak. "It's a pity you can't see yourself. What an object you are!" she said.

He began to whistle.

"And now I see you are as vulgar as you look."

He bit his lip, but made no reply.

Just then, they passed a shop-window. She peeped at her reflection in the glass, and saw that her bonnet was a little bit askew. But she would not give in—not she! She chose a moment, when she thought he was not looking, to put up her hand and place it straight.

He saw the movement, however, and imitated it. She became furious, and would not say another word.

They had dined in silence, and, after dinner, he had taken a book and had not spoken a word, the whole evening. Ah, how she hated him! Yes, she—who used to love him so much. He had at last shown his true character: he had appeared in his real color to-day. How unhappy she was, to have such a husband! He had deceived her, with his pretended tenderness and put-on airs. How falsely he had smiled, with those fine eyes of his! Yes, she must give him credit for those: he had lovely eyes. Even now, though kept severely intent on his book, there seemed something tender and kind about them, under their long soft lashes. And yet he was a monster. Just look at him: the fine clear lines of his face are plainly seen, in the lamp-light; his broad full forehead, his long white hands, the very immobility of all his person, indicate that he is a being with extraordinary power of will. It seemed as if some magnetic fluid drew her toward him, and she trembled. Ah, what would her future be?

To-morrow, she would go home to her mother's. And, if he dared to come after her, with his satanic smile, she would demand a divorce.

And thus, stretched on a sofa, she allowed her thoughts to run on, trying her hardest to make herself believe that her life was full of bitterness, and that she was the most ill-used woman in the world.

And all this to happen at her age—twentyone! Only twentyone—after being married only three years! And what years! Full of pleasure, sweets, kisses, and delight. Yes, she must admit that. He had always been very kind, and had done everything to make her happy. And he could be most amusing, when he liked—always had something new to tell her. Alas, souvenirs! Alas, regret! All, all, is finished now.

Yes, all is finished: for, at this very moment,
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when he must know how she was suffering, he has not the slightest pity or compassion—none whatever. He leans in his chair—reading, reading, reading—with his fine fair mustache gleaming softly in the lamplight.

A despairing sigh escapes from her. That mustache! How she once adored it. How she once loved to roll it between her little fingers. And how she used to laugh when sometimes she pulled it too hard and he made a grimace. Then how she used to caress him and stroke the poor mustache and tickle his lips with the hairs till he shook his head and barked as if he were a dog just out of water. Oh! what jolly times they used to have! What joys—what kisses! But they were all over now.

Yes, there was no doubt of it. She hardly dared confess it to herself, but she began to feel quite anxious. Why ever didn't he say something? Why didn't he do something? Why didn't he even look at her? She coughed slightly and timidly, a suppressed little cough. The air was turning chilly.

He deliberately laid down his book on the table, rose, came and closed the window, then, without a word, went back to his chair and resumed his reading.

She felt completely crushed. After a minute she got up, and, rustling her dress, went toward the door.

He raised his head.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To my room."

"To bed already?"

"What would you have me do? Better go to bed than be bored."

She put her hand to the door and turned the handle slowly, sighing deeply.

He rose in his turn, and took his hat.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To the club."

"Ah!"

She withdrew her hand from the door, and turned to watch her husband, who was arranging his hat on his head before the glass.

"It's all on one side!" she cried, suddenly, with difficulty restraining her laughter.

"I beg your pardon," he returned, the comicality of the situation striking him at the same time.

"Oh, yes, it is; permit me to put it straight."

She ran toward him, and, before he could prevent her, she had stood on tiptoe and seized the hat with her two hands.

Her sleeves fell back, revealing her arms—her fair pretty arms. He felt them flutter his mustache, but he gave no sign.

He put his hands behind his back and looked up to the ceiling while she carefully arranged his hat. As he felt her soft skin touch his cheeks, he had half a mind to put his arms round her—no, the other half of his mind remained firm, and he resisted the temptation.

Then, satisfied with the hat, she brushed back his hair behind his ears carefully and slowly. But he made no sign. She could bear it no longer. With a sudden impulse, she seized the hat and dashed it to the ground.

"It's horrible, horrible! I hate that ugly—stovepipe!"

She hesitated before expressing the object of her hatred, and then hissed out her intense aversion to the much-abused tile with such vehemence that he could not keep back a burst of laughter.

She had thrown herself into a chair, and was sobbing her heart out.

He knelt down tenderly beside her, drew her head on to his shoulder, and their eyes met. Both pairs were clouded with tears.

"You shall put my bonnet on for me, to-morrow morning," she said, an hour afterward.

"And I'll try and put it on one side."

"Yes, do, please; and then we'll quarrel again."

"I'd quarrel every day to have such a sweet reconciliation." His arms were round her neck, and lips were pressed to lips once more.

"But you were a brute—you know you were." However, she kissed him again, and, kissing him, fell asleep.

LINES FOR AN AUTOGRAPH-ALBUM.

BY KATE AULD.

Do you give me this page?
Then, indeed, I'll engage
To fill it with pen-and-ink dripping.
But I'll not rack my mind
Some fine saying to find,
Or copy some newspaper-clipping.

Nor do I now call
All good-fortune to fall
On your head from the heaven above you.
I simply will say,
In my verses to-day,
What you know perhaps always: I love you.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



No. 1.

No. 1—Is a stylish home-dress, of striped and plain woolen material. The underskirt is of the plain goods, and kilted in wide plaits mounted upon a foundation-yoke. The overskirt is of the stripe, quite long, and plaited into the elongated waist, as seen in the illustration. The back-drapery is formed by one long breadth of the material, doubled, and looped only at the waist. The edge of the entire overskirt is finished with either a binding of velvet or a narrow silk fringe. The bodice for this costume is cut, both back and front, so that the stripes may meet. A half-vest, of black or colored velvet to correspond with the material, is finished by a high collar of the same. The sleeves are slightly full, being cut straight and gathered into a deep cuff, which is covered by

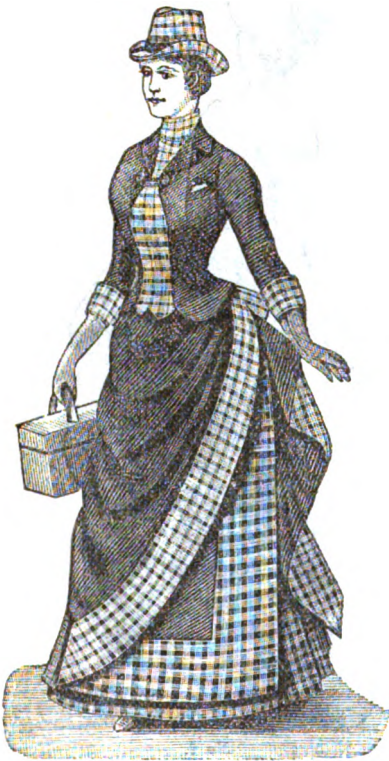
a cuff of velvet, open on the back of the sleeve, and ornamented by a row of small buttons on either side of the opening. The same small buttons close the front of the bodice and vest. Four yards of double-fold, in plain, for the kilted skirt. Six and a half to seven yards of stripe, half a yard of velvet, four dozen buttons, will be required for this costume. This model will be both appropriate and stylish for washingham, striped and plain. In dark colors, the costume could be worn out, almost, before it would need to be laundered.



No. 2.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume, suitable for spring. It is composed of striped and plain vigogne-cloth, or any of the many pretty and soft woolen materials. In this costume, the striped material is used crosswise, making a

bayadère effect, which seems to be the latest mode, as we have seen it in some of the most elegant French costumes. This forms the skirt, as these fine woollen goods are generally from fortysix to fiftytwo inches in width. The width is usually long enough for the skirt. Sometimes, a piece is taken off the top and used as trimming for the bodice and cuffs. The bodice and overskirt are of the plain material. In our model, it is of diagonal or fine pin-stripe, all in one color, but to correspond with that of the underskirt. The waist is a very short corsage-basque without any trimming, and the overskirt falls in a long point in front, looped high at the sides, and puffed at the back. Tight coat-sleeves, with pointed cuff and high standing collar. A bit of the underskirt is introduced into the cuff and as a narrow vest. Small crocheted buttons, or fancy metal ones, as the taste may suggest. Two and a half yards of stripe, for skirt, six to eight of plain—it depends upon the width of the material.



No. 3.

No. 3.—Is another combination-costume, of checked and plain Scotch woolen. The underskirt is of the check, plain in front and at sides, kilt-plaited at the back—say, three-quarters of

a yard up. The overdrapery is bordered by a nine-inch band of the check. The side-panel and the front-drapery are in one piece, the pointed front turning over the side-panel. The back-drapery is likewise edged with the check; or it may be made entirely of the check, lined with the plain. This is arranged to form a jabot, showing the underlining. A vest of the check, over which is a short jacket of the plain



No. 4.

material. The jacket has a turnover collar, like a coat, fastens with a clasp or frogs-and-cord. Sleeves plain, with cuffs of the check. A Derby-hat, of the same check, completes this stylish street-costume. These Scotch woolens come in mixed colors, or black and white. For spring wear, they will be of light texture, although of dark colors. Four to six yards of check, four yards of plain double-fold material, will be required.

No. 4.—Is a simple design for corsage-blouse, suitable for a young girl or young lady who may be tall and slender. The material is of figured

or dotted foulard. A plain skirt, with scarf-drapery crossing the front, which disappears under a wide box-plait on either side. The back is plain, and hangs in straight plaits, over which are long loops-and-ends of the material forming a sash. The blouse-waist has three box-plaits, back and front, like a Norfolk-jacket, only it is very much shorter from under the belt. A deep sailor-collar is tied, in front by a bow of ribbon. A similar bow ornaments the left side of the belt, which is also of the ribbon. Rather short coat-sleeves; this, however, is entirely a matter of individual taste or comfort. Loops of the ribbon ornament the side-plaits of the skirt, put on diagonally, as seen in the illustration. From twelve to fifteen yards of yard-wide foulard, silk, or figured delaine. This model may be used for sateen or gingham.



No. 5.

No. 5—Is a very simple and useful model for a flannel wrapper. It is of plain twilled flannel, edged with an embroidered border, done in silk upon the flannel. It can be bought either as an edge to the flannel or separately as an embroidered edging. This model is only a loose

sacque, with double box-plaits in the back-seam at the waist-line, to give enough fullness to the skirt. The sleeves are slightly full into a band, and edged with a gathered ruffle of the embroidery. A ribbon ties at the waist, also ties the collar and ornaments the sleeves. Ten yards of flannel will be required. The embroidery to be put on slightly full around the bottom of the skirt, perfectly plain down the front on one side.



No. 6.

No. 6—Is a blouse-robe, for a little girl of four to six years. It is made of Scotch plaid, box-plaited back and front, and is worn over a guimp of plain cashmere corresponding in color to the plaid. The blouse is slipped over the head, and is fastened with a button on the shoulders. The belt is made of blocks of the plaid, cut on the bias, through which cords of worsted, with ball tassels, tie at one side.

No. 7.—A nursery-frock, for a child of three years, made of flannel with feather-stitching. The frock is plaited back and front, and there is a row of feather-stitching on each plait, above



No. 7.



No. 8.

the hem, on collar and cuffs. The frock ties with a sash at the back.

No. 8.—For a boy of three to four years, we give a piqué, braided and feather-stitched. The skirt is box-plaited all around, a row of braiding between each plait. Cuffs, collar, and vest

braided to match. The plaits on the waist are held in place by a row of feather-stitching on each plait. The frock opens at one side under the plait, and fastens to the side of the vest. A waistband is arranged to pass through straps, back and front the same.

THERMOMETER.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

These cheap little thermometers are seen mounted in such a variety of ways, that it is rather a difficult matter to suggest something different. But we do not believe any of our readers has seen one like that which is given in the front of the number.

One-quarter of a yard of two-inch satin ribbon and two yards of the narrowest width are required for one. The wide ribbon is fringed out, on one end, three-quarters of an inch, the other end is hemmed with a narrow hem. Tiny bows of the

narrow ribbon are tied through the holes in the thermometer.

Turn the top down an inch, and catch it on the lower corners to the sides. Sew the thermometer on so that the top reaches the bottom of the part turned over. Sew it on through the holes. The narrow ribbon is tied together through the loop at the top. The new shades of pink and green form a pretty combination of colors, or two shades of yellow will be effective.

LAVENDER SACHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design, printed in colors, for a lavender sachet. To make this pretty little affair, take a piece of gros-grain ribbon twice the length given in our model. On one half, embroider the motto and flowers, in one color, in outline; fringe out the ends; sew the ribbon together neatly and fill the sachet with lavender-blossoms.

Any variety of these sachets may be made with different mottoes and flowers. "Forget Me Not," with the flowers and leaves sprinkled over; "Merrie Xmas," with holly berries and leaves, "Easter," "Birth-Day," etc., etc.

Sachet-powder between thin layers of cotton-wadding fills the sachet to perfection. Altogether, as pretty as original.

GIRL'S FROCK: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, for our dress-pattern, a girl's frock, for a girl from four to six years old. Folded in with the number is a Supplement, with full-size diagrams for cutting the frock out. They are, as will be seen, four in number, viz:

No. 1.—HALF OF UNDERFRONT, with skirt attached, which is to have twentytwo inches added in the back for the required fullness. This underfront is to be either gathered or plaited at the neck and waist.

No. 2.—Is THE OVERFRONT, forming a jacket that opens over the fullness.

No. 3.—HALF OF BACK.

No. 4.—UPPER AND UNDER PART OF SLEEVE.

The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The jacket may be edged with either embroidery or lace. It should be made of some wash-material. Zephyr, sateen, or bège may be made up into this simple costume. The sash to be of the material, if of washing-goods. If the costume be of bège, cashmere, or foulard, make the sash of surah to match.



WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an extra embellishment, printed in colors, of a new-style work-bag. This pretty affair is made inside of a small willow open basket.

The inside bag is of China figured silk. Our model calls for one figured in Japanese design in two shades of China-blue. This kind of silk comes wide, so that five-eighths of a yard is all the quantity required. Double it in half. This forms the entire bag and makes the lining at the same time. Run casings for the strings two and a half inches from the top, making a wide frill. Gather the bottom edge and sew into a small circular piece about as large as a half-dollar. This is made by covering a bit of card

with some silk of the same color. Divide the bag into five equal parts, and sew at each point one-half yard of satin ribbon to two, exactly in the middle. These ribbons tie the bag to the basket at each intersecting point. The same ribbon is to be run into the casing at the top, to draw the bag—three-fourths of a yard to each string, making in all four to four and a quarter yards. It is better to have a trifle of ribbon over than to have the strings or bows scrimped. The ribbons may be of two shades of blue or one only, as the taste may decide. When two shades are used, one-half more of one shade than the other. The basket may be white, as in our pattern, or bronzed, or gilt, as preferred.

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EASTER-GREETING CARD.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.



One of the most unique and least expensive of Easter-cards is the one given above: a cross of thorns, mounted on a card made of rough water-color paper, three and a half by five inches in size. Draw the size on the paper with a faint pencil-line, and tear it out to give it a ragged

appearance. Make the cross of locust-twigs, joined together with fine wire, and gilded; then fasten it on the paper with strong glue. The lettering is done in gilt. One corner is caught down with a bow of satin ribbon. Lacquer may be used instead of gilding.

DESIGNS ON SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, but in such a way as not to interfere with the lines of the dress-pattern, two designs in embroidery:

1.—EGG-COSY. This is just in time for Easter. It may be worked on white butcher's-linen, granite-cloth, etc., etc., in outline-stitch, with black silk. It is intended to be put over

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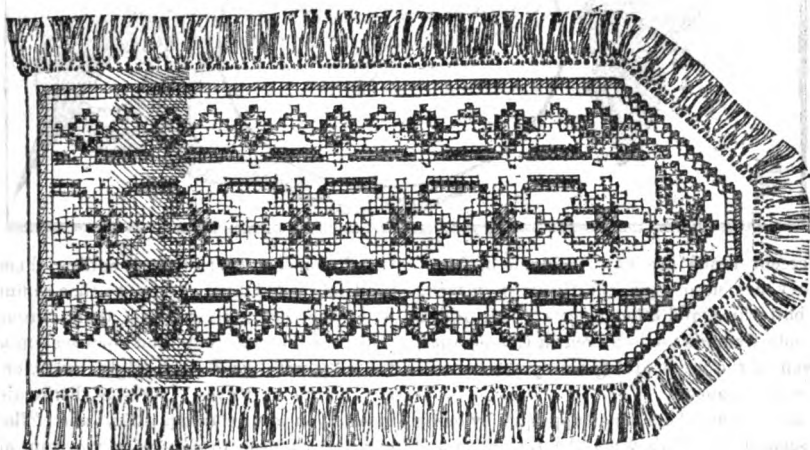
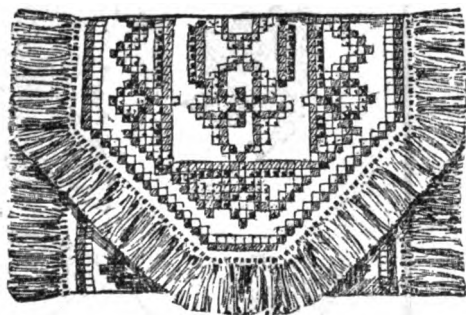
eggs, after they are boiled and served at table, to keep them warm.

2.—BORDER FOR PIANO-COVER, CURTAIN, ETC., ETC. This is to be worked in Kensington-stitch, the lilies shaded with very light yellows, and the leaves in greens of the color of water-lily leaves.

GRANDMAMMA'S POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pocket—an engraving of which, when closed, we give at the side here—is to be made of Java canvas, and worked in cross-stitch in colored cotton or silk. The inside is lined with satin, and provided with little pockets for spectacles, knitting-needles, darning cotton and needles, etc. We give, also, the pattern more in detail.



JAPANESE SACHETS.

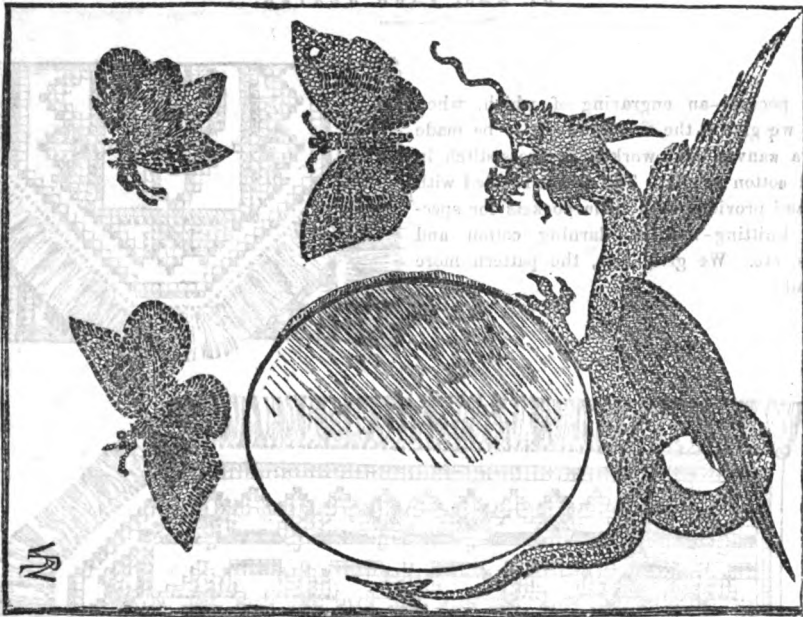
BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

Something odd and quickly made in the form of sachets is represented in the front of the number, made of Japanese paper mats, which can be purchased generally at any store where articles for fancy-work are for sale. They are eight inches square, very delicately tinted the color of flowers, and are such as to admit of the use of the new shades of pink, green, and lavender ribbon. No. 2 satin ribbon is employed. Three-quarters of a yard will be required for each. First fold the mat together and cut nine slits in it with a penknife, to run the ribbon through; open it and lay several thicknesses of cotton between it, sweetly scented with sachet-powder; run the ribbon through the openings made for it, with the aid of a hairpin; fasten the ends on one side with a stitch, and draw the remainder of the ribbon through the centre slit; cut in two and tie in a bow. These are very showy and saleable at fairs.

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PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Iridescent beads are now so much in favor, that they are used very effectively in making birds, butterflies, and other insects. This design for a photo-frame is embroidered in this manner, the sheen of the beads giving a very natural and life-like appearance.

The designs may be done as appliqué, by being made separately; or they may be traced on the plush or velvet, and worked on it at once. But, better still, if you have time and patience, appliqué the body, and trace the wings on

foundation-net. Then first outline them with beads, threaded three or four at a time on fine wire. After they are outlined, vein them through the centre in the same way, and then scallop around the edge with some very bright beads, or make any marks or "eyes," such as distinguish the insect you are making. Try and follow the coloring as near to nature as you can, and fill in with the grounding-shade. These should be sewed to the body at the apex, and bent into shape as if extending for hovering.

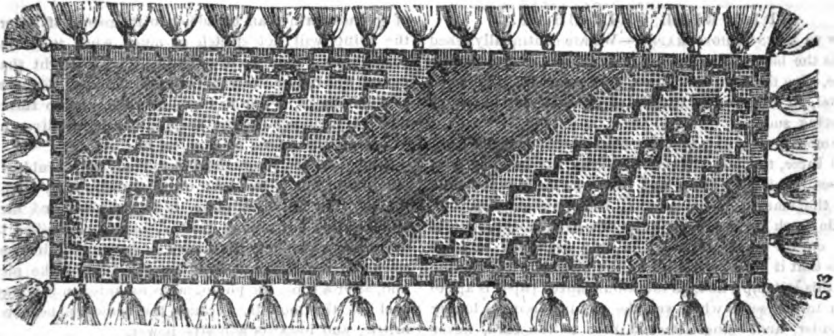
PENWIPER.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

These little egg penwipers, engravings of which are given in the front of the number, and designed for Easter-gifts, are made of felt, chamois-skin, and cloth. Six thicknesses of each are required for one, the top one being decorated, as seen. The first one is made of robin's-egg-colored felt. This is decorated with a webbing of metallic tinsel; the letters are also formed of the tinsel. The centre one is chamois-skin, with a little pen-and-ink sketch on it. Number three is dark-purple cloth, with a bit of the passion-flower and vine painted on it. The six pieces are tied together with a tiny bow, which finishes this pretty affair.

PIANO-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This model is composed of bands of plush alternated with bands of coarse étamine or canvas of écreu color, embroidered with chenille of different shades corresponding with the color of the plush; or it may be embroidered in Oriental colors.

The size and length of the cover are to be determined by the piano. This model is intended for the top of an upright piano. Tassels of filoselle or chenille finish the edge. This model may also be used for scarf table-cover, top of console, etc., etc.

MUSIC-HOLDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



For a person who carries music much about with her, a fancy holder for it would be useful. Form two cylinders the size of the roll, in plush or velvet. line them neatly with silk, and connect them with a straight band similarly lined. The rings may be stiffened with card; but not

the straight band, as when in use it is intended to form an arched handle to carry the music with. The plush may be embroidered in silk, in cross-stitch or Kensington-stitch. Along the handle, the word "music" is to be worked. It is an exceedingly stylish music-holder.

NAME FOR MARKING.

Louise

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

How to MOUNT PHOTOGRAPHS.—We are continually asked what is the best way to mount photographs, and, in consequence, give the following hints, only premising that good material, in the way of cardboard especially, is necessary for lasting success.

Common glue, gum, or clear starch-paste may be used. Of the three, the last answers decidedly the best for most purposes. It is very clean, and leaves no mark if it should touch the margin of the mount; it is very adhesive, and, if made fresh for use, it is quite free from any injurious action on the photograph. The only drawback in some cases is that it must be applied on to the back of the picture while this is damp; and, as the albumenized paper is apt to stretch in one sense when wet, the picture becomes longer or broader, and, being attached thus to the card, never regains its original proportion. If starch is used as a mountant—and we strongly recommend it for portraits, such as cartes-de-visite, cabinets, or panels, where the card is stiff and shows very little margin—the sensitized paper ought always to be cut in the same sense, by which means regularity will be obtained, and any slight deviation of proportion will not be so perceptible as if some are broad and others long. To mount your photographs with starch, proceed in the following manner: Trim the prints before they are toned. This will, first, economize the edging of silvered paper, which can be burned down, to recover the metal; and, secondly, save both time and trouble in cutting them afterward, as they cannot be cut to shape while wet: and, after they are allowed to dry, they become crisp and crack in the edge. As they must be re-wetted before starching, it is just as well to do them at once on removing from the washing-bath.

The prints must be taken from the water, and laid, one over the other, face downward, on a sheet of glass. When all are thus placed, put a clean towel or blotting-paper over them, and press out the surplus water from the pile. The starch should be made fresh for use and perfectly clear, in the same manner as arrowroot. Use a pasting-brush, which must be kept for that exclusive purpose, and should be stood in clean water when not in use, to prevent hardening and the falling-out of hair from dryness. When the starch is cold, carefully take off the skin that forms on the surface and use like ordinary paste. It should be of about the stiffness of firm blanc-mange, and plentifully applied with the brush on the back of each print, avoiding lumps or irregular thickness, and carefully going up to the edge. When pasted, take up each picture, with the help of a penknife or other sharp instrument, to lift the corner, without overtouching with the hands, and at once place it in the right position on the dry card. When quite straight to the eye, cover it with a piece of stiff blotting-paper and rub briskly, after which lift the blotting-paper, and place the mounted photo aside to dry. Proceed in the same manner for the whole pile of damp pictures. When they are all dry, examine the prints, and remove any defective white spots with color mixed to match the tone of the photo, and your impression will then be ready for rolling or burnishing.

For pictures where a good margin is desirable, we do not recommend starch, as the photograph contracts in drying, and will inevitably cockle up the card. The best plan is to use gelatine, as it has the advantage that a good deal

of spirits-of-wine can be added to it, instead of water, and the prints will not stretch so much when it is applied; consequently, their contraction will be so slight that the mount will retain almost its original flatness. Gum-arabic, as a mountant, is apt to become brittle and to turn acid, which is prejudicial to the keeping-quality of silver prints. We do not, therefore, recommend it.

Some persons recommend dissolved india-rubber as a mountant; but it has been quite abandoned by all professionals. In the first place, it is awkward and dirty to handle, does not adhere readily, has to be applied to the dry print, which has the knack of curling itself over and smearing the sticky medium on the face of the picture; and, after a time, the photographs mounted in this way will peel off the mounts, because the india-rubber becomes brittle, and loses its adhesive power.

A last word: Never allow your prints to get dry when placed on the glass for mounting, but get them done off as rapidly as possible; otherwise, they will adhere to the glass and to each other, and no amount of after-soaking will succeed in detaching them without injury.

MUNKACSY'S GREAT PICTURE OF "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE" has just been sold to a leading Philadelphia merchant for one hundred thousand dollars. We have a steel-plate of this painting—size 21 x 27—engraved for us by Illman Brothers in their best style, from which we will sell impressions to subscribers to "Peterson" for fifty cents—the mere cost of paper, printing, postage, etc., etc.—the original cost of the plate being thrown in gratis. To persons not subscribers, the price is one dollar. As the engraving is really a five-dollar one—the etching for the same picture, no better, being sold for the same sum—this is a rare opportunity to get a fine copy, for a comparatively low price, of the most remarkable picture of the nineteenth century.

SUNFLOWERS, in their æsthetic aspect, have been so much talked of, that people have generally forgotten the economic use of the plant. In some countries, it is largely cultivated for the seeds, which are fattening-food for fowls. In Russia, and, we believe, in some of our Western States, they are cultivated for supplying fuel. They are harvested in two parts, the seed-heads being cut off and put away in a corn-crib, and the stalks piled in a shed. When cut in the right time, the stalks, when dry, are hard as oak, and make a good hot fire, while the seed-heads with the seed in make a better fire than the best hard coal. The seed, being very rich in oil, will burn better and longer, bushel for bushel, than hard coal.

"NO POORER AT THE END OF THE YEAR."—A lady writes to us as follows: "I send you two dollars, for your magazine—which I have been wanting so long, but always felt too poor to indulge in; but I don't think I will be any poorer at the end of the year." No, you will be richer in every way. You will save in being well dressed, etc., etc., besides the pleasure you will derive from the stories.

"IS A GREAT PUZZLE."—A new subscriber writes from Boalsburg, Pa.: "I am immensely pleased with 'Peterson.' I think it is the magazine 'par excellence.' I already realize it as a 'sine qua non.' How I have done without it hitherto is a great puzzle."

THE "BOOK OF BEAUTY," AND OTHER PREMIUMS.—One of our premiums for getting up clubs for "Peterson," for 1887, is the "Book of Beauty." This is a volume of poetry, devoted to fair women, and illustrated with nine steel-portraits of celebrated beauties, etc., etc. It is bound in patent morocco, gilt, and will be an ornament for any centre-table. To earn a copy, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson."

Another of our premiums is a large steel-engraving, size twentyone by twentyseven inches, called "Mother's Darling." To secure it, you have only to get up a club for "Peterson." Or both it and the "Book of Beauty" can be had by getting up one of our larger clubs.

Another of our premiums is an extra copy of the magazine for 1887. All three premiums can be earned by getting up certain large clubs. See the Prospectus. It is never too late in the year to get up clubs or subscribe. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be had.

THIS CHANGEABLE APRIL WEATHER is just the weather for catching cold. Take care, therefore! Do not render your body unwholesome from over-clothing, nor, on the other hand, your lungs sickly for want of the pure air of heaven: for you can no more live well without this than a fish can survive in a muddy stream. Sore-throat and *tie-doloureux*, or *face-ache*, are very common complaints in cold April weather, with high wind. They are more easily prevented than cured. Both may be produced in the same way—namely, from exposure to cold. It is a draught blowing directly on the face and into the eyes, or upon the neck, that brings on these distressing complaints. Beware of such a draught, and also of wet feet.

THE USE OF LIME-WATER.—It is so common now for doctors to advise mothers to put lime-water in the milk given young children, that a word or two may be a useful warning. Lime is a strong alkali, and should be used with care and caution, and its effect on a child watched. It is such a tasteless and harmless-looking liquid, that many people think it scarcely necessary even to measure the quantity used. But great care should be taken as to this; for it often produces the severest constipation. Do not, therefore, administer it to excess.

DO YOU WANT LIGHT WORK—light work that you can carry in your pocket? Take a piece of silk braid, and embroider it with gold, silver, or colored silk. This will serve to trim an out-door jacket, or the Russian blouse which is now so fashionable, especially in black foulard. This same work, though in a coarser style and on a wider braid, is employed to edge curtains and door-hangings.

SOLD EGGS TO GET IV.—A lady from Texas writes: "There has been a terrible drought in this part of Texas—no rain to amount to anything since May, 1885—consequently there are hundreds of families being fed by the relief-committee. We had to do without everything we could; but we cannot do without 'Peterson,' so we sold enough eggs to take it."

EARN A FREE COPY of this magazine, by getting up a club. In addition to other clubs of this kind, we will send a free copy for getting up a club of two at \$2.00 each (\$4.00 in all), or club of three at \$1.75 each (\$5.25 in all).

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE HAD by writing to us, and enclosing eighteen cents a number. A news-agent often says he can't supply them, when he is only indifferent about ordering them. In such cases, address us.

CONTRIBUTORS MUST KEEP COPIES of their articles, if they wish them preserved; for, under no circumstances, can we be responsible for their return.

VOL. XCI.—21.

ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE TO A CLUB at the price paid by the rest of the club; and, when enough additional names have been sent, the sender will be entitled to another premium or premiums. The additions may be made at any time, all through the year. Go on, therefore, adding to your clubs and earning more premiums.

"BETTER EVERY YEAR."—Says a lady, remitting her subscription from Cramer, Illinois: "I have taken the magazine since a child, and this is my twentyfourth year, and I think it better every year."

THE REASON WHY THE BRIDE has to cut the cake is that, in savage tribes, it was the wife's duty to provide food for her husband and household. It survives now as a symbol.

IN TRIMMING, we have stripes, both lengthwise and crosswise. For trimming only, ribbons may be sewed on the material, especially when crosswise stripes or bayadères are used.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Sling of David, and Other Poems. By Rev. Alfred Kummer. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: Hurst & Co.—A volume of religious poems, with an Introduction by General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," etc., etc. (The principal poem is devoted to the story of David, and is full of dramatic incidents, of which the interview between Saul and David, the scene before the battle, the parley, and the onslaught and victory, are especially effective. The author shows his versatility in numerous shorter poems. The volume is very handsomely printed.

Uncle Max. By Rosa Nouchette Cary. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The author of this new novel is already favorably known by her "Barbara Heathcote's Trials" and other popular fiction. Her present tale is, if anything, an improvement on its predecessor. We cannot praise it more highly than by saying the heroine is the very ideal of a noble womanhood, and that the story ends happily, as all love-stories should. For, as Emerson said, "poetical justice, after all, is the true justice."

The Monarch of Drama. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 1 vol., 16mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A pretty little imaginative story, one of the best things the author has ever done, though he always does exceptionally good work. "It is," as a well-known critic has said, "a charming allegory—as full of nature as of fancy." We may add that there are few books as original in the whole range of American literature.

Foes of the Household. By Amanda M. Douglas. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—One of our early contributors comes out, in this volume, in a story of more than usual power. A noble feeling runs through the book. Beside this, the plot is artistic and the characters natural.

That Other Person. By Mrs. Alfred Hunt. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—A novel of more than ordinary merit: for it is a love-story that is not mawkish; and both the evolution of the plot and the delineation of the characters exhibit unusual skill.

The Nation in a Nutshell. By George Makepeace Towle. 1 vol., 16mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A rapid outline of American history, by the author of the "Young People's History of England." We do not see how the tale could be better told to be so condensed.

Practical Pedagogy. By Louisa P. Hopkins. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This well-written treatise is intended to answer the question: "How shall my child be taught?" It is a matter in which every parent is interested. We cordially recommend the book.

Young People's History of Ireland. By George Makepeace Towle. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A companion-volume to "The Nation in a Nutshell," already noticed.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE NEWSPAPERS CONTINUE TO EXULT "PETERSON" as the best of the lady's-books. The Athol (Mass.) Chronicle, for example, says: "It certainly is one of the best magazines for ladies, being perfectly reliable as to fashions, etc. The steel-engravings are beautiful, and the reading-matter is superior to all others, having for contributors Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Bonédiet, Edgar Fawcett, Frances Hodgson Burnett, 'Josiah Allen's Wife,' and others, which will insure 'long life to Peterson.'" The New Berlin (N. Y.) Gazette says: "It is the only magazine published, that we know of, that is adapted to the whole household. It is considered to be a 'lady's-book,' primarily; but it gives universal satisfaction to both sexes, and the young men and misses alike." The Shamokin (Pa.) Despatch says: "A brilliant number, with a beautiful double-sized colored fashion-plate; then a superb colored pattern for a screen, a Japanese design of a stork, etc.; and, after that, some fifty other engravings. Lucy H. Hooper furnishes an illustrated story, 'St. Valentine's Eve,' which is charmingly told, with just the least touch of humor. Miss McClelland, author of 'Oblivion,' furnishes a powerful story. 'Peterson' seems to be always on the lookout for the new writers of mark, like this one. Hence its large circulation. The wonder is that it is not even larger. Every family of refinement should have this magazine on its table. The price, real merit considered, is astonishingly low—only two dollars a year—with great deductions to clubs."

FOOD-FRAUDS.—Many food-frauds, such as chicory coffee or watered milk, although they are a swindle in a commercial sense, are often tolerated because they do not particularly affect the health of the consumer; but, when an article like baking-powder, that enters largely into the food of every family, and is relied upon for the healthful preparation of almost every meal, is so made as to carry highly injurious, if not rankly poisonous, elements into the bread, to the imminent danger of the entire community, it is the duty of the press to denounce the practice in the most emphatic terms.

Among recent important discoveries by the food-analysts is that by Prof. Mott, the U. S. Government chemist, of large amounts of lime and alum in the cheap baking-powders. These are, one the most dangerous, and the other the most useless, adulterants yet found in the low-grade inferior baking-powders. It is a startling fact that, of over one hundred different brands of baking-powder so far analyzed, comprising all those sold in this vicinity, not one of them, with the single exception of the Royal Baking-Powder, was found free from both lime and alum. The chief service of lime is to add weight. It is true that lime, when subjected to heat, gives off a certain amount of carbonic acid gas; but a quick-lime is left—a caustic so powerful that it is used by tanners to eat the hair from hides of animals, and, in dissecting-rooms, to more quickly rot the flesh from the bones of dead subjects. A small quantity of dry lime upon the tongue or in the eye produces painful effects; how much more serious must these effects be on the delicate membranes of the stomach, intestines, and kidneys, more particularly of infants and children, and especially when the lime is taken into the system day after day, and with almost every meal. This is said by physicians to be one of the chief causes of indigestion, dyspepsia, and those painful diseases of the kidneys now so prevalent.

Adulteration with lime is quite as much to be dreaded as with alum, which has heretofore received the most emphatic condemnation from every food-analyst, physician, and chemist, for the reason that, while alum is probably partially dissolved and passed off in gas by the heat of baking, it is impossible to destroy or change the nature of the lime in any degree, so that the entire amount in the baking-powder passes, with all its injurious properties,

into the stomach. When we state that the chemists have found twelve per cent., or one-eighth, of the entire weight of some samples of baking-powder analyzed, to be lime, the wickedness of the adulteration will be fully apparent.

Pure baking-powders are one of the chief aids to the cook in preparing perfect and wholesome food. While those are to be obtained of well-established reputation, like the Royal, of whose purity there has never been and cannot be a question, it is proper to avoid all others.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS AND FISH.

To Use Cold Fish.—Three-quarters of a pound of cooked fish, quarter of a pound of rice, two hard-boiled eggs, two ounces of butter, a little salt, pepper, and ground mace; throw the rice into boiling water, with a little salt, boil twenty minutes, strain, and dry the rice before the fire. Remove all skin and bones from the fish, cut into flakes. Chop finely the white of the eggs, melt the butter in a pan, add the rice, fish, white, and seasoning; stir over the fire until thoroughly hot. Turn on to a very hot dish, nicely heap it up. Rub the yolks of the eggs through a sieve; put over the top as garnish. Place round the dish a few sprigs of parsley.

Potato-Soup.—Boil one pound of potatoes, and, when done, beat them up very fine with a fork, gradually adding one quart of boiling milk, in which has previously been stewed a small onion chopped fine, and a piece of mace; season to taste, and boil for a quarter of an hour, taking care to keep it stirred.

To Fry Fish or Oysters Economically.—Dry your fish thoroughly with a cloth, then roll it in flour; next make a batter of flour and water, dip your fish in on both sides, dredge over some fine rasping, which you can procure from a bakery. Fry quickly in boiling lard or oil.

MEATS, ETC.

Boiled Fowl.—With tape, secure over the breast slices of lemon without rind—this will make it white. Put the fowl in a stewpan, with sufficient water to well cover it—the water just hot enough to bear the hand in. The stewpan ought to be over a very slow fire, to heat through gradually. The moment it boils, skim well and draw to the side of the fire; skim frequently, and simmer gently till tender. A fine fowl will take more than half an hour, after boiling up. A chicken requires less time. When done, place it on a hot dish, remove the tape, lemon, and skewers, and serve with white sauce, parsley, and butter, or celery-sauce. Pour a portion of sauce over the fowl, the rest send to table in a sauce-tureen. Boiled ham, tongue, or pickled pork usually accompanies this dish. Reserve the liquor the fowl was cooked in, for soup or gravy. It ought to be poured into a dry-calded pan.

Mince.—Take some remnant of roast or braised veal, trim off all brown parts, and mince it very finely. Fry a shallot chopped small in plenty of butter; when it is a light straw-color, add a large pinch of flour and a little stock, then the mince-meat, with chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste. Mix well; add more stock, if necessary, and let the mince gradually get hot by the side of the fire. When quite hot, stir into it, off the fire, a yolk of egg and the juice of a lemon, strained and beaten up together. Serve with sippets of bread, fried in butter, round it, and three or four poached eggs on the top.

Sauce for Cold Meat.—Chop very finely the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, four echalots, a little chopped parsley, chervil, and tarragon. Mix the herbs and eggs with two tablespoonfuls of best salad-oil, some salt and pepper, and gradually add four spoonfuls of vinegar. Arrange some

slices of cold meat in a circle, in a dish ornamented with pieces of cucumber and slices of the hard-boiled white of eggs. If liked, a few chopped capers can be added to the sauce, which must be poured over the meat. This is very appetizing for breakfast or for luncheon.

DESSERTS.

Caramel-Custard.—Put a handful of loaf-sugar in a sauce-pan with a little water, and set it on the fire until it becomes a dark-brown caramel; then add more water, boiling, to produce a dark liquor like strong coffee. Beat up the yolks of six eggs, with a little milk; strain, add one pint of milk, sugar to taste, and as much caramel-liquor, cold, as will give the mixture the desired color. Pour it into a well-buttered mold; put this in a wash-basin, with cold water; then place the apparatus on a gentle fire, taking care that the water does not boil. Half an hour's steaming will set the custard, which then turn out and serve. By using the white of one or two eggs, in addition to the six yolks, the chance of the custard not breaking is made more certain.

Cold Fruit-Pudding.—Put a layer of any kind of fruit—previously stewed with sugar, and allowed to get cold—or jam into a deep glass dish, mix three tablespoonfuls of cornflour with a gill of milk, boil one pint of milk with the thin rind of a lemon, and with sugar to taste. When well flavored with the lemon, pour the boiling milk through a strainer on to the cornflour, stir, and return it to a sauce-pan. Boil five minutes, or until it thickens; and, when cool enough not to break the glass, pour on the fruit, and leave it to get quite cold and set. Ornament, according to fancy, with jam, preserved fruit, or angelica.

CAKES.

Eccles-Cake.—Make some puff-paste, roll it out thin, have ready a mixture of quarter of a pound of currants, two ounces of sugar, one ounce of chopped candied peel, one ounce of butter, and a little grated lemon-rind and juice, just melted together in a small pan. Cut the thin paste into rounds with a cutter, put on each a good spoonful of the mixture, gather up the edges of the paste with your fingers, turn it over on the board, and roll out on the other side with a rolling-pin till the currants begin to show through; brush over with egg, if liked, and bake in a quick oven.

Scottish Shortbread.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, six ounces of sugar. Mix well, roll out on a pastry-board. Lay kitchen-paper folded in four on a baking-sheet; do not butter it. Place the mixture on, when rolled to a quarter-inch thickness, and cut into a large round or oval; mark the edges with a knife or silver spoon, lay on pieces of lemon-peel and blanched almonds or colored comfits, and bake in a slack oven, till of a pale-brown.

Hot Tea-Cake.—One pound of flour, six ounces of sugar, six ounces of butter, two eggs, three-quarters of a pound of currants, one pint of milk, and two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Mix the flour and sugar, warm the milk, add the butter, stir in the yeast; add the eggs, put it to the flour and sugar, and let it rise well before the fire; then add the fruit, divide, and place in tin hoops. This will make ten or twelve buns; bake, split, and butter.

SANITARY, ETC.

For Croup.—If you have linseed and mustard at hand, make a poultice and put it around the patient's throat, and let it breathe steam. If you cannot get the poultice, pieces of sponge or flannel, wrung out in boiling water and laid across the throat, will answer the purpose. You ought to have two; and, as you take one off, put the other on. Keep the child in bed, and as warm as possible.

There is another disease, called child-crouping or spurious croup, which is very seldom fatal. The child draws in its breath with a sort of scream, and the face turns dusky. Open the windows and give the little patient plenty of fresh air, loosen its clothing, wring out the end of a towel

in cold water, and flap it across the face and chest. It will probably recover quickly. Hickey children are subject to this disease.

Babies, especially those that are improperly fed, are liable to fits while teething, or when getting measles or scarlet-fever. A warm bath is the best cure, in this case; but caution ought to be used, for we have known this piece of knowledge grossly misapplied. Test the heat of the bath by putting in your elbow. Keep the child in for about five minutes, then wrap it in warm blankets. The same treatment is good in rheumatism. If you have not a regular bath, let the patient sit in a tub of warm water, with a blanket thrown around to keep in the steam.

Jelly for Ischidia.—Soak an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of cold water for an hour or more. It is an advantage to soak gelatine overnight when convenient, because it is then more easily dissolved. Boil six ounces of lump-sugar in a pint of water, skimming it until clear; then throw in the soaked gelatine, let it boil slowly for five minutes, removing all scum as it rises. Dissolve in a basin a quarter of an ounce of citric acid, in lump, in half a gill of boiling water; pour the jelly on this, when more scum will rise, which ought to be carefully taken off. Now add a gill of wine and a little lemon-flavoring, and, when nearly cold, put the jelly into a mold. Lemon-juice can be used, instead of the citric acid; but the jelly will not then be so bright.

Sore-Throat.—A teaspoonful of powdered borax to two tablespoonfuls of honey. Warm in the oven, in a small cup or china pot, stirring until it is dissolved. When cool, apply it repeatedly, with a camel's-hair brush, to the throat and roof of mouth; this will soon effect a cure, and enable the patient to swallow.

FLORAL NOTES.

BY MRS. M. E. WAGGONER.

There are no more accommodating plants for house-culture than the cacti. No matter what kind of ill treatment they may be subject to, they will live; but, treated as their nature requires, they are very apt to reward you in a manner to far exceed your expectations. I have one now, that is a "thing of beauty." It is an *Epiphyllum truncatum*, or lobster-cactus: a large one, completely filling a rustic hanging-basket. It is of a drooping habit, the "claws" falling over the side of the basket, at the end of each one a magnificent flower; a dozen, fully opened, greeted me on Christmas morn. This variety is strictly a winter bloomer, and can always be depended upon to bloom well, if treated right in the summer. I mean, of course, after it has attained the right age—two or three years. I have mine out-doors, from May until October, never giving it a drop of water, only what nature provides; have the basket well drained, with broken charcoal and brick, good garden-soil with a little sand. When I bring it into the house, I begin to water quite freely, and keep it up until it is through blooming. It is well worth caring for: for the present, there is nothing prettier in my window-garden. If they never bloomed, the cacti might be more universally liked, if only for the curious growth of many varieties; but, after you have cared for them, "lo! these many years," what is your astonishment to find one of the most magnificent flowers crowning the curious ugly pet. One objection to them is the thorny projections; but you need only handle the pots: no use to be repotting, as you do so many other plants. Though I do bed out some of them, still I take good care they are only the smooth gentle kinds. It is always a good plan to keep them from getting dusty, if possible; still, they will stand as much of it as any plant I know. But I do like cleanly plants, and, if they do get dusty, give them a

thorough sprinkling overhead. They are never troubled with insect enemies; at least, I have never had any trouble that way—another good recommendation for them.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"EVERYTHING A WOMAN CAN WISH FOR."—The Bristol (Tenn.) News says: "'Peterson,' for March, has a very fine steel-engraving, a double-size colored fashion-plate, a colored design for a tidy on Java canvas, and some fifty other engravings of fashion, work-table designs, etc. We have not space to notice half the good things in the way of reading, but would call attention especially to 'The Mountain Wizard,' a story of remarkable power and pathos. Everything that a woman can wish for in a magazine is to be found in 'Peterson.' Now is a good time to subscribe."

"EVER-PROGRESSIVE LADY'S-BOOK."—The Raleigh (N. C.) Spirit of the Age says of the March number: "'Peterson's Magazine for March is already before us—as usual, ahead of all its cotemporaries. One noticeable thing about this ever-progressive lady's-book is that it has, each month, some new and peculiar feature. This month, it is an article on Queen Victoria, this being the 'jubilee' or fiftieth year of her reign. It has illustrations of her in childhood, in her coronation-robes, her wedding, as she looks now, etc."

"A BOX OF ROSES."—The Des Moines (Iowa) Times says: "Opening 'Peterson' is like opening a box of roses. The number before us is out, with all its customary splendor of fashion and literature. The colored fashion-plate is unusually brilliant. No lady can be a patron of 'Peterson' and not feel the influence of its dignified refinement. The Des Moines newsdealers report a growing inquiry for it, at their counters."

WE HAVE HAD SOME EXPERIENCE in the matter of marking-ink which was not altogether agreeable. We, however, incidentally obtained a bottle of Daniel Judson & Sons' indelible marking-ink, manufactured in London, England; and we are greatly pleased with it, and heartily commend it to our friends.

SCOTT'S CATALOGUE OF ROSES for the Spring is before us, a very beautiful affair, and invaluable for its list of new as well as old favorites. Large discounts made in orders for seeds, etc., etc. Address, Robert Scott & Son, Penrose Nurseries, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAHAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. 5.—SUMMER-COMPLAINT.

As summer is again approaching, which brings an increase of sickness upon us, I wish to have a special talk with mothers in reference to the care of infants—whether they are entering their first or second summer, it matters not, as both periods are fraught with sickness and death.

Not a few mothers in every community have lost a babe during the first months of its existence, and perhaps still more have been lost during the dreaded "second summer"; and the doctor is often censured unjustly, and thought to be lacking in skill. Mothers, this is wrong. Come: let us reason together—look at the plain facts as they too frequently exist, and thus see where the fault lies: at whose door.

For example, your babe has diarrhoea, and you thought

you could cure it by the administration of a little castor-oil; maybe, you added a drop of landanum; you have given it spiced syrup-of-rhubarb; perhaps checked it with "Bate-man's Drops," or "Godfrey's Curdial," or paregoric: bad medicines are the last three, whether advised by doctors or old nurses. Well, the complaint has become chronic—it ebbs and flows, is better and worse, and the family physician is called. He comes, and prescribes again and again, with little or no permanent good. Now, the diarrhoea originated from bad nursing or improper feeding, and is kept up from the same cause or causes, in spite of his best-directed effort, by too frequent nursing or by food of improper quality or quantity. An infant of a few months is often taken to the table, and a little of "this and that" is put into its mouth, and thus an unnatural appetite is created for improper food. Potatoes, meat, etc., fried in lard or some kind of grease, are often given it; rich cake or "bought jumbles," made of poor lard or rancid butter, are very commonly placed in every infant's hand, as soon as it can hold anything, and especially when it is taken out on a visit to some neighbor or friend; and thus, when the time comes to be properly fed on oatmeal, fine wheaten grits, farina, corn-starch, or some of the "food" in the market—such as the "lactated" or "Mellin's," and "peptonoid" or "lactopeptine"—when nutrition is defective or cholera-infantum ensues, it has no relish for such insipid articles, its appetite being already depraved. The former and the latter are great adjuvants in restoring sickly infants to health, and are grand conservators of health. As a matter of course, indigestion and diarrhoea are apt to follow such unwise feeding as that mentioned above; and, when the doctor insists upon a more simple, digestible, unirritating diet, the mother declares "it won't eat such mush or mess," and consequently she persists in giving the "poor child" such food as it will eat—food, by the way, that it should never have been allowed to taste.

If mothers could be stopped from filling up or putting anything into the child, there soon would be nothing of consequence to run out, irritation would be allayed, and the diarrhoea would gradually cease. Your little ones would recover, dear mothers, generally, if you would give them a chance. Give their poor little stomachs a rest, and all will soon be well, with a little warm salt-water bathing; perhaps a little rhubarb, or minute doses of ipecac, or red raspberry-leaf tea, the dewberry-root, or the crane's-bill—wild-geranium. Then restore their digestive power with lactopeptine and lactated food.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE AND ÉCRU WOOLEN PLAID. The lower part of the underskirt is laid in one wide plait in front, and in smaller plaits at the sides and back. The long full overdress is draped high at the sides, and on the left side it is finished with a bow of blue velvet. The long-pointed bodice is full in front, has side-pieces under the arm, yoke, and cuffs of blue velvet. Blue felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet and écrú wings.

FIG. II.—BRIDE'S-DRESS, OF WHITE SILK. It is laid in box-plaits at the sides, and has a long plain train. The front is composed of a stripe of rich satin and silver brocade. The small paniers at the side are trimmed with bows of satin ribbon. The bodice is quite plain, and the half-sleeves are finished with a plaiting of tulle. The long tulle veil falls over the face and nearly to the end of the train at the back. A coronet of orange-blossoms on the head.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF STRIPED BENGALINE. The overskirt is plaited at the waist, and caught up on the right side; on the left, it is finished with a trimming of dark-green velvet, ornamented with dark-green crochet-buttons.

The bodice opens, in front, over a white Marseilles vest, and has revers of the dark-green velvet. The sleeves have some fullness at the bottom, and are set on cuffs of green velvet. Straw bonnet, trimmed with green velvet and a dull-yellow plume.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE SERAH. The skirt is plain in front, and rather full. At the back, it is trimmed with stripes of gay plaid satin. The pautiers are full, and fall in wing-like folds at the back. The bodice has the coat-besque at the back turned up with the plaid satin. The same material forms a vest, collar, and cuffs.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF TWO SHADES OF HELIOTROPE—the darker shade being of nun's-veiling, and the lighter of striped silk. The front of the skirt and some of the side-plaits are of the woolen material. The alternate plaits are of the striped silk. The drapery at the back is also of the nun's-veiling, lined and turned up with the striped silk. The bodice is made of a combination of the two materials—the vest of the woolen, and the revers of the silk. Hat of heliotrope-colored felt, trimmed with high stiff loops of picot ribbon.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF STRIPED HELIOTROPE CANVAS. The skirt is kilted in front and box-plaited at the sides. The tunic is round and full, and opens up to the hips. The bodice opens with folds of the same material, the right side being crossed. Cream canvas habit-skirt and collar.

FIG. VII.—BONNET, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with pink satin ribbon and clusters of jet, to represent cherries. Jet cherries on the brim.

FIG. VIII.—HAT, OF BLACK BASKET-STRAW. The brim is edged with jet. The trimming is of black lace, with yellow narcissus and pink wild-roses.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN AND ÉCRU STRIPED CANVAS, the stripes being bias. The skirt is plain in front, and laid in box-plaits at the sides and back. Jacket of dark-green camel's-hair, opening in front over an écreu canvas chemisette. Rolling collar and cuffs of dark-green velvet. Hat of écreu straw, trimmed with wild-flowers.

FIG. X.—BODICE, OF RED AND CREAM-COLORED STRIPED FLANNEL. The plastron is full, and cut crosswise of the material. The sleeves are slightly full at the wrists. Collar, belt, and waistband of dark-red velvet.

FIG. XI.—HAT, OF YELLOW STRAW, with the rolling brim covered with black velvet, and trimmed with pale-yellow feathers.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAIN AND CHECKED GRAY POPLIN. The underskirt is of plain poplin, arranged all around in double box-plaits, and trimmed with five rows of plush ribbon laid on flat. The overskirt is of check poplin, pointed in front, and drawn very high on the left side under a group of ribbon loops. The deep jacket-body is of the check, and has a vest reaching to the waist, of plain poplin, with plush revers. The neck has an upright band of plain poplin, and a deep turndown collar of plush. The back of the jacket is laid in plaits at the centre.

FIG. XIII.—HAT, OF BROWN FELT, trimmed with bows of the same color, and with marabout feathers of a lighter shade. The turban-brim is covered with brown beads.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET, OF YELLOW BASKET-STRAW, trimmed with yellow ribbon and pink roses. The turned-up brim has a full ruching of black velvet.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF RED AND BROWN STRIPED WOOLEN. The underskirt is mounted in box-plaits. The tunic is long and shawl-shaped in front, and slightly draped at the back. It has revers of plain brown woolen. The jacket is rather long, and cut to fit easily over the tournure. It opens in front over a beige waistcoat.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET, OF BLACK JET NET. The distinctive feature of this bonnet is the imitation of a Spanish comb, which is formed of black lace, wired so as to keep its form.

The strings are of black gauze. The front is trimmed with jet, black lace, and a pink rose and leaves.

FIG. XVII.—BODICE, OF DAHLIA-RED RIBBED FLANNEL, fastened with pearl buttons. The collar and cuffs are embroidered in a deeper shade of dahlia-red.

FIG. XVIII.—NEW-STYLE ULSTER, OF GRAY TWEED. It is double-breasted, fastened with large wooden buttons, and has a cape, as well as a hood, either or both of which can be removed at pleasure.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new sateens, zephyrs, and ginghams, as well as foulards and soft woolen materials, come in the new style of plaids, checks, and stripes—though the pompadour flowers, on delicate ground, have reappeared and are very popular. All the spring goods are of delicate though bright colors; even the rich reds and blues are delicately tinted.

Many white woolen goods have broken plaids or stripes, but the designs are so varied on all materials that they cannot be described—there are hundreds of them. Even the so-called India silks, the foulards, etc., etc., now come in stripes and plaids, as well as in India patterns and small pompadour flowers. The French foulard does not wear well; real India silk wears admirably, and many of the American silks give excellent service.

Sateens look as well as foulards, in the piece or when first made up; but they crease easily, if not carefully used. They make elegant dresses, if jauntily made and daintily trimmed.

Gauzes and grenadines come in stripes, dots, blocks, etc., etc., but are nearly always combined with plain goods.

These endless bars, stripes, and plaids give great variety to the toilette; but, if one expects a gown to last a long time, a perfectly plain or less conspicuous pattern is more desirable: anything so marked is always noticed in one's wardrobe, and one's friends are much more apt to remember the date of a showy dress than of a plainer one.

Primrose is a favorite new color, though many shades of yellow are called by this pretty name, when they have no claim to it. It is a clear, delicate, yet bright yellow, just the shade of the flower so loved by country-children.

Heliotrope is another fashionable color, and has really a large range of shades, from a dark reddish-purple to a sickly whitish-purple; and some of the shades are very pretty, and not so unbecoming as many others are.

Lilac and mauve, with light-blue, apple-green, and blossom-pink, will always hold their own, and no new colors can dethrone them.

White dresses, made of nun's-veiling, camel's-hair, muslin, etc., etc., are extremely popular. They can be so varied in effect by different-colored sashes, ribbons, flounces, etc., etc., that one almost feels as if one such dress can be made to do the work of two by a change of color.

Ribbons are largely used in the trimming of dresses, not only for bows, etc., etc., but they are placed lengthwise down the skirt—or around it, if preferred—and are employed in various ways.

Black dresses, especially those of black lace, are most fashionable for young and old—they, like white dresses, can be variously arranged and trimmed or brightened with different-colored ribbon. A dress of this kind is always becoming, always suitable for much or little dress, is inexpensive and elegant.

Shoulder-ropes have reappeared. They are convenient, and, to some figures, becoming; but not so to high-shouldered or stout persons.

The make of dresses is so varied, that it is impossible to enter into detail: we refer our readers to the numerous styles, all fashionable, in our March number and the present number of the magazine.

Bonnets vary but little in shape; the small capote seems to be the most popular, and is certainly becoming; but the trimming still continues high and pointed.

Hats are more varied in shape than bonnets. High hats, turbans, sailor-hats, cavalier-hats are all fashionable, but all have the high trimming.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITES CHAMPS.

The spring bonnets have made their appearance. The small capote with pointed front is still in vogue. Loops of ribbon, flowers, and scarfs of tulle are employed as trimming. Imitation Mechlin lace and a new species of tulle figured with small raised dots are also shown, and enter largely into the composition of the more dressy bonnets. Those in black lace and jet are trimmed with a vivid shade of green, instead of the different shades of red that were so popular last year. One of the prettiest of these has the crown in black lace, and the front in jetted lace over willow-green satin. Another has the brim composed of two rows of passementerie, in dull and bright jet, the crown being formed of plaited ruffles of black lace. In front of the brim is placed two high-standing bias puffs of velvet—one willow-green, and the other a deep rose-pink—both shaded by a ruffle of black lace. The strings of willow-green satin ribbon are put on in a very odd and novel fashion. They start from the centre of the crown, where they are held in place by a dagger-shaped ornament, the blade in tortoise-shell and the handle in jet. Another original little bonnet is entirely composed of dove's-wings, the brim being covered with folds of Mechlin lace, drawn up into a high cockade in the centre of the front. Very pretty, too, is a bonnet in fine straw gimp, trimmed with old-pink gauze, and with chrysanthemums and ribbon of the same color. The gauze is drawn up in a full high puff in the centre of the brim, and has a single chrysanthemum in the centre; while at either side of this puff is placed a bow of faille ribbon. Matted petals of the chrysanthemum border the brim, while the back of the bonnet is veiled in gauze. Bonnets of gold or of silver network, the fronts trimmed with light folds and puffs of delicately-tinted gauze, and with clusters of ostrich-tips of the same hue as the gauze, are very much worn for very full-dress occasions or in the evening. The newest of these bonnets is composed of steel lace. One in gray silk network, hung all over with tiny steel balls formed of beads, was very stylish.

Ribbons are now used in profusion on evening-dresses intended for young girls, which are always made of light aerial fabrics, such as tulle or crêpe, and invariably with short skirts. A young girl wearing a train—except on the occasion of her marriage, when the wedding-dress is always made with one, or when she goes to be presented at court—is never seen in fashionable society, even at the largest and most splendid of balls. A tulle dress, in white or pale-blue, or very pale pink, made with a perfectly plain skirt—composed of skirt, overskirt, and with a full corsage of tulle over satin—is trimmed with satin ribbon of precisely the same shade as the tulle, attached to the waist at intervals, and of the same length as the skirt. A rose, in some delicate contrasting hue, set amongst loops of satin ribbon on the left shoulder, forms the sole ornament of the corsage. In crêpe, the skirt is slightly draped over a foundation of taffeta, and is striped with satin ribbon, caught down at the hem with bows without ends. The new apple-green is a good deal employed for evening-dress toilettes; but it is a trying color to most complexions. Spangled with minute emerald-green metallic spangles, and made up over pale-green satin, a delicate tulle in this shade forms a very charming dress. Sometimes, one thickness of the spangled tulle is made up over a satin underskirt strewn with bouquets of pink roses, and a garland of the same roses crosses transversely the low-necked corsage.

The high coiffures have failed to succeed, as was to have

been foreseen, owing to the grotesque ugliness of the style and its general unbecomingness. The hair is now dressed in a combination of finger-puffs and rolls and frizzed curls, covering the head in a very pretty manner, but one that is well-nigh indescribable. The hair is worn in waves over the forehead, the puffs and rolls forming the chignon: from which, on full-dress occasions, one or two heavy curls may be suffered to fall upon the neck. Very few ornaments are worn in the hair—a knot of ribbon to match the toilette, placed at one side of the head, being considered in good taste. Pins, with horseshoe-shaped heads, or headed with large balls in garnet, are the newest devices. A few ostrich-tips or a single flower may be worn; but, in all cases, the ornaments of the coiffure must correspond in color and style with the toilette.

Some new devices for handkerchiefs have made their appearance. The newest are in fine cambric, bordered with tooth-shaped pointed scallops in buttonhole-stitch, in dark-blue or scarlet, and worked at one corner with a single initial in Gothic lettering to correspond. Another style has a border of daisies—in pale-blue, pink, or lilac—printed on the cambric above the buttonhole-scallops, which are worked with cotton of the same color as the flowers, the monogram of the owner being embroidered in the same-hued thread. Pale pink and blue and lilac cambric handkerchiefs are shown edged with small white buttonhole-scalloping, and with a flat plaited ruffle of wide valenciennes lace, the monogram being embroidered in white.

There has been an attempt made to revive the satin boot, as a substitute for the dainty little ballroom-slipper; but it has not heretofore proved successful, as they are much more expensive and much less becoming. Gloves are worn shorter than heretofore, fashion prescribing that they shall not reach above the elbow when worn in full-dress. Pale shades of mastic, pearl-gray, and flesh-color are fashionable, and undressed kid is still the favorite material.

In jewelry, the most marked change to be noted is the suppression of the necklace, a black velvet ribbon clasped with diamonds encircling the throat in its stead. If a lady is so fortunate as to possess a diamond necklace, she must arrange it in festoons on the front of her corsage, or form it into loops intermixed with loops of ribbon to place on one shoulder.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF BROWN AND RED WOOLLEN PLAID, with dark-brown jersey-bodice. A mesh of the plaid is worn about the waist. Collar on the jersey, of brown velvet.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF RED AND ROSE SCOTCH ZEPHYR. The skirt is trimmed with bands of washing-embroidery. The bodice has a vest of écaru canvas, and collar and reverse of washing-embroidery. The mesh is of écaru canvas. Straw hat, trimmed with red surah.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF BLUE AND GRAY WOOLEN, with a bias stripe. The skirt is laid in box-plaits. The bodice is of plain gray woolen, and is finished with a band of blue velvet. Gray hat, trimmed with blue velvet and stiff feather.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF PALE-PINK ÉTAMINE, gathered to a yoke at the top and into a belt below the waist. The skirt is short and full. The yoke, belt, and sleeves are of blue and pink plaid étamine; plastron, cuffs, and shoulder-ruffles of embroidery. Straw hat, trimmed with a band of blue velvet and pink satin bows.

FIG. V.—BOY'S SUIT, OF GRAY TWEED. The trousers have three silver buttons on the outside, above the knee. Loose coat of the tweed, double-breasted, with a wide sailor-collar at the back, and which opens in front over a blue-and-gray striped shirt.



"AT TWILIGHT."

[See the Story, "Honora's Anxieties."]



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY. HAT. BONNET.



WALKING-DRESS. CAPE. FICHU. SLEEVE.



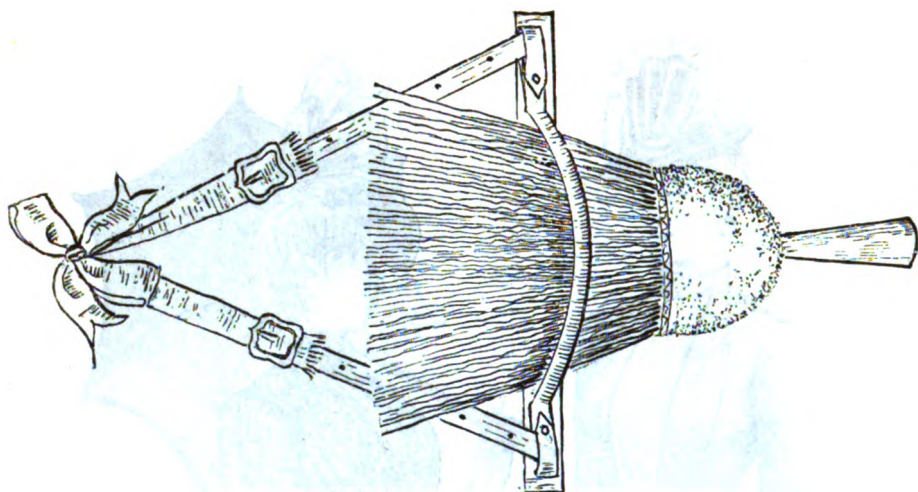
HOUSE-DRESS PARASOL. WAISTCOAT.



WALKING-DRESS. HOUSE-DRESS.



WALKING-DRESSES.



WHISK-BROOM HOLDER. BLOTTER.



CROCHET SLIPPER. SOFA-PILLOW.

OH! YOU LITTLE DARLING.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Written and Composed by J. TABBAR.

Arr. by VINCENT DAVIES.



1. Oh! what a thing it is to be A
2. Al-though I don't in - tend to wed, To
3. Up - on my word, I don't in - tend To

The first vocal entry is on a single staff in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a whole rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand.

girl with lots of beaux, The num - ber of young men I've got, Well,
set - tle down in life, I've prom - ised near - ly for - ty men That
wear the wed - ding ring, While for a kiss they give to me No

The second vocal entry continues the melody on a single staff. The piano accompaniment features a steady chordal accompaniment in the left hand and a moving line in the right hand.

good-ness on - ly knows; When'er I'm walk - ing in the street I'm near - ly al - ways
I will be their wife! Some fel - lows tell me that I am Their dar - ling, lov - ing
end of pret - ty things; When'er they kiss me, once or twice, Al-though by some it's

The third vocal entry continues the melody on a single staff. The piano accompaniment maintains the same harmonic support with chords and melodic fragments.

OH! YOU LITTLE DARLING.

sure to meet A young man who will call me sweet, And then so gent-ly say—
lit - tle lamb, While some call me their bit of jam, And oth - er fel - lows say—
call'd a vice, I must con - fess I think it nice, Es - pecially when they say—

Oh! you lit - tle dar - ling, I love you, Oh! you lit - tle dar - ling, are you
Svo. in Octaves 2d time.

p 1st, ff 2d.

true? If you real-ly love me as you ought to do, Nothing in this world shall cut our

cree.

love in two. two.



RIDING-HABIT. BONNET. HATS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XCI.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1887.

No. 5.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND THEIR ORIGIN.

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.



THE WELSH HARP.

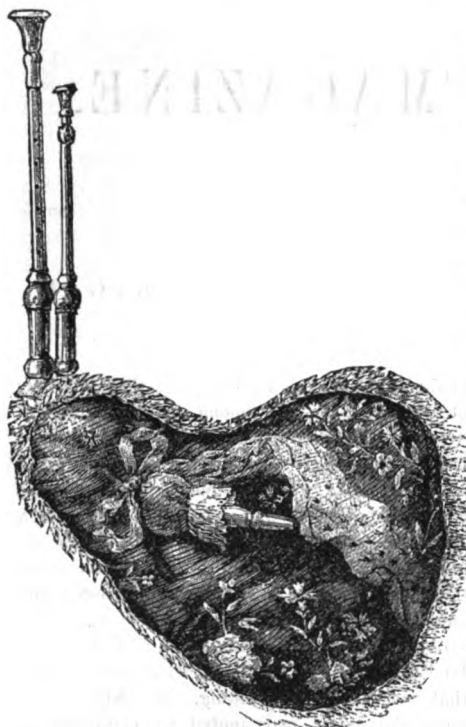
IT is the pipe-of-Pan which has the honor of being the earliest and simplest musical instrument of which we have any record. The most complex—and, in one sense, the latest—was the Boston organ. The only principle the two hold in common is that, in both, the sound is produced by air passing through pipes. Between the simple shepherd's-flute and the elaborate Boston organ there lie centuries of development.

The bagpipe was the first step from the pipe-of-Pan to the organ. The specialty of the bagpipe was that it stored up, in its bag, a certain amount of air, which could be drawn on, as a reserve, to assist the lungs of the performer. The invention of the bagpipe is lost in the shade of antiquity. As it is found among some

of the oldest Hindoo tribes, among the Calabrians of Southern Italy, and among the Highlanders of Scotland, the inference is that it first appeared among some early race—the progenitor, probably, of those we have mentioned—countless ages ago, before its dispersion. The pride of a Highland piper, to this day, is to parade up and down, blowing his pipe, while his chieftain is at his meal. The stirring tones of the bagpipe have incited thousands of Scotland's sons in battle. The distant sound of the Highland pipes was the first intimation, at Lucknow, that succor was approaching. The wind-bag is often elaborately ornamented by embroidering the velvet, silk, or satin of its covering, and trimming it with ruches, frills, and tassels. We give an engraving of a bagpipe made in the seventeenth century, which is still in use at a nobleman's castle in Scotland.

Rude organs go back to quite remote times. Of course, it would not be long before some flute-player would wonder if more diversified music could not be produced by using pipes of different sizes, and by substituting artificial currents of air for the human breath. Once this idea was entertained, the organ was in process of being invented. It is not certain whether the old Romans had any instrument of the kind sufficiently advanced to be considered an organ. Yet Vetruvius speaks of one, which he calls an "hydraulic organ"; but, unfortunately, he has not described it sufficiently in detail to enable the problem to be solved. The organ, however, was known early in the Christian era. Pope Vitalian I has the merit of having first caused it to be used in churches. This was not later than 666 A.D. Ninety years afterward, the Byzantine Emperor sent a magnificent organ to Pepin, king of France, who placed it in the Church of St. Corneille, at Compiègne. Organs, soon after, began to be quite common. In the time of Charlemagne

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BAGPIPE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

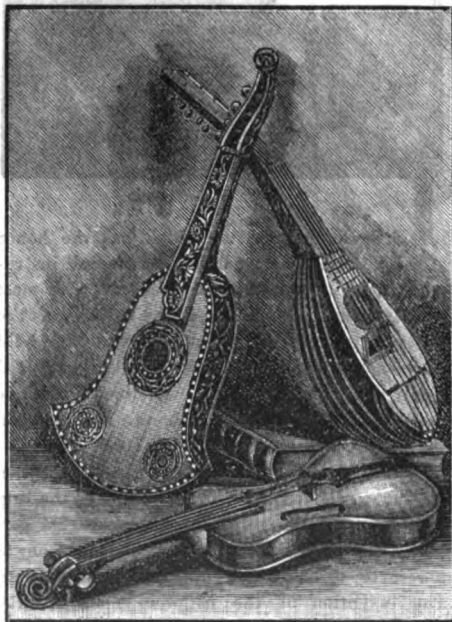
the successor of Pepin, they were frequent in churches. But they were still comparatively rude affairs. Indeed, it was not until the fifteenth century that the organ came to be, in all respects, the noble instrument it is at present.

The family of Antignati, at Brescia, in Italy, were famous as organ-builders, 1470 A. D. Churches and cathedrals now began to rival each other in the power and beauty of their organs. The result was many instruments whose tone has never been surpassed, though modern builders have made great advance in mechanism. The Boston organ is well known—at least, by reputation—to most of our readers. There is a very famous organ at Haarlem, in Holland, built A. D. 1738, which is one hundred and three feet high by fifty feet broad. In England, some of the largest organs are those at York Cathedral, Birmingham Town-Hall, and Christ Church, London.

Chamber-organs were manufactured quite early, the best being made in Germany. Those old instruments are noted, in spite of many new discoveries, for preserving the balance of power, among the various masses of sound, better even than modern ones. Many of them are elaborately

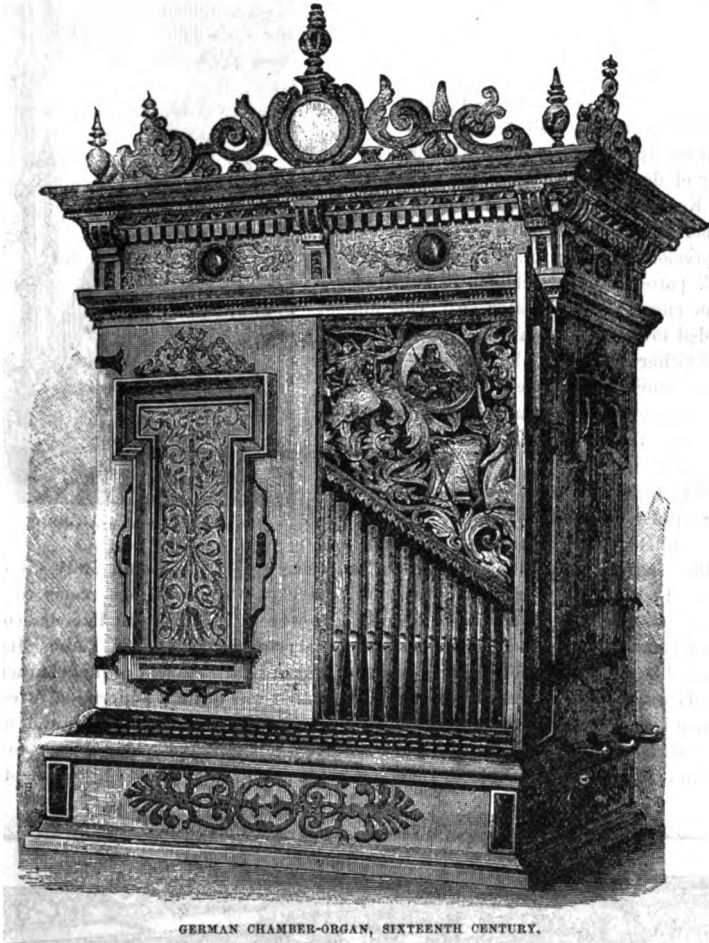
ornamented. We give an engraving of one, of the sixteenth century, in the Renaissance style, painted and gilt. Above the pipes is an open fretwork ornament, with the portrait and armorial bearings of Johann Georg, Duke of Saxony; while the inside of the shutters is decorated with tempera-paintings of the "Dismissal of Hagar" and "Abraham's Sacrifice." To-day, chamber-organs—or parlor-organs, as they are now called—are to be found in almost every American house, the price at which they are manufactured placing them within the reach of all.

As the organ was developed out of Pan's pipes, so the lyre, the first rude stringed instrument, led, by gradual steps, up to the piano-forte. Legend tells us that the first lyre was made by fastening strings across the hollow of a turtle's shell. The lyre, the lute, and all such instruments, were made to yield music by picking the strings with the finger-nails, or with a small implement devised as a substitute, and in this they differed from the bagpipe, the organ, and other wind-instruments. The next step was the harp. This also was known in the earliest ages, doubtless before even the historic period. In Egypt, the harp is depicted on the earliest monuments. David king of Israel, played on the harp. The Celtic races always held the harp in high honor, and crowned the bards who were most skillful with it. The earlier Christians used the harp to accompany the psalms they sung. All through



VIOLIN AND MANDOLIN.

the Middle Ages, the harp continued popular; the painters of that period depict it constantly, both in secular and sacred pictures. But the harp did not reach its highest development until Erard, of Paris, made it what it is now. Of all musical instruments, it is the one at which the performer, if a woman, shows to the greatest advantage; and it is partly on this account that it was so much the fashion with our grandmothers and great-grandmothers. In novels of the last century, especially those toward its close, the heroine always performs on the harp, the hero raving over the grace of her figure as she bends above it, and on the beauty of her bare arms as she sweeps the strings. Perhaps it is a mistake that the harp is no longer fashionable. Harps were often elaborately ornamented. We give an illustration of one, made in France in the last century, which belonged to Marie Antoinette. The frame is painted and gilt. The pillar,



GERMAN CHAMBER-ORGAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

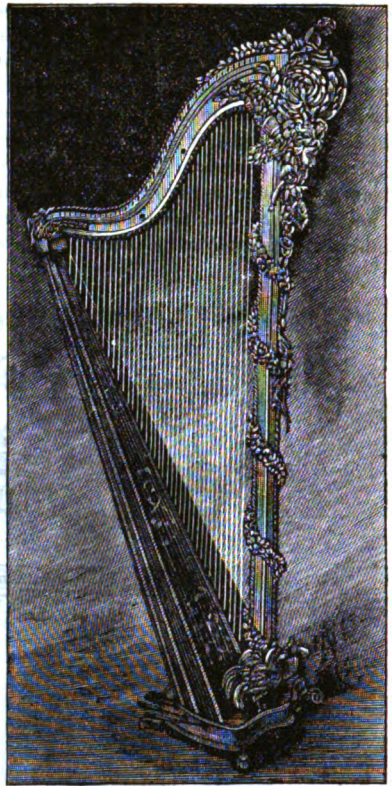
wreathed with flowers and trophies of instruments, terminates in a grotesque mask, surmounted with a cupid, while two birds are carved at the foot. The sounding-board is ornamented with women playing on musical instruments.

Other instruments with strings were the quinterna and the mandolin. We give illustrations of both: the mandolin being the second, the one with a back shaped like that of a melon. The

quinterna was made by Joachim Tielke, of Hamburg, A.D. 1600. The mandolin is of Italian manufacture, and is more modern, dating from the last century. It seems strange, now, that the piano is so familiar; but it was a long while before anyone thought of making an instrument which should have a key-board, instead of being played by picking the strings with the fingernails. What was called the "virginal" was the first movement in this direction. It was in

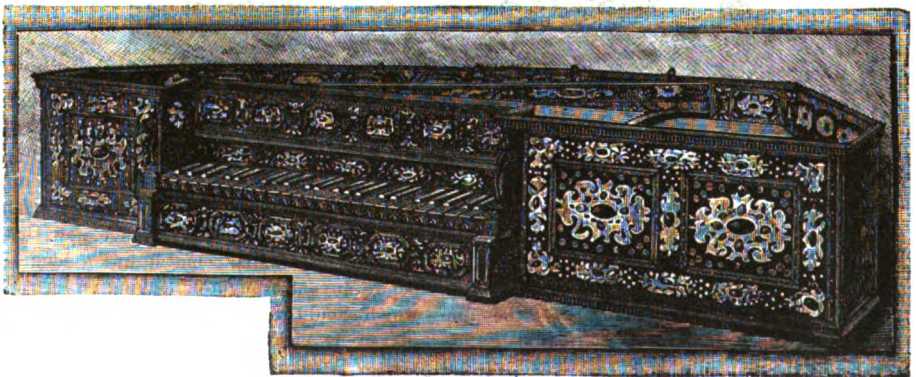
reality a small harp, of limited range, laid in a horizontal position, and enclosed in a portable box. In Raphael's famous picture of St. Cecilia, now at Bologna, the saint is represented holding such a one in her hand, very much as an accordeon would be held now. Queen Elizabeth played on a virginal of this kind. After a while, the range of the instrument was increased, and, as it was now too large to be held in the hand, it was placed on a table, and finally mounted on legs, as a piano is at present. When it had reached this stage of development, it was called a spinet. In old country-houses, even in America, such antiquated affairs are still sometimes to be seen, with their thin legs, their limited key-board, and their now tinkling and feeble notes. On many of these spinets, large sums were lavished in the way of decoration. There is one now in the South Kensington Museum, at London, made by Annibale dei Rossi, of Milan, A.D. 1577, the case of precious woods, inlaid with ivory in strap-work patterns, a perfect gem of its kind. We give an engraving of it later on. This one was intended to be set upon a table, and may be considered either the last of the virginals or the first of the spinets. But even the spinet soon came to be improved on, its range being greatly increased; and this new instrument was called a harpsichord.

Up to this time, the notes—whether from a virginal, a spinet, or a harpsichord—were produced by quills, moved from the key-board, picking the strings after the manner of a finger-nail. Finally, early in the last century, the idea was started that, instead of the quills, a hammer should be used, and that the metallic strings should be struck instead of being picked. The exact date when this suggestion was first put into practice is a matter of dispute. It seems to have originated, as with so many other inventions, simultaneously, in more places than one.



HARP OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Germany, France, and Italy all claim the discovery. The evidence seems to preponderate, however, in favor of Bartolomeo Cristofali, a harpsichord-maker, of Padua, Italy, who produced an instrument of this character A.D. 1714. But it was quite a generation after this before a piano was seen in England, and more than fifty years before the piano began to supplant the harpsichord. Vast improvements, meantime,



FRENCH SPINET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

have been made, and the grand piano of to-day is as much ahead of Cristofali's simple affair as a Cunard steamer is of the first side-wheeler that crossed the Atlantic Ocean.

But the king of all stringed instruments is the violin. Something of the performer's personal identity, something of his soul apart from his fingers, seems to enter into its music and give it qualities only found elsewhere in the human voice, and then found in a much less varied capacity. Nothing else approaches the violin in this respect. Those who have heard Paganini, or Ole Bull, or any great maestro, understand what we mean. In their hands, the violin became human. It laughed, it cried, it sobbed, it wailed, and "clapped its hands for joy." Strange to say, while all other musical instruments made in this nineteenth century surpass those of earlier manufacture, the violins of two hundred years ago remain to this day unrivaled.

The original idea of the violin—as a stringed instrument played with a bow—dates back to 5,000 B.C., according to the best authorities, when it was invented by Ravana, king of Ceylon. Rude instruments of the original type are still to be seen in India; the Buddhist monks, who go begging from door to door, still using them. The viol preceded the violin proper. So did the quinterna and the mandolin. In many of Fra Angelico's pictures, angels are represented playing on the viol, the favorite stringed instrument of his time. It is generally held

that the first violins, such as the violin is now, were made by Gaspar di Salo, of Lombardy; certainly, no violins of an earlier period survive or are mentioned in history. Di Salo made his first violin about A.D. 1580, nearly a century after Fra Angelico's time. In our engraving of the quinterna and mandolin, is also an engraving of one of these Salo violins, now in the South Kensington Museum, London. It will be seen that, in its shape and other peculiarities, it is substantially the same as the violins of the present time.

We have said that the violins made two centuries ago are as yet unrivaled. In little more than a hundred years, in fact, the violin reached its full development. It is to a family of the name of Arnati, living at Cremona, in Italy, and to Antonio Stradivari, the pupil of the Arnati, that we owe the finest violins; Stradivari, by general consent, having made the best. A real Stradivarius, indeed, is almost priceless. By a series of delicate experiments and observations, assisted by an intuition that amounted to genius, Stradivari seems to have attained to acoustical qualities of the highest perfection, which his careful workmanship and extreme manual dexterity enabled him to reproduce. The choice of material, each separate bit of material, and the minutest details of form and proportion, are matters of vital importance in a violin; and these things Stradivari appears to have understood as no one has understood them since.

THE SILENT NOTE.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

THE music rose in rippling cadence,
A sweet exalted strain,
'Neath master-hands that touched the keys—
Woke them to life again;
But, 'midst the grand uplifting harmony,
One note was hushed and still—
Refused to breathe its music to the master's ear,
Or at his touch to thrill.

The master could not wake the perfect strain,
Because that note was still;
And, as the music higher rose,
With sweet and merry trill,
Always, throughout the melody,
A discord keen was heard—
The silent note responded not unto his touch,
Nor into harmony was stirred.

There is a silent note within my life
That mars its rhythmic flow—
A note that ne'er again will wake to life
Or melody below.
VOL. XCI.—23.

The golden string that answered back
To love—the master's finger
Is broken, and, about the note,
Not e'en the sad sweet echoes linger.

'Twas early broken, and the life
That might have been complete,
That might have rippled on to love's bright measure,
A music passing sweet,
Lacks that pure harmony that makes
The dearest part of life.
Alas! the silent note had power to drown
The bitterness of strife.

Perhaps, when angels tune the strings anew,
To sing diviner songs,
The silent note may thrill responsive to the strain,
Which to its strain belongs;
And, joining in the blissful melodies
Which through the heavens float,
Sweetly and clearly through the anthem soft
May sound the silent note.

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A TRANSPLANTED ROSE."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 343.

CHAPTER IV.

"WITH your pleasure, sir," Rafael said, addressing the professor. "A letter from a lady."

Professor Primrose turned quickly, with a look of astonishment. At first, he thought the man was intoxicated. But the sight of a well-known handwriting, as Rafael offered him the letter, changed his opinion.

He, too, as he took the letter, glanced up at the house.

"Réponse?" said Rafael.

"Yes! No! Yes—no—no," said the poor bewildered professor.

Rafael knew too much to go, but waited until the professor found his head and read the letter. Then the professor, seeing Rafael still loitering, took a card and pencil from his pocket, and wrote on it the one word: "Yes." And, saying something in very stately Italian, he dismissed the enraptured Gozzadini, who was now too happy for words—principally, because he had a secret from Mathers.

For he did not always like her airs of superiority and her assumption of knowledge. He knew she knew more than he did. It is pleasant knowledge for a husband. But now he would assume, would Rafael, the proper air of a husband, and he would have secrets. Yes, some that Mathers should never find out. He could never keep his great big Roman lips closed—of that he had a forlorn sense of shame—as Mathers kept her shepherd's-purse of a mouth shut like a vice, like a mouse-trap. No, he was garrulity itself. But he would be firm now. Mathers should never know this. No, indeed, that she should not.

It must be owned that Professor Primrose had been bored, fearfully bored, at many a stage of this journey. He had never enjoyed his sister's domineering ways, and had cared little for the dinners and gayety of the London season. He had done all that before. He had cared still less for the shopping in Paris. He had nearly rebelled at Baden-Baden and Hombourg; and, had it not been for his old friend Count Correnti, would have openly done it. But they could go together and see Roman remains or old pictures,

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and so he still kept along. He was bored, indeed; he was of that "genre ennuyeux" particularly exposed to temptation. Nor had he liked Effie's looks lately. She had seemed to him feverish, nervous, unhappy. She was growing every day prettier, more levable, and altogether a different person from the Effie of the past. But she was not half as satisfactory to her father. It made him miserable to see young Frenchmen and Italians look at her at table; to see the fortune-hunters of all countries tracking her, as dogs do a fox. To hear Mrs. Kitty Mannors give out that Effie was to inherit her fortune made him furious; to see, with his own eyes, that Effie was to be of the genus "fascinating" made him miserable.

Had he not known a woman? Yes. Had he not held to his bosom, and called her wife, one whose ruin it had been that she had had this sort of fascination, which draws everyone to the magnet?

Effie struck, touched, attracted everybody, without trying to do so. She won the attention of all the servants, the boatmen, the landlord, the courier, as well as the admiration and regard of persons of her own sphere. She "rayed out" fascination, as the stars give light, without knowing why. As Lamartine says: "There are certain natures, like stars, which have a system. The souls, the thoughts, and the love of their satellites go out naturally to them. Physical or mental beauty is their power, fascination is their chain, love is their emanation." It was given to this young girl to enjoy or to suffer the peril of this remarkable gift—one which, in her case, was independent of that personal beauty, that imperial loveliness, which is so easy a power to understand and to fathom, but which is not half so powerful as this Lurlei grace, this perilous enchantment, which is given to some magnetic plain women.

But, though fascinating to others, Effie was profoundly miserable. It was dreadful to her pure conscience to acknowledge, even to herself, the sin which she felt she had taken on, unconsciously, guiltlessly; the only crime for which the criminal has no moral responsibility—the crime of loving, and loving the lover of her

friend! It was, to her purely ethical nature, a monstrous, a dreadful crime. None of the great sinners of the world—who have ruined men and wrecked empires—had, in their occasional hours of remorse, accused themselves more deeply than did this innocent little Puritan. She accused herself that she had, like the angel driven out of Paradise, looked back, and recognized the forgiving smile. She could not forget Ernest Richards, his blazing look of love, his smile; and she knew that, in that moment, her heart had answered back. She loved him, wildly loved him, and gave herself up to that most dangerous of mental pastimes, loving for love's sake alone.

For it had never occurred to her to imagine that they should meet again—that she should ever see him, excepting as the lover of her friend, the happy husband of the happiest woman. And here her poor little heart gave always a pitiable jump, and a flush deep as a damask rose covered her cheek, and she accused herself anew.

She had traveled with this passion at her heart, but it had not closed her eyes to the new glories she was seeing. To a mind so exquisitely furnished as her own, Europe could not but be a pleasure and a consolation. "Truly, your daughter is a cultivated woman," would say old Count Correnti, as some apt quotation from his beloved poets fell from her lips in the aisles of an old cathedral, or amid the violets of Passy or the pictures at Versailles. He counteracted Aunt Kitty for her. Although she had no disdain for pretty bonnets, and showed while in Paris a very decided feminine taste for shopping, yet she dearly loved to get off with her old friend and go into what Aunt Kitty—who had "done" Europe, as she called it, many a time and oft—denominated musty old churches.

Perhaps the Italian—wily, learned in woman's ways, man of the world, poet, patriot, exile—knew her secret. Certainly, to more than one of the party was he confidant and adviser. He had come abroad with them reluctantly, but at the earnest entreaty of both Effie and her father. "It is not pleasant to go back as exile when you have been prince," said he to them. But, in their different ways, they had each besought him to go. He sat as far from Aunt Kitty, at table, as possible. He hated her, and she disdainfully regarded him as a shabby and snuffy old foreigner. So they kept willingly apart. But, with Effie's little hand confidently tucked under his arm, the accomplished old courtier experienced again some of the happiest hours of his checkered existence; and, with the kindness of his race, he tried to find out how to make her

happy. In many a cool church, while they were looking at pictures, she would break down and weep. He never asked her why. He allowed her to weep, taking her hand in his, and repeating, with gentle sonorous voice, those well-known lines of Petrarch, which have consoled so many who have wept the hopelessness of human passion, the utter futility of human hope, but who have realized that greater glory of resignation, that noble and courageous maxim: "To bear is to conquer your fate." Count Correnti was too sagacious, too Machiavellian, to be ponderous on these occasions, or to treat the sorrows of this tender heart as he would have treated a gunshot-wound. He did not probe for the ball. He knew that nature, in her great wise economy, would cover it with a sheath in her own good time, and that this sensitive and loving creature would perhaps love and smile again. But he brought the flower of sympathy to her at the right time. He strove to divert her. And he would have succeeded—who knows?—had not that disastrous sub-ruler of the world, circumstance, upset the boat of Ernest Richards. The consequence was that he was thrown into a fever, from which he came out so shattered that his physician ordered him to Europe. Thus, one day, leaning on the arm of a friend, he was seen coming up the piazza at Lake Orsorio, just as Count Correnti was taking Effie down for a sail.

They met, without preparation, without an idea that either was within three thousand miles of the other; and the good old Italian saw the one grow white and the other red. He caught Effie around the waist, under pretense of himself falling over a block of broken marble, which seemed to have been improvised by his quick mind, and had time to tremble, to recover himself, and to remember a favorite remark of Machiavelli, to the effect that, however admirably you might scheme, some little fiend always upsets your cup. Then he got between them, and, seizing Ernest's pale hands, he exclaimed:

"My dear boy, my dear pupil, how very ill you look. You have had a fever, eh? Well, here you are among friends. Here is Miss Effie. See! here is a face from home—"

And so on. Effie never knew, poor creature, how she lived through it. But she did. We all do.

They were seated, the next morning, talking together, under the lofty ceiling of Cesare's piazza, looking over an unrivaled view—or, rather, seeing nothing of the view and much of each other—when the professor came along, leaning on the arm of the count.

He was very angry at this arrival of Ernest Richards, for he had suspected that Effie dreamed of him, and he did not want him near her.

"You know whose son he is," he said to the count; "you know what reason I have to distrust him."

The count nodded his head.

"Keep calm," said he. "I do not share your distrust of him. Leave me to guard the Hesperidian fruit—"

"I shall speak to Effie. I shall send him away," said the professor.

"And thus ruin your daughter's happiness. That would be rubbing two dry sticks together. If they do not love now, they would then. Leave it to me," said the count.

"And here is another complication," said the professor. "Cora has arrived—has sent for me. I am in doubt. My conscience troubles me. She thinks I have given her reason to do this, for she knows that I love her; but can I, with honor, follow her? Can I allow her to place herself in a position in which my attention may injure her, imprudent as she is, when I am not free to marry?"

"I have never known a man's conscience keep him from the woman he loves," said the count, a dry smile wrinkling up his left cheek. "Men have died for country, for principle, for abstraction, for religion; but I have never known a man give up a woman for any of these. My friend, you will follow her."

It was a sight to have amused the angels, to have seen the two elderly men gravely pacing the marble, and to have realized that Cupid—whose country is not Golgotha, place of the skulls, but rather the court of the ambrosial locks—that Cupid was dancing on the bald intellectual forehead of the professor, that bald forehead which one of his irreverent pupils had said was above "the region of perpetual hair"—alas! not above the region of trouble and embarrassment.

The count had the honor and well-being of the professor very much at heart. He knew all his sad story. He knew that his wife had left him; he did not know whether she was alive or dead, guilty or innocent. He had learned, with some surprise, in his own residence at a New England college, of the different shade of conscientious horror, with which the descendants of the Puritans look on any infringement of the high ethics of love, from the lighter and more forgiving creed of the men of his own race. He saw that, to the professor, a stain on his good name would be death. He pitied the man who,

loving a woman madly, still dared not follow the beckon of her white hand. It had not been so with him when he owned the castle on the height, which looked down over vineyards and olive-groves, and out on the blue Mediterranean. Then his code of honor, rigid and spotless, had been as sacred to him as the cross on his mother's breast; but it had been a different code from that of the American gentleman. It would never have occurred to him that he should not have followed the white hand.

To say truth, it did seem overstrained to the count, these fancies of the professor; and he had also, let us be just to him, more anxiety and sympathy for the young than the old. Just at that moment, he was thinking more of Effie's tears in the church than of the frown on her father's brow; and yet the count knew that a passion in middle-age is a far more serious thing than one in youth.

He thought a moment, and then said:

"Where is she?"

The professor pointed across the lake to the rival establishment of our friend Rafael.

"Where does she go?"

"To Venice, if I will follow her. She does not wish to meet Mrs.—Mrs. Manners," said the professor, ashamed of the complication.

"In which I am with her," said the count. "Take my advice, my friend. Let her follow you. You have some important official business in Venice. Go there first; suggest to her all the awkwardness that may come if you follow her. Go first, and let matters take their usual course. You are not to blame if she follow you."

To the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Bartram, this sounded like hollow reasoning.

"But she is so impulsive, she is so imprudent; she needs advice, checking," he said.

"Could you prevent her throwing herself into the lake here, if she chose?"

"No," said the professor, shuddering.

"Is she not young, rich, handsome, a widow?"

"Alas, yes!"

"Can you do anything with her?"

"Nothing. She is entirely her own mistress."

"Then, my friend, go to Venice. Leave me here. You know well that I will protect Effie from harm. From love, we can neither of us protect her. Perhaps it is as well that we cannot. In the meantime, I shall make the inquiry that you wish at Como. All is en train. Go to Venice."

Never did an elderly, a bald, a perplexed professor hear advice which was so pleasing to him.

Never did elderly Machiavelli play cards better. Never did a snuffy and shabby old foreigner in a brown coat play the part of guardian angel to a young girl more benignly than did Count Correnti; and when, later on in the evening, the boat, bearing the professor and his tremors and perpetual resolves and perpetual recantations, made for the opposite shore, both Rafael in the kitchen and a lady in the "piano nobile" experienced delight.

CHAPTER V.

ERNEST RICHARDS was a veiled character. No one read him completely. Perhaps the person most in ignorance of him—what he was, and what he would become—was himself. Could it be possible that he could have begun to forget Sally and have begun to think of Effie? If, indeed, he was dallying with his plighted troth, he had brought with him, to the beleaguered fortress, one mighty ally. It was his own utter physical breakdown, and severe, perhaps fatal, illness.

It was touching to see the big masculine hand—whose sinewy well-developed cordage had won the boat-race—now resting, pale and feeble, on the arm of a chair. It was pathetic to see the tall and admirable figure, with broad chest and narrow hips—which had once owned the wiry strength of an Indian for running and leaping—now swaying about, in an ordinary walk, a mere branch of willow—a young gladiator in ruins! No sight so touches the heart of a woman. If he had been beautiful, entrancing to her, in his hours of strength and splendid triumph—those hours when, in the forum and in the field, he had been "facile princeps," a king among men—he was more fatally fascinating now, as he looked at her from under the black lashes she knew so well, the gray eyes now preternaturally large and feverish. She remembered how triumph and excitement, and—what other feeling was that?—had changed the shadows in those eyes. How they had burned as he won the boat-race; how they had deepened as he pronounced the oration; how they had melted as he leaned over the trellis in her father's garden, and gave her the deep red rose. Now they were lack-lustre; but memory burnished them with all the dangerous armor of the past.

He was accompanied by his young doctor, who had the boiled-down and concentrated essence of compressed beef, awkward speech, and absence of tact, which belong to a certain class of truth-telling New Englanders.

"You must be kind to poor Ernest now, Miss

Primrose," said Dr. Smith to Effie. "Say everything which is calming and agreeable to him. Don't mention Sally, for they say there is a break there. I don't know. I only take a medical view of his case, and that is pretty serious. But he has quite shown a desire to see even you since we started, so I feel encouraged. It shows he is taking an interest in trifles."

"Quite shown a desire to see even me?" echoed Effie, who had been just listening to the soft speech of an enamored Frenchman.

"Why, yes, Miss Effie, and I don't doubt you will have a calming influence. You see, you never were one of our so-called belles, one of the gay handsome sort, although you are looking better than I ever expected to see you—half-way on toward being a beauty, Miss Effie! I always liked your style myself, I must say—quiet and unpretending. Nothing to Sally, of course; but your sort of toned-down people will be better for Ernest just now, anyway."

He was commending her, mentally, to his patient, as he would have done a disagreeable drug.

Effie started from her seat, and walked toward the end of the long marble veranda with more coquetry and less conscience in her step than she had ever experienced in her modest little life. There was a lack of consistency in her reasoning. Dr. Smith had upset her moral equilibrium. She was about to abandon that high moral tone which had kept her faithful to Sally's rights, because her vanity was touched. Why should Ernest be remarkable for wishing to see "even me"? The step, the voice, the eyes longed for and desired had come to her—not all-conquering, but full of a desperate appeal. He wanted "even you," "even me," thought Effie, bridling a little; and she added:

"I will not fail him."

No instrument requires such constant tuning as the human heart. It is always above or below concert-pitch. But, unfortunately, the tuners are irresponsible Ariels, entirely remote from control.

Dr. Smith had not looked like an Ariel. No, he looked more like a piano-tuner. But it was his unskillful hand which had wrenched this trembling set of chords into unison; and Effie's voice sang madrigals in the ears of the sick man as she approached his "chaise longue," and, pulling out a crocheting-needle and some worsted—which she brandished like a Boadicea—she said:

"I have come to undertake your cure, Mr. Richards."

He had had a sleepless night. The exhaustion

of fever held him in its painful clutches. Death was the only visitor to whom he would have said: "At home."

But, with these tones, a flood of health, life, hope, coursed through his veins.

Was this Effie?

It was not the straw-colored Effie of Bartram, not the plain homely sparrow, but a glorified Effie, a being all full of soft lights and shadows, a red-lipped girl, with pretty eyes and hair tossed up in a fashionable shape which became her little head. There was a strange, far-off, foreign tone to her voice, and she had on a miracle of a Parisian morning-dress—the very perfection of simplicity, and coquetry, and appropriateness. For Aunt Kitty Manners knew how to dress her young lady, and how to present her, and how to chaperon her. She knew Europe as she knew the inside of her pocket, did Aunt Kitty, and far more agreeable than at home was she when she was in Europe. "It agreed with her," she said.

"Yes," said Ernest to himself, in answer to his unspoken question, "it is Effie, after all; but how improved." Somehow, the tonic was still coursing through his veins: weakness and sadness were rebuked. He raised himself on his elbow to look at her, smiling as she stood there. And so Ernest Richards escaped his scolding.

"Glad to see even me," thought Effie, as she watched Dr. Smith's approach.

"It's time for you to take your tonic, Richards. I mustn't let Miss Effie tire you all out," said this amiable being.

"Throw your tonic into the lake, Smith," said Ernest. "Miss Primrose has been a whole bottle of Burgundy."

"Well, then," said Smith, "if she has a mind to take care of you a little longer, I'll just row across the lake to see Mrs. Brisler."

"Mrs. Brisler?" said Effie. "Is she here?"

"Oh, yes," said Smith. "Didn't the professor tell you? Well, he is a sly one. They do say, in Bartram, that you are going to have a new mother, Miss Effie. Why, she and the professor are going to Venice together."

Effie's worsted ball had rolled out of her lap, by this time, and down the steep slope, nearly into the lake. Fortunately, Smith knew enough to go for it, and he started off at once.

Effie looked at Ernest. Her eyes were full and her voice trembling.

He stretched forth one of the pale thin hands and grasped her little plump fingers, which felt as warm to him as Italian sunbeams.

He reassured her by a smile. "Do not show your feeling, Effie—wait until we are alone."

"Wait until we are alone." What a comforting sound that sort of sentence has! Smith had quite the longest chase for that ball. It slipped and rolled and bounded down almost to the lake; but he got it at last, and came up the hill winding it, like a New-England Hercules to another Omphale: so, before he reached them, Ernest had had time to whisper something more.

At dinner, Smith was once more able to make everyone feel uncomfortable again by his desire to be kittenish and playful.

The professor was announcing, in a grand and general manner, to his daughter and his sister, that to-morrow he should go to Venice, to attend the congress, when Smith, with an interesting guffaw, remarked:

"Ha! Miss Effie, didn't I tell you so?" Which placed the poor professor on a moral gridiron, defeated his grand scheme, made him ashamed to look Effie in the face, and entirely deprived him of the intended moral essay with which he was primed. How could he tell Effie not to flirt with Ernest Richards, when she came to him and, looking him full in the face, asked: "Papa, are you going to Venice, to meet Mrs. Brisler? If so, why did you not tell me?"

A question which the professor did not answer. It kept him from asking others, however.

Cora Brisler was a Seville woman born by mistake in New England, and with all the charm that only Velasquez could paint: with a pair of velvet eyes which had the gleam of a dagger in them, with a Spanish love of intrigue, and with a cold heart. Seriously and sadly had these daggers penetrated the scared heart of the professor—a shameful wound to his dignity was his love, poor man; for he had seen the cunning, the lack of refinement, and the coarseness of her moral nature. She was a woman to warn the senior-class against; and yet, as the daughter of his old friend, she had been partly his ward, and had won his passion. She had floated across the water after him, as a piece of seaweed follows in the wake of a ship. Independent as to fortune, full of that vague anticipation which buoys up the American heart—that, possibly, a prince may fall in love—Cora Brisler still meant to play the professor as her trump-card. With his reputation and his respectability, he should be her pinnace to those golden shores: she would become that "much-talked-of American" whose fame she had so envied. Only one thing was wanting to her European fame—an introduction—only one thing to her possibility of joining Effie and her father; but that thing was the quite important obstacle: Aunt Kitty Manners, who, she knew, would have nothing

to do with her, and therefore there was deep plotting and all sorts of influence brought to bear on the professor from that important feminine standpoint—the “need of protection,” and so on.

She had, however, not counted on one very important factor in this little game of hers—the Count Correnti.

Indeed, she had never thought of him at all, excepting as a poor foreigner, a rather snuffy and beggarly professor at Bartram.

It was not given to the count to read Cora entirely; but he knew her better than she thought, and he determined he would try to save the professor. He thought that she meant to marry his poor friend, and he had found that the professor was past reasoning with. “I must save him by strategy, therefore,” he said.

He remembered, almost as if by inspiration, that there glided on the Grand Canal, at Venice, probably at that very moment, his nephew, Luigi Correnti—fop by nature, soldier by profession, and “faneur” generally—who had escaped the family misfortune from a happy lack of brain. There might be a brilliant stroke of work done by marrying Mrs. Brisler to this youth, who would enjoy her rent-roll.

It was a flash, but it illuminated the abyss. It was a part of the diplomatic experience of the count to deal with principals. He had never sent an envoy to the king—he had always gone himself. How much more important this policy when dealing with women!

No note was sent, no Rafael brought in. The count, a trifle less snuffy than usual, betook himself to the opposite side of the lake, and asked for the surprised Mrs. Brisler.

His first business was to find out what was her ambition. He baited her with the Italian nobility, as if he were a tradesman showing his wares.

“He is quite a nobleman,” thought Cora, as she listened with glowing eyes.

“She is handsome,” thought the count, as he proceeded to charm her.

The gipsy woman in Robert Browning’s poem, “The Flight of the Duchess,” had a wily tongue; but she never filled the listening ear as did Count Correnti, with his titles.

“Why, I had no idea you were such a high family,” said poor ignorant Cora.

Then the count winced. Perhaps this stab hurt him the more that he was again, after years of exile, on his own ground, that his own Italian softness was wrapping him around, like his mother’s cloak. He could see, as he sat at her window, across the lake, a chateau, where he

had once lived with his own beautiful dark-eyed wife, who had died when he was arrested for treason. It was on such a day as this that he had received the king there, before the evil days came; and he remembered, with a shudder, all that had happened since—the broken promise, the false enemy, the years of imprisonment, the escape to America, and the finding there the real friend of his life, the American professor. Perhaps some such sturdy hand had once greeted sad old Danté when ungrateful Florence had turned him out. A woman’s voice, even that of foolish Cora, had had the power to wound him, to reveal to him how much he had lost. But he regained his composure before she was aware that he had lost it.

“I shall have the pleasure to give you letters to my nephew at Venice,” said the fine old man, straightening himself up. And then, before Cora could resume her best smile, he was down in the office, where Mathers sat, like a spider building its web, at her account-book.

“Might I light my cigarette?” he asked, politely, approaching her wax-light.

She looked up at him, and was about to answer: “Oui, monsieur; certainly, monsieur—oui,” when she gave a little cry, as much like a groan as she could be supposed to utter.

But she recovered herself immediately.

“The Count Correnti?” she asked, respectfully.

“Yes,” said he. “Do you know me—and how?”

“The Lake of Orta, and 1857,” said she, rising, and holding on to her desk. “Where have you been since, noble sir?”

“In exile and in poverty,” said the count.

CHAPTER VI.

NEVER in his life had the count been more confounded than he was by the salutation of Mathers.

He seemed, after years of conscientious forgetfulness, to have stepped back into his old life—the life of the patrician, the soldier, the statesman, and the noble. Strange that this change came from the one epigrammatic sentence of Mathers.

Yes, he did remember the Lake of Orta and the year to which she referred.

He remembered that, in all the hurry and confusion of a Garibaldi movement, how one man after another had come to him, to offer himself as a soldier in the cause of Italy.

And one man had struck him very forcibly—an American, who gave the name of “Struthers.” He remembered it because he could not pronounce

it—the “*Bocca Romana*” had utterly refused. So he had written it down, many times: “Richard Struthers.”

He remembered, too, that Struthers had with him, at a little villa in the mountains, a most beautiful woman, whom he called his sister. The count quite plainly remembered that he did not believe that she was his sister. But he could not say why he didn't believe. He also remembered that he had once taken shelter in that little villa where Struthers lived, and that he had left there a valuable box of papers, which he would be very glad to find again, but which he could not find after the battle, in which poor Struthers had been shot. Yes, that box of papers—where was it now? It had but gone, after all the other things—home, country, wife, fortune, and nationality. Too much had been swept away for the exile to care much. But he remembered it just now, and how he had carried it up under his cloak and asked the beautiful woman to take care of it. He remembered her sweet melancholy smile. But she and it disappeared, and he had to run for his life, after the defeat.

How many of us would gladly catch up again some broken thread in the warp and woof of life—the interrupted love, the curious beginning that never had an ending, the lost chord. Where is it?

But the rent in the tapestry was too vast. The count had seen too many golden threads broken to think again of this one.

But why did that woman's smile haunt him? He had not thought of her for years; and now, as he crossed the lake, after a long chat with Mathers, he could see nothing else. The beautiful sad woman, with her perfect teeth revealed by one solitary light, which she held in her hand, as she took his precious box, and said in her English speech: “God bless you!”

Aunt Kitty Manners was seated near the hammock, where lay Ernest Richards, and Effie was reading to the convalescent, when the count stepped up on the veranda, on his return from across the lake. Effie looked up at him, with her sweet welcoming smile, and he started: it seemed but a continuation of that smile which still haunted him. Why?

Mrs. Manners had changed of late, in her attitude toward the count. She was much more polite. She astounded him now not a little by addressing him in a few sentences of choice Italian.

Mrs. Manners was of that not-uncommon type of women who are small in little things, but great in great things. She was fussy, irrational, and abusive, fond of petty sway, and indifferent to

approbation. Not a pleasant person to live with. But she had, in large matters, a certain generosity, not common to even more amiable women. She was a rough nut, but her heart had a good spot in it. Effie had gone to her, in her agony—after her father's one allusion to her mother—to learn her mother's story.

“I will know it, Aunt Kitty,” she had said.

“You shall, my dear,” her aunt answered, in a tone which was different from her usual talk. “Your mother was beautiful—too beautiful; one of those creatures who are gifted by birth with a fatal fascination. Her clergyman fell in love with her, her doctor fell in love with her; and, finally, a man whom all women loved fell in love with her.”

Here Aunt Kitty paused, and Effie saw a blush mantle even the powdery cheek, which had long since forgotten that there was blood in it.

“Yes, Effie, we women meet our fate where we least expect it. This man—your father's friend, and hers—was forced absolutely into her house by your father. He was invited to live with them. He had a splendid usefulness—no time to make love, one would think; but he had a pair of eyes and a mouth, that looked and spoke love. I knew him. I loved him, Effie; I thought he wanted to marry me. But no; he loved your mother. How could he help it? Just then, a wretched brother of hers, Richard Struthers, committed a great crime: he ruined this man; and then your father, seeing the distress in her eyes, began to get jealous.

“One day, we missed her. She had gone to New York, on some errand to this guilty brother. So she wrote. But—she never came back. Nor did he. And the man whom I loved—and, perhaps, whom she loved—was, we thought, gone too. But, Effie, your mother was innocent. I never believed her guilty. She came to me, at night—or else it was a dream—in a foreign hotel, once, and kissed me on the lips, and said: ‘Kitty, I was innocent of any crime. You know that, don't you?’ And I threw my arms around her, and said: ‘Yes, Linda, yes.’ But, before I was quite awake, she was gone.”

Effie was sobbing in her aunt's lap; but she took one of her hands, and kissed it.

“Whether your mother had listened to his words of love, whether she simply knew that he loved—whether, alas! she, in her heart, held the guilty secret that she might love him—I know not; but that she went away to save that brother, and not to follow out an illicit passion, I do know. Oh, Effie! I do not dare to tell you his name. He lived and died in America within the year. He was not with her; that I know.”

"Did she love my father?" asked Effie.

"No, dear, I think not. Their marriage was a mistake. He was not sympathetic. Dear as he is—my brother and your father—he was never worthy of her. He loved a coarser type of woman. That is, he was born to love such a creature as this—Corn—"

Effie had put her hand over her aunt's mouth. "Thank you for what you say of mamma," she had uttered under her breath, "but do not—blame papa." She had not yet got to the point where she could bear to have that idol shattered.

All this conversation had preceded the departure for Europe. Now, after months of travel, silence reigned between them on a subject which never was quite out of their thoughts.

Strangely enough, as Aunt Kitty Manners began speaking Italian to the count, the recollection of this passionate painful talk suddenly struck Effie, and her face grew sad and clouded.

Aunt Kitty was announcing her intention of going to Venice. She did not say a word of the missing professor. No; but she would be so obliged to the count if he would go on, with herself and her niece, the next day. She had a caprice for Venice. She wanted to see the congress, although she had told the professor that she did not care for Venice. Did the count think Danielli's would be crowded? And so on.

The count rapidly revolved in his mind the situation. He had a firm belief that Danielli's would be crowded. He also had a sincere fear that she would make it hot for the professor. But, after all, was it not best that she should go? The count had never thought of this very simple way out of the Cora dilemma. Machiavelli is often distanced by circumstance.

It made no sort of difference to Aunt Kitty Manners whether the count agreed or not. Her courier had already his orders. The rooms were taken, the trunks packed. So the party left the rival hotel the next day, and Rafael breathed freer and deeper as he saw the last of the famille Primrose. It was so much money out of Cesare's pocket.

Mrs. Brisler had the best suite of rooms on the Grand Canal, and Luigi Corroni was already installed as guide, philosopher, and friend during the hours when the professor was engaged in his dignified duties at the congress. She had played her cards very well. The Spanish-eyed American, with her pretty toilettes, sat, at table, with the dignified elderly man on one side of her, and the handsome intense Italian on the other. And all the best Americans, seeing this, desired to be introduced to her, and so she was quite the queen of the occasion.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE TWO CHRISTINES.

BY JEAN LINTON.

THE two Christines together sit

Where shadows sit, the trees among;
And one is old, with snow-white hair,
The other fair and fresh and young.

With eyes grown dim, the one looks back

Upon life's track to vanished years—
Once more recalls their joy so brief,
Their care and grief and idle tears.

The other one, the young Christine,

Knows longing keen, but not regret;
She all things sees through golden haze,
On coming days her hopes are set.

For one, the past the present molds;

She nothing holds as good to view
But what the past as such has sealed,
To her revealed as tried and true.

For young Christine, the future gleams

Through all her dreams; the present hour,
Now holding away, she scarcely heeds
Its wants or needs, nor owns its power.

The grandame gray, old scenes among,

Once more is young and called "Christine";
A lover waits to know her will,
For good or ill—she is his queen.

The years roll on to middle life;

She is his wife, and well content;
Around them now their girls and boys,
Those sweetest joys from heaven sent.

And so she dwells on every page,

From youth to age, and cons them o'er;
Her lost ones dear she longs to meet
And fain would greet and clasp once more.

Her grandchild fair, the young Christine,

Is but sixteen: no past has she,
No lover yet has made her feel
For woe or weal—she's fancy-free.

But she has dreams of sweet romance,

That oft entrance both heart and brain;
And eager hope the future gilds,
While fancy builds chateaux in Spain.

She's like the princess wrapped in sleep—

In slumber deep, year after year.
Her prince will come, the spell to break,
Her heart to wake to passion dear.

And so they sit and dream together,

This sunny weather, the trees among;
And one is old, with snow-white hair,
The other fair and fresh and young.

THE ROMANCE OF AN APPLE-DUMPLING.

BY OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON.

MEHITABLE PETTINGILL stood with her cook-book in one hand, the sleeves of her dainty pink gown rolled away from her plump wrists, and a little patch of flour adorning her pleasantly saucy nose.

She was not thinking of her cook-book, however, or her flour-adorned countenance. Her thoughts seemed even further than the plumes of the lilac-bush toward which her eyes occasionally wandered. Mehitable was apparently in deep and not altogether pleasant thought.

Could I describe with due fairness the sweet proportion and general delectableness—I thank the old poets for that goodly word—of Mehitable, I should not have commenced with the cook-book, although it has as prominent a place in all that follows as any charm exercised by sweet Mehitable.

Mehitable had inherited, with this trying name, her grandmother's fair skin and sunny hair, with the complexion of a rose-leaf—a richer inheritance, in fact, than many of her friends possessed, who delighted in names breathing of poetic fancy: Lily, Daisy, Birdie, and Rose. Her uncle loves to call her "Dot," because she is so small, so sweet, so truly commendable, in her thrifty household.

But to-day Mehitable is in trouble, and the cook-book seems only to add to her perplexity. The sunshine dances in the kitchen-doorway, through the vine-leaves merrily, smiling upon the rows of shining trees, and playing hide-and-seek in the shadows with the sportive kitten. The kettle boils gently on the stove, everything is neat and clean, waiting for her to make her dessert for their five-o'clock dinner.

Annie, Mehitable's maid-of-all-work, not many years her senior, had left her dinner, a roast of lamb with roast potatoes completing their duty in the oven, and Mehitable hears the faint clatter of dishes, as Annie makes ready the dinner-table.

Yet here she stands, with that frown between her sweet eyes, and stares at her recipe with eyes that only take in the words, without any idea of the sense of all she is reading. Mehitable is not one of those erratic cooks who can make a dish of nothing, adding a "pinch of this and a bit of that": she is an order-loving cook, and her dessert is always a rare dish, made with precision. But, of all she creates, the acme of

satisfaction is reached for Uncle Harvey when she turns her attention to baked apple-dumplings.

Uncle Harvey remarks, with a twinkle in his eye, on these occasions: "Next to a clear conscience, is a good cook. Dot, my child, you are better than a clear conscience, if that is a possibility: because one may appreciate your thorough goodness without any selfish consideration of future reward."

"I fear your appreciation is confined to the dumplings," Mehitable would reply, saucily.

But why should Mehitable stand staring, to-day, into her cook-book, as if she did not realize Uncle Harvey's utter content in her skill? She did not even heed the kitten—that, like the Lady of Shallot, grown tired of shadows, rubbed affectionately against her feet.

Let us look over her shoulder and read the recipe for apple-dumplings:

"One quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls of lard, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, two cupfuls of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar sifted in dry flour, one saltspoonful of salt."

So far, so good. But, as Mehitable goes on with the directions, she twists a gold ring upon her finger; and, strangely enough, the directions are interpolated thus:

"Chop the shortening into the flour, after you have sifted [He said arguing would not help matters: I cannot see why.] this and the cream-tartar together. [It was just too much, for him to be jealous of such a trifle. I was so provoked.] Put the soda, and wet up quickly [Then I had to break down and cry, and he walked off.] just stiff enough to roll into a paste less than half an inch thick. [He never used to be so foolish. I know he will never speak to me again. Oh, dear!] Cut in squares, and lay in centre of each [Harold Van Ausdell]

"Good gracious! what am I saying?" she murmured, suddenly conscious of her foolish wandering. "Here I stand reading over this recipe I know by heart, and reading it as if I expected to make a dumpling of Harold. I thought I knew him by heart, too," with a grim little smile. "However, it is all over now. I

shall never be his wife. I wonder if he will come home to dinner with Uncle Harvey, to-night?"

With this rather inconsistent conclusion to her tragic cogitation, she commenced to sing a brisk tune, and, while the tears twinkled in her eyes, set to work about the dumplings without further delay; and, despite the trying fact that her first and violent quarrel with her lover had transpired the night before, she accomplished her task nobly.

It is a well-known truth that, often, when a woman's heart is heaviest, her biscuit and dumplings are lightest.

It is the poetical justice of human romance, we suppose, shaming the charges of delinquency ever brought against it, by meeting and supplying the practical demand.

It was a pretty sight to see Mehitable's dimpled hands chop the shortening into the flour, after sifting it with the cream-tartar, put in the soda and wet it with a deft hand, and roll into a paste about half an inch thick.

Then she carefully cut the pastry into neat squares, and laid in the centre of each a juicy tart apple she had pared and cored. Alas! to-day, she had no desire to throw the long peeling over her shoulder, when she pared her apples, in order to read her marriage-fate in the letter thus formed.

Then she brought the corners of the square dough neatly together, and gave them a slight pinch. Next, she got her buttered baking-pans, and, placing the joined edges downward, passed them into the oven to bake.

Once more she had time to return to her dismal meditation: which she did, resting her sunny head on her hand.

Harold Van Ausdell was Uncle Harvey's cousin's son. Uncle Harvey had been delighted at the idea of his niece's engagement. What would uncle say now?

Harold had been very harsh, to be provoked over such a trifle. He always came home to dinner with Uncle Harvey, on Saturday evening. Would he come to-night? Would he be penitent, or expect her to be? He had been cruel in all he said, and she would never, never—

"Miss Pettengill, I am sure I smell something burning." Thus spoke Annie, hurrying in from the dining-room.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mehitable, in a vexed tone; but no harm was done, and, after a few moments, the dumplings came out of the oven, brown and tempting.

She heard her uncle's voice now, and her heart beat quite violently, as she recognized also

the voice she hoped might prove penitent, since Harold came, as was his usual custom.

She barely had time to brush the dumplings with beaten egg, to give them a gloss, and then sift powdered sugar over them.

She then directed Annie, in a confused manner, to make a rich sauce for them, and then fled up the back-stairway to her room, leaving Annie to smile knowingly and take charge of the tempting beauties, little dreaming how precious a charge she undertook.

Mehitable and Harold met at the dinner-table, under Uncle Harvey's eyes, with great equanimity. Mehitable looked cool and fresh, in her pretty dress, with only a little heightened flush of her roses, to betray her agitation. But she noticed that Harold turned very white, as his glance fell upon her the second time. What could he mean? Her left hand went instinctively to her fair curls, as if they must be the cause—one of those silly graceful motions girls will make. Then, as her hand rested on the table, a moment afterward, she saw her betrothal-ring was gone.

Her eyes met his, a moment, in a startled glance, and then he looked away, to answer Uncle Harvey's question.

"So you are resolved to go, no matter what any of us may say? Even Dot cannot persuade you?" Uncle Harvey said.

"Dot has no desire I should remain," returned Harold; "we decided that matter last night."

"What?" demanded Uncle Harvey, while Mehitable forced herself to return Harold's glance firmly. He should not find her lacking in purpose, she said to herself, if he could speak thus cruelly, without striving to conciliate her. But where—where could she have lost her ring? And where was Harold going?

"May I ask what all this may mean?" once more demanded Uncle Harvey, leaning back in his chair.

"Only that my decision regarding my departure for the West has been hastened by the breaking of our engagement. It is as it should be," said Harry. "Remember, sir, I came under protest this evening, yielding because I saw Dot had not told you of the rupture. I hoped she had repented of last night's hasty decision. She has not, it seems. Since it is my last meal with you, let us forget this unpleasantness, and talk of other matters."

"Is this true, Dot?" asked Uncle Harvey, in despair.

"Yes, uncle," she replied, with greater calmness that Harold had struggled with his dignity and anger.

But oh! where was the ring? How could she

have lost it? But, if Harold gave her no opportunity for explanation, she too would be inexorable, if it broke her heart.

So Harold chatted on with apparent ease, and made Uncle Harvey join him, albeit the latter was a little sulky.

Disappointment is the bane of good appetite, and Uncle Harvey was sorely disappointed in the turn affairs had taken.

Even when his favorite dumplings appeared, he could not rally his spirits, in face of the two young people flashing occasional defiant glances at each other, across the table.

A silence fell as they ate the dainty dessert, when suddenly Harold choked slightly, and Uncle Harvey looked in surprise, as the young man deliberately took from his mouth a small gold circlet.

There was a mingling of amusement and gladness in Harold's face. He looked at Mehitable.

"You lost it? You did not discard it?" he cried, eagerly.

"I lost it in making the dumplings," she returned, shaken from her self-possession. "It must have slipped off, and fallen into the dumpling."

"Then you did not mean to give it back to me?" cried Harold. "You did not—"

"Oh! I had it on to-day. I never meant to—"

But Uncle Harvey burst into a roar of laughter.

"Why, Dot, you are not so cruel as to choke a man with his own engagement-ring? I never asked you to flavor dumplings with love-sauce! That is 'ringing' the changes on a man," he cried, between gasps of choking laughter.

But Harold walked around the table with the ring, and took Mehitable's hand in his, and, while she blushed furiously, put it back upon her finger again.

"Forgive me, dear; and tell me you never meant to take it off and give me over," he said, looking so charmingly sincere and handsome, in his penitence, that Mehitable uttered a demure little "Yes," and Uncle Harvey finished his meal alone, while they slipped back into the parlor.

Mehitable Pettingill is now Mrs. Harold Van Ausdell, and manages her household with excellent skill; but her husband often jocosely remarks, while he enjoys her heightening color, that there is no dish she makes with such singular success as his favorite, the apple-dumpling.

"WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN."

BY PELLE BREMER.

THEY stand, to-day,
By the smiling bay,
Wherever that lay may be,
And never fall
To look for the sail
Of a ship they never may see.

From the early morn,
When the day is born,
Far into the sad twilight
They look for ships
Till the teardrop drips
From the sorrowing eyes of night.

Sometimes, I know,
When the trade-winds blow,
Safe over the treacherous seas,
Some ships come home
O'er the towsing foam,
Borne in by a favoring breeze.

And eyes are bright
With the welcome sight
Of the looked-for sail at last,
While joy-bells ring
And glad hearts sing
That the waiting-time is past.

But the wrecks that lie
Where the sea-birds cry
Outnumber the ships that land
Their precious freight
At the feet that wait
Forever beside the strand.

In the deep sea-caves,
'Neath the lapping waves
That over the dead men slip,
The seaweed holds
In its slimy folds
The freight of many a ship.

Sometimes there is found
An outward-bound;
But the ships we hope to see,
On some fine day,
Sailing up the bay,
Are coming to you and to me.

But the whirlpool mocks,
And the sunken rocks
Of disappointment frown;
And oft, in sight
Of the harbor-light,
The looked-for ship goes down.

And under the shine
Of the treacherous brine
Is lying our wealth untold,
And the jewels rare
That we thought to wear
Are down with the yellow gold.

But they who win
When their ships come in
Think never of winds that rave;
And little they reck
Of the wave-washed deck
Far down in its deep sea-grave.

THE MISSING LINK.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

I.

THE through express was late that night.

Fifty miles an hour, hour after hour, it had rushed along, with only an occasional stop, and with hardly a slackening of speed at the smaller stations. The night was a bad one: moonlight, at times, with the blackest of shadows, strange and fantastic, lying in cuts and along curves, seeming like threats of danger, and just where danger might be feared, at least, if not expected; then scattering clouds, hurried by the autumn wind, shutting out all light from the sky, at times, and usually when it was most needed or would have been most welcome. Malcolm Barnard looked straight ahead, never taking his gaze from the shining lines of steel, under the light his engine cast into the night of darkness or of shadows; but there was a frown on his fine face, for he felt that he was losing time and could not help it.

The night went on.

The through express went on.

At every station at which it stopped, it was possible there might be orders to wait. But, at station after station, the telegraphic orders, which were actually waiting the train's coming, were to go on.

An hour late at one station! Midnight then, with the full moon almost on the meridian, and the clouds flying faster than ever from the strong south wind.

Forty-five minutes late at the next station! One o'clock now, with the moonshine shut away and the clouds victorious. Malcolm Barnard smiled grimly.

"We've gained fifteen minutes in an hour's run," he said, half to himself and half to the fireman. "I wonder how much time we'll gain in the next fifty miles?"

The fireman did not take it upon himself to answer. But, as the train slowly pulled out from the station, and Barnard fixed his gaze on the track again, the fireman shook his head; he seemed gloomy and depressed. Possibly he believed in presentiments.

Malcolm Barnard had not been married forty-eight hours. He was a fine-looking fellow, but he didn't look much like a bridegroom just now. There wasn't enough happiness in his face to warrant a guess that he was one. He was wor-

ried about the train losing time. But, when he reached a straight smooth track, which he did directly, and a mile began to fall behind them for every minute, he seemed to rally.

"I suppose I ought to be glad," he said to himself; "I hope I am. As for fear, I don't think I know what it is. But this doubt of her—oh, it is horrible! What did the man mean? If I only knew—if I only knew."

The moon broke through the clouds for a moment or two, as though to take a last look at the world of that night, and to see that everything was all right, or as near all right as things can be, in a world of sorrow and of sin; a world in which some fall, many fail, and all die. The wind had increased; its sound was harsh and mournful; a spiteful dash of rain swept in at the open window, and fell on Barnard's cheek; whatever the night had been, the coming morning seemed not unlikely to be one of wildness and storm.

Tall spectral-looking trees almost touched the train as it dashed on. Huge rotten logs, half buried in the slimy moisture of the swampy land, seemed to start out of the darkness menacingly, and then to withdraw with a monstrous sullen malice into the blackness again. It was the loneliest place on Barnard's whole long run.

They came out of the swampy woodland. The way was rougher now, with scattered hills and occasional outcropping rocky ledges. Just ahead was a curve, with a long stretch of almost level and straight track again beyond it, running along the crest of a narrow ridge. A dangerous place, but one over which Barnard had gone in safety for so many times, that he had for it the contempt which familiarity breeds. He hardly slackened speed at all as he approached the curve.

"I must try to find out, I suppose," he said, wearily, to himself; "though God only knows what I shall find out. It may be the most terrible—"

He did not finish the sentence. A wild "Hillo!" ahead, repeated again and again, in tones of mortal terror and warning, made his heart stand still for a moment. Simultaneously, the train rounded the curve. And there, dimly seen in the fitful light, but not so dimly as to leave any of the hope which doubt sometimes

gives, was the most horrible sight which Malcolm Barnard had ever seen.

He had been startled once or twice during his ten years of experience as a railroad-man, and had gained a reputation for quickness and courage in averting danger. But now it was to be seen whether he could go, open-eyed and firm-handed, down to the gaping doors of death, unflinching and in silence, because he had some hundreds of lives behind him who had no hope left, save in him, though they did not know or guess it—and because it was his duty.

Heavy timber, railroad ties, and beams which were even larger had been piled on the track. Barnard's first thought, so strangely trivial will thought sometimes be, even in the face of death itself, was a vague wonder as to how they could have been placed there; how many men must have agreed in the horrible conspiracy of train-wrecking, and how long it must have taken them to do it. A grim smile of admiration for them flashed over his face as he sped on toward the trap which had been set for the train. The work had been very thoroughly done—very thoroughly indeed!

In front of the pile, but to one side, wildly waving his arms, was what seemed a tramp, one of those men who may be found everywhere and at all times, but whose coming is a mystery and whose going is as strange. He had found this barrier to the train's safety some two or three minutes before the engine appeared, heard the thunder of its approach, and had given his warning cry. Let us not pause to ask why he did as he did; let us not ask whether it was some innate goodness in the man, some feeling which had grown up in his soul when he was a pure-hearted child or an honest man, and which all the years of his outcast life had not sufficed to blot out, or what it was. Let us only remember that another one might have stood aside, instead of running at full speed up the track, and shouting at the top of his voice.

Barnard saw the tramp before he saw the obstruction on the track. Not long before—not many seconds; but long enough for him to have applied the air-brakes, and to have taken his resolve to do his best, though he died for it. Not long; but long enough to make all the difference between what might have happened and what did.

Barnard applied the brakes; the sharp hiss of the imprisoned air, finding its eager way out, served as a warning to the wakeful ones on the train, of a danger which suddenly frowned upon them. For the sleeping ones, there was no warning, no time for any.

The brakes worked well. One could not have expected them to work better. But the fireman, who had had no lack of experience, saw that a collision was inevitable, and he deliberately and intelligently chose what he regarded as the best and safest plan, when he sprang from the engine. He sprang, leaving Barnard to face the peril and responsibility alone. He had thought the tramp would follow. But he did not estimate Barnard at quite his full value; he did not quite understand the sort of man he had with him at the post of duty and danger.

The motion grew slower—slower—slower. But it was still terribly swift. Motions are relative, and a train may greatly slacken speed from sixty miles an hour, and still go perilously fast.

It was not long—a few seconds, a few heart-beats—before Barnard knew that he could no more stop his train before reaching the piled-up fabric of murder on the track before him, than he could stop the thunderbolt when half-way down the sky. They would go into it, over it, and then—

He shut his eyes and shuddered. Then, with a quick thought how to lessen the danger of the passengers, he pulled open the throttle-valve.

His engine sprang forward as though alive. The connection between engine and train parted. And then—

He did jump now. He had done all he could.

It was over in a few seconds. The engine struck the ties and timbers, and scattered them to right and left. It almost cleared the track, but it was at the sacrifice of itself. It left the rails; it rolled down the embankment, cutting and crushing stout young trees on its way, and landed, bottom up, in a half-dozen feet of water. The cars came to rest only when half the train had passed the place where the obstruction had been. One or two cars had left the rails, but all remained right-side-up and on the road-bed. Malcolm Barnard, aided by some nameless waif of the threatening night, had saved half a thousand lives. Malcolm Barnard had proved himself true and loyal. He had laid his life on the altar of duty, and he had escaped without a scratch.

But, when the passengers came thronging out in the gray stormy dawn, asking more questions than engineer and tramp could answer, they found the fireman a little way off, unmarked by wheel or rail, but dead. Better had he staid and faced his duty.

II.

It is hard to say whether the passengers expressed more thankfulness to the heroic engi-

neer who had saved them, or to the tramp, whose timely warning had made Barnard's successful action possible. Each man was modest, the engineer because of his gentlemanly instincts, and the tramp because of long habit. Meantime, the conductor had the dead fireman placed in a berth in the sleeping-car, and sent brakemen both up and down the track to give warning of the disaster to any approaching train. He also dispatched men to the nearest station to telegraph for help.

The passengers took up a liberal collection, entrusting a large sum of money to a committee, selected from among their number, for the purpose of purchasing a gold watch and chain, to be presented to Mr. Malcolm Barnard; while, to the tramp, they gave a good amount of cash, though, under any other circumstances, their dimes would have been slow in his behalf. Circumstances do alter cases, don't they?

The morning was growing more and more stormy. The wind was rougher and wilder. So the passengers withdrew into the cars, after a little. There, with true American spirit, they framed and passed certain fine-sounding resolutions, after which they naturally separated themselves into three parties. One-third of them discussed the danger and escape, and added to the discussion most marvelous tales of danger they had experienced or known of; another third growled at the necessary delay and discomfort; and the rest sought out as comfortable places and positions as possible, and went to sleep.

Then Barnard and the tramp, as though with one accord, withdrew a little from the train, sat down on one of the heavy beams which had wrought such mischief, and commenced to talk and smoke.

I don't think either noticed the wind and the rain. One of them had been used to a vagabond life, in all sorts of weather, for too many years, to leave it likely that he would be particular or critical now. The engineer was only thankful that he was not in the sleeper, beside the fireman; with life, strength, and whole limbs, he did not mind the wet. And the glow at his heart—the memory of what he had done—kept him warm.

Barnard spoke first. His manner was abrupt. His question was pointed.

"What do you know of this?" he asked, pointing to where the barricade had been built across the path of safety. "Somehow, I have a suspicion that you can tell me."

"Well," lowering his voice, "I—I suppose I have something to tell. I don't know; it

mayn't have anything to do with this; but I think—I think—"

"That you can throw some light on this accident. Is that it?"

The tramp took his pipe from his lips; he looked musingly and meditatively away into the forest.

"That is it," he said. "I think I can tell something about what has happened."

"You think you know who set this trap here?"

The man looked steadily over to where the trap had been.

"I think so. Not by name, but by sight. I think I can tell the authorities where to look for them, and what sort of men they are to look for."

"And why? Do you think you know why?"

The tramp answered slowly.

"I think I know why," he said.

"Money?"

The tramp shook his head.

"No, sir," he said, firmly; "I don't think that."

"Ah!" and Barnard drew in his breath sharply; "for God's sake, tell me: what do you think?"

"I think," replied the tramp, with a deliberation almost maddening to so anxious a man as Barnard: "and, remember, I can't use a stronger word than that: I think it was a trap set for someone—someone only."

Barnard sprang to his feet.

"You—you think that?" he cried. "Tell me: why?"

"Well, yesterday afternoon, I heard some men talking. 'We'll fix him,' said one. 'And perhaps a hundred others,' said a second. 'They must take their chances,' said a third, with a laugh. I didn't give much attention to what was said: for I didn't understand what they could mean. I was lying in a box-car, trying to get a little sleep, and I'm ashamed to have to say that I didn't even get up to have a look at them."

"Then you couldn't identify them?"

"Not exactly—unless by their voices. But I guess I have other evidence, which will be more of a help than that."

"Good. When did what you had heard begin to make an impression on you?"

"When I found the obstruction on the track."

"You believed, then, that you understood to what they had referred?"

"Certainly. I had no doubt of it."

"Nor have I. Now, tell me what other evidence you have."

"This: That I saw three men—the same number as those who talked outside the freight-car—leave town on horseback, early in the evening, coming this way. They were armed with shotguns, and—"

"Can you describe them?"

"Fairly well: two common-looking men, poorly dressed, and—"

"Never mind them. What of the other?"

"He was a handsome fellow—tall and dark, with keen eyes, white and even teeth, a mouth which was firm and strong, a heavy black moustache, pointed sharply at the ends, and—"

"Wait," said Barnard, taking out a pocket-book, selecting a photograph from several which it contained, and passing it to the tramp. "Did he look anything like that?"

"Did he?" cried the tramp. "Did he? How did you get his picture? He is the very man."

"You are sure?"

"As sure as I am of my own life."

"I guess, then, that the trap—the trap—"

"Was set for you?"

"I—I fear so."

"I think so too," said the tramp, with quiet emphasis.

"And now, what else do you know?" asked Barnard.

"Not much. But still I think I'll tell you," he said, in a very low and guarded voice. "I've done you service enough to make it right to ask two things of you. Is it not so?"

"It is. What are the two things?"

"That you'll keep what I tell you to yourself."

"Agreed."

"And that you won't ask me regarding what I don't tell."

"Yes. I presume that will be harder; but I agree to it."

"Very well. You would call me a tramp, I suppose?"

Barnard laughed.

"I suppose I should have to, if you'll pardon my frankness," he said.

"You fancy I look like a tramp. Do I talk like one?"

"I think not."

"I think not, too—though I've been with them enough to have lost the most of all I ever knew or ever was. Do I look like a wealthy man?"

Barnard laughed again.

"No, you don't," he replied.

"I suppose not. And yet I was wealthy—very wealthy—ten years ago. I would be wealthy now, but for the terrible wickedness of a man I trusted. He was my partner, and the active

member of the firm. I put in the money, he put in his time. Slowly but steadily, we lost; venture after venture swept away my money, thousands of dollars at a time. One night, the end came. I got a telegram that all was gone, and that my notes for large sums were due and unpaid. I pitied my partner—pitied him even more than I pitied myself: for I was alone in the world, while he was about to marry a beautiful young woman. I went home to Boston, to our place of business, to see if there was not something which could be realized, in spite of the general wreck. I found there was nothing to be done—nothing."

"But what has all this to do with the matter in hand?"

"Everything. Don't think that I am wandering from the subject, for I am not. One night, I got a hint that my partner had defrauded me. It was too astounding to believe. But it came in so startling a way, that I was forced to follow the hint to its legitimate conclusion, even against my own will. I did it. I studied my books—the books of the business. It took me many days and nights. Everything had been done with cunning care. I don't know whether everything had been done with enough attention to legal form to have made it impossible for me to have punished the traitor, could I have shown the world exactly what he had done; I am not sure that he could not have kept his ill-gotten money, even after I had proved exactly how he had obtained it. But I could prove nothing: the work had been too artfully done for that, though the story the books told confirmed my hint, my fear, my belief: my partner was rich, while I was worse than a beggar. And he had robbed me, as certainly as though he had stopped me on the street, some dark night, revolver in hand, and given me the choice between parting with my money or my life. The difference between the crime he had committed and so vulgar a crime as highway-robbery was great: he had taken hundreds of thousands of dollars; he had done it safely; he was a gentleman through it all."

"Do you mean that for truth?" queried Barnard.

"Truth? Do you doubt it? What I have told is wonderful; I don't blame you for doubting it. But it is nothing, compared to the strange tale left to tell."

"Please let me hear it."

"I went to my partner. I told him what I had discovered. I informed him I had had a hint to help me in my work, though I did not tell him where or how I had obtained it."

"And what did he do?"

"He laughed at me. Though he was careless enough to say that it would have been easy to do that of which I accused him, and to cover one's tracks beyond any danger of discovery—'or at least of proof,' he added, quietly."

"And then?"

"And then I almost went down on my knees to him, and urged him to let me have enough to pay the indebtedness for which I was responsible, and to keep the rest. But he laughed and jeered at me. He would confess to no rights on my part; he would make no amends on his. My faith in mankind was gone. I became what you see me now. I have not slept in a bed since then, and that was ten years ago."

The tramp arose to his feet. He looked away down the track, and took two or three lagging steps that way.

"Let me go away from you for a little while," he said. "Perhaps you don't believe what I have said. But what is to come is far more incredible. Now, I want you to have time to consider whether you dare believe what I have yet to tell. And, God help me, I want to think it all over calmly by myself; I want to be certain that I believe it, too."

"Believe?" said Barnard, bitterly, to himself; "believe? As though I were not ready, after this night's experience, to believe anything."

He took a letter from his pocket, as he spoke, a letter he had received less than an hour before he had given his name and protection to the woman he had chosen, from out all those he had ever met—chosen, albeit his acquaintance with her had been brief. An anonymous letter! One, too, which might be relied upon to keep its own secret, since it had been prepared on a type-writer.

He went up to one of the cars, and stood where the light from a window fell on the sheet. Then he read it as though he were hopeful of getting some new meaning, or some little comfort of some sort, out of it.

"MR. MALCOLM BARNARD.

"Dear Sir: I understand you are about to marry Ethel Etten. Let me give you a little friendly advice—Don't.

"You are going to marry her at once, without the presence of her relatives, because she is an orphan. Her guardian will be present, because he is a fool.

"I know her quite well, and I'm free to say I don't understand why you want to marry her. Perhaps, if I had the honor of an equally intimate acquaintance with you, I could write her a letter of advice filled with the same frank candor as

characterizes this one; as it is, I can't do it. I have made some inquiry regarding you, and perhaps I don't wonder she will marry you. I have seen you once; you are not a bad-looking fellow. But really, you ought not to do it. I would be glad to write more strongly, and say that you shall not do it. What do you know of her family? her friends? her past? herself? Do you know more than that you let impulse speak, that she was moved by an equal impulse, and that—I think I wrote that once before; yes, I did—her guardian is a fool?

"Mr. Malcolm Barnard, Ethel Etten doesn't love you. You are young and happy; you cannot afford to throw your life away. Never say you didn't know; never blame me, nor anyone else. You've had good and sufficient warning. Now be wise, or—"

"I won't write it.

"But let me come back to the beginning of my letter, and end there. Don't!"

Barnard put the letter into his pocket.

"Believe? believe?" he moaned, as he covered his face with his hands. "After this night's experience, I am ready to believe anything!"

"So am I," said a voice at his elbow.

The tramp had returned.

"Well," said Barnard, wearily, "let me hear the rest of your story."

"I will. I will tell you where I got my hint. I looked in my partner's eyes for it."

"In his eyes?"

"Yes! And there I read his thoughts. Not exactly as you read a book, for I did not see the words; not as you listen to spoken language, for I heard nothing; not as you feel, in darkness and in silence, for I was too far away to reach and strike him. But I can give no explanation which is nearer the truth than one of those illustrations would be; you would not understand me; I am not sure that I understand it myself. But I was as conscious of his thoughts as I was of my own; I knew what was going on in his mind as well as though I had been in his body, using his brain and nerves."

"A mind-reader? Do you mean that?"

"Perhaps so; in a limited sense, at least."

"What were his thoughts?"

"I have robbed this fellow, and he will never guess it. He must face want and dishonor, and all for my sake.' That is what I read."

"And since then? With other men, can you read their thoughts also?"

"No. I have not that power."

"It is very strange," said Barnard. "Are you sure you read aright?"

"As sure as I speak to you now."

Barnard turned away his head. Far away could be heard the train which was coming to their relief. The rain was increasing, but morning was at hand.

He turned back again.

But there was no one there to whom to speak. The tramp was already more than half-way down the slope, and almost hidden among the trees at its foot.

III.

BARNARD, an hour after, was on his way home. He had asked from the company, by telegraph, a leave of absence, which was granted promptly. He walked at once out to the little house which he had bought, and which Ethel and he had furnished before the wedding; the house to which he had taken her when the ceremony was over, and where he had left her, less than a day later, to attend to his duty as an engineer.

He went quietly in at the gate. The front-door was unlocked. He entered the house. He passed noiselessly upstairs. He found his way to his wife's room unannounced. She sat at her table, writing.

He had never seen her look so sweet. There was a pain at his heart which was hard to bear—very hard. She was his wife, and he had loved her so! It was hard, to have to give it all up, and to put his happiness away from him. But one tender and generous resolve sprang up in his soul, as he looked at her, and remained there; it was different from what he had promised himself, on his way home.

"I—I will shield her from—from such a penalty as I suppose she deserves, though I will never spare him," he said to himself.

Then he spoke.

"Mrs. Barnard," was what he said. It was hard not to call her "Ethel," and his tone was as solemn and full of heartbreak as it would have been had he said it above her coffin.

She looked up with a start, just a little paler than she had been. Then, when she saw that he seemed strong and well, she sprang up with a blush and a glad cry, and ran to meet him.

But he evaded her outstretched hands.

"Sit down," he said, coldly. "I suppose you did not expect me back so soon?"

"No, I did not." She was growing pale again.

"Possibly you didn't expect me back at all?"

There was a sneer in his tone. She could not help but hear it.

"Malcolm, what do you mean?"

He walked over to where she sat by the table—for she had returned there when he repulsed

her—and drew the picture from his pocket which he had shown the tramp.

"Do you remember the time I took this picture from your table?" he asked.

"I do."

"You thought I was jealous then?"

"You acted as though you were."

"You remember I asked you to tell me his name, do you not?"

"I remember it. And I gave it to you. Ralph Moxen is his name."

"I know it. I shall never forget it. Do you recall what else I asked you?"

"Not all. You were foolish, and—"

"Be silent! I ask you now what you must answer. Do you understand? Will you say that that man never spoke words of love to you?"

"No, I will not say that."

"Why? Is it because it would be false?"

"It would be false."

"He loved you, then?"

"He said so."

"And you? But I will not ask. I can see it all: You quarreled; he warned me; I disregarded it; he plead his cause anew; he won: he hurried to do his wicked worst, and—"

"I do not understand you."

"You do. Have you not heard from Ralph Moxen since you were married?"

"I have, twice."

"Show me his letters."

"I cannot; I burned them."

"Perhaps you were writing to him—"

He reached over to take her letter from the table.

There were tears in her eyes, as she answered.

"I was writing to you," she said.

"To me? It could not reach me until after my return."

"I was going to send it by telegraph."

"Indeed? How loving! You were going to play the game a little longer, were you? What a devilish mockery it would have been to congratulate me on my escape."

"Your escape? What do you mean? I did not know you had been in any danger."

"Do you pretend that you don't know what happened to me?"

"I know nothing of it."

"Nor of what was to have happened, if the plan had not failed?"

"Nothing."

"Let me tell you, then, that there was an attempt to wreck my train on the Cedar Ridge."

"Oh, Malcolm! Malcolm!"

"And that the fireman was killed."

"Oh, Malcolm, and you might have been!"

"Yes," crisply and savagely, "I might have been. And there is a warrant out for the arrest of Ralph Moxen for it. The authorities are hunting for him now."

"He never did it."

"Why?"

"For several reasons. First, he is not capable of doing such a deed."

"Ah! What are the other reasons?"

"One is the fact that he left the station next beyond Cedar Ridge—Forest Isle is its name, I believe—on a train which departed from there early in the evening of the night in which your train was due there, and came straight through to this city."

"Aha! an alibi, is it?"

"He certainly didn't attempt to wreck your train."

"Well, since you know where he wasn't then, perhaps you can tell where he is now."

"I can."

"Where is he?"

"On a hunting-expedition, twenty miles north of here."

"Thank you."

"He and two friends were going out from Forest Isle to hunt, and even went so far as to ride out into the country a mile or two. Then, after some discussion, they decided to take a train and come here, instead."

"Well planned! I suppose he can prove this? He will certainly have the opportunity."

"He can—of course he can."

"It is greatly to your credit to be so well posted regarding all his recent movements."

"It is certainly nothing to my discredit. Mr. Moxen is engaged to my friend Mildred Atkins, of whom you have often heard me speak. Mildred is here in town now, having arrived since you went away."

"But you had letters from him?"

"Yes: containing messages regarding Mildred's plans, the probable time of her arrival, and so forth."

"But you and he were engaged, so you said."

"No. I didn't say so. We never were."

"But you loved him?"

"Never."

"But he did you?"

"No. He said he did: but he has since confessed that it was all done in a fit of jealousy, caused by some act of Mildred's."

"Please explain this, then." And he laid the anonymous letter on the table.

"I think I can. It's true you don't know much of me or my family. It's true, too, that I know more, myself, than I did a few days ago.

I had a very eccentric uncle, a brother of my father's, who died ten years ago. He left me one hundred dollars, in his will. He left the same amount to each of my ten cousins, sons of others of my father's brothers. The remainder of his property was left, to quote the words of the will—I remember them well—in trust with my lawyers, until they can satisfy the conditions of certain private written instructions which I have deposited with them, and which I declare to be a part of this last will and testament, to all intents and purposes, and which I direct shall be made public and go into effect at the time of the satisfaction of the conditions I have imposed. The chief condition was my marriage."

"And you knew of this?"

"Not until after I became your wife."

"But someone did?"

"I think so, though it was intended the directions should be strictly private."

"And who knew it?"

"I don't know. Some one of my ten cousins. I have no idea which one. Not the slightest hint of dishonor has ever been whispered against one of them before."

"Dishonor?"

"Yes. Among the instructions my uncle left, were these—I quote again from memory: 'Miss Ethel Eiten is my favorite, but I have two reasons for not wishing to leave my property to her, openly and unconditionally. First, I do not think she understands, or will understand, business-usages well enough to wisely take care of it. Second, I wish her loved for herself, and not for her money. I accordingly direct that these instructions shall be kept private until the marriage of the above-mentioned Ethel Eiten. I direct that the property I leave, with the exception of the amounts directly ordered to be paid, be converted into money, and deposited at interest in such banks as my lawyers may select. I desire that these directions and instructions be communicated to Ethel immediately after her marriage, and that the money then in bank to the credit of my estate be paid to her husband, unconditionally, whenever he shall apply for the same. In the event of the death of Ethel Eiten unmarried, or the refusal, neglect, or failure for any other reason, of her husband to make application for the money thus bequeathed to him, I direct that it be paid in equal shares to my nephews.' These stipulations were so singular, that I know them by heart. Can you guess, Malcolm, what my explanation is?"

Malcolm stretched out his hands toward her.

"Oh, Ethel, Ethel," he cried, "can you ever forgive me?"

"I can, and I do. Your suspicion grew out of your love for me and your maddening fear of loss. In your place, under the same circumstances, I should have been more unjust than you were. I do forgive you, freely and fully."

"And you forget—"

"Everything except that I love you, and that you love me."

"I haven't killed your love, then?"

"My dear husband, I haven't even been angry. I was puzzled, frightened, hurt—but that was all. And that is all over now. There will never be doubt or difference between us again, will there, Malcolm?"

"Never!"

He has his strong arms about her, holding her as though he would never let her go, while his lips meet hers hotly, again and again.

"My brave, brave husband, how did you ever endure it all? I—I had only a few minutes of doubt and fear, a few minutes in which I thought that perhaps I had lost you, and it almost killed me," she whispered, softly.

"It is all over now. We will be happy together—happier than if this had not happened. But do you think a tenth of your uncle's fortune sufficient temptation to a man to commit murder?"

"It might be, to a very wicked man."

"How much money will you—we—I—receive?"

She laughs up into his face, and speaks slowly, while she gleefully watches the wonder grow in his face.

"About five hundred thousand dollars."

IV.

A WEEK later, Mr. Barnard has received his money from the lawyers who had Theodore Etten's estate in trust. He has met Ralph Moxen, and is already a familiar friend of his. He has been introduced to Mildred Atkins, and he likes her.

Moxen comes into Barnard's parlor. There is a frown on his face.

"I say, Barnard, you have made matters pretty serious by sending the authorities after me on suspicion."

"How so? Your alibi was so conclusive that there was no arrest. Not a dozen persons know there was ever any suspicion of you."

"No; but Mildred knows it."

"Of course; but she knows it was groundless."

"I suppose so. But she says there is a 'missing link' in the evidence. She says she will never marry me until it is known who was guilty."

"Indeed! I must ask Ethel to argue the matter with her."

"She has already done so. It has done no good."

"I must talk with her myself."

"It won't be of any use. If you want to help me—or us, for Mildred, with all her resolution and firmness, is suffering as much as I am—you must find the missing link."

There was a ring at the doorbell. A boy brought in a telegram. Barnard broke open the envelope, and read:

"BOSTON, MASS.,

MALCOLM BARNARD: Sept. —, 188—.

Peter Etten accidentally shot. Will die. Must see you. Come immediately."

It was signed by the physician in charge of one of the most important hospitals in Boston.

Barnard handed it across the table to his friend Moxen.

"That may be a clue to the missing link," he said.

"God grant that it is," said Moxen, fervently; "you will go at once, will you not?"

"I shall, by the next train."

It was a rainy night when Barnard arrived in Boston. He stepped from the train, and started to get a carriage.

And just then his eyes fell upon the tramp, the man he had such good reason for remembering. Better dressed than he had been, probably as a result of the money with which the passengers had presented him, there was still no question as to his identity. Barnard walked over, and held out his hand. The tramp seemed pleased, took it, and pressed it warmly.

"I would like to see you and talk with you again," said Barnard. "Will you please make an appointment for to-morrow? To-night, I have business to attend to."

"So have I, and business that cannot be delayed. I am going to — Hospital."

"Indeed! So am I. What a strange coincidence! Will you ride with me there?"

"Thank you, I will."

Once in the carriage, Barnard turned to his strange companion.

"Why are you going to — Hospital?" he asked.

"To see my former partner. He is dying there."

"And has sent for you?"

The man shook his head.

"No," he said, mournfully. "Once I hoped he would, if he came to die first. No, he hasn't sent for me; but I learned he was here, and

hurried on to see him die. I mean to look in his eyes again, and see if there is anything there for me to learn. His thoughts, at least, I can read. As to him, I am a mind-reader."

Suddenly the tramp—if we may still call him that—took it upon himself to question Barnard.

"Why are you going to — Hospital?"

"To see a cousin of my wife's."

"Dying?"

"Yes."

"Injured?"

"Shot."

The tramp started.

"What is his name?" he asked.

"Peter Etten."

"Great God!" cried the tramp. "Can it be possible? Peter Etten was my partner!"

They rode on then, silently. The rain tapped at the carriage-windows in an uncanny way. Each man was busy with his own thoughts.

They arrived at their destination. They went in together to the bedside of the dying man—dying in poverty, to be buried by charity, no matter how much he had stolen and squandered, nor how much more he had vainly tried to gain.

He was past the power of speaking. The gray shadow of coming death was already in his eyes and on his face. But he looked up at Barnard, a man he had seen only once before, and something between a smile and a grimace flitted across his face: he evidently recognized him.

But the tramp—had he forgotten him? Is it much wonder? What age could never have done, hunger, and cold, and loss of faith in his kind had wrought. The tramp looked into the eyes of the dying man; but Peter Etten evidently did not know that he had ever met him.

The group stood there for some minutes, Barnard quiet and grave, the nurse and the doctor professionally sympathetic, the tramp with his unwavering gaze seeming to burn into the eyes of the man who was going out from the shore of time, into the unknown realm of eternity.

Then, suddenly, there was a change. The grayness deepened on cheeks and lips, the hands ceased their convulsive movements, the bed-clothes no longer stirred over the breast, and—

"It is the end," said the tramp.

"Yes, it is the end," echoed the doctor.

The tramp drew away from the bed. Barnard followed him.

"Did you learn anything?" he asked.

"Nothing to help me. He had forgotten me. He went down to his death with no thought of the man he had robbed and ruined."

"I was watching his face. I thought so."

"Yes; you thought. I know."

"You read his mind, then?"

"I did. God help me, I did."

"And what was it?"

"Regret that he—that he—"

"That he had done wrong? I am glad of that."

"No, it was not that. It was regret that, in an attempt to commit more wickedness, he had failed."

"Will you tell—"

"I will tell all. Just as too low a voice would baffle the listener—just as too dim a light would balk the reader—so it was with me for many minutes while I stood looking into that rascal's eyes. Then, suddenly, I knew his thought."

"What was it?"

"He neglected my warning! He dared the fate I threatened in my letter! And he saved himself and his train! If I could have been sure, just a few days sooner, that my wife was really dead, I would have tried to induce the lucky little fool to marry me, and—"

"And what?"

"Nothing. When the brain goes, I am done; even such power as God has blessed—or cursed—me with cannot go beyond the line which separates death from life."

"Thank you," said Barnard, bowing his head.

There is little left to write. The Barnards and the Moxens are as happy people as you would wish to meet. They are not at all superstitious in the ordinary way—they do not worry about the spilling of salt, or care over which shoulder they first see the new moon; but they firmly believe that the tramp's mysterious power of discerning the thoughts of the dying man furnished them *THE MISSING LINK*.

LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

Love the tiny waves resemble
Which on ocean's bosom swell.
Whence they come, none can discover.
Whence they go—oh, who can tell?

Who can tell if love will bear us
To the haven where we'd be?
Who can tell if 'twill engulf us,
Drifting hopeless o'er life's sea?

HONORA'S ANXIETY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"In the first place," Miss Oldham said, with the calm decision on which she prided herself, "it is wicked for relations to think of marrying. I wonder at you, Jack. If you would read Fiske and Herbert Spencer and—"

"The deuce take both, and everybody like them," was his half-angry interruption.

"Jack, you are irreverent and absurd."

"It is they who are absurd," Jack shouted. "Why, if you come to nature—"

"Marriage between persons connected by ties of consanguinity is unnatural," Miss Oldham interrupted in her turn.

"Now, see here," cried Jack, not in the least impressed by the dignity with which she had delivered these long words: "just answer this, if you please. I suppose that you and Herbert Spencer—confound him—would both admit that nature always knows what she's about—never makes mistakes, and that sort of thing?"

Miss Oldham would have disregarded the question; but Jack persisted, repeating it with great energy, and looking as if he meant to keep on until his demand was answered.

"Well?" queried Miss Oldham, doubtfully—not in regard to nature's wisdom, but ready to guard against some pitfall on the young man's part. "Well, if that should be admitted?"

"Why, then, if she makes two relatives fall in love with each other, the proceeding can't be unnatural!" retorted Jack, with an air of crushing triumph.

But Miss Oldham was not easily crushed, and she turned on him with serene scorn, saying:

"Really, Jack, I am surprised to hear even you descend to such hollow and utterly empty sophistry."

"Even me!" Jack groaned, his brief triumph lost in a deep sense of injury.

"Besides," Miss Oldham continued, changing her tone to one of didactic exhortation, "besides, it does not in the least apply to our case, Jack. I don't love you, and you only fancy that you love me. You just hold fast to the idea from sheer obstinacy—for you are very obstinate, Jack. I am sorry to confess it, but you are—very!"

She made the last word all capitals by the force with which she enunciated it, and Jack's sense of injury was deepened.

"I think that's about the wickedest thing any woman ever said," he rejoined, with the pleasant exaggeration to which injured admirers are much given. "Haven't I been devoted to you ever since we were little tots—"

"And you let me eat up your gingerbread, because you didn't happen to like gingerbread," Miss Oldham broke in, with cool disdain.

"Oh, this is worse and worse!" howled Jack. "Now, by Jove—"

"Don't be violent, Jack—don't! Have done with this folly for once and all, and listen to me," pronounced his cousin, knitting her brows and speaking in a tone of settled conviction. "You must marry some sweet gentle sylph of a girl, who will look up to and worship you. But, Jack—and be sure to remember this—take care there's no tendency in the family to go to flesh; that sort of girl is apt to inherit it."

"Oh, Honora, why will you talk such rubbish?"

"Oh, Jack, why will you be so rude? Though I don't mind even that so much as I do your complete disregard of advice based on the teaching of the greatest modern philosophers."

"Hang them and their teaching! I don't care about either. What I want is to have you love me."

"As a relative ought, Jack—though affection and esteem would be more appropriate, to express the sentiment proper between cousins, of whatever degree."

So the young couple argued and differed and nearly quarreled, as they had done countless times on the same subject. and Jack waxed pathetic and indignant by turns, and Honora was alternately philosophical, sarcastic, and good-natured, quite convinced that, though her relative had a lustrum the advantage, to count by years, she was so much older and more matured, when one considered judgment, reason, and other similar qualities, that it behooved her to try and adopt toward him the manner of a guardian or mother.

After all, they were cousins three degrees removed, as Jack had often pointed out; but this fact never served his turn, however sagely he attempted to put it to use.

"Third-cousins are usually more alike than a brother and sister—nature is fond of those

odd phenomena," Honora would say sometimes; else she overwhelmed him by retorting: "Very well, you're being so distant a cousin should make you more polite." And so, in one way or another, she was pretty certain, woman-like, to get the upper hand in the discussion.

They were both orphans—rich, handsome, and clever. But Miss Oldham, foolish girl, had the Anglophobia-mania, and thought it the "correct thing" to marry into the British aristocracy; and, as she usually succeeded in any matter where she was fully determined, it was quite probable that she would manage to carry out her present resolve.

Still, she had reached the age of three-and-twenty without having attained to matrimony, though that certainly was her own fault. She had received eligible offers enough, in this country and Europe, from descendants of Knickerbocker blood and from possessors of French and Italian titles, to have disposed of a score of girls; but she would none of them. And a pair of English baronets had met with no better success—though, in several cases, she was rather at a loss to advance good and efficient reason for her refusal.

She and a nice old maiden-aunt lived together in a fine house on Madison Avenue, in winter; fitted over to Europe whenever it pleased them; and, when in America, spent their summer at a country-house in Connecticut, on one of the rivers that open into Long Island Sound. It was quite a palatial mansion, in its way—the "show-place" of the neighborhood—with acres of grape-houses, peach-houses, and things of that kind, and a terrace with balustraded steps leading down to the water, copied from a villa on Lake Como, which Honora's father had fallen in love with, on a visit to Italy. Certainly, in no way did a young woman ever possess more facility for comfort and happiness. But still, Honora was not always happy, and often even very uncomfortable, though I think she could scarcely have told what she lacked or desired.

Jack was twenty-seven now, energetic enough to make himself duties in spite of his money—or, rather, through it—and he generally contrived to be within reach of his stately cousin, no matter on which side of the ocean she might be.

This constancy was, of course, somewhat unwise on his part; he had known that for a long while, but had never found the courage to attempt any breaking loose from his thralldom.

On this bright autumn morning—it was late in November, and Honora was still at her country-house, where Jack had come on a visit—

it was mild and pleasant as late spring. The argument between the cousins, somehow, had taken on a sharper edge than it had ever before done, in all their years of argument and difference.

Jack, pushed too far by Honora's sarcasm, lost his temper as she had never seen him do; and, before she knew it, Honora—a still rarer occurrence—positively lost hers. and, the Schuyler blood once fairly roused in both, there was a pretty hot discussion.

To do the pair justice, they were mutually ashamed of having been betrayed into such weakness, and each admitted as much before they separated, though Jack was the franker of the two.

"I beg your pardon, Honora," he exclaimed, turning suddenly back after he had reached the door: "I've said some things I ought not. I'm sorry. There: we mustn't quarrel."

"No, Jack—no," she answered. "I'm sorry, too, if I have spoken harshly to you."

"If!" echoed Jack, with bitter emphasis.

"Well, sorry that I have, then," she amended. "But you forced me to it—you know you did, Jack. If you would only let that one subject alone—if you would be content to go on as we might; for I am very fond of you, Jack—I feel like a sister to you."

"Thanks," cut in Jack, with a sarcastic intonation and mien, somewhat marred by a general expression of wretchedness in face and attitude. "I have one sister, and she's quite enough: sisters aren't in my line. No, we won't quarrel. And one thing you may be sure of—I never said it before, but I do now—and—and I mean it."

"Yes, Jack?" questioned Honora, a little startled by his tone and manner.

"I shall let that 'one subject,' as you call it, quite alone hereafter," pursued Jack; "you'll never hear another syllable about it from my lips. You've convinced me at last that you never could—could love me, and I'm not donkey enough, or poor-spirited enough, to worry you any longer."

By this time, he was in the middle of the room, standing erect in the majesty of his altitude of nearly six feet, and looking so handsome and proud that Honora quite wondered.

"I'm going now," Jack added, finding that she did not mean to speak—she had meant to, but his new dignity actually checked her ordinary easy flow of speech—and turning back to the door. "Good-bye now. I shall take the next train to New York. I'll see you there, by-and-bye."

"Good-bye, Jack. And—and you're not angry?" Honora's voice faltered a little, as she asked the question.

"Not now. Oh, it's all right between us. Just you rest satisfied that I intend to keep my word."

And, so speaking, Jack left, leaving Honora very glad that he proposed to try and recover his senses. But, all the same, she could not help thinking that it would seem odd to miss Jack's devotion and pleading. Of course, she was glad to have the matter ended; but it would seem odd.

A couple of days after, Honora received a letter from a former schoolmate, who had married and lived in Rochester, praying for a visit without delay. She was ill, ordered South to pass the winter, and begged piteously for her old friend to come—afraid that, unless she did, they might never meet again.

Miss Oldham was not a woman to reject such an appeal, even if she had been less attached to the lady than she was; so she prepared for a hasty departure, and set out that very evening, attended by her maid. She arrived in New York, and wrote a hurried note to Jack, telling him of her plan. He arrived in time to accompany her to the station. They parted in the most amicable manner, Jack promising to call frequently on Aunt Fanny and generally to conduct himself with discretion: for Honora could not resist a few parting words of advice.

"Be sure to write to me, Jack," was her final injunction; "and don't—don't put off looking for the sylph."

Jack promised faithfully to write punctually, and even admitted that he meant to keep a good lookout in case any of the sylph species should chance to appear on the horizon.

So the night-express bore Honora away, on good terms with her handsome cousin, though his farewell speech had not exactly satisfied her: that was because Jack treated so important a matter too lightly, she informed herself several times in the course of her journey.

It was Christmas-week before she returned to New York, having remained until the invalid was able to start southward. Jack was never a good correspondent; and, during the latter portion of her stay, his letters grew so infrequent and brief that she, at length, wrote him she feared he was in mischief of some sort, adding a great deal of good advice, and giving such extended mention of his ancestors that the closing pages of her epistle sounded as if copied from his genealogical tree.

The day after her return, Jack called, more

stylish and elegant than ever, she really thought; but his manner was a little peculiar—his spirits too high to be quite natural. He had a secret weighing on his mind, she was confident, and it was her bounden duty to get to the bottom of it.

"Jack, Jack," she said, when he had rather evaded numerous searching questions, "I know I was right—you have been getting into mischief. You may as well make a clean breast. Or you've been falling in love—perhaps you've found the sylph."

Jack blushed.

"Oh, I'm so glad," cried Honora. "Tell me all about her. Who is she? Where did she come from?"

"Oh, you go so fast!" retorted Jack, with a guilty laugh. "I don't know that she's a sylph; I'm not sure I'm very far gone, if she is; but she's pretty, a winning little thing, and—"

"Who—who?" demanded Honora, imperiously.

"Well, you've seen her; she was in town for a fortnight, last spring," said Jack, as if determined to put a bold face on the matter; "that little Miss Amory, from Baltimore—I remember you thought her very pretty."

"Pretty—yes," assented Honora; "but, when you've said that, you've said all."

"Not by a long shot!" replied Jack, firmly. "She isn't a genius, nor strong-minded; she's—she's—well, just what I said, winning—what you might call cuddlesome, in fact."

"Cuddlesome!" echoed his cousin, sternly. "Oh, Jack, you can't have any weakness for her—it wouldn't do at all—why, she has no more mind than a whipped syllabub!"

Jack demurred and disputed, and held his ground with a fair show of firmness, though he promised to be wary and wise, not to compromise himself, or risk paining the girl, till he had studied her more thoroughly.

Honora gave him good advice, wrote him numerous notes on the subject, managed when they were all together to assist Miss Amory to exhibit her whipped-syllabub weakness, and at last opened Jack's eyes so completely to a sense of his mistake, that before the end of January he told her he had decided she was quite right.

"The truth is, Honora," he said, "that, though syllabub is very sweet and nice, it wouldn't answer for a steady diet."

Honora was greatly gratified; she said it would nearly break her heart to have Jack make a blunder in a matter so vitally important. Another time he must consult her—a man ought always to have the advice of a female relative on such a subject. "If I were your mother,

Jack, I couldn't be more interested," she said, and was rather hurt when Jack laughed. "Very well—your sister, then; but, indeed, I often feel old enough to be my own grandmother."

Honora went to Washington, soon after, to visit the wife of one of the foreign ministers, and a very gay four weeks she passed, only a little worried by her friend's desire that she should look favorably on the pretensions of a gentleman among the attachés—a handsome young Spaniard, with title and money; but Honora could not make up her mind to do it.

When she got back to New York, she found Jack deep in a flirtation; indeed, she returned before she intended; she told the minister's wife that it was because of the attaché's persistence; she told Jack, from natural anxiety in regard to him, for he had written her that he was on the track of a new sylph.

"A widow!" exclaimed Honora, in horror, when, during their first interview after her arrival home, Jack entered into more detailed confession than he had intrusted to paper. "A widow—oh, Jack, you can't mean it! Why, you will have the ghost of the sainted Joseph always by you; day and night!"

"No, he doesn't visit her, I'm certain—she'd take good care not to be at home," rejoined Jack, grave as a judge. "She married when she was a mere child; Mr. Dinsforth was old enough to be her father—one of those made-up affairs, you know."

"Worse and worse! She has no heart—oh, I tremble for you, Jack!" Honora cried, anxiously. "I do hope you've not gone very far—that you are not too much in earnest—and I warned you to be so careful, Jack—you know I did!"

Jack vowed that he had been, that as yet the matter had not gone beyond the limit of legitimate flirtation; but he had told Honora the whole story, because of his promise.

"Of course—of course—you're a good, good boy!" Honora declared. "And so she's handsome and witty and of good family? But a widow—oh, Jack!"

Jack said a great deal in the lady's praise; still, Honora could not recover from her terror.

"I shall look at her with the most favorable eyes," she averred. "I shall do my best to approve; but, Jack, I have a presentiment that you are mistaken in her. And you know how unfailing my presentiments always are—you've often said I seemed to have a sort of second sight."

Jack or anybody might have thought it would

have been difficult, even in the ages when sybils were more common than now, to find a lovelier prophetess than Honora looked in her becoming anxiety and her marvelous Worth costume; but Jack was apparently too full of the widow to think about that.

"He might have noticed my dress," Honora thought afterward. "I put it on expressly for him to see—he used to notice such things so much. But men are such selfish beings—the best of them—and Jack really is as good as gold. But a widow—oh, I'm sure she's a designing piece! Oh, she may well take care; I am here, and Honora Oldham is not the woman to let her cousin be led into a predicament which might wreck his whole future! I feel a great responsibility—I ought, for whatever happens will have been my doing. And Jack's wife must be perfect, else I should never, never forgive myself!"

And, after meeting the fair relict—and she was very fair and very charming—Miss Oldham's presentiment was deepened; nor, during their later intercourse, was she one whit deluded or softened by the little woman's devotion to herself. To be quite just to Honora, I must go so far as to admit that I think Mrs. Lessing was one of those women who shine better as a widow than as a wife. Very likely there was no great capability for evil in her nature; she was cat-like, treacherous, and malicious, and could not help telling fibs, even when the truth would have answered better, but she really was too lazy for extremes of any sort.

Pretty, graceful, and wheedling, she deceived most people—probably herself as much as anybody—but she never succeeded in deceiving Miss Oldham: though, for a time, there was quite an intimacy between the two, and the widow could not sufficiently admire and praise her dearest Honora.

But Honora watched and waited, and at length she caught the widow at one of her small tricks—and the widow was hard to catch, as Miss Oldham had already learned.

Straight to Jack went his cousin, and told him the truth.

"She promised me, only three days ago, Jack, that she would have nothing more to do with that wretched Tom Masters; and, last night, I saw her slip a note into his hand—I saw her."

So Jack pronounced himself disgusted, and dropped his charmer: who sailed for Europe early in the spring, having excited Mrs. Masters's jealousy to such an extent that that lady, never reticent on the subject of her wrongs, contrived to render matters so unpleasant that the widow

decided to try a change of air—by advice of her doctors, she said.

The parting between her and Honora was a pleasant sight, to witness—the widow so sweet and deprecatory, and Honora so like a youthful Minerva. But I believe, if she had dared, the fair relict would have bitten her late dear friend, instead of kissing her; for she was quite acute enough to see how determinedly Miss Oldham had fought against her from the outset.

In spite of her numerous social claims and duties, Honora had found time all winter to attend to Jack's interests: for, popular as she was, men at heart were a little afraid of her. She never flirted, and rather queened it in society—which, with her money, her beauty, and her talent, she could afford to do, and knew how to do it with grace and success.

But now Jack was thrown upon her hands again, and, as he unwisely on numerous occasions showed signs of returning to his original madness, Honora felt it her duty to select him a new object to occupy his thoughts—and, if all went well, his heart later.

"You'd better trust to me, Jack. Just see what blunders you make when you obstinately choose for yourself," she said. Jack admitted that he did, and consented to her mentorship.

So, when Miss Liscomb came up from the South, Honora, after due consideration, settled upon her as an eligible person to inherit Jack's fancy and attention, and at once sent for her cousin to reveal her idea and press the cause.

"The very girl for you," said Honora: "fine-looking, more than ordinary brain, and such a family."

"I fancy, she's got the devil's own temper," Jack suggested.

"Don't be coarse, Jack," said Honora, warningly; "and, above all, don't be obstinate."

So Jack yielded, and cultivated Miss Liscomb very assiduously for a space, and discovered numerous admirable qualities in her, all of which he pointed out to Honora, and seemed to be fast warming from admiration into a more earnest sentiment. But, oddly enough, in the same ratio, Honora somehow grew keenly alive to the young lady's multifarious faults; and these, painful as the task was, she felt in duty bound to point out to her cousin.

"Why, you liked her immensely, at first," said Jack; "and you insisted on my liking her. And now—"

"Jack, Jack, will you always be an impulsive boy?" Honora broke in, with resignation. "I did not tell you to fall over-ears in love without reflection. Oh, Jack! Jack!"

But Jack demurred, and appeared disinclined to relinquish his suit; and Honora grew sorely troubled, becoming convinced that, if he were to marry Miss Liscomb, he would be miserable, and she should never be able to forgive herself for having suggested such possibility to him.

But, one day, the pair saw her box her maid's ears—of course, unaware that they beheld her energetic exploit—and then Jack gave her up. He told Honora that his head began to feel like a kaleidoscope, that to no one of his late enchantresses had he found himself especially attached. He thought he would let his heart lie fallow for awhile, and trust to destiny a little—that stern dame might produce exactly his fitting mate when least expected.

Honora feared that he might again show weakness where she was concerned; but, instead of that, he bade an abrupt farewell, just before Lent, and went off to New Orleans, to see the Mardi-Gras, and did not make his appearance again that season.

Soon after his departure, Honora became fully occupied in her own personal affairs, which suddenly presented possibilities of a good deal of moment. Jack had not been gone a fortnight—Honora was quite surprised to find how much longer it seemed—when Murray Hill was gratified by the arrival of Lord Silvertop: who, as everybody knew, would be the Earl of Glentworth when his grandfather died. Among earldoms, none was mightier than that, and upon the enjoyment and greatness thereof his lordship could not fail to enter before long, as the old earl was fast nearing his three-score years and ten. Lord Silvertop himself was a man of thirty or so—good-looking, well educated, fairly well endowed with mental qualities, no gambler, no spendthrift—indeed, if report spoke the truth, slightly given to parsimony, and fully decided, when he married, to add wealth to the large fortune he already possessed.

It was a matter of no surprise that, from the moment of his presentation to her, Lord Silvertop should appear deeply impressed by Miss Oldham. Everybody had been prophesying of her, for several seasons past, that nothing would content her but marrying a really fine English title, and, from the beginning, people felt certain how this affair would end.

But Lord Silvertop was a very cautious man. During the weeks he spent in town before starting on the regulation trip to California, he took ample opportunity, not only to learn the exact amount of Miss Oldham's fortune, but to study her with a certain slow acumen which he possessed, and which, in truth, was very correct.

When he left New York, he had not proposed to Honora; but she knew—as women do know such things—that he meant to, on his return, and that he had not done so before his departure was her own fault. Not one shred of her queenliness did Honora put off; indeed, those who knew her well declared that she was more stately and imperious with the future earl than ever she had been with any among the legion of her admirers. She knew that he would offer her his hand before he left America. He was not a man easily to change his mind, after he had gone to the trouble of making it up, and she knew she should accept him.

Fate was bringing her the husband she had always intended to have, if she took any: a man of great position through his birth and wealth; a man whose uprightness rendered him worthy of esteem, and whose talent was quite sufficient to help him to grace his seat in the House of Lords, when he should attain to it.

Yet she was not very happy as the spring went on, in spite of all that lay within her reach. She caught herself feeling rather glad when Lord Silvertop set off on his trip; then told herself that her only reason was because she had feared he would rush prematurely into a proposal if he remained longer, and it was due to her dignity and his, that such proposal should be preceded by ample leisure for reflection on both sides.

The spring blossomed into summer, and Miss Oldham went to her country-place. Lord Silvertop was still absent. His return had been delayed by the serious illness of a young cousin, who was his companion in his American tour, and to whom he was more attached than to any other relative or friend he possessed. He had managed to open a correspondence with Miss Oldham, through the medium of some rare minerals he sent her, and a number of letters had passed between them—a little stilted in their language, on the future earl's part—very graceful and delightful on that of the lady, for Honora possessed a positive genius in the way of letter-writing.

She had not seen Jack during this interval, but she heard from him also, and his last letters had caused her more anxious thought than Lord Silvertop's return or her own future prospects—indeed, these were so perfectly satisfactory that further thought in regard to them was unnecessary.

But that wretched unfortunate Jack—she was in great fear and dread for him. His later epistles had been dated from Richfield Springs, and were full of the fascination of a certain Miss

Courtney, by whom he seemed so perfectly bewitched that Honora dreaded lest some hasty scrawl or brief telegram should inform her of his engagement, before she had an opportunity to see the young lady and decide upon her fitness for the post to which Jack apparently desired most ardently to elevate her.

She instituted adroit but searching inquiries right and left, and learned through mutual friends that Miss Courtney was undoubtedly in every way worthy to be any man's wife, whatever his position or merit. Then, of course, Honora wrote at once to Jack; with her customary honesty, she told him how satisfactory her inquiries had proved, and how glad she should be if this time his heart were truly and earnestly interested. Still, some vague dread, some odd sensation of disquiet, impelled her almost against her will to urge upon him the necessity for extreme prudence and the utmost consideration.

And Jack answered the letter briefly; in the most friendly manner accepting her advice, but writing more lightly than he ought; even indulging here and there in a little slang, and winding up with "How about the lord?" This was the first time he had ever vouchsafed any allusion to the future earl, in his letters, and Honora was somewhat offended at this fashion of doing it.

The day after she received her cousin's epistle, Lord Silvertop arrived at the little village near her country-place. He called immediately on Miss Oldham: and, during the next fortnight, they saw a great deal of each other. At the end of the time, she got a note from him, asking if he might call the next day; begging her to fix an hour, and to have the great kindness to receive him alone.

She sent back a few calm lines: she would be at home the next day at one o'clock, and should be happy to receive Lord Silvertop; and went to bed with the consciousness that on the morrow a countess's coronet would be laid at her feet. Yet she felt no sense of elation. On the contrary, her spirits were sadly depressed. But she told herself this was natural in a woman of judgment and reflection. Somehow, during the night, she had to say the same thing over so very often, that at last it did not sound satisfactory. But it was better than her slumber, for, each time she dozed, she began dreaming of Jack in an absurd fashion. Sometimes he loved her, and sometimes a stranger, and there was great confusion and trouble, from which she woke with a start, feeling actually nervous and afraid.

Lord Silvertop was to call at one; but, before

eleven o'clock, Honora was startled by tidings so disastrous that, for a space, even her strong powers reeled under the shock. She learned that the terrible failure of a certain stock-company would leave her with her fortune so sorely diminished that, compared to what she had been accustomed to, her lot would seem poverty.

Her aunt had read the intelligence in the morning papers, and Honora's name was mentioned among the list of losers. All she could do was to telegraph to her lawyer in New York, and await his answer with such fortitude as she might be able to summon to her aid.

Soon after she had done this, there came a second note from Lord Silvertop, in which his lordship explained, rather lamely, that important news from England—political, he hinted—rendered it necessary for him to set out for Quebec that very morning, and forced him to postpone his intended visit till his return.

Oppressed by thought, she went down to the river and took her boat—for she kept one, always, at the foot of the terrace—hoping that a brisk row would help her to throw off her sadness. She had great faith in exercise as a corrective for morbid fancy. After all, she was young, she was healthy, life was before her. Why should she despair? She pulled out into the stream, and, coming back, gathered some water-lilies; for the water-lilies grew thick and fragrant, close under the bank. On the top of the terrace, she paused; for twilight had fallen, and the beauty of the scene both fascinated and soothed her. The opposite shore lay dark before her; but the sky and river were bright with the afterglow, the peace of the whole scene was indescribable. "Come what may," she said to herself, "life, after all, is worth living: happiness is our own, if we determine to be happy. Riches are not everything: the chief thing is doing right, is loving and being loved."

Suddenly, a footstep sounded on the terrace. She turned quickly. It was Jack; and, in another moment, he was holding her in his arms—tight, tight—before she knew where she was.

"You have come to tell me you are engaged to Miss Courtney," she said, freeing herself after a little struggle. "Oh, Jack—dear Jack!—I hope you will be happy."

"And the lord?" demanded Jack, brusquely.

"Gone, Jack," she said, quietly. "I have something sad to tell you, but you mustn't mind: I've lost all my money. We won't talk about it yet. Tell me of—"

"My love!" broke in Jack. "You know that, for me, you're the only woman in the world. Honora! Honora! I only tried to see if I couldn't convince you that you cared. And you do—any you do!"

Miss Oldham leaned against the balustrade, white and faint; but she waved him off, saying:

"I believe I did, all the while; but I didn't know it. And now it would seem so mean, now that I'm poor—"

"Poor! nonsense!" interrupted Jack. "I came on expressly to tell you that the newspaper-report was just a dodge got up in Wall Street. Poor old Travers received your telegram; but he's in bed with the gout, and so begged me to hurry here in his stead. Honora, you love me—you do!"

She would give him no answer then. She was shaken, almost ill. But, the next day, she sent for him.

"Read this," were almost her first words, placing in his hands an open letter.

It was from Lord Silvertop. It had been written on the previous evening, in New York, and contained an offer of marriage.

"The sneak!" cried Jack. "He's found out that your fortune isn't gone." Then tried to control himself, and said, in an odd voice:

"Well, Honora!"

"It is well," she answered, with a heavenly smile and a burst of happy tears. "This letter has shown me the truth. Jack! Jack! I'd rather be your wife than be a queen!"

"At last! at last!" Jack cried, catching her in his arms.

And so Honora's anxiety for him ended.

KIND WORDS.

BY BERTHA HEAVEY.

As we journey down life's pathway,
Speak a kind word when we can;
Give a smile to cheer the weary,
Brighten heart of child or man.

Kindly words oft lighten sorrow,
That with gloom our path enshrouds;

Let the sunshine of our gladness
Break through all its stormy clouds.

Help—yes, help—for one another,
In this daily toll of life;
Lend a hand to aid a brother:
Peace will reign, instead of strife.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 370.

XVIII. THE JESTER.

THE last sentence of the king was broken off by the appearance of the priest, who drew up his horse a little apart, as if awaiting some encouragement to advance to closer companionship. The portion of his countenance that could be seen from under his cowl was bold and rosy, while there was an expression in his pale-gray eyes which bespoke craft and cunning, rather than the good-nature his smile indicated.

"Well, sirrah, what news? Hast thou seen aught of the enemy?" said the king.

The man looked warily at his master, as if to judge clearly of the humor he was in. Then, throwing off all appearance of modesty, he rode up to the two friends, where they stood by the body of the fallen horse. When close to them, he threw back the hood that was drawn low over his face, and flung open the gray friar's-gown that covered him from head to foot, revealing garments underneath in such gorgeous contrast that the effect was ludicrous. His doublet and hose were of tarnished crimson velvet, slashed and pointed with orange. His shoes were more decidedly pointed, like the inverted bill of a hawk, and the high square cap of crimson cloth was banded and fringed with silver lace. On each of the four corners, a small bell of similar metal emitted a tinkling sound at each tread of his horse, proclaiming him as one of the fools or jesters appended to many noble families of France at that period.

Taking off his cap, he held it out with mock gravity to the king.

"What means this folly?" exclaimed Charles, laughing, as he pushed the cap aside.

"Take it, take it, brother Charles, as the greater fool of the two; for, while I hide all this bravery under a friar's-gown, and pass free among friends and enemies, the king of France stands, unguarded and but half disguised, whining over a dead horse, close by a wood infested with enemies."

"Peace, fool!" exclaimed Dunois, suddenly rousing himself. "And, if thou canst, tell us how we are to go forward."

"In faith, my wits carry me not so far, yet I misdoubt if they have not picked up what thy wisdom has failed to warn thee of."

"What is that, sirrah?"

"Why, that a troop of Bedford's men is either in close pursuit, or has swept round the hill, in order to intercept us at the village ahead."

"By the mass, no!" exclaimed Dunois, stepping hastily forward, to gain a distinct view of the village.

Nothing could have been more quiet than the strip of green verdure over which the travelers gazed. The village lay still and beautiful in the bosom of the valley, without the least appearance of life or bustle which might betray the presence of an enemy; yet the very repose was suspicious.

"For my part," said the jester, putting on the rejected cap, girding the friar's-gown over his finery, and drawing the cowl over his face, "the company here does not suit me. I saw the walls of a convent, as we passed along, and rest there beseemeth my character better than a fight in the greenwood."

"A convent? Art thou sure, knave?"

"No, I am a born fool, and no knave. It is the convent we seek, brother Charles."

"Then this is Domremy."

"Yes, Charles. Yon cluster of houses is even Domremy. The château which overlooks these old woods belongs to our trusty friend Pierre de Baudricourt."

"How far is the convent from this?"

"That depends on the road to be traveled. But take a fool's advice, and ask all other questions under shelter. We are too convenient for chance arrows, in this open space."

"The fool is right," said Dunois. "Let us retreat to yon tree."

Leaving the dead horse stretched across the path, the three men hurried to the beech-tree, where the king's horse was standing. As they paused there, concealed by the drooping boughs, and deliberating on the best means of reaching the convent, an exclamation from the jester drew their attention to the village.

Hitherto, it had displayed no sign of life; but now a female appeared, issuing from the principal street, riding a young horse and leading another. The fiery young horse which she rode was without saddle or other accoutrement, save a halter of twisted deer-skin; yet she reined him with a careless grace as she came swiftly forward, her knee resting lightly on his glossy shoulder, and her small foot, in its buskin of coarse untanned leather, pressed to his side, unsupported by strap or stirrup.

"She rides bravely," exclaimed the king, his blue eyes flashing with admiration, as she rode so near the "Beautiful May," on her way to the river, that he had a full view of her person. "Aye, by the mass, and is beautiful as she is brave. Surely, this is no mere peasant."

"By my faith, but I think she is doing peasant's-work," answered the fool; "and rough work at that. But she does it well. I couldn't ride better myself."

Neither the king nor Dunois heard this speech. They were both breathlessly watching the strange girl.

Jeanne was indeed a creature to arouse more than royal admiration, as she dashed out of the village, leading her father's horses to drink and bathe in the river. She was a peasant, but sat her horse right regally, as a sovereign keeps her throne. She was dressed, to-day, however, even more rudely than the female peasants of the neighborhood. A skirt of coarse blue stuff, scarcely reaching to the ankle, and a bodice of inferior scarlet cloth, laced over her full bust, exposing the spirited curve of her neck, and fitting tightly to her round and well-proportioned waist, composed her entire raiment. Her arms were bare to the elbows, and, though brown from exposure, displayed a healthy roundness and beautiful proportion. The dark and shining hair was drawn away from her face in the form of an ancient helmet, and flowed down her back in long glossy waves, which caught the light like the plumage of a raven, exposing a forehead full of intellect, which gave a character of commanding—nay, of almost divine—beauty to her face.

The horses came forward at the top of their speed, and, plunging into the stream without checking their force, sent a shower of spray over themselves and their rider. Without seeming in the least annoyed by this unceremonious deluge, she urged them through the stream, up the opposite bank, and then, with a bold evolution, plunged down again, forcing the beasts to prance and curvet in the water, and sending a shower of spray into the sunlight, till the air around seemed alive with shooting diamonds.

After indulging in this bold exercise for awhile, she suffered the horses to drink, and rode slowly to a side of the bank nearest to the tree under which the travelers were standing. Wheeling her horses around, she remained gazing toward the village, occasionally turning a keen look down the valley, as if she had been stationed there to give warning to a friend, or to detect the approach of an enemy. She sat, with a heap of gorgeous clouds piled up behind the woods, and pouring a flood of glory on the spot she occupied, till her long hair, as it stirred in the wind, seemed interwoven with flickering gold, the boughs of a great oak close-by waving to and fro in the crimson light, like triumphal banners drenched in the blood of a battlefield, her spirited horses pawing the turf, and she unconsciously curbing the one on which she sat till his mouth almost touched his chest.

As she sat thus, holding those two men breathless with astonishment and admiration, a sound of approaching hoofs aroused them, and a troop of English soldiers came sweeping down the very path they had left. They drew up, and made a sharp halt, as the body of the dead horse blocked the path.

"Ha! what have we here?" exclaimed the leader of the party, reining his horse up by the stiffening form of the traveler's steed, and stirring the coarse saddle-cloth with his sword. "Holy Saint George! but this must belong to the party we are in search of. See: here are housings of velvet, and stirrups of beaten silver. Push forward! the carcass is scarcely cold; they cannot be far ahead—we shall find them at some hostelry in yon village. On! on!"

The man gave a quick searching glance, as he spoke; but, by this time, the woods were dusky with shadows, and the "Beautiful May" bent its branches so protectingly, that the travelers escaped his observation. Still urging his men to follow, the English leader put spurs to his horse, leaped over the poor beast lying across his path, and galloped toward the village, followed by his men. One soldier, a heavy-featured ruffianly fellow, lingered behind till his companions had advanced some distance, then, throwing himself heavily from his saddle, he slipped the bridle over his arm, and proceeded to dismantle the dead horse of his trappings. After tearing the weapons from the saddle-bow, he looked with a rapacious eye on the rich housings, now fully revealed.

"By the holy Saint Gris!" he muttered, lifting one of the stirrups and striving to tear it from the strap, "it is a pity to rend such goodly furniture; if I had another beast, now, to bear

the prise, this dead carcass were better worth stripping than a dozen beggarly Frenchmen."

As he uttered the last words, a noise drew his attention to Jeanne, where she sat like a young eagle watching the ravages of a hungry vulture. He dropped the stirrup, and, springing to his saddle, urged his horse rudely forward. Before she could prepare herself for the outrage, his heavy beast rushed between her and the led horse; the halter was forced from her hand, and the brutal wretch galloped back to secure the coveted horse-furniture. Before the man could dismount, the girl touched her horse and spoke a single word. With the speed of a deer it leaped forward, and, with half a dozen bounds, came neck-and-neck with his stolen companion. Without checking his speed, Jeanne leaned forward, slipped the leather halter from the head of the disputed animal, and, calling him by name, galloped down the hill as fearlessly as she had ascended it. The freed horse sprang forward at her call, and kept by her side, as if still subject to her guidance.

With a brutal oath the soldier buried his rowels into his charger; it plunged forward, but was instantly thrown back upon its haunches by a strong arm, and a heavy blow sent its rider with a crash to the ground.

XIX. THE RIDE OF DEATH.

"BRAVELY done!" exclaimed the king, who had followed Dunois out from the sheltering beech. "The knave is dead, or so thoroughly stunned that he will never miss his horse. Mount the heavy brute, and let us push for some place of safety before his companions miss us at the village and turn back."

Dunois mounted the trooper's horse.

"Let us take to the woods—where, I will be sworn, the sumpter-mules have found a hiding-place," he said, urging his horse into a path which led to the château.

"Nay; we can claim no hospitality yonder without discovery to our person," said the king, as the two rode into the wood, "and that must be avoided."

"There is plenty of hiding-places about the ruined convent," said the jester, riding up to his master, as if afraid of being left in the rear. "The nuns only hold a corner of it, which has been walled in for the handful that is left. One might camp a troop of horse in the broken cloisters and old banqueting-hall."

"So near the convent, and there our journey ends," cried the king, urging his horse forward with sudden enthusiasm.

"Hark!" said Dunois. "I hear the tramp

of horses. The bloodhounds have turned upon us. The fellow has given them warning."

"Not so, cousin," said the jester. "I stopped long enough to make sure that the beef-eater's skull was driven clean in. It was a lusty blow that unhorsed him."

"Still, they will find him lying across the path. But we have a fair start," said Dunois.

"A fair start? By the rood, they are turning up the path now!" cried the jester. "Here, Cousin Charles, take my gown and gird it on; leave me to deal with these churls. Fold the gown close, cousin. Draw the cowl well down; and, if thou canst, stoop a little, as if thy shoulders were bent with much kneeling. So, so. It shall go hard if I do not keep them at bay till a safe shelter is reached. To the ruin at once—stall both horses in the crypt. There is a secret passage thence to the old chapel."

"The knave is right," laughed the king, from under his cowl. "Now, now, for our good steeds and a fool's wit."

With these words, the two horsemen turned their beasts out of the path, buried the sound of their hoofs in the turf, and sped through the forest, leaving the jester behind.

The moment they were out of sight, this strange character turned his horse and rode slowly back, winding a fantastic horn swung to his girdle as he went. He had almost reached the edge of the woods, when a troop of horsemen filled the path, and one of them seized him roughly by the mantle, at which the jester took no notice, but rattled his bells and blew his horn with fresh vigor.

"What have we here?" cried the leader, regarding the variegated garment of his captive with rude scorn. "This creature, who fairly lights up the woods with his bravery, is not one of those we seek. What art thou doing here, sirrah?"

"What am I doing, most worshipful sir? Searching for two cowardly companions, that have been frightened away from me by the sound of so many hoofs in the highroad. Rank cowards, both of them, and my lord the count waiting for the stores we bring him from Voucouleurs."

"Who is thy lord, sirrah?"

"Who? Who, indeed? As if there were more than one lord in Domremy! He of the château up yonder—Count de Baudricourt."

"Count de Baudricourt? Art thou of his household, fool?"

"Even so, as my father was before me," answered the jester, shaking his cap-and-bells, and winding his horn with stolid good-nature.

"Is he for Burgundy, Henry, or Charles? Tell me truly, if thou hast wit enough to answer."

"Burgundy, English Henry, or Charles," answered the jester, counting the names off on his fingers. "Not that." Here he struck down the finger representing the French king. "Nor that—only in half, Burgundy being too often on both sides. These two being struck down, there is but one left—that is my little finger, which means the holy King Henry."

"Art thou sure of this?"

"Am I sure that my little finger stands erect? Nothing can strike that down. An ye be English, French, or Burgundian, I must speak the king's truth."

"Then, being on the right side, say promptly if a party of three men—two seeming peasants and a priest—has passed this way within the half-hour."

"Two men and a priest? Well mounted?"

"Aye; on horses that might carry a king."

"Such as lies in the highway down yonder?"

"Aye; housed with velvet, under a dun-colored saddle-cloth."

"Velvet, under dun-colored cloth? Aye, I saw the party. One of my lord's foresters brought the beast down, thinking he carried a King-Charles man."

"Ha!"

"His rider fled to the woods."

"Ha!"

"Then a trooper came riding up—"

"One of my own men!"

"On which the traitor-band came forth in a body. One of them clove him through the skull, leaped onto his horse, and rode away."

"Rode away, good fool? Which path did he take?"

"Which path? No path at all; but all three came out from the shelter of yon old beech-tree, rode straight down to the river, and—"

"Well, good fool, well?"

"Plunged like mad over the bank just there—steep enough it is, though the stream is shallow—waded across, broke into a furious gallop on the other side, and bore straight for yon gap in the hills."

"That way? Back to Voucouleurs?"

"Or to the Evil One: for so the traitors seemed to ride."

The leader of the English band rode a little forward, and scanned the opposite hill eagerly. The distance seemed to strike him as more than any horse could accomplish in the time his troopers had taken, in their rout to the village and back. He turned to the jester, with a frown

on his heavy brow and keen suspicion in his eyes.

"Sirrah, thou art lying."

One moment, the jester's eye quailed, and he grew white about the lips. Then he laughed loud and long, rolling on his horse.

"Ho! ho! my master will be glad to hear that: for lying is the one courtly grace that I lack."

"The traitors could not have ridden at such speed."

"I will be sworn they went straight for the gorge."

"Thou saidst, through the gorge."

"To it or through it. How could I tell, when the path is half-shut-in with trees?"

"Sirrah, have a care."

"Ha! see now if I have not spoken truth. Here come my master's sumpter-mules, with the two cowards who fled to the woods. Ask them."

True enough, a couple of heavily-laden mules came tramping through the undergrowth, led by two peasants, who seemed to shrink back in terror when they saw the crowd of troopers that blocked up the way.

"Come forth, Hubin. Do not be afraid, Fabin. These are friends—true-hearted Englishmen, every man of them," cried the jester, with a thrill of terror in his voice that his perilous position rendered natural. "Tell them if ye saw not three of King Charles's brigands riding, fit to break their necks, toward you break in the hills. His worship will not believe me."

The foremost peasant advanced into the open space, and, leaning against his mule, looked steadily into the jester's face as he answered:

"Nay, I saw only this: The three marauders plunged down yon bank, and cleared the shallow water beyond, like deer with a pack of hounds at their heels. Then they scattered off amongst the underbrush and trees on the other side. That is all I know about it."

The jester drew a deep breath. The captain of the troop looked keenly from him to the peasant.

"And thou?" he said, addressing the other man. "What hast thou to say?"

"What, I? Nothing, forsooth; only, the horses skimmed the ford like birds. It was a brave sight. I had sent a flight of arrows after them, but that I had to care for the mules."

The English leader seemed satisfied, and began to form his troop for a rapid movement. The jester watched him anxiously. A hostile grasp was still on his shoulder—the fiery glance of his captor seemed to search his face.

"Shall we force this sharp fool to go with us?" he said, addressing his leader. "For my part, I misdoubt him."

"Nay, let him go, or we lose time. They must have gone the way he says, or we should have heard something of them at the village. Where they crossed, we can follow. Hearken, my men: he who takes captive the tallest of those three traitors shall have a hide of land and twenty ounces of silver, when he returns to England."

A shout, hoarse and deep, followed these words. The leader drew his sword:

"On, soldiers, on!"

With a clang of arms and a rattle of chain-mail, the troop started at a mad gallop down to the banks of the Meuse. In the wild enthusiasm, neither leader nor men took heed of the steep bank or the swift stream beyond, for the captain's voice rang out a secret that stirred through them like flame.

"On! on!" he cried, waving his sword with wild enthusiasm. "On, my men, on! Between you and yon hills, King Charles of France and his bravest generals are lurking. They have come here on some secret mission, I wot not what, the fools. If, on their return, they reach Chinon alive, we shall deserve to have the armor hacked from our shoulders."

Wild with excitement, mad with thirst for the rich reward, the troopers sent out a fierce yell, plunged in a body over the steep bank, and were seized, in a moment, by the deep swift force of the stream and swept away.

The jester watched them, with a smile on his lips and burning fire in his eyes. A great sob burst from him as the troop plunged, in a living cataract, over the bank. Then his eyes grew wild and fierce. Every vestige of color left his face, as he watched for men and horses to appear again.

They did appear, fearfully submerged, struggling, writhing, fighting for a foothold. A horrid mingling of human and brute life, each toiling madly for itself. The swift current hurried them on, the men sinking under their heavy armor, the poor beasts dragged helplessly downward by the mad efforts of their riders to guide them, the water forming whirlpools in which both went down together with appalling stillness.

The king's jester looked on. No breath stirred his chest, or could have escaped through the clenched teeth which locked in his life like steel. He arose slowly, and stood upright in his stirrups, surveying the awful scene. As one after another sunk, a faint ripple of the nerves passed over his white face. But one man was

left. Wonderful courage and great strength had saved him from swift death by the current. The horse that bore him had been left free to fight his own way. With nothing but his noble head out of water, he carried his master bravely to the opposite bank, rose desperately on his hind feet, and tore at the soil for a foothold. The bank was steep, the soil moist and yielding. Again and again his hoofs tore down great hollows in the mud, and brought showers of broken turf rolling into the water. At last, he made one mighty effort, fell backward upon his rider, and sunk forever.

Of all that powerful troop, not one living creature remained.

"You will make captive the king, will you?" said the jester, as he watched this last one disappear. "He has come on a secret errand, the fool, and you will waylay and murder him if he resist being made prisoner. Well, my friends, two can play at that game; and it seems to me," grimly, "that you have had the worst of it. But, as for the fool," hesitating for awhile, "I am not so sure. To come all the way from Chinon, in disguise, in order to see this girl that my lord of Baudricourt says has a divine mission to redeem France, seems to me—even born jester that I am—little short of madness. By St. Denis! I begin sometimes to believe that his father's insanity has descended to him. And to think that Dunois, who has as sound a head on his shoulders as any man, should favor the notion. But then," scratching his head, "the count says that, whether she has a mission or not, it will be all the same, provided the people can be made to believe it. The idea that a young girl has been inspired to rescue France from the English will rouse them to enthusiasm, he declares; and the king has persuaded himself that Dunois is right. 'When my bravest captain tells me that all is lost without some such adventitious aid,' I heard his majesty say the words myself, 'I, for one, take it for granted that we are at our last strait. But I will see the girl myself, and test her claim.' Well, your majesty may not be such a fool, after all. If that was the girl whom we saw riding the horse, she's worth a whole army. But what especial interest my lord of Baudricourt has in it, I can't make out. I half believe the gossip about his brother-in-law being madly in love with the girl, and so wishes to get her out of the way. But we shall see—we shall see."

XX. IN THE SECRET CHAMBER.

No word was spoken between the king and Dunois as their horses flew along the forest-turf.

and carried them in sight of the ruin they sought. Both men were fearfully disturbed by the peril so close upon them. Brave as lions, they had been compelled to flee like foxes. For that moment, the fate of France and its young monarch lay in the hands of a court jester. If his craft failed, all was lost.

For some moments, they could hear the deep hoarse voice of the English captain; then a sharp rattle of arms; afterward a shout, and then a sound of flying hoofs.

For one moment, the king checked his horse, put back the priest's cowl, and listened.

"They recede. They are turning back. The saints be thanked! We have breathing-time."

"Thank heaven, the night is closing in. The ruin is full of shadows. The path to it is choked up with grass. We have a chance to get in unobserved."

Still the king listened.

"They do not approach. How swiftly they ride. Hark! what is that?"

A strange wild yell, appalling even as it faintly reached them, held both the young men mute.

"How still it is! Has the earth swallowed them up?" said the king, at length, speaking in a hushed and awe-struck voice.

"Rather, they have turned, and are creeping upon us through the wood," answered Dunois. "Sire, we have no time for loitering. This is the path."

The king rode forward, taking a scarcely defined footpath which led to the ruin, now veiled with the soft purplish mist of evening, here and there shot through with a gleam of dying crimson. After following this path a few minutes, the two men found themselves in what had been, long ago, a broad and spacious garden, in which weeds and delicate flowers had grown and struggled together for years, till the blossoms had almost disappeared. Now, docks and thistles grew rank along the path. Here and there, a solitary flower peeped out through the rank weeds. Once or twice, the horses were almost tethered by a vine that had trailed itself across the path.

Slowly and anxiously the two men picked their way through this tangle of rank herbage until they came to a broken fountain, still solemnly guarded by a half-dozen statues of saints, though the stream it emitted was half choked up, and was soon lost in the wilderness of flowers and lush grasses. By this they passed, and finally reached a gap in the sunken wall, nearly blocked up with loose stones and choked with bushes and writhing vines.

"This must be the passage we were told of," said Dunois, tearing an opening for his horse through the bushes. "Follow me, my liege. It is rough, but possible."

Holding the bushes back with one hand, Dunois encouraged his own horse forward, and saw that of Charles follow it. Both the animals struggled over what seemed an impassable barrier of loose stones, then made a desperate plunge into the crypt beneath.

"Shall we follow this way?" asked the king, whose face had grown white and serious, as the horses took their leap.

"Nay, sire; let us seek the postern. There is a secret chamber somewhere, as my instructions go, leading from the chapel. Now that our horses are safe, we can move with more caution."

The men spoke in whispers, for the sudden stillness which had fallen on their pursuers filled them with more alarm than all the tumult of moving soldiers had done. Cautiously they glided along, till they found themselves in the ruin of an unroofed chapel, which the fading day made dim and shadowy. Before them were the white steps which had led to the grand altar. Behind them arose a noble Gothic window, standing like a network of lace against the purple sky. Here and there diamond panes of painted glass clung to the perfect frames, turning the sunbeams blue, gold, or crimson, as they passed through.

"It is somewhere to the left of this," whispered Dunois, hurrying across the ruined altar-steps in his haste. "Brother Richard explained all this to me, in a letter, thinking to have us informed in case of a surprise. It was a shrewd caution. Oh, here it is," whispered Dunois, tearing some branches of ivy from the wall and feeling carefully for the passage they concealed. "Here is the spring. Enter, sire, enter."

As he spoke, a solid block of stone vibrated, turned slowly on some hidden pivot of iron, and left an opening through which the king crept without difficulty. Dunois followed, and swung the stone back to its place in the wall.

The two stood now in a vaulted chamber, some twelve feet square, dimly lighted through a slit high up in the wall. A huge fireplace, chiseled over with emblems of the church, yawned at one extremity, in which some dry faggots were heaped. On a high-posted and heavily-carved ebony bedstead, to which some fragments of what had been rich scarlet drapery were clinging, a bed, stuffed with husks and sweet-scented shrubs from the wood, was spread; and near it stood one of those massive oaken chairs, used by bishops, which towered upward like a pulpit.

Dunois took a bit of flint from his pocket, and, striking it against the wall, sent a little shower of sparks into some tinder, threw that among the faggots, and directly a bright blaze filled the room.

"We are safe here," said Dunois. "Nothing but treason can reveal this place to our enemies. Brother Richard has done well."

"I do not fear treason," answered Charles. But what is that? I hear a knock."

The concealed door swung inward, and the jester appeared.

"Ah, here we find thee at last, Cousin Charles, like a hare on its form," he said, assuming his fool's character, serious as the occasion was: for in that lay his chief influence with the king.

But Charles was too impatient for this trifling, and cut it short at once.

"Peace," he said, rising; "thy chatter may draw the enemy upon us."

The jester flung himself on the chair which Charles had abandoned, and broke into a fit of half-smothered laughter.

"My voice must have a long reach, if you band of thieves ever hears it again. See now if my breath smells of brimstone."

The king laughed heartily. He knew that the folly of this man was loyalty in disguise, and he was both amused and made confident by it.

"Well, sirrah, have the brigands fled?"

"By this time, if the Evil One is expeditious, they have ridden so far in purgatory that all the priests in France could not win them out."

"What dost thou mean? Speak out: Where lurk the hounds?" cried the king, impatiently.

"Sire, they are in the bottom of the Meuse."

"Who drove them there?" demanded Dunois, breaking through all restraint.

"My mother-wit and their own folly."

"How?"

"We pointed out the gate of death, and they plunged in. A few horses, with wet and empty saddles, struggled up the bank; but not a man was saved. Some of the beasts may be worth catching. But we have sent the riders on a longer journey than they bargained for."

"All dead, say ye?" questioned the king.

"As herring, Cousin Charles. Now, after this, remember that a fool's wit is sharper than a braggart's sword; and place me where I belong—at the head of thy rabble army."

"Speak sense for once, if thou canst, and say in a word what all this means."

"Sense is brief, and for once I am sensible. We lured the varlets into the deepest place of the river, where the undercurrent is strongest, and saw them drown like rats."

"Can this be true?" said Dunois, in an undertone, to the king.

"Marvelous as it seems, we may believe him."

The jester started from his seat, exclaiming:

"I have other news, but not a word of it escapes my lips till something more substantial goes through them. It saps a man's strength to talk fasting."

As he spoke, the jester opened a panel, that concealed a cupboard in the wall, and brought forth a huge platter, on which a noble pastry was rounded. This he placed on a rough deal table, and, returning, dived deeper into the niche, for some bottles of old Burgundy wine, which he held up to the light and patted with fondness, as if they had been living friends.

At last, he brought out a roasted pheasant, which he placed at the head of the table, where he stood rubbing his palms together and regarding the king with a chuckling laugh.

"Wherever a priest hides, good fare is certain, if one knows how to look for it," he said. "Brother Richard must give up both cell and supper for once in the way. Come, Cousin Charles, fall to and make quick work of the pheasant, if thou likest it best—my stomach yearns toward the pastry—while I call our comrades who have charge of the mules."

There was little ceremony at this rude meal. The half-disguised king, the wholly-disguised mule-drivers and general, sat down together; and, while the two young noblemen gave a vivid account of the destruction that had fallen on the band of English, the jester uncorked the wine, filled the goblets which he had drawn from the recess of the cupboard, cracking jests over them, as he acted as taster to the king.

The pheasant was quickly reduced to a disjointed skeleton, a huge chasm was made in the pie, and a half-score of empty bottles were huddled, like beaten soldiers, in a corner of the room. The jester managed to appease his own craving appetite to some extent; but he was still hungry, and watched the pastry disappear with considerable dismay. When only one solitary wedge remained, he whispered to the king, who arose and followed him to the door.

"Brother Richard waits for you," he said, "and will show you the girl, yourself unseen."

And he led the way to another chamber.

He returned directly, to find one flask of the wine remaining and the wedge of pastry he had coveted. He seized the flask and platter, cast a waggish look over his shoulder, and nodded his head till all the bells on his cap tinkled merrily.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is the latest Paris walking-costume. It is a combination of cinnamon-brown summer-



No. 1.

cloth, with a stripe in a braided effect of a darker shade of brown. The skirt is of the stripe, plain and full. The tunic—also of the striped material—is draped high at the right side, to form a long point in front, and to display the underskirt on the side. The back-drapery is in a long puff. The bodice is short and pointed, braided to match the stripes—or else a piece of the striped material may be used—put on as nearly like the form indicated, or else to form a vest. The latter will be equally

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pretty, although not quite as new as the braiding à la militaire. The epaulettes, cuffs, and neck-band all correspond. The bodice is made entirely of the plain material. Camel's-hair, or any of the many soft light woven summer-goods which come plain and striped to match, may be substituted for the summer-cloth which our model calls for. Of double-fold striped material, six yards—of the plain, two yards—will be required.

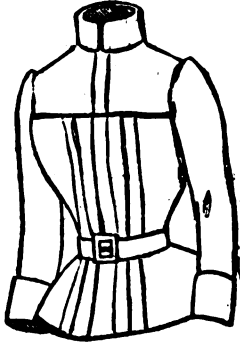
No. 2—Is a walking or house costume for a young girl, of Scotch plaid woolen goods. A



No. 2.

small broken plaid of dull mixed colors will make the most stylish costume. The under

foundation-skirt is of alpaca, with a deep outside facing of the plaid, edged with a tiny box-plaited ruffle. The front-drapery hangs plain and straight at the sides, being laid in plaits at the hips to form the fullness in front. The back



No. 3.

hangs in long straight kilt-plaits, puffed only over the tournure. The back and front drapery join on the side-seams. The jacket is a simple Norfolk, with three box-plaits back and front, continued under the belt and falling in shape in



No. 4.

the skirt of the jacket. Close coat-sleeves and high standing collar. The belt—which is of the material—fastens with a steel buckle. A turban of the material completes this stylish costume.

This model will serve for making up the elegant plaid Scotch saphyr-cloths, which are really gingham. As they are in dark colors principally, they will hardly need to be laundried the first season; or, if so, the design for the skirt is simple enough to be easily undraped. The jacket will need no lining, therefore readily laundried. Of woolen goods, double fold, eight or nine yards will be sufficient. Of gingham, twelve to fourteen yards, for the foundation-skirt will have to be of the gingham.

No. 8.—Norfolk jacket, with yoke. These jackets are very suitable for young girls. They are worn both out of doors and in, and are made

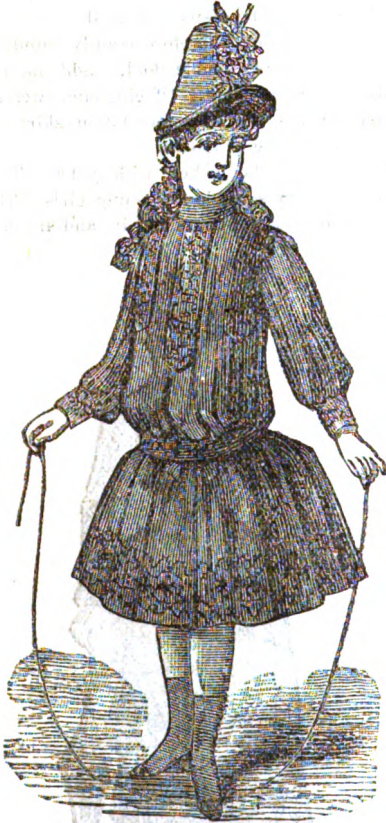


No. 8.

and worn at present in blue, crimson, and all shades of red, in black and white, and may be worn with differently-colored skirts. The materials used are jersey-cloth, serge, diagonal, blue linen, cashmere, and, of course, any self-colored or tiny check material which may be in fashion. In cutting out, the back and front of the yoke must have a lining; and, in making up, the yoke should be stitched flatly on the plaited portions with the machine before joining the bodice together. The belt should be lined with buckram, and machine-stitched at each edge, to make it firm and useful.

No. 4—Is another combination-costume, of plain and striped, either woolen, tennis-flannel,

or gingham. In this model, the striped goods is used crosswise, forming a bayadere. The entire underskirt is of the stripe. If double-fold woolen be used, the width will make the depth



No. 6.

of the skirt by piecing at the top, which will be concealed by the overdrapery. If made of yard-wide gingham, the underskirt may still be pieced, using two widths for the entire depth of skirt to the waist. Match the stripes, of course. The front part of the overdrapery is of the stripe, arranged after the design given in the illustration, to produce the effect of being turned over. The back and other side are of the plain material. The pointed bodice is perfectly plain in front, with a short postillion-back or simple point, as preferred. Tight coat-sleeves, high standing collar. A vest of the stripe may be added, if liked. Four and one-half yards of stripe of fortysix-inch goods, three to four yards of plain same width. Of gingham, six yards stripe and five yards plain.

No. 6.—Is a simple model for a walking or home dress, of all striped material. The under-

skirt is plain and full. The overdrapery also plain and full in at the waist. One side, it hangs straight and plain; the other is caught up high, to display the underskirt. The back is arranged in loose puffs over the tournure. The bodice is a simple corsage-basque, pointed back and front, with coat-sleeves puffed a little at the shoulder, quite loose at the cuffs, edged with a plaiting of the material. From eight to ten yards of fortysix-inch wide material will be required.

No. 6.—For a girl of six years, we give something quite new. The frock is made of cashmere, worked in cross or chain stitch or braided with a fine worsted braid, either in the same or a contrasting color. The blouse-waist is full, back and front. The pieces for the back and front are the same, and are made and embroidered before being placed upon the waist; also the



No. 7.

cuffs and belt. Plain blue, red, brown, or any self-colored linen or gingham, braided or chain-stitched in white or colored cotton, will make a stylish and useful wash-dress.

No. 7.—For a boy of four to six years, we give a stylish suit of Scotch checked tweed. Short knickerbocker pants, with a kitted skirt



No. 8.

and jacket combined. In front, the box-plait is wider than the back, forming a double-breasted plait, buttoning to the waist. The belt passes under loops of the cloth, to keep it in place. Pocket-flaps of the material. Collar and cuffs of velvet or velveteen.

No. 8.—A blouse-waist and skirt, for either boy or girl of four years, made of figured or plaid flannel, woolen, or 'gingham.' The collars are of plain material, piped on the edge; either velvet—or, if in wash-goods, plain-colored. Sash to match.

No. 9.—Is a spring paletot, for a child of three to four years. Make of plain self-colored flannel or cloth, and trim with striped velvet or plush.



No. 9.

We give the back; and the front may either be laid in plaits to correspond, or may be simply double-breasted.

COLORED PATTERN: .

WATCH-HOLDER. BUNCH OF PINKS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The watch-holder is to be embroidered in silk on plush or velvet, or it may be done on gray linen. The work is done in Kensington-stitch. In our model, there is no shading, the petals of the roses being indicated by a line of outline-embroidery in a darker shade. The leaves are done in the same manner, also the stems. After the embroidery is done, mount the work upon a thin piece of board. Make a square, and hang it, with points up and down. The centre circle, for the watch, is furnished with a tiny brass hook, and a brass ring suspends the holder at the upper point.

The bunch of carnation-pinks is suitable for

either embroidery or painting. It is to be worked in Kensington-stitch, with the petals of the flowers, veining of the leaves, and outlining of the same done in one row of outline-stitch with a darker and coarser silk. Or, if preferred, the pinks and leaves may be shaded, using two or three shades of pink or red—the same in green, for the leaves. A spray of carnations, done in water-color on rough water-color paper, makes a pretty cover for a blotter, or several such bunches embroidered on the end of a table-cover—say, three—standing up side by side, just above the fringed ends. Or a pretty cushion may be made of them.

“DOROTHY” CORSAGE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for this month, as suitable for the season, the newest pretty corsage out in Paris. It is called the “Dorothy.” Folded in with the number is a Supplement, with diagrams, full size, of the several pieces of which it is made. They are, as will be seen, six in number—viz:

1. HALF OF FRONT OF VEST.
2. SIDE-PIECE OF FRONT.
3. FRONT.
4. BACK.
5. SIDE-BACK.
6. SLEEVE.

The vest is marked by two notches under the arm, which correspond with similar notches on the side-piece of front. The darts are marked on the vest. The plaits for the front are indicated by notches, and a dart is marked to form the waist.

The back and side-piece are of the usual form, and put together in the usual manner. The full or bishop sleeve has rows of dots, showing where it is gathered for armhole and wrist. The neck is finished by an upright quilling, which requires no pattern. The cuff is a straight band.

Our pattern calls for a drab cashmere or other woolen material, with broché, blue-and-crimson, for the vest, cuffs, and border of the skirt. The overskirt forms a draped tablier in front, which falls in a point toward the left side, and is drawn up high on the hip. The back is a long bouffant. The underskirt is arranged in wide



box-plaits. Pongee or satin may be made after this model.

WHISK-BROOM HOLDER.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the number is given a new design for a very useful article: a whisk-broom holder, which every housewife should have.

An old shawl-strap can be transformed in this way into a thing of beauty and usefulness, with very little trouble and expense, by following the description given below of a whisk-broom holder made of an old shawl-strap—a new one would not make it very expensive, if necessary to purchase it for this purpose. The straps were cut off to within five inches of the ends to which the buckles were attached; these were fastened on

the handle with a couple of stitches of linen thread. The holder was then gilded, inside and out, and suspended with scarlet satin ribbon a trifle wider than the straps. A yard was used for this, which was cut in two, the ends fastened through the buckles; the other ends were tied together in a bow.

Select a whisk-broom for this with a scarlet plush top; if this cannot be obtained, recover it, which will be the work of only a few moments, for which you will be fully repaid. Such pretty things add so to a room.

BOUDOIR DECORATION IN BLACK AND WHITE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The general idea of this style of decoration is the combination of white lace with black silk, and of black lace with white cambric, cream-colored smooth canvas, etc.; the parts of the black silk not covered by the lace to be decorated by hand-painting in black and white, and the cambric by outline-sketches in pen-and-ink. The arrangement of the chair-backs requires no special explanation. The painting of the silk panels is executed in the ordinary way, in oil

or water color. The sketching on the cambric panels ought to be drawn with a quill pen and marking-ink, by which a very good result can be obtained, the cambric having the advantage of producing an equally pleasing effect viewed between the light and the observer, as a transparency, or with the light on the face of the picture. When used as a transparency, these panels are usually placed in screens, and are very pretty.

CROCHET SLIPPER.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the number, we give a new pattern for a crochet slipper. The best material is "midnight yarn," which comes in skeins; one will be more than sufficient for a pair.

Commence at the toe, and make a chain of nine stitches.

First row: work up one loop through each of the four stitches, two through the next, one into each of the four next stitches; work off in the usual way. Second: work up a loop through the back perpendicular loop of each stitch except the centre stitch, through this work a loop, pass the yarn over the hook, and work up another loop. Third row: work up a loop through the back perpendicular loop of each stitch; work off in the usual way. The second and third rows are repeated alternately until you have worked about four inches, or the length required to reach up

to the instep. For the sides, work on eighteen stitches for the length required to reach the middle of the heel; sew up with a needle and wool.

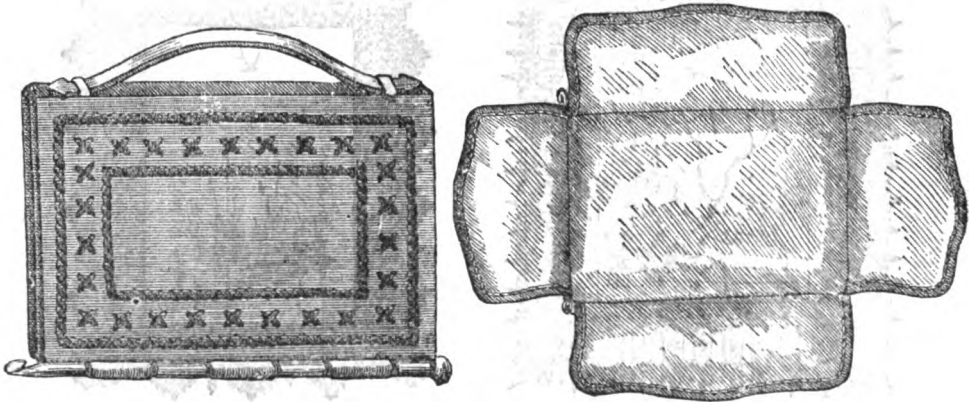
For the crochet edge, work round the top of the slipper three or more rows of double, working one double into each stitch of tricot.

To make holes for the ribbon to be run in, work one treble into a stitch of tricot, one chain, pass over one stitch and repeat. Second row: one double into a stitch of last row, four chain, one treble into the first, pass over two stitches and repeat.

Run the ribbon through the holes and tie in a bow in front. Sole-leather soles are the best; they have wool on the top and are bound with worsted braid. Turn the slipper inside-out, and overhand it firmly on the sole. Such slippers are invaluable for an invalid.

POCKET FOR CROCHET, KNITTING, SEWING NEEDLES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give the inside and outside of this useful little pocket. The outside is of plush, embroidered in cross and over stitch of blue silk and gold-thread. The interior is of blue satin, filled with flannel leaves, with places for the needles, and small pockets for putting other like necessities in traveling. Loops at the back hold the crochet-needle. Loops and a strap close the pocket, as seen in the illustration. This is a nice birthday-gift.

BLOTTER.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

The blotter seen in the front of the number is made of light-blue blotting-paper, with a cover of French gray. The piece intended for the front should measure seven by twelve, so as to allow three inches to roll over the penwiper; the rest, three of blue and one of gray, should be seven by nine: these are pointed on three sides, and sewed together at the top. Take a piece of chamois-skin seven by nine and a half, cut it in fine strips on two edges an inch and a quarter deep, making it seven inches square inside of the fringe, roll it up, and sew it on the top of the blotter; roll the blotter around it, and fasten it down.

The design is outlined on with a fine brush and black paint. The same idea can be followed out in making a handsomer one by using satin ribbon for the cover; in this case, it would be fringed out on the bottom in place of the points. A great addition to a writing-table.

SOFA-PILLOW.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

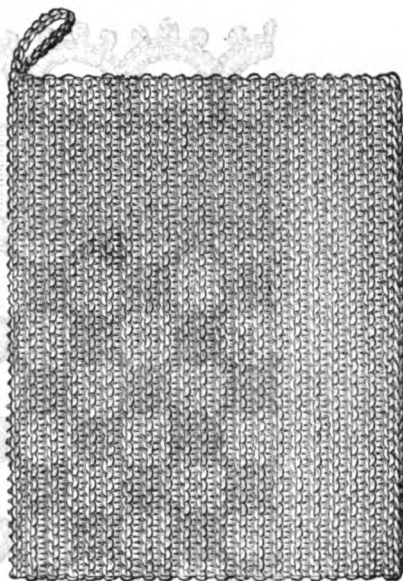
A sofa-pillow, in these times, is as much for looks as use, so why not make it look as handsome as possible? We give, therefore, in the front of the number, one of the most beautiful we have ever seen. It is made of dark-green plush, in crescent form. The poppies are cut out of red satin, and basted on as closely as possible: the edges are embroidered in buttonhole-stitch, with silk of the same shade; the leaves and stems are embroidered with arrasene.

Trace the design in outline first, and then cut the flowers out by that outline. The cushion is lined with red surah, and tied together with a large bow of green satin ribbon.

KNITTED TOWEL.

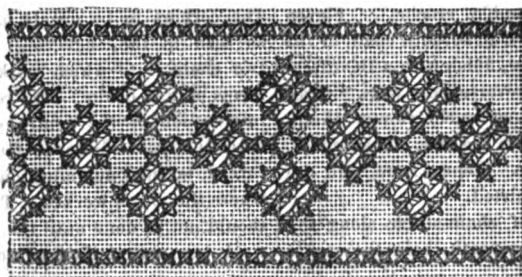
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This towel is knitted with white or unbleached braid, or else coarse knitting-cotton as thick as fleecy wool. Knitting-needles No. 3. Cast on sixty stitches, knit back fortythree stitches—taking care, if you use braid, not to twist it in knitting. When you have knitted fortythree stitches, take the needle out of the remainder, pull them until they form a chain-stitch only, and turn. Take the first of the stitches now forming the chain, put it on the left needle, pass it over the first stitch only, so forming a loop; then knit that stitch and the remainder of the row. Continue to knit in plain knitting, until you have fortytwo rows, then cast off.



BORDER IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This border, done in colored cotton on the end will be both pretty and useful. It may also be of linen towels, or for a sideboard or stand-cover, used for children's dresses.

DESIGNS ON SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

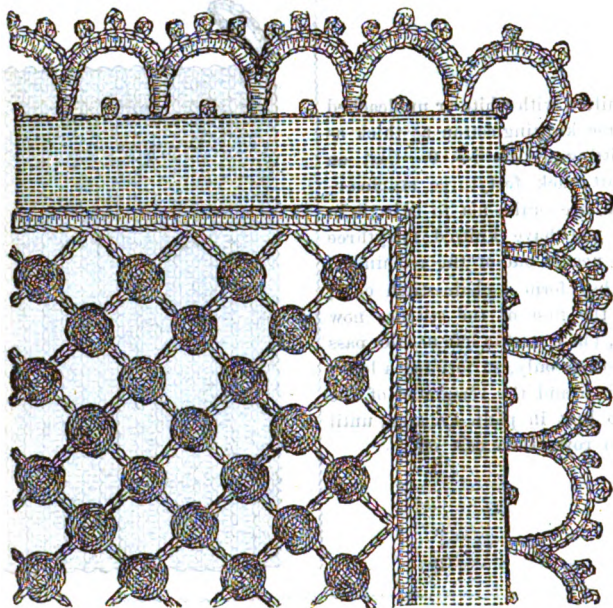
We give, on the Supplement, this month, two very pretty designs, as follows:

1. EMBROIDERY FOR CUSHION, in wild-roses, leaves, etc. In outline-stitch. The pattern may be used, however, for many other purposes.

2. CORNER OF TEA-CLOTH, ETC. A vase with flowers, leaves, etc. To be worked in outline-stitch. The design will also serve for a sofa-cushion, etc. The narcissus will look beautiful in yellow.

DESIGN IN CROCHET, FOR A CHAIR-TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



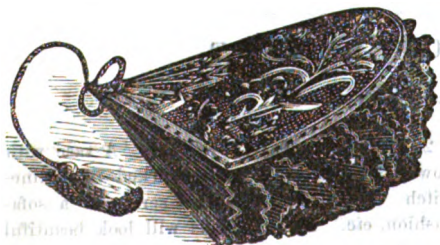
Materials: crochet-cotton No. 10, dark cinnamon-brown, a skein of gold-colored filoselle, a fine steel hook.

Make a length of chain-stitch, and work a row back, forming DC (double crochet). Eleven chain, turn back, one DC in seventh chain of the DC; continue to the end, finish with a DC-stitch. Eleven chain, turn on reverse side, work * three DC under the centre of each eleven chain. Eleven chain, continue to the end, eleven chain, turn on the reverse side. Repeat from * till the length required is completed.

Then work a row of chain-stitch along the top, taking up at every seventh chain the centre

of the eleven chain; then work a row of DC back. The sides to be made to match the top and bottom as closely as possible. Then sew a row of loosely-woven écreu tape all round. The corners to be evenly mitred. The border, as seen in the engraving, consists of twenty-two chain, into which work a row of DC and picots of five chain. The round knobs in each intersection of the centre crochet are worked with the gold filoselle, four strands in each thread, taking one under, one over, of the chain where the DC is worked. This last embroidery should not be done until the work is wetted with weak gum-water, then stretched evenly to dry.

PENWIPER.



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This fan-shaped penwiper consists of four pieces of thin cardboard cut to shape, and covered on the outside with embroidered black satin, and on the inside with black cashmere. The leaves are black cloth, pinked out at the edges.

EMBROIDERED CUSHION.

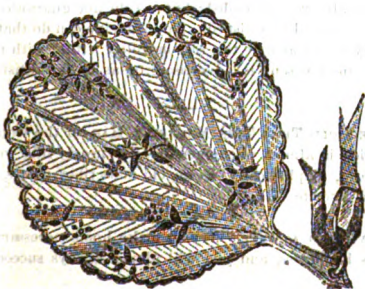
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A great variety of designs like the one on this cushion can be bought, printed on linen or other material. The embroidery is done in silk, crewel, or arrasene, in colors and stitches suitable for the design. One side of the square is furnished with buttonholes, which correspond with small buttons sewed to the lining—an excellent plan for removing the cover of the cushion when it requires cleaning. This would make a very pretty Christmas or New-Year gift.

PALM FAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Over a palm-leaf fan is stretched a piece of thin bright-colored silk or crêpe, which is covered with white Swiss muslin, scalloped and embroidered with colored silks and tinsel thread. Ribbon bow to correspond. Would make a very pretty Christmas or New-Year gift.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Forty-three years ago, a man still young, who had already won an enviable position as author and editor, established this magazine and carried it forward to its great success. On Friday, March 4th, he passed suddenly and painlessly away from this mortal sphere.

Appreciative obituaries in the leading journals have told the story of his varied work, and paid the tribute due to his talent, his literary achievement, and his social prominence. Whether as essayist or novelist, Mr. Peterson proved himself capable of winning a foremost rank had he devoted his talent exclusively to either of those branches of literary labor, and some of his short poems show a degree of poetic talent fairly amounting to genius. But intellectual distinction and worldly success seem of little consequence now: what is of importance is the fact that a good man has gone.

During a quarter of a century or more, his magazine has proved a starting-point for numerous writers who have since acquired reputation, and there is not one of the number but would gladly own how much was owing to his judicious counsel and generous friendship. Among all who have been in any way intimately connected with him, there are none but will retain a deep sense of personal loss and a lasting regret, such as few human beings leave as a shrine for their memory.

A man who grew always gentler, nobler, wiser, as the years carried him on; a man who so usefully and conscientiously employed existence, that he will have a place among those hallowed dead who still keep a hold on earthly life through their influence upon minds made better by their having lived.

NOW IS THE TIME TO THINK OF OUR GARDENS.—A few flowers and a bright fire furnish a house better than mirrors and curtains, and a house with a pretty garden filled with simple flowers always gives the impression of refined taste and cultivation. The older-fashioned the flowers, the more they appeal to the heart. Who can resist the bright-eyed pansies, the cheerful nodding heads of the dear yellow daffodils, the delicate beauty of the lily of the valley, the grave sentinel hollyhocks, the larkspur, the old-fashioned pinks, to say nothing of all the lilies and roses that repay our careless attention with such loving return?

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.—The mother who is habitually careless of her dress and her manner at home, and particular about them when she goes abroad, cannot fail to impress upon her family a sense of hollowness and hypocrisy in her character; and this will operate in one or two ways: either to make her children resemble her in this respect, or to inspire them with more or less contempt for her weakness.

"I WOULD FEEL LOST WITHOUT IT."—Says a lady from Evansville, Ind.: "My first club for 'Peterson' I sent in 1864, and I value it now more than I did a score of years ago; should feel lost, indeed, without it."

SLIGHTED OPPORTUNITIES.—Opportunities are very sensitive things: if you slight them on their first visit, you seldom see them again.

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It is quite a mistake to suppose, as some of our correspondents seem to, that this is merely a fashion-magazine. On the contrary, as stated in the Prospectus, it is one of art and literature as well as of fashion. It is designed for ladies and the home-circle, and is, we hope, something better than a mere "dressmaker's-affair." Of course, as the saying goes, a woman might as well be "out of the world as out of the fashion," and therefore a knowledge of the fashion is indispensable to a lady's-book. We, therefore, give the latest and most stylish fashions: having them sent out from Paris, and employing a resident correspondent—Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, wife of the Vice-Consul there—to give us monthly letters on the fashion. But, in addition to this, we give designs for the work-table, and in more profusion than any contemporary—with costly colored patterns, which are to be had nowhere else, others not being able to bear the expense. This for the home-circle. In the way of art, we give steel-engravings by the best engravers, from the best pictures of the Paris Salon of the year, the Royal Academy, etc.; and no other magazine gives them—or, at least, not every month—as we do, but gives, instead, poor lithographic copies. We also give, in the way of literature, the best stories, all original, that appear in any American magazine. In every way, therefore, "Peterson" claims to be, "par excellence," the model lady's-book. "No other," as a subscriber writes, "combines so many attractions." We must be pardoned this bit of apparent egotism, as it is necessary to set right some misconception on the subject. No: "Peterson," we hope, is more than a mere "dressmaker's-book."

A WOMAN WHO RESPECTS HERSELF.—We must live with ourselves all the time, as well when at home as when abroad, and she who really respects herself, and would keep on good terms with herself, morning, noon, and night, cannot—so far as she is honest, and genuine, and a hater of shams—neglect to keep her person and dress tidy without injury or suffering of some sort, either in herself or in those around her.

After all that may be said about it, tidiness is as much the result of training and habit as of interior necessity; and, unless one is careful not to relax the sinews of determination in this respect, the exigencies of everyday life and the natural tendency to lower the tone below concert-pitch will, little by little, cause negligence to creep in, until—indifference to externals gradually increasing—untidy dress at home will be the rule, and not the exception.

THE ADVERTISERS IN "PETERSON," we believe, can all be cordially recommended; but we do not guarantee that all persons will be satisfied. No magazine can do that. In no way do we assume the responsibility, either with regard to the money sent to advertisers or as to the satisfaction given.

THE HOLD THAT THIS MAGAZINE HAS on the women of America is almost phenomenal. For nearly fifty years it has been, emphatically, as an old subscriber writes, "the ladies' favorite."

ADVICE TO A WIFE.—Try to make home necessary to a man's happiness, and you will almost always succeed.

THE "BOOK OF BEAUTY," AND OTHER PREMIUMS.—One of our premiums for getting up clubs for "*Peterson*," for 1887, is the "*Book of Beauty*." This is a volume of poetry, devoted to fair women, and illustrated with nine steel-portraits of celebrated beauties, etc., etc. It is bound in patent morocco, gilt, and will be an ornament for any centre-table. To earn a copy, it is only necessary to get up a club for "*Peterson*."

Another of our premiums is a large steel-engraving, size twentyone by twentyseven inches, called "*Mother's Darling*." To secure it, you have only to get up a club for "*Peterson*." Or both it and the "*Book of Beauty*" can be had by getting up one of our larger clubs.

Another of our premiums is an extra copy of the magazine for 1887. All three premiums can be earned by getting up certain large clubs. See the Prospectus. It is never too late in the year to get up clubs or subscribe. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be had.

PALM-LEAF FAN WALL-POCKET.—To make this useful and artistic affair, the palm-leaf fan is first steamed, to render it pliable; it is then bent, with the edges pressed together, and sewed up about half-way. The handle is, of course, uppermost, and the palm wall-pocket is suspended by it. The sewing over is done with a worsted needle, threaded with colored worsted and tinsel, and the stitches are put in at about a quarter of an inch apart, and are nearly an inch long. A bow of ribbon, corresponding with the worsted, is placed at the top of the handle, another at the root, where it meets the leaf, and a third where the folded edges commence. The handle is worked over and over with the worsted, mixed with tinsel. These palm-leaf wall-pockets are hung against bell-handles, mantel-valances, on the corners of screens, etc., and are trimmed in several colors and ways. They hang sideways, as the folding of them prevents their being flat.

EVERY MAGAZINE OF REAL MERIT has a character of its own. Thus, this magazine, while being the best guide in fashion, is more than a mere fashion-book. It is intended for families of refinement, and designed to unite everything that a lady of taste desires. We pride ourselves on the fact that it has a distinct character of its own. Even when others try to imitate it, they do so at a long distance—like trying to pass off cotton-velvet for silk-velvet. For ourselves, we imitate no one, but go our way, trying simply to give the best thing of its kind for the price.

CLEANING HOUSE.—A flame is in her glassy eye, a broom is in her hand; aloft she lifts a sudden cry that sounds like a new brass band. Her dress is reefed about her knees, as through the house she cuts a path, and in her every stranger sees a being of majestic wrath. Stepladders scale the papered heights, and tubs of water flood the floor: her voice is heard from morn to night, rising above the awful roar. Fly from her presence, dog and cat; fly from her presence, man and mouse: it is the vernal frenzy that possesses her—she's cleaning house.

VIEWS: NARROW AND BROAD.—Nothing more effectually weighs down the spirits, contracts the sources of pleasure, and darkens the countenance, than the exclusive thought of and reference to personal interest; and no one can hope to maintain a cheerful disposition, or to exert an inspiring influence, until she takes a genuine interest in other things and other people.

"CAN'T POSSIBLY DO WITHOUT IT."—This is what a lady from Rockford, Ill., writes: "I was a subscriber for twenty years, till last year, and find I cannot possibly do without it."

THE PRACTICE OF THROWING RICE OR SLIPPERS after a newly-married pair is probably a remnant of the days when a woman was won by capture, the mock-missiles being a memory of the indignation which the bride's people would feel when she was forcibly abducted from home. The wedding-cake, too, may be traced back to the old Roman form of marriage—by "*confarreatio*," or eating together—and is also found in other parts of the world. It existed, for instance, among the Iroquois of our own North America.

WE ALWAYS STATE EXACTLY, in our Prospectus, we would say to Anna, what we will do. For instance, for this year, we will give fourteen steel-engravings, at least fourteen colored patterns, etc., etc. These promises we shall fulfil, as we have always before fulfilled promises. We shall not put off our subscribers with fewer steel-engravings, or substitute cheap lithographs for them. So of the patterns. So of all the rest we promise. There is no deception in "*Peterson*." The inducement we hold out can always be relied on.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Twelve Years of My Life. By Mrs. B. Beaumont. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the autobiography of an English lady, who married and settled in Mississippi before the war, and remained there until after the close of the contest. It is valuable for its sketches of things in the South, as well as interesting for its personal detail, which is told with great naïveté. Autobiographies are always charming, and this is especially so. Few books recently printed are so alluring.

Moral Philosophy. A Series of Lectures. By Andrew P. Peabody, of Harvard University. 1 vol. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A valuable volume, written by an earnest thinker in a clear and concise style, by a man who is strong in his faith, and of whose moral support all thoughtful men should be glad, in these days of wavering and unbelief. It is deeply religious, but not theological in tone.

See the Land Her Easter Keeping. By Charles Kingsley.—This is one of the many exquisite Easter-books published by Lee & Shepard, and we very much regret that it arrived too late for a more timely notice. But such a volume, so daintily printed and beautifully illustrated, and of such intrinsic merit in itself, is never out of time.

Hints on Writing and Speechmaking. By Thomas Wentworth. 1 vol. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This little book is modestly called "A Letter to a Young Contributor," and is full of excellent practical advice, to a beginner in literature, upon all manner of things, with which it is most important to be acquainted for a literary career.

English Synonyms Discriminated. By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 1 vol. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—An admirable little book, by one whose name is itself a synonym for all that is correct with regard to the English language. Such a volume is invaluable to the student.

"*Nearer, My God, to Thee*," "*Abide With Me*," "*My Faith Looks Up to Thee*," "*Rock of Ages*," are four small books, illustrated and printed on beautiful paper, and are modestly called "Easter-cards." These, as well as the four larger books, are published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Message of the Bluebird. By Irene Jerome.—In this, we recognize an old favorite, and it is gotten up in a style to correspond with the three other little books just mentioned, and is delightful to look upon.

Gladness of Easter. Illustrated.—A selection from the poets, is deliciously printed, bound in cream-tinted paper, and is composed of poems by the best authors.

"*Rise, My Soul*," by the author of "*Nearer, My God, to Thee*," is another little book, gotten up in the same style as the above-mentioned poem.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

IN REPLY TO NUMEROUS INQUIRIES, we will here state that Mr. Peterson left every department of the magazine thoroughly organized, and so completely equipped that it will continue under the same able editorial and business management which for so many years has had his personal supervision. Our readers, therefore, may rest assured there will be no effort spared to strengthen, if such a thing is possible, its long-established claim to popular supremacy among the lady's-magazines of the day.

"PETERSON" IS AS POPULAR AS EVER.—The Philadelphia Record says that "it still retains the features which made it so attractive to a former generation, and gathers, within its covers, much that can interest the household in the fashion, art-decoration, music, poetry, and fiction." Another exchange says that "'The Mountain Wizard' is a story of remarkable power and pathos. Everything that a woman can wish for in a magazine can be found in 'Peterson.'" The Iberia South, Plaquemine, La., says that "'Peterson's Magazine' for March is already before us—as usual, ahead of all its contemporaries." The Public School Journal, Mount Washington, Ohio, says that "'Peterson' is as bright as ever. We think that it never has given such varied and interesting reading to its many readers before, and the engravings are simply exquisite. It is 'just the thing' for every lady." The Democrat, of Topeka, Kansas, says that "in the copiousness of its fashion-plates, its designs for painting, embroidery, etc., 'Peterson' is the queen of lady's-books." The Graphic, of Cleveland, Ohio, says "some entirely new designs in crochet, embroidery, etc., etc., are to be found in its pages," and that "every woman desirous of having the latest fashion, the most original designs, and most delightful stories should subscribe for 'Peterson.'"

A PERFECT BAKING-POWDER.—The great success of the Royal Baking-Powder is due to the extreme care exercised by its manufacturers to make it entirely pure, uniform in quality, and of the highest leavening-power. All the scientific knowledge, care, and skill attained by a twenty years' practical experience are contributed toward this end, and no pharmaceutical preparation can be dispensed with a greater accuracy, precision, and exactness. Every article used is absolutely pure. A number of chemists are employed to test the strength of each ingredient, so that its exact power and effect in combination with its co-ingredients is definitely known. Nothing is trusted to chance, and no person is employed in the preparation of the materials used, or the manufacture of the powder, who is not an expert in his particular branch of the business. As a consequence, the Royal Baking-Powder is of the highest grade of excellence, always pure, wholesome, and uniform in quality. Each box is exactly like every other, and will retain its powers and produce the same and the highest leavening-effect in any climate, at any time. The Government chemists, after having analyzed all the principal brands in the market, in their reports placed the Royal Baking-Powder at the head of the list for strength, purity, and wholesomeness, and thousands of tests all over the country have further demonstrated the fact that its qualities are, in every respect, unrivaled.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUP AND FISH.

Artichoke and other Vegetable Soup.—Boil about two dozen artichokes in water, with salt, and rub them through a sieve. Add enough milk, or milk and water, to make up

a quart. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little cold water, and stir it to the soup. Let it boil, and it is ready for table, unless a little cream is available, which is a great improvement. Onion soup can be made the same way, the large mild onions being the right sort to use. In fact, any vegetable soup can be made without meat; the only thing is to substitute water or milk for stock or pot-liquor, and, as a rule, to mix different kinds of vegetables rather than to use one kind alone.

Purée of Peas.—Boil one pint of green peas in water with salt, a slice of onion, a sprig of parsley, and a few leaves of mint. When cooked, drain off the water, and pass the peas through a hair-sieve. Dilute the purée to the proper consistency with some good stock, perfectly free from fat. At the time of serving, make it quite hot, put a piece of fresh butter the size of a walnut into it, and serve with small dice of bread fried in butter; add a few drops of spinach-greening if the color is not bright enough.

To Use Cold Fish.—An extremely nice way of using up cold fish—say, cod or haddock—is to make a good thick white sauce, not being stingy with either butter or milk, lay the remains of the fish in a deep pan or dish, pour the sauce over, cover the dish to prevent browning on the top, and place in the oven for about half an hour. It will be nicer than the first day.

Fried Eels.—Wash some eels, and cut them up in pieces three or four inches long. Score the thicker pieces across, dry them, flour them all well, and fry in hot lard; or they may be dipped in beaten-up egg and breadcrumbed. Garnish with quarters of lemon and fried parsley.

VEGETABLES.

Baked Hominy.—To a cupful of cold boiled hominy allow two cupfuls of milk, a heaped teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, a little salt, and three eggs. Beat the yolks and whites separately. Mix the yolks first into the hominy alternately with the melted butter, then the sugar and salt, and mix in the milk gradually, being careful to leave no lumps in the hominy. Lastly, stir in the whites of the eggs and bake in a buttered pudding-dish until delicately browned.

To Dress Lettuce.—A novel way to serve lettuce is, after washing and looking over carefully, to pour a dressing over it, made by frying out the fat from a slice of ham, cutting the ham in small pieces before frying. When the fat is at the boiling-point, add a cupful of vinegar, let it boil for a minute or two, then pour over the lettuce. Garnish with cold boiled eggs cut in rings.

Potato Cakes.—properly speaking—should always be fried, never baked, and they are best made with hot potatoes, freshly boiled. Squeeze the potatoes lightly till no lumps remain, put one ounce of beef-dripping to every pound, and mix with just enough flour and milk to bind it; cut into cakes, and fry in boiling dripping. Drain on kitchen-paper, and serve hot.

To Boil Potatoes.—Do not let boiled potatoes stand in the water a moment after they are done; drain it all off. Cover the kettle. Some very painstaking cooks remove the potatoes from the kettle, and, after laying a towel on a tin plate, put the potatoes on it, cover them, and put them in the oven to dry, leaving the oven-door open.

Asparagus with Cream.—After preparing the asparagus, throw it into boiling water, so as to blanch it, then into a stewpan, with some fresh butter, cream, and a bunch of sweet herbs; but do not season it too highly. Before serving, beat the yolks of two eggs in a little cream, to thicken the sauce.

CAKES.

Swiss Bread Cake.—Dissolve about an ounce of yeast into half a pint of tepid water, work gradually into one pound of flour; let this rise, and then add two ounces of clarified dissolved butter, one-quarter pound of sugar, a little finely-shred candied orange-peel, carraway-powder,

and ground cinnamon. Let the cake rise for half an hour, then put it into a well-buttered tin, and bake slowly until a golden brown; the oven should be very hot at first, and then be considerably slackened, or the cake will not be a good color. The addition of a beaten egg is an improvement which should be added when the butter is mixed in.

Plain Pound Cake.—Half-pound of fresh butter, three eggs, one pound of flour, one pound of castor-sugar, a quarter-pound of almonds cut small, a half-pound of currants, a few drops of essence of ratafia, three ounces of candied peel. Beat the butter to a cream from left to right, and mix in the sugar gradually; beat up the eggs, and mix them with half a pint of new milk; stir into the butter, then add the flour, and lastly the fruit. Bake half an hour, and sift finely powdered sugar over the top.

Lemon Sponge.—Half a pound of sugar, rub a few lumps on the peel of two lemons, so as to extract the lemon-flavor; dissolve the sugar in a gill of boiling water, add the juice of two lemons, and beat with the yolks of four eggs, until white and thick; stir in a quarter-pound of fine flour, beat the whites of the eggs until well frothed, and mix as thoroughly but as lightly as possible; butter and sift sugar over a mold, nearly fill it with the mixture, and bake at a yellow-paper heat for thirty minutes.

Leach Cake.—Mix three heaped teaspoonfuls of baking-powder into one pound of fine flour, rub in one-quarter of a pound of castor-sugar, one-quarter of a pound of clarified butter, a little ground caraway-seed, cinnamon, and grated orange-peel, dry. When ready to bake, stir in as quickly as possible two eggs mixed with half a pint of milk, put into a well-buttered tin, and bake. Currants may be added at discretion.

Rice Cake.—Mix two ounces of ground rice with six ounces of flour and one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Rub in gradually one ounce of fresh butter and two ounces of sugar. Beat up an egg into a quarter of a pint of milk, with a little lemon-flavoring. Have ready some small patty-pans, well rubbed with butter; half fill each with the above mixture, and quickly put into a slow oven. Bake for half an hour.

Victoria-Cake.—One pound of flour, six ounces of butter, two eggs, half a pound of sugar, two ounces of sweet almonds, and one ounce of candied peel. Mix all together, make into small cakes, and bake on a flat tin.

SANITARY, ETC.

Rice and Eggs for an Incurd, Good in Summer Complaints.—Wash a small teaspoonful of rice, first in cold water, then in boiling water; put this into a macepan, with two teaspoonfuls of boiling water, and a pinch of salt. Make this boil quickly, then very slowly, for twenty minutes. Fork up the rice; there will be no water to strain away, the rice will have absorbed it. Take about two tablespoonfuls of rice on a hot plate, and, having poached a fresh-laid egg, lay it on the top of the rice, and serve hot. This food should only be given under medical sanction, as simple as it appears, it cannot be given to anyone of constipated habit.

Stick Headache.—Two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in half a tumblerful of water generally give instant relief. Another remedy is, when the first symptoms of a headache appear, take a clear teaspoonful of lemon-juice fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bedtime. Follow this up until all symptoms have passed, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be free from your unwelcome pain.

A Refreshing Toilet Vinegar.—Pick a quantity of rose-leaves into a bowl. Boil some common vinegar, and pour it boiling upon the leaves. Let it remain for a fortnight untouched, and then strain through blotting-paper. Any sort of rose is good for this preparation. A small spoonful of this vinegar in a glass of water, with a little sugar, makes a wholesome and pleasant drink.

Stings from Bees or Wasps.—Chalk, wetted with harts-

horn, is a remedy for the sting of a bee, also table-salt kept moist with water. A raw onion is an excellent remedy for the sting of a wasp; also poppy-leaves, bruised and applied to the part affected, will give almost immediate relief.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

To ENLARGE OR REDUCE A PAPER PATTERN.—As it would be impossible for us to cut our patterns to suit the needs of our thousands of subscribers, we will give some simple directions for reducing or enlarging a pattern, as the case may be, our patterns being cut of an average size. If, on measuring, you find the bodice-pattern we have given too large for you, pin each part together, one edge just passing over the other flatly. Measure round the decreased pattern, and, if you find it still too large, continue to take it in a little more at every seam, except those of the bust-plaits. Cut off half the overlapping portion of each edge. If the pattern is too full in the bust, it will improve the figure to fill up with small pads of wadding made in a circular form about four inches across. If the pattern is too small, place it on a piece of paper and pin closely at the edges; cut it, with a margin of the paper pinned all round. Treat all four parts of the bodice-pattern in the same manner, allowing equal addition to each. Do not add to the piece between the bust-plaits. If more fullness is required for the bust, cut a small piece away from each part of the bodice that joins to the strip between the bust-plaits.

MARION HARLAND, in an article on "Feeding the Baby," says: "So far as my personal knowledge of the properties and effect of the exceedingly great army of substitutes and supplements goes, I unhesitatingly recommend Carnick's Soluble Food: which is easily prepared, and rich in phosphates and other strengthening-ingredients."

HINTS UPON GARDENING.

BY A. GILFIRE.

In this month, planting and sowing seeds should be done without delay.

Sow mignonette in full tufts.

Calceolarias, verbenas, scarlet geraniums, heliotropes, and petunias to be planted out the second week in May, but only in soft showery weather, and be sheltered at night. Annuals that are hardy and quick-growing to be planted speedily.

Double wallflowers and fibrous-rooted plants to be propagated by cuttings.

Plant double pyrethrums; the flowers of some of these are as large and beautiful in color as asters. Plant also the golden pyrethrum, or golden feather, as it is sometimes termed.

Sow the seeds of everlasting of various colors.

Wallflowers, phloxes, snap-dragons (antirrhinums), and columbines (aquilegia) pentstemons, stocks, and asters to be planted or thinned out.

Sow at once candytuft, various colors, German stocks, Clarkia elegans, Godetias, Tom Thumb nasturtiums, poppies (various), mignonette, and mimulus. These all grow best facing the east.

Bed out all hardy plants, Indian pinks, French and African marigolds.

Sow ornamental grass seeds. Mulch rose-trees.

Window-boxes to be filled with cocoanut-fibre, and the pots to be plunged in it. This is preferable to filling them with earth, as the plants can be removed at pleasure. The best plants for the boxes are zonal geraniums, fuchsias, calceolarias, petunias, double and single, and the plumbago, with its beautiful blue color, to be placed so as to train up each side of the window on wires.

Maidenhair and other ferns just starting into growth to be repotted in sandy peat and loam, and be kept shady and moist while recovering from the moving.

The parsley-fern will thrive in a room lighted with gas.

Palms that have been kept in hot rooms during the winter to be repotted and kept in a moist cool place without fire.

Tonatoes, which look so handsome when growing, should by the third week in May, if planted against a south wall in pots, be well showing flower.

Herbs, such as mint and sage, should be shifted and planted. For mint, take the cuttings that come from the old roots with a white piece of stem, and lay three of them in a shallow drill.

For sage, slip the side-shoots from the old plant, and plant them with a dipper.

Knotted marjoram should have been sown under glass in April, and planted out in tufts the last week in May. This can now be had from many florists, and ready for planting.

Winter-sown shoots to be taken off and replanted as sage is done.

Parsley to be sown. The giant curled sort is the best.

Lavender will strike from cuttings under hand-lights.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PIN-STRIPED THIN WOOLEN MATERIAL, WITH VELVET COAT-BASQUE. The skirt, which is of two shades of blue, is finished at the hem by a narrow binding of velvet to match the basque. The overdrapery is long and arranged with all its fullness plaited up to the belt, not along the sides, showing the underskirt quite up to the waist. The back forms a full bouffant drapery, confined to a narrow space. The overskirt is simply hemmed. The jacket or coat-basque is of velvet, cut with double fronts, quite open, and worn over a plaited chemisette of white surah or linen. The basque is rounded in front, and as the back is laid in two hollow plaits, forming a short postillion. Tight coat-sleeves with deep cuff, ornamented by two buttons of velvet. Three buttons likewise ornament the front of the basque, as seen in the illustration. High standing collar. Hat of Suede Milan braid, trimmed with velvet.

FIG. II.—HOUSE OR WALKING DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE-COLORED CASHMERE OR FINE-STRIPED WOOLEN, IN TWO SHADES. The underskirt and overdrapery are all in one—a sort of combination of polonaise and Princess dress. The fullness of the front is plaited up high at the left side, under and into the striped panel of cashmere-colored velvet, which forms the entire trimming of the costume. The back falls in a straight drapery, which is fulled into the pointed waist. The front of the waist is partly double-breasted, edged with the trimming to match the skirt. Half-long coat-sleeves, high standing collar of the same. Edges of the trimming are finished with a drop fringe or button. Hat of straw, with band of ruby velvet and bunch of field-flowers.

FIG. III.—HOUSE OR WALKING DRESS, OF CHECKED AND PLAIN SURAH, or China silk in pistache-green, checked with dark leaf-green for the overdress. Skirt of the plain, trimmed with horizontal bands of narrow ribbon in red and two shades of green, put on in groups of three rows; or these bands may be made of striped velvet in colors to correspond. There is a marked favor for the horizontal bands as trimming for skirts of dresses. The overskirt forms one panier on the left side. The right front falls straight to the edge of the skirt, where it is caught and tied with a bow of ribbon two inches wide. The back falls in straight plaits, over which is a loose bouffant drapery. The waist is long and pointed, back and front. The beauty of this waist consists in the front-trimming, which is full and laid in soft folds, partly of the checked silk, and partly of the plain, to match the skirt. High collar. Half-long sleeves, with cuffs like underskirt. This underskirt may be

of striped surah, used crosswise, in colors to correspond with the overdress. High hat, of pale-green straw, trimmed with loops-and-ends of ribbon to correspond with the underskirt.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAIN GRAY SUMMER CAMEL'S-HAIR, with border of plaid, edged with fringe, shawl-fashion. The underskirt is perfectly plain, and finished with a narrow plaiting at the bottom. The overskirt forms a full apron-front, plaited up high on the hips; at the back, makes a narrow bouffant drapery. The bodice is long-waisted, pointed front and back, and the front ornamented by a double row of silk buttons to match. Coat-sleeves slightly fulled at the shoulders. Cuffs of the plaid border, edged with buttons. High standing collar. Hat of beige-colored straw, trimmed with standing loops of gray, beige, and ruby-red velvet ribbon. Two sharp slender wings complete the trimming.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAIN NAVY-BLUE VELVET AND STRIPED VELVET, blue-and-red, with plain blue bengaline, faille, or surah for the overdrapery. The skirt of the velvet, with a side-panel of the striped velvet, which terminates on the front with a wide box-plait of the plain silk, ornamented by three flat bows of blue ribbon with a red edge to match. The overdrapery is of the plain silk, plaited in two full groups into the box-plait down the front up to the hips, forming a double panier on the right side. The back is arranged in full puffs over the tournure. The bodice has a pointed Spanish peasant-front. All of the back, which is also pointed at the waist, is of velvet; while the front of the corsage forms a chemisette or plastron of the soft silk over a vest of the striped velvet. High standing collar of plain velvet, finished by a tiny bow at the left side. Coat-sleeves of the striped velvet. Dark-blue straw hat, trimmed with velvet and bunch of red poppies and daisies.

FIG. VI.—VISITING-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED WOOLEN MATERIAL, striped in very dark red, very dark green, and dull-blue. The bottom of the skirt is of the striped material, put on quite plain. The petticoat is of dark-green velvet. The striped woollen is draped so as to show the green undersides, and is carelessly looped at the back. The bodice has a round basque, and is fastened at the waist, by a green velvet band and steel buckle. The full plastron and revers are of cream-colored surah. The cuffs, epaulettes, collar, and pointed piece down the front are of green velvet. Bonnet of cream-colored straw, trimmed with green velvet and cream-colored wing.

FIG. VII.—CAPE, OF BLACK NET, studded with jet, and lined with thin colored silk. It is trimmed with jetted lace, and fastened with a colored bow. This cape would be very elegant lined with thin black silk, and could be worn over any colored gown, and with any colored ribbon bow.

FIG. VIII.—PLASTRON, MADE OF BLACK JETTED LACE, and edged with plain black lace. The high collar is covered with the jetted lace, and has a row of jet beads sewed on the edge; the ribbon of any color to suit the dress with which it is worn.

FIG. IX.—SLEEVE FOR A SPRING DRESS, of the dress-material and velvet, with large buttons.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE-COLORED SURAH, and of plaid surah in three shades of heliotrope. The bottom of the skirt is of the plain surah. The plaid surah is long, and draped and raised in places, to show the plain surah below. The overskirt is draped with a short puffing in front, and at the back it falls full and plain on the plaid skirt. The bodice is round at the waist, and finished by a folded band. The front has a flat vest of the plaid surah, with draped folds of plain surah on each side. High collar of plain surah, cuffs of the plaid surah.

FIG. XI.—PARASOL, OF BLACK-DOTTED LACE, lined with the thinnest gauze, to make it transparent. The ruffle is of the same lace.

FIG. XII.—BATISTE WAISTCOAT, to be worn under a half-

open jacket-bodice. It is made of flowered batiste, tucked in front, and has a high collar.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAIN AND STRIPED ZEPHYR, BLUE AND WHITE. The underskirt is of the blue zephyr striped with white, and cut quite plain. The blue overskirt is open in front from the waist, and arranged on each side in five deep plaits. Between these plaits and the puffed back-drapery is placed a drapery of plain zephyr, lined with the striped material arranged in spiral folds. The bodice is pointed in front, and has a vest of the stripe, with plain revers on each side. Sleeves of elbow-length. Straw hat, trimmed with dark-blue velvet.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING OR VISITING DRESS, OF INDIA SILK OF TWO SHADES OF HELIOTROPE. There is a plaited ruffle on the bottom of the skirt. The overdress is full and but slightly draped. At the back, it is short, and falls over the wide plaits of the underskirt. The bodice and sleeves are trimmed with a beaded passementerie in heliotrope shades. Hat of yellow straw, trimmed with heliotrope-colored satin ribbon.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN-AND-ECRU STRIPED WOOLLEN. The petticoat is of plain brown silk, laid in large box-plaits and smaller side-plaits. The tunic is short, laid in full folds, and undraped at the back. The vest is quite plain, and the jacket is cut square at the waist, and is trimmed with ball-fringe. Bonnet of brown straw, trimmed with écaru lace and pompon.

FIG. XVI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE AND CRUSHED-STRAWBERRY OTTOMAN. The skirt consists of a wide blue box-plait in front, which is continued to the right side, the left side having kilts of strawberry ottoman. The back is full and slightly puffed. The pointed bodice, which is blue, opens over a full crushed-strawberry colored plastron, which has at each side blue folds that cross fichu-fashion, and terminate with a mesh that falls on the right side. Half-long sleeves, with crushed-strawberry colored cuffs.

FIG. XVII.—RIDING-HABIT, OF BROWN CLOTH. The skirt is short and quite without plaits. This habit ought to be cut to fit over the pommol of the middle. The bodice is perfectly plain, with a small coat-basque at the back. Black silk hat.

FIG. XVIII.—BONNET, OF YELLOW STRAW, trimmed with écaru lace and full rod roses.

FIG. XIX.—HAT, OF BROWN STRAW, trimmed with branches of hawthorn and white surah silk.

FIG. XX.—BONNET, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with two rows of black lace, which are carried, "en spirale," to the top of the crown. Yellow bows, with picot edges.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The newest imported fabrics for spring and summer show new details in last season's styles, and new shades of old colors, rather than anything decidedly novel. The lower skirt is almost invariably plain, without even the narrow plaiting so long in vogue. The drapery is full and very bouffant at the back, but arranged within a narrow space.

Panel, both at the side and in front, will still hold their own. They may be made of striped goods in combination-colors, to correspond with the plain material used in the overdrapery, or they may be of passementeries of beads, cords, galloons, etc., etc.—the variety is endless.

Fard-wide fringe will be arranged across the front of the dress as tablier, or else will form a panel on one or both sides. For woollen dresses, galloons and pointed braid of narrow plaited mohair braid, in open designs of one or two colors in contrast, or in two tones, will be most used.

Basques are short, with rounded or pointed front, quite short on the sides, and at the back either pointed or finished with a narrow flat postillion. The front of all the corages is very much trimmed—except in tailor-made suits, which are invariably plain, with or without an undervest. The corage-trimming is generally made to represent a full chemisette of soft surah or silk-muslin, or else a long plain

vest of striped or barred velvet, or silk enclosed in pointed revers of velvet.

Fichu-shaped plaiting of soft silk is seen upon some of the newest gowns.

Checks and larger plaids will be combined in woollen dresses, the smaller checks being used for the overskirt and bodice, while the underskirt will be of the large plaid—the same being used for collar, cuffs, and bodice-trimming. This will hold good for gingham in large plaids, with small checks or plain to correspond.

Bateau will be made either with a basque or a round waist, gathered or plaited, and belted-in at the waist. Some of them are made to open over a chemisette of muslin, or else lapped, surplice-fashion, from the left to the right side.

In gingham, the newest styles are wide colored bars over white or écaru ground. Bateau shows very few new designs, but some of the new colors—heliotrope ground, with pompadour designs, or pale-gray or in China-blue, strewn over with gay flowers, for the skirt, with plain blue or gray for the basque. Velvet will be much used for these dresses, for collar, cuffs, vest, etc., etc.

Tennis-cloth is the new Scotch material in soft fine wool. It comes in all the pretty delicate shades to be found in the Scotch gingham, and is made into entire costumes for tennis, consisting of a kilt skirt with apron-drapery, a tennis-blouse, and an outside jacket. Blouses made of this tennis-cloth will be much worn, with black silk or other skirts, for early morning. It is like the sailor-blouse worn by children, with a rubber in the hem, and drooping below the waist. These flannel waists have full sleeves, gathered into straight cuffs, like shirt-cuffs. A high narrow turn-over collar and a deep wide sailor-collar are added, the front ending in points and thrust through a knotted sailor-cravat of soft silk. The outside jacket fastens only at the throat, and hangs loosely down the front over the blouse. A blouse after this design is also made of surah or soft China silk, for home "négligé."

In bonnets and hats, there will be found an endless variety of colored straw and braid to match costumes. The trimming for bonnets is mostly of ribbon. Three different colors are used, made up into long slender bows: for instance, a brown straw has primrose-yellow, China-blue, and Dore-brown ribbon. A favorite combination for demi-season bonnets will be tulle and velvet: brown velvet with primrose tulle, black with rose-pink or poppy, trimmed with some few loops of ribbon intermixed. Colored beads. Fancy straw, dotted with jet beads, and trimmed with black lace. Jet wings. Yellow or pink roses. The front of some bonnets is entirely covered with tiny flowers without leaves, forming a coronet; or some flowers fill in the top between the long loops of ribbon. All the gauzes, tulle, and rich materials for the soft crowns of some of the bonnets are in the soft Gobelins-tapestry coloring. Other new colors are Suede, heliotrope, mahogany, pigeon-gray, Charles-X-pink, pistache-green.

Round hats are high in the crown, with brim very long in front, short at the sides and back. The front of the hat is almost hidden by a fan-shaped bow of silk, or long loops of ribbon in several colors. Sharp slender wings or standing long-stemmed flowers are added.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITES CHAMPS.

The bonnets of the season, so far, present no very striking novelties in the way of shape. The capote is still the rage, with a high trimming in front, but flowers and foliage have taken the place of the birds'-wings that were used to adorn the sides of the bonnets last winter. One very pretty bonnet has the sides formed of orange-leaves in different stages of maturity, from silvery green to darkest green, and another is similarly composed of ivy leaves, in green velvet.

A very charming novelty is to have the brim of the bonnet composed of small named flowers, such as violets, primroses, etc. In one instance, very small rosebuds, in their earliest and immature stage, with just-opened calyxes, were employed in this way. Another very artistic trimming was formed of raspberries, in their varied stages of ripeness, set in a puff of pale old-pink tulle as a bordering to the brim, while in the front of the bonnet was placed a cluster of raspberry-blossoms, amongst puffs of old-pink tulle and loops of faille ribbon of the same color. In hats, the high Tyrolean crown is still seen, as is also the wide Gainsborough, with the turned-up brim lined with velvet; but the small toque, in a modified form, is coming into favor. Those lately shown are in fine English straws, of various colors, the brim turned up and covered with velvet of the same tint as the straw, and having a large Alsatian bow of wide faille ribbon set in front. A wing, or two quill-feathers, are placed at one side. The wide hats also have the brim lined with velvet and turned up at one side, and are trimmed with ostrich-tips. A very pretty way of trimming the high-crowned hats is to have a scarf of velvet, laid in flat folds, and passing over the crown, with here and there a large flower attached with seeming carelessness, amongst the folds. A gray straw, trimmed in that manner with dark-green velvet and two or three variegated tulips, was much admired. Capote bonnets, in a very fine close braid, in different dark rich colors, are shown, trimmed with faille ribbon of a lighter shade. Thus a violet braid was trimmed with Ophelia-lilac ribbon, dark-ruby with pale-pink, marine-blue with light-blue, and dark-green with apple-green. Clusters of clover-blossoms are also employed on these dark straws. Thus far, but very few white straws or fancy braids are seen, gray and brown being the colors most employed. Later in the season, these will make their appearance, as will also toques, in tulle or lace, bordered with velvet.

The new stuffs for spring wear are mostly stripes in solid colors, which are to be made up with small figured brocade or foulards, with small flowers, or with plain cashmere. Plaids, in soft subdued tints, are also in favor to make up with plain materials. The corage is now made with a short basque at the back, sloping to a very short point in front. A narrow vest, having flat folds of the dress-material at either side, and diminishing to the waist, is at once fashionable and becoming. Blouse-vests are also a good deal worn, but they are only advantageous to a slender figure. The varieties of skirts this season are infinite, but looped and elaborate draperies are less worn than are straight plaits. An admirable way of making a skirt of brocade, or velvet, or heavy faille, is to have it open at one side, to the waist, over a panel of plaited crape. At the opposite side, the breadths part to the height of the knee, and have plaitings of crape or surah set underneath, which must exactly match in color the material of the dress. One toilette that has recently been made in that manner was in Ophelia-lilac satin, brocaded in longitudinal stripes, with gold flowers, the crape plaitings being of plain lilac. Another was in dark wine-colored brocade, with plaitings of surah of the same hue. The corage is slightly trimmed with draperies of crape or of surah to match the skirt-plaitings. A new and very picturesque way of trimming ball-dresses with flowers is to have a garland, set chateleine-fashion, at the left side of the waist, the lower end falling just below the knee, and finished with a large cluster of flowers and foliage. A short garland to correspond borders the right side of the corage, if the flowers employed are roses. If long drooping plants, such as water-grasses, calla lilies with their leaves, or water-lilies, are used, a bouquet of the same flowers is placed at the left side of the corage, the lower end of which touches and intermingles with the top of the garland on the skirt. Pompons of faille ribbon and flowers are

worn in the hair, with these flower-trimmed toilettes. With richer dresses, ostrich-tips, intermixed with diamonds, adorn the coiffure.

The most curious innovation that fashion has decreed for many a long year past is the total suppression of white in undergarments. It is now considered the supreme height of elegance for a lady in ball-dress to be arrayed in every detail of her clothing to match her dress. The chemise and drawers of surah, the corset of satin, the embroidered skirt of fine flannel, the petticoat of taffeta, must all be in the delicate pink, or blue, or pale-yellow, or scarlet of the dress itself. For everyday wear, cambric, figured in minute dots or lines of scarlet or blue, and finished with button-hole embroidery of the color of the dots or stripes, has now taken the place of the once-unrivalled white materials. Even the handkerchief must be in colored cambric, bordered with buttonhole embroidery in white, and having the monogram worked in white. As to white ruffles for the throat, and linen collars and cuffs, they have long since been banished from the wardrobes decreed by fashion. The newest style of night-toilette utilizes the discarded white chemise, with a loose sacque or matinee over it, which last is in pongee or colored flannel, trimmed with lace and ribbons. In warmer weather, this last-named garment will be in colored or figured cambric. It must be confessed that these later fashions for undergarments do not altogether accord with American ideas respecting cleanliness. The only article that still retains its whiteness is the dress-improver, for evening wear; but, even in those articles, satin in brilliant colors is used for everyday wear, the most expensive ones having the flounces bordered with lace. Short petticoats, in plain crimson cashmere, trimmed with a flounce of imitation black lace, set above the hem, the lace being put on with scarcely any fullness, are amongst the spring novelties. In the latest trousseaux that have been exhibited in Paris, full suits of undergarments were shown to match each of the dresses.

The new colors of the season are a very delicate shade of old-pink and an indescribable green, with a tinge of gray in it, called "serpent-green." All shades of gray and green will be a good deal worn.

Bodices of undressed kid have been made for some of the latest-invented evening dresses. They fit to perfection, but the material lacks gloss, and is only tolerable in pale-pink, mastic, or cream-white. The skirt must match the corage in color.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE-AND-WHITE STRIPED SERGE. The skirt is made of the blue-and-white striped material, plaited with broader bands of dark-blue serge between. The blouse-bodice is of dark-blue serge, with large collar of the blue-and-white stripes. The vest is of dark-blue surah, gathered. Cuffs of the striped serge. Large oxydized buttons.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF GRAY TWEED. The trousers are rather full at the knee, and are ornamented with large gray bone buttons. The short jacket is double-breasted, has large revers, trimmed with black braid and bone buttons.

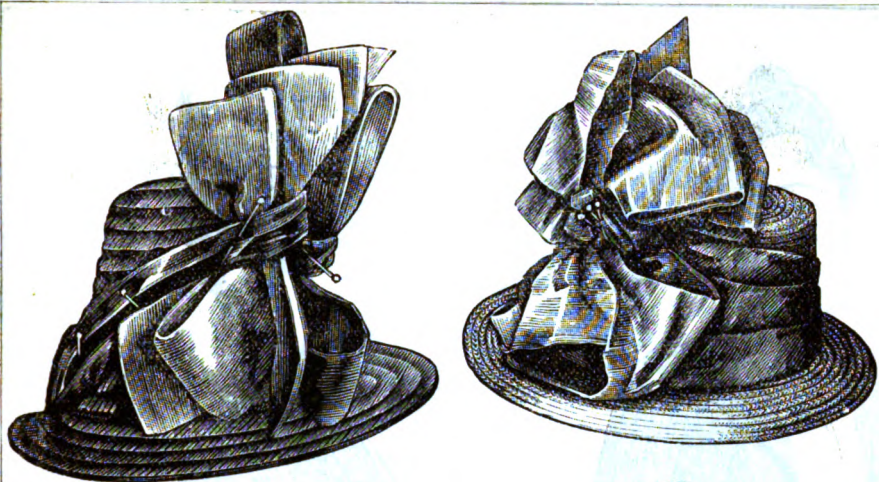
FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF SHOT SERGE. The skirt is full and plain. The blouse-bodice is gathered on the shoulder and at the waist, where there is a mesh with falling loops. A neck-ribbon with falling loops is tied under the turndown collar. Straw hat, pointed and trimmed with a plaid surah and chenille balls.

FIG. IV.—STRAW HAT, trimmed with cream-colored satin ribbon.

FIG. V.—HAT, OF COARSE BASKET-STRAW, trimmed with plaid cambric handkerchief, folded to form a torcade and bow.



THE RIVAL GRANDFATHERS.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE.



HOUSE-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS.



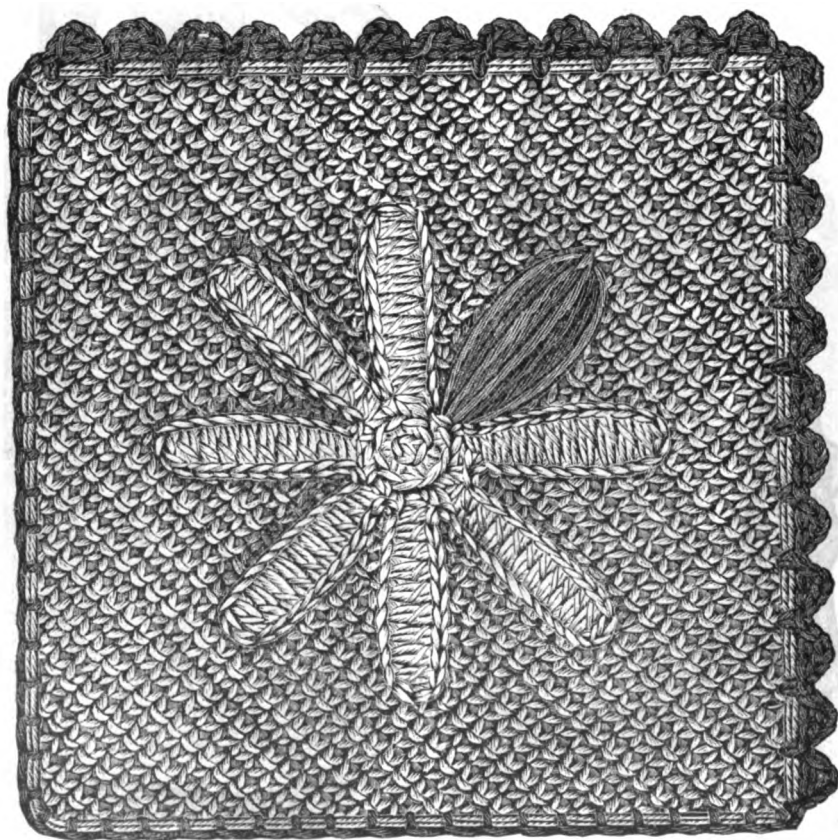
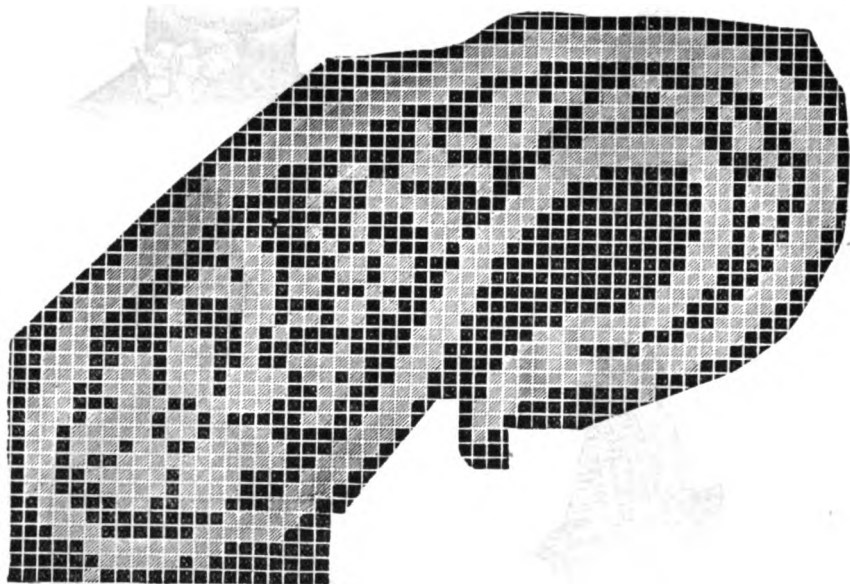
HOUSE OR WALKING-DRESSES.



HOUSE-DRESS. SUMMER-BODICE. NEW-STYLE SLEEVE. BOW.



WALKING-DRESS HOUSE-DRESS. COLLAR. SLEEVE.



PINE-PATTERN FOR TIDY, QUILT, ETC. SQUARE IN CROCHET FOR QUILT.



EMBROIDERED FLOWER. EMBROIDERY IN SATIN-STITCH.

NOW WAS I WRONG?

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words by CHARLES ROWE.

Music by LOUIS ENGEL.

Allegro vivace.

Sua.....



First system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 1. 'Twas a pleas - ant day in A - pril, For the sun shone in the
2. Forth I wan - der'd in the sunshine; How the per - fumed air smelt
3. Was it then the pleas - ant sunshine Or my thoughts that were so
4. How I scold - ed, how I blam'd him, That he should be - have like

Second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: sky, And had scat - ter'd all the show - ers Leaving flow'rs and
sweet, Till I stroll'd down by the meadows To a pleas - ant
deep, That soon closed my drow - sy eye - lids And I sunk in
this! But he on - ly laughed and answered With just an - oth -

Third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: trees quite dry; So I thought I might just ven - ture Thro' the
rus - tic seat; 'Twas e - nough for two ex - act - ly, So I
peace - ful sleep; Till I gent - ly was a - wak - en'd By a
oth - er kiss; Then he coax'd and begg'd and pray'd me, There and

The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern, with a crescendo (cres.) marking appearing in the final measure of the system.

NOW WAS I WRONG?

wood to stray a - long;..... Just to hear the song - birds trill - ing;
 did not pass a - long;..... But I thought I'd rest a min - ute;
 kiss both sweet and long;..... And be - side me sat my lov'd one;
 then to name the day;..... Till for peace's sake I as - sent - ed;

f *p*

Sure - ly that could not be wrong, Just to hear the song - birds
 Sure - ly that could not be wrong, But I thought I'd rest a
 Sure - ly that was ver - y wrong, And be - side me sat my
 Sure - ly you don't think me wrong, Till for peace's sake I as -

cres. *p* *8va*.....

trill - ing; Sure - ly that could not be wrong.....
 min - ute; Sure - ly that could not be wrong.....
 lov'd one; Sure - ly that was ver - y wrong.....
 sent - ed; Sure - ly you don't think me wrong.....

8va..... *8va*.....

f *f*

8va.....

p *p*

1, 2, 3. Last time.



BONNETS. SUMMER HAT.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCI.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1887.

No. 6.

DICK LACEY'S CHOICE.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.



DICK LACEY looked completely bewildered and confused. He was standing before a counter covered with dainty and costly trifles of bric-à-brac, and each additional article that the clerk presented for his inspection only added to his perplexity.

He was trying to choose a wedding-present for his favorite sister, and he mentally anathematized his folly in undertaking such a task without the assistance and advice of some lady.

"Perhaps you would like to see something in screens, sir," suggested the obliging salesman, seeing that none of the articles he had yet shown seemed to strike Dick's fancy. "If you will step this way, we have a very handsome one here that was painted for a special order. We could have it duplicated for you."

Unwrapping the paper cover, the clerk displayed a screen that called an involuntary expression of admiration to Dick's lips. One side was of old-gold satin, with graceful trailing vines of Virginia-creeper, the crimson frost-kissed leaves and purple berries straying over the background in luxuriant profusion. The reverse was of a dark wine-color, which admirably set off the branch of snowy dogwood which the artist had depicted there.

"That's the very thing," exclaimed Dick, eagerly.

"Well, we will give you the artist's address," said the clerk, "and mount the screen when finished." And he rapidly penciled an address as he spoke.

Dick found that the street to which he had been directed was in the poorer part of the city, narrow and dirty, lined on either side with tall tenement-houses, teeming with occupants of every nationality.

He paused at the number indicated, and asked a small urchin lounging at the door where he should find Miss May Stevenson.

"The one that paints things?" asked the boy. Then, as Dick assented, he went on: "You must go up them stairs till you can't go no farther; and she lives in the back room."

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Up flight after flight of the dark stairs Dick went, wondering much, as he caught glimpses through 'half-open doors, how anyone with an artistic soul could live amid such surrounding. Alas! rich and prosperous, as he had always been, he little knew to what poverty is driven.

He tapped lightly at the door of the room, and a clear voice answered him, and bade him enter.

For a moment, he was so startled by what he saw, that his self-possession failed him, and he stood with his hat in his hand, flushing like an awkward school-boy.

He had, not unnaturally, expected to see someone whose personal appearance would, in a greater or less degree, correspond to her surrounding. What he did see was a young lady,



who sat painting before an easel, plainly attired indeed, but with such a lovely face that he involuntarily paused in admiration. She looked round, with just a shade of embarrassment on her lovely features, as she saw that her visitor was a stranger and one of the opposite sex.

"Excuse me," began Dick, as she waited for him to make his errand known, "I was directed here by Palmer Brothers. I would like a screen, which I saw at their rooms, duplicated. Can you paint me one—say, by this day week? It is for a wedding-gift."

"Certainly," said the young lady, in a most businesslike way. And, taking a piece of paper, she jotted down the order. "It shall be ready for you punctually."

Dick felt as if it were a sort of profanation to

mention the mercenary part of the transaction to this beautiful girl; but his habit of exactitude in business-matters prevailed, and he said, after a momentary hesitation:

"And the price?"

"Fifty dollars," she answered, promptly.

Dick looked a little aghast, for an instant. This was what Palmer Brothers' clerk had named as an equivalent for the screen, mounted and all! The girl observed his hesitation, and said:

"Talent must be paid for, sir; and, besides, the time is limited." And she flashed, as Dick fancied, a scornful look upon him, that made him feel altogether a mercenary wretch—which he was very far from being.

"Oh, certainly," he cried, and stammered an apology and beat a hasty retreat, promising to return in a week's time, to pay for the screen, before having it sent to be framed.

"Very well," said the girl, rather curtly; "the screen shall be ready."

Many times, during the next week, Dick's thoughts strayed to the top floor of that dingy tenement. He longed for the time to come when he could call for the screen and again see the lovely face which had haunted his sleeping and waking thought. Much to his disappointment, when he did call, the fair artist was not there; but a neighbor handed him the screen, and received the envelope in which he had enclosed the check.

The screen was unanimously pronounced to be one of the handsomest of the numerous and beautiful wedding-presents, and Dick was more than satisfied with his choice of a gift.

That summer, he received a cordial invitation from his sister to visit her, in her new home; and he gladly left the heat of the city for a month's sojourn in the country.

"I'm so delighted to see you," exclaimed his sister, the night of his arrival, as they sat on the low broad porch which commanded a view of the moonlit lawn, the woods in the near distance, and the little stream that brawled and sparkled from out of it.

"Dick," she said, "I have made a match for you, and you'll break my heart if you disappoint me."

"Who is the lady?" asked Dick, indifferently, knocking the ashes from his cigar. For the remembrance of the artist's lovely face made all other women uninteresting to him.

"It is Miss Emma Marston," answered his sister. "She is beautiful, accomplished, and very wealthy—quite an heiress, in fact. She is going to visit in this neighborhood, and I will

introduce you to her at the first opportunity. Then I leave it to you, my handsome brother, to find the way into her good-grace."

Dick returned no answer to his sister, but looked bored; and so the latter did not press the matter further.

Early the next morning, he took his way across the lawn to the woodland-brook, which he followed until it emptied itself into a reedy-lined little river beyond. Here he found the boat-house belonging to his sister, and was soon afloat in the light skiff she had told him about. Rowing awhile, and then stopping to read, he lounged away the morning in a perfect Lotus-eating mood. Suddenly he saw, just ahead, a tiny rowboat, propelled by vigorous strokes, glide up to the bank.

The occupant of the boat was a young lady, whose face was shaded by a broad sun-hat; and, as the boat touched the bank, she sprang out and secured it with an ease that showed she was quite used to her employment.

"Can I assist you?" asked Dick, sending his craft forward with a pull or two. "Light as your skiff is, it is too heavy for you to drag up the bank alone."

He involuntarily uttered an exclamation of surprise for it was Miss Stevenson's face he beheld under the broad hat.

The recognition was mutual. Was it only the flush of exercise or a real bona-fide blush that illumined her face? Dick would have given a good deal to know.

They drifted, very soon, into quite familiar chat; for, as Dick said: "Why, we are old acquaintances, you know." He escorted her for some distance along the river-bank, only to leave her reluctantly when she peremptorily forbade him to come further.

But, as she had let out the fact that a row on the river was one of her daily amusements, it came to pass that, every

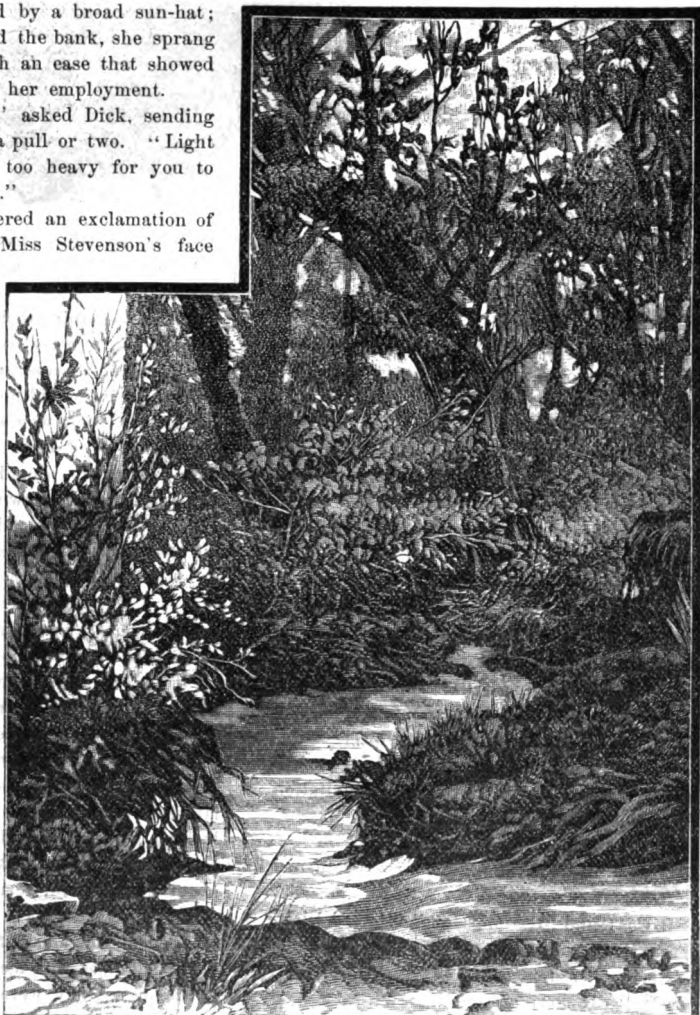
morning, Dick happened to be of the same mind. Sometimes, he persuaded her even to enter his boat. Sometimes, they rowed playful races against each other. It is astonishing how soon two persons, under such circumstances, especially if both are young, become intimate. On Dick's part, in fact, these meetings soon ended in love. Yes, he was in love, and becoming daily more entangled in the meshes of the fatal net.

"This is our last row," said Miss Stevenson, one morning, as Dick was securing the boat.

"Our last row?" he demanded. "Why?"

"Because I am going away to-morrow," she answered. "Our pleasant summer acquaintance must come to an end."

Dick said nothing until they had ascended the bank, when she sat down and began to



arrange some flowers which she had plucked down the river. Then he took a seat beside her.

"It must not, it cannot, be," he cried. He had determined to conceal his love till he should feel sure it was returned; but this unexpected news forced it from him, at all risk. "Oh, Miss Stevenson! my dear May! you must know, you must have seen, how I love you. I cannot live without you. Going away, and you speak of it so coolly." But, if she had spoken coolly, she was not looking it or acting it now. She was, in fact, more embarrassed than Dick. Her eyes were fixed on her flowers, which she was pretending to arrange: though her fingers trembled, so that some of them fell finally into her lap. This little incident encouraged Dick; and he went on, more passionately than ever: "Can't you," he said, "give me a word of hope, that, some day, I may win your love in return?"

He read his answer in the blushing face that was raised to his for a moment; and he held her to his heart in a long embrace.

"Are you sure you love me?" she asked, presently. "Are you certain you can continue to love a penniless teacher who gives drawing-lessons to little girls, and has no money or friends?"

"You are the queen among all others to me, my peerless one," answered Dick. And he looked what he said: and so she was content.

Dick went home, wondering how he should break the news of his engagement to his sister: for he had said nothing of the renewal of his acquaintance with the young artist; and he knew there would be a scene, for his sister was ambitious for him, to say nothing of her pet project.

"Dick, you are to meet her at last," cried his sister, triumphantly, waving an invitation at him as he entered the room.

"Meet whom?" asked Dick.

"Why, Miss Marston, of course," returned his sister.

"Confound Miss Marston," retorted Dick.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" said his sister. "On the contrary, you must do your best to win her."



"It is too late," answered Dick, stubbornly. "What do you mean?" cried his sister, in alarm.

There was nothing to do but to confess the truth; and so Dick, in a few words, told the story of his love. His sister was amazed, indignant, disappointed, and she did not take any pains to hide her feeling. She won a reluctant promise from Dick, however, to escort her to Mrs. Larchmont's reception that evening, hoping that the superior beauty whom she knew was to be there might win his heart away from "the little adventuress," as she mentally styled Miss Stevenson.

"Allow me to introduce you to Miss Marston," she said, shortly after they had entered the superb rooms at the Larchmonts'. "I saw her go into the conservatory, just now."

"Oh, very well, since you will have it," said Dick, with a shrug. And he added to himself: "What a confounded bore!"

He followed his sister into the conservatory. A lady, dressed in a costume of the latest Parisian style, a masterpiece of Worth, who had been looking at some orchids, turned, drawing aside her clinging white silk that fell in rich folds about her graceful form.

Dick's heart gave a throb of delight as he glanced at the lovely face.

"What does this mean?" he cried, in bewilderment, as they were left alone together, his

sister having quietly slipped away. “Why did she call you Miss Marston?”

“Dick, will you forgive me?” murmured the other, hiding her face upon his shoulder. “I have deceived you shamefully. Miss Stevenson had gone out on an errand, the day you went to her with your order for the screen. I thought I could take your order as well as she could, so I did not correct your natural mistake. She is a dear little thing, who has a hard time to get along; her health is so feeble. She is too proud to let me help her in any other way than by taking lessons from her; and the magnificent sum I charged you, which you thought so much,” with a mischievous look, “was a perfect Godsend to her: for it enabled her to spend a month at the seashore, which was just what she needed. I ought to have told you who I was, when you renewed the acquaintance; but the temptation to see whether I was loved for my money or myself was too great. Will you forgive me?”

“Forgive you?” cried Dick. “I would forgive you anything, except not loving me, my darling. Since you say you love me, I don’t care whether you are Miss Stevenson or Miss Marston.”

“And you won’t say ‘confound her’—I mean the latter—any more? For I heard you say it,” archly, with a tap of the fan, “as your sister brought you in.”

For answer, as nobody was looking, Dick drew her to him and kissed her. “You saucy thing,” he said, “you must pay tax for that.” And, somehow, she did not seem to object to the tax.

You can imagine Mrs. Tresevant’s bewilderment and delighted surprise when she found that Dick’s choice and her own were really the same, and the bit of romance in the story only added to her satisfaction.

“Remember, you were my choice as well as Dick’s,” she exclaimed, as she greeted, with a sisterly kiss, the blushing girl, who clung shyly to Dick’s arm as he told the story.

“MY THOUGHTS ARE ALL OF THEE.”

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

When morning tints the mountains
And sky with rosy red;
When happy birds sing carols
Through morning-aky o’erhead;
When flowers ope their petals,
To greet the bird and bee,
And nature wakes in beauty,
My thoughts are all of thee.

When winter robs the branches
Of all their verdant leaves;
When o’er the dying flowers
The wind of autumn grieves;
When from the lonely garden
Take flight the bird and bee;
When nature weeps in sadness,
My thoughts are all of thee.

Though friends and fortune bless thee,
And flowers strew thy way;
When joy and love make living
One long glad summer day;
Though ’mong thy favored circle
No place is left for me;
When life is full of beauty,
My thoughts are all of thee.

Though friends and fortune fail thee
And dark misfortunes come;
Though love and joy prove traitors
And sorrow shades thy home;
Though all who once have loved thee
Far from thy presence flee,
Remember then and always,
My thoughts are all of thee.

THE HAND DIVINE.

BY SAMUEL K. COWAN.

The dewdrop falls upon the flower;
A hand we cannot see
Closes, in ev’ry twilight hour,
The rose-leaves lovingly.

And ev’ry rosebud slumb’ring there,
By fondling breezes fanned,
Breathes fragrance from its heart—a prayer—
As though to bless that hand.

There is a Hand that tenderly
Touches these hearts of ours;
Fond, like the hand we cannot see
That opes and folds the flowers.

The unseen hand, the Hand Divine,
It comes with peace so blest;
And gently, like some mystic sign,
It soothes our griefs to rest.

A MODERN 'CORINNE.'

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE scene was the marine station at Viareggio, in Italy, one of the pleasantest watering-places to be found along the entire length of the lovely Mediterranean shore.

A dozen or so cannon, lodged under the sheds scattered about in front of the guard-house, looked like a convocation of sea-monsters, ready to plunge into the water at the first cause for alarm. To the left, stretched a great sweep of pine-forest. On the sands, to the right, beyond the ship-canal and mole, were visible the casino and bathing-establishments. The town itself filled up the middle distance, lying for the most part snugly aloof from the shore. The beautiful Carrara Mountains closed in the background, miles and miles away.

The purple sea glowed in the afternoon sun, with several miniature islands gleaming afar, like ships moored to guard the harbor-entrance; and the steep bluffs, leagues off, which locked in the Bay of Spezzia, showed as plainly in the indescribable clearness and purity of the Italian atmosphere as if a few minutes' vigorous rowing would bring one to their very base.

Carlo Strozzi and the commandant of the port were seated on a gun-carriage, so close that their elbows almost touched. But the handsome young naval officer had apparently forgotten his companion's presence, in the absorption of his own reflections. His shrewd-looking middle-aged companion was evidently somewhat curious in regard to their nature, as he betrayed by occasional sideglances out of his keen eyes.

All at once, Strozzi gave himself a little impatient shake, as if glad to get away from his own fancies, and said, in the tone of a man speaking just for the sake of talk:

"We shall have a magnificent sunset."

"I dare say," returned Crespi, puffing forth a cloud of smoke from his pipe; "but, all the same, that sky means mischief."

"I can't perceive where you discover any sign of such intention, you old cynic," said Carlo, after a hasty glance about the horizon; "you are always suspecting everybody and everything of something diabolical."

"And am usually right," rejoined Crespi, with a dry chuckle. "I'm so in this case, at least, I'll lay you any wager. Whenever you can distinguish five islands—"

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"I only see four."

"Look further out—no, to the right: Gorgona is plainly visible—that always portends a tempest."

"Anyway, it won't come before sometime in the night."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"Why, the sky is perfectly clear—and how beautiful the hills look in the glow!" Carlo said. "Upon my word, these Carrara Mountains are the loveliest I ever saw—the only ones of their height that are not prosaic at noonday—their tops look as white as the Alps."

"On account of the marble," rejoined Crespi, sententiously. "I only wish I owned them. I'd soon batter the whole range down, from base to summit."

"You prosaic monster! You're always thinking about making money," laughed his friend.

"And you of spending it, in spite of your romance, which is a good deal worse," retorted the commandant.

"I don't agree with you. Romance can understand scattering gold, but knows nothing about hoarding it."

"Your fine-drawn theories are very pretty," growled his friend. "But you would have shown more sense if you had thought enough about money to push your advantages to some purpose with the heiress."

"My advantages? Pray, what are they?"

"Oh, you know them well enough. They're not so very numerous, either: You are handsome, you've a tongue as smooth as the original serpent's, and you own a fine old name. Princess! That title is awfully tempting to any woman, especially to an American one."

"The English title 'my lady' is more so."

"Hum!" ejaculated Crespi, doubtfully. Then he added, after an instant's hesitation: "But that Shalfanti is only a baronet—"

"At the head of the heap, though," interrupted Strozzi. "The baronetcy goes back to James the First. And he is one of the richest men in England."

"But a stupid bore—an ass—"

"An ass, then, with gilded ears," said Carlo, laughing. "And, mark you, I'm by no means certain that he's an ass at all. Anyway, his name is Chalfant."

"Oh, those confounded English cognomens! How is a Christian tongue ever to pronounce them? Unless, like you, one has spent a good deal of time in the foggy old island! An ass? Well, no. He's clever enough, at all events, it appears, to have won Miss Mordaunt and her shekels."

"According to your theory, the handle to his name did that," said Carlo. "That is, if the thing is done."

"Don't split hairs over one's words," rejoined Crespi. "It's particularly vulgar in a prince."

"Confound you, you're always sneering!"

"It's you who sneer at titles. You're a regular—no, an irregular—radical: a communist!"

"The effect of being a younger son," rejoined Strozzi, gayly. "If Giorgio were to die, and give me a show, you'd see what a famous conservativo I should make."

"You would howl like a wolf at his loss," said Crespi. "With all your talk, you're as soft-hearted as—I was going to say, a woman—force of habit—when there's not been a heart in the whole sex since the days of Mother Eve."

"You don't believe half the cynical things you say, Crespi; that's one comfort."

"If I believe anything I say, I'm better than most people," chuckled the commandant. "But you can be quite certain I'm serious and truthful when I tell you that I think, in spite of all your brains, you've made a donkey of yourself, where the American is concerned."

"Perhaps more of one than you are aware," returned Carlo, with a bitter laugh.

"Dio Baccho! Do you mean that you are fond of her?" cried Crespi. "Then you are worse than I thought, to leave the ground clear, as you have, for that long-legged English baronet to win, without even the trouble of a race—"

"Miss Mordaunt," said the other, interrupting, "would only have confounded me with the ordinary crowd of fortune-seekers that hover about her, like flies about honey, and her opinion of them I have heard expressed in very plain language."

"Frightened by a girl's sharp tongue!"

"No. But I could see in just what a position I should place myself."

"You were devoted enough last spring, when you met her in Florence," grumbled Crespi. "And what's more, she took to your attentions very kindly. Do you remember that fancy ball, where she appeared with lilies in her hair? I thought, that night, she was half in love with you."

"Yes, I remember it well," said Strozzi. "It was a revelation. They cried out that it was Vic-

toria Colonna—that she was a modern Corinne—they raved of her beauty. But what else you say is nonsense. She was so accustomed to adulation that she probably thought very little about me, but was gracious merely from habit. But, on my part, I confess I was devoted. The fact is, I lost my head. She's the handsomest and cleverest girl I ever met, and I fell in love with her. To me she is Victoria Colonna, Corinne, everything—"

"And so, when she came down here this summer," said the other, interrupting him, "you avoided her. At least, you have since Shal—Chal—oh, hang his name!—appeared on the scene. That's logical, I must say."

"Don't sneer. I avoided her because she had let me see plainly what she thought of men in my position following up heiresses. Into the bargain, I knew that she and Sir George had been intimate in England. I believe she refused him once. But he has persevered, and—and—if what I heard last night is true—he has won his prize at last."

"I'd like to wring his neck!"

"Well, here's an end of the matter," sighed Strozzi. "Now, dear old fellow, let there be no more said on the subject between us. Don't talk to me in this way again."

The commandant puffed vigorously at his pipe for some moments; then he asked, dryly:

"You're not angry with me, at least?"

"What a question! Haven't I always told you all my secrets? You're the one person to whom I have ever talked freely. You know I inherited a good deal of reticence, with the English blood I got from my mother."

He laughed a little; then they both smoked in silence for a while; and presently the commandant rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and said:

"I must speak to the coast-guard. I'll be back presently."

"And I've an errand into the village," Strozzi replied; and each turned away, without another word.

If Carlo Strozzi had an errand into the village, he must have forgotten it; for he crossed the bridge over the canal, which all my readers who have been at Viareggio must remember, and made his way directly toward the beach, walking as rapidly as if he had some important business on hand, though, fast as he hurried, he could not outrace his gloomy reflections.

Poor Carlo was barely twenty-six, and as impulsive and romantic as a boy of sixteen, an anomaly no more frequently found, however, among young Italians of the present generation

than among men of Anglo-Saxon lineage; for romance has no race, no country, but exists, thank heaven, everywhere. He belonged to a fine old family, and was a prince, with a lineage centuries old. But the family was nearly ruined, and what money there was belonged to his elder brother. Carlo had entered the navy, and was now a lieutenant. An illness, contracted on the coast of Japan, had sent him home, with a year's leave; and, as fate would have it, that very spring had brought Miss Mordaunt to Florence.

Carlo had fallen in love with her at first sight, at the ball we have spoken of; fallen in love with her, just for her beauty and grace—she looked so much like a picture by Titian or Raphael—fallen in love with her, before he even knew her name or anything whatever about her, and was more annoyed than gratified when he learned that she was a great heiress, with scores of gilded youth at her feet. Then Carlo, soon after, was fortunate enough to save Miss Mordaunt from a bad accident, one day, when her horse took fright in the park. After that, as a natural result, for a time, they grew to be quite good friends: such good friends that he allowed himself to be happy, in his dreams and illusions, without any thought whatever as to the future.

An unlucky speech of the lady's awakened him rudely. In the irritation following the refusal of the addresses of a man who, she knew, had pursued her merely for the sake of her wealth, she had, in Carlo's hearing, expressed herself so strongly against "fortune-hunters," as she called them, that the poor fellow, roused to a sudden consciousness of the interpretation which might be put upon his own attentions, felt as if he had received an intentional blow full in the face.

Agnes Mordaunt was not troubled, after that, by any show of devotion on Strozzi's part. The season was near its close, and, when he and she met, he was simply courteous. If he could avoid her, he did—not pointedly, he thought, but still he avoided her. Whether she noticed his defection or not, she made no sign.

In the summer, he received a temporary appointment, which obliged him to divide his time between Viareggio and Spezia; and, when he had returned to the former place, toward the middle of July, he had, to his surprise, found Miss Mordaunt and her aunt there. She was there, too, with a gay party, which had been coasting about in the yacht of some potent Russian magnate. But the trip had ended unexpectedly, owing to some misfortune which had overtaken the pretty craft, and all were now on shore, and at the hotel.

The first days of their meeting had proved only too pleasant to Carlo. Miss Mordaunt was so fascinating in her graciousness, that he put by his stern resolutions, and indulged himself freely in the pleasure of her society. But he kept his head, and tried to render it plain that he had no intention of joining her train of adorers, though his efforts wholly to repress his feelings were often much less successful than he could have wished.

He had a second rude awakening, early in August, for then Sir George Chalfant appeared upon the scene, and the gossips proclaimed loudly that he had followed Miss Mordaunt thither, and was likely to be more successful than his suit had proved in London the year previous.

Sir George had now been for a fortnight at Viareggio. The first week of September had come. The season was ending. But, during the last few days, all the world had decided that the baronet's journey had not been in vain. No engagement was as yet announced. Yet everybody in society, from princes down to their hangers-on, was thoroughly convinced that an engagement existed, and the most knowing or imaginative stated boldly that the wedding would take place at Florence, before the end of October. This news had been repeated to Carlo, on the previous evening, as a positive fact, and the consequence, so far as he was concerned, had been a sleepless night and a miserable morning, which had terminated in his receiving that gentle stab from his comrade, the commandant. One's friends, anxious for one's welfare, have usually a happy faculty of touching one's tender spots more effectually, and wounding them more keenly, than the most malicious enemy could do.

Strozzi walked on, thinking of all that had come and gone; wondering how he was to live and bear his burden: a burden which could not be thrown aside in the space of a few months, as might have been the case with many a man. Carlo knew his own nature too well to hope for such relief. He must carry his weary load till it wore out every sweetness from his latest youth; and, even if it were possible that time should heal the wound at his heart, the scar and the ache would remain.

Then he was roused out of his bitter reflection by meeting Miss Mordaunt face to face, as she came strolling along the sands, accompanied by her aunt: looking, he thought, more lovely and bewitching even than ordinary, more lovely even than on that night, at the fancy ball, in Florence.

He would have bowed and passed on, but Mrs. Kingsford stopped to deliver a message she

had received for him, in a letter from a mutual friend in England. By the time she had finished, and he was saying a few civil words to the niece, some acquaintance came up and engaged the elder lady in talk, so that, almost whether he would or not, he was forced to walk back by Miss Mordaunt's side.

She had appeared a little cold of late when they were thrown together, and this—oh, delightful inconsistency of men—had hurt Carlo exceedingly, though he had often wished that she would never give him another smile or glance. But to-day she greeted him more as she had been accustomed to do during those bright spring weeks in Florence.

Carlo found it difficult to talk gay playful nothings. He knew that his manner was stiff and awkward, but, try as he would, he could not change it.

For a little, Miss Mordaunt did not seem to notice that he was either sulky or melancholy. She rallied him, without mercy, upon having grown such a recluse of late; laughed at his excuses of having work and studying to do; and made herself indescribably charming and lovely. Poor Carlo walked on by her side, all this while, and tried to rouse himself into some show of spirits. But the very effort only rendered him morose and irritable.

"To-night is the last ball at the Establishment," Miss Mordaunt said; "you are coming?"

"I think not. I—"

"Now, prince, that's fairly rude," she interrupted. "My question was equivalent to promising you a dance."

"I—I am very sorry!"

"That's worse yet," she exclaimed. "Sorry that I would dance with you?"

"No, no! Of course, you know I did not mean that," he stammered. "Sorry that I can't come. There is a lot of papers to be looked over, and—"

"Let them wait till to-morrow."

"Unfortunately, to-morrow, I must go to Spezzia."

"Then leave them to that cross-looking old commandant."

"But you see, Miss Mordaunt, they are my business, not his."

"All the same, I shall expect you," she said, laughingly, yet evidently speaking in earnest. "Everybody will be there. Sir George Chalfant is to teach us a new cotillion-figure."

There was no attempt at laughter, on Strozzi's part, when he answered—he considered this mention of the baronet a deliberate and intentional cruelty: "I am grieved, indeed, that I

can't have the pleasure of seeing Miss Mordaunt and Sir George lead the cotillion. But it will be quite out of the question."

The girl gave him a quick glance, and her smiles faded. She looked haughty, almost indignant. She had reason, indeed, for Carlo had no idea how rudely his voice sounded.

"I would not, for worlds, persuade Signor Strozzi to neglect his duties," she said, coldly. Then she began to laugh, her manner showing that his refusal was a matter of no moment. "Of course, I spoke without thinking, when I said I had promised you a dance. It is a thing I never do in advance."

Carlo only bowed.

"We seem to have outwalked my aunt," Miss Mordaunt observed, stopping to look back. They stood silent till the two others had nearly reached them. Then Strozzi said, in a low voice:

"I hope I have not offended you, Miss Mordaunt."

"Offended? Because you don't choose to come to a ball?" returned she, with a provoking laugh.

Then the aunt and her friend came up, and Carlo was taking his leave, when Mrs. Kingsford said:

"Aren't you going over to the hotel, prince? I promise you some tea. You are part English. And Miss Mordaunt shall sing you a lovely new song she has just learned."

"Miss Mordaunt shall sing no further note to-day. She is tired to death," said that young lady, with rather more energy than the occasion required.

"And I fear that I must excuse myself, madam," Strozzi said, bowing to Mrs. Kingsford. "I have some matters to attend to for the commandant."

Mrs. Kingsford gave him her hand, in friendly American fashion. But he only received a slight bow, and no glance whatever, from Miss Mordaunt, who was talking and laughing gayly with some newcomers, as he turned away.

When Miss Mordaunt and her aunt reached the hotel, the young lady announced her intention of walking over to the pine-forest. She set out in the society of her aunt's companion, accordingly, a quiet elderly lady, who possessed the rare virtue of being able to remain silent when conversation was not desirable, and to-day Miss Mordaunt frankly told her that she was in no mood to speak or be spoken to. "Just leave me to myself," she said. "I'm in one of my black moods. I don't wish to see a human face or hear a human voice."

Miss Raynor laughed quietly, well accustomed to the spoiled young woman's caprices. But, in spite of her declaration, Agnes made herself very agreeable, by the time they reached the shade of the forest, though she was rather more grave than usual.

Strozzi walked over to the pretty little house which he and the commandant shared together, and sat down in the gloom of the darkened salon, a passive prey to his misery. It was well on toward sunset before he was roused by the entrance of one of the marines, with a telegram for the commandant.

"He must be still at the station. I will take it to him myself," Strozzi said, starting up, glad of any reason to get away from his own society.

It was a walk of nearly half an hour, back to the portion of the beach where the guard-house stood; and, as Strozzi came out in sight of the shore, he perceived a crowd gathered on the mole and along the sands, all gazing earnestly toward the sea. The west was gorgeous with sunset-hues, which dyed the mountains with marvelous tints, and turned the water near the shore into countless rainbows. But further away the sea looked livid and green. The wind was rising. In the distance, so low that it seemed to rest upon the very waves, a menacing black cloud rose like a column, gradually drifting toward the beach.

Strozzi stopped, in wonder, at the strange spectacle. Then he hurried on to the station. Crespi was standing, with several of the gunners about, gazing through his glass at the menacing cloud.

"What is that, in the name of all that is mysterious?" called Strozzi, as he reached the house.

"It is a waterspout," returned the commandant, coolly. "If you never saw one, it's worth looking at. I've seen bigger ones, on the African coast. But this is a huge fellow for this latitude. By Jove, there are two! Luckily they're a good way outside the harbor-entrance."

"Any vessels in sight?" Strozzi inquired.

"No. Some boats in the harbor. But they run no risk. The wind is coming up fast. It will drive the waterspouts down toward Spezzia."

"I never saw one," Strozzi said. "How do you know it's a waterspout? It looks to me merely like a black cloud."

"Just give a glance through this," said the commandant.

Strozzi took the marine-glass, and looked through it. By its powerful aid, the spectral black cloud showed what it really was. Amidst the darkness, which only obscured a radius of

perhaps a score of yards, rose two greenish-white columns; one shaped like an hour-glass, the other resembling a huge serpent twisting along in upright spirals, with a mass of foam bursting from the top, which flew far out across the water. To the naked eye, the black cloud had appeared almost stationary, owing to the distance. But, seen through the glass, the two columns were plainly visible, moving forward with great rapidity, whirling, dancing, spouting forth jets of spray, apparently shaping their course with the determination of sentient creatures bent on destruction.

Suddenly the wind quickened, surged up from the open sea with an ominous moan, as if impelled against its will to rush onward, as if to aid the monsters in their purposed work of ruin; for, borne by the blast, the twain pressed directly toward the harbor, with ever-increasing velocity.

One of the marines had brought the commandant a second glass, and he was gazing through it as earnestly as his friend. On the mole, and along the sands, the crowd gathered thicker. The excitement grew more intense. For now, even without exterior aid, the two waterspouts were distinctly visible, floating on and on, dancing, circling about, as if in grim play: then, an instant after, pushing with renewed fierceness toward the harbor, as though in haste to begin their task of ruin and extermination.

"The wind will bring them in, after all," Crespi exclaimed.

"Great heavens! There are fishing-boats out," Strozzi cried.

"All making good speed in-shore—they'll be safe enough," his companion answered. "Look—look! The wind is veering. See, the pair turn. They'll drift toward Spezzia now. They'll join presently, I think."

Then there was a brief silence between the two men, each gazing fixedly through his glass. The marines had gone away, close down to the water's edge, and stood staring out across the sea.

The sun was setting. The fiery clouds still blazed in the west, and cast a lurid reflection across the sea. But the wind had roused, away out in the open, a mass of dark clouds, which floated up, up, and filled the background, making a pall-like curtain, touched here and there with glints of murderous red, against which the waterspouts rose, grew, towered swiftly to a gigantic height, pushing always on—on! Sometimes they swung toward the harbor-entrance: sometimes they were driven a little southward by a sudden opposing gust; nearing each other at one moment so fast that it seemed as if they were about to unite; then flinging themselves

aloof, with an unearthly hissing noise, which grew more and more distinct.

While the officers watched, lost to every sight or sound but that of the spectacle before them, Agnes Mordaunt and her friend came out of the pine-forest, and took the path through the field, toward the canal-bridge and the village. Their course led them quite near the guard-house. But some outlying sheds would have hidden their approach, even had either of the men turned his head in their direction.

Attracted by the crowd on the shore below and along the mole, the two ladies glanced seaward, and caught sight of the waterspouts. At the same instant, Miss Mordaunt perceived the commandant and Strozzi.

"We will go ask them what it is," she said.

They passed the corner of the guard-house. But, as they reached the other side, they heard Strozzi call:

"Great heavens! Crespi, there is a boat—a sailboat! Look—to the right!"

Miss Mordaunt paused, and silently warned her companion to retreat. But, quickly as she herself stepped back, the hawk-eyed commandant had caught a glimpse of her, though he gave no sign, and she, believing that she had not been seen, stood still and listened.

"A boat, you say?" the commandant exclaimed. "So there is. And it's Sir George's! By Jove—he's asleep, most likely! Well, well, if our waterspouts drift much further in that direction, the beautiful American will wear no English title!"

"For shame, Crespi," cried Carlo. "Don't jest on such a subject. The man must be mad, to loiter there. Heavens and earth! What can we do?"

"He's safe enough now. Look! The wind veers again. It is driving the spouts out to sea. By Jove, they'll join!"

In another instant, the two met. The report sounded like distant cannonading. The storm of spray, for a few seconds, hid the fatal column from view. When it cleared, the waterspout rocked to and fro, with momentary unsteadiness, then pushed toward the edge of the harbor, just in the direction where the little sailboat was drifting.

"If Miss Mordaunt were only with him, now would be your chance," cried Crespi. "You could row out and save her—if you had time. Why, the baronet must be asleep!"

"He's a fool, and you're a fiend," shouted Carlo. "What do you mean by talking so?"

"I mean that, if the wind don't change again, Sir George will go to glory in about ten minutes."

"You don't, or you wouldn't talk like that," groaned Carlo. "Is there no way to help him?"

"They fire a cannon, sometimes, and that scatters the spout, as a rule, but—"

Strozzi shouted to the marines, in a voice of thunder:

"Come up here, all of you! Every man to the guns! Move quicker than you ever did in your lives!"

As the men came running up from the beach, Crespi said, in the calmest possible voice:

"Think twice, my dear boy!"

"Do you want me to be a murderer?" cried Carlo. "Why, I swear to you, that seventy times seven devils seem tugging at me. I'd like to let him drown—I would—I hate him—how can I help it?—she loves him. But I—I love her. And I'll save him for her sake!"

The commandant did not speak. He followed Strozzi, joined him in assisting the men, and, a few seconds after, one of the cannon boomed hoarsely out, then another and another; and, through the blinding smoke, the two men could see the great column writhe back and forth like a leviathan in its death-throes, then suddenly sink to the usual level.

The foam rose to the skies. The waves dashed up and down. But, even while they looked, the commotion ceased; the spray-covered sea shone tranquilly in the after-glow of the sunset, and the little sailboat still swung to and fro on its bosom.

Strozzi walked back toward the guard-house in silence, the commandant accompanying him.

"Well," Crespi said, "I suppose you are satisfied, gratified by your heroism—a rather mistaken one, perhaps!"

"Was it?" asked a clear ringing voice, which made Strozzi start, as if it had been a thunder-clap; and round from the corner of the guard-house Agnes Mordaunt appeared. Both her hands were extended. Her eyes were fastened on Strozzi's face, with an expression which dizzied his brain till he could neither see nor hear.

The commandant passed on, and intercepted Miss Raynor, as she was following her friend.

"Just come down to the shore a moment, madam," said he, "and I will show you what would have happened, if the waterspout had got into the harbor."

And, before she could collect herself enough to refuse, the spinster was hurried away, and detained full ten minutes, listening to the commandant's explanation, which, between its inexplicable nature and his bad English, made worse intentionally for the occasion, was the most perplexing thing Miss Raynor ever heard.

The two young people, left alone by the guard-house, stood for an instant looking in each other's face. Then Carlo said, slowly :

"I am glad he is safe. Glad for your sake."

"And I am glad of what I heard you say, a little while ago," she answered, growing first red, then very pale, but looking at him always with courageous eyes. "Glad for your sake—glad for mine!"

"Agnes! Miss Mordaunt!"

He spoke as one dazed.

Still she stood, smiling, pale, trembling a little, but smiling still.

He gasped for breath, then hurried on :

"Do you think how that sounds?" he cried.

"Do you mean—"

She half turned away. Her cheeks and forehead were suddenly suffused with a crimson blush. But, in that instant, Carlo Strozzi had read the truth.

I fancy neither could have told how or when they entered the guard-house. But there they were, standing, hand in hand, talking in

low disconnected sentences, which needed no further completeness for their comprehension, when Miss Raynor at last managed to interrupt the commandant's flow of eloquence, and hasten back to her charge.

"And you love me? It is real? It is true?" Carlo whispered, as the approaching voices warned him that the blissful interview was about to be interrupted.

She only answered by a smile. But he was satisfied. And at that instant the commandant's deep bass was heard to say, in a tone of surprise :

"Sir George's boat? Oh, no. Sir George is in Pisa to-day. That little sailboat has been moored out there all the afternoon. There's nobody on board."

And, as the old story goes, they were married, and "lived happily ever after." But, beautiful as his wife always seems to him, she seems, in his memory, most beautiful of all as he saw her on that first evening, at the fancy ball in Florence, in the character of the MODERN CORINNE.

ONE SUMMER'S EVE.

BY MINNIE L. BAUGH.

Do you hear it, the splash of the water,
As it falls from the old mill-race
On the wheel below
That will not go,
Though it scornfully laughs in its face?
As it drips, drips, drips to its gravelly bed,
How it soothes and quiets my weary head!

"Katy did, Katy didn't—she didn't!"
What a chorus of shrill tiny notes!
How they float and break
O'er the quiet lake,
Where lily-blossoms lift their white throats,
To be filled with the dew ere the moonlight has fled
Or night stiffens-out on the mountains quite dead!

You are silent. Of what are you thinking?
Of the words that we spoke last May?
Of days so bright,
And trouble's dark night
Lying hid in the gloom of the way?
Joy's pulse beat slow in the year that is dead,
Though pain stalked away with low-bowed head.

Though apple-blossoms crowned our bright Maytime,
With their petals as blushing as aye;
Though brown leaves fell
As summer's soft knell,
And a snow-goddess saw the year die,
Pain's stroke was less keen than in May we had thought,
And joy was not perfect as day-dreams had wrought.

AS O'ER I TURN THE PAGE OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES KIRBY SHETTERLY.

As o'er I turn the page of life,
Its lesson to renew,
I find this first: that, in the strife,
Be ever kind and true.

The words are soft and sweet as song—
The daybreak of the heart;
They lure to rest old hate and wrong,
And teach the nobler part.

Be kind. Let not thy words be swords
Of cruelty or sighs;
Like dew, they're borne unseen, unheard,
On sunbeams to the skies.

Be true as sun is to the day,
As eyes of truth are bright.
Oh, falter not from duty's way,
But dare to do the right!

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

BY MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, AUTHOR OF "A TRANSPLANTED ROSE."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 437.

CHAPTER VII.

LUIGI CORRENTI had made very good use of his opportunities. He had kept up all the play of eye, the low and caressing tone of voice, so native with his race and so efficient in flirtations. And his flirtations had been legion. In England, he would have been called a "lady-killer." But he was no worse than his countrymen are generally. Like all Italians, he considered women fair game, so long as one was a bachelor, and religiously believed they were as fond of a flirtation as he was. But, when he married, he meant to abandon all this. Yes, and he would make a good and tender husband. They all do, those Italians. They are the best husbands, after the Americans, of all the nations of the earth. Cora Brisler would have been lucky, could she have gained him. However, something in her repelled the high-bred man. He did not know what it was. He called it, to himself, "American," and would have gone to his grave, thinking it a national characteristic, had not a young demoiselle, at dinner, one day, stepped into the *salle à manger*, and in a soft gentle voice said:

"How d'y'e do, Cora?"

"Why, Effie! You here?" exclaimed the widow, with a sudden sinking of the heart.

In a few minutes, Luigi Correnti was speaking his own language to the soft-voiced fresh girl, who made Cora look old and coarse and bouncing. And, from that hour, he was seriously and irrevocably in love. He had met his fate. He had no thought, this time, of flirtation.

"Aunt Kitty is upstairs; she said she would not come down to-night," the young girl had remarked, as she turned to Mrs. Brisler and took off her little traveling-hat, revealing the pretty light hair. "So I thought I would come down and dine with you."

"And where are the others of your party?" Mrs. Brisler had replied.

"Oh, Ernest has—I mean Mr. Richards—has gone to his rooms, very tired. He is so delicate," said Effie. Luigi noticed a little rosy cloud stealing up by her left ear as she spoke, and hated the cavalier Richards instinctively. "And the count," here Effie, continuing, bowed with a

pretty smile to Luigi, "has gone off to dine with papa and the members of the congress. It seems they have been telegraphing for the count all the time."

She glided so naturally from English speech into Italian, throwing little pretty glances over her soup and her *filet aux champignons*, at the young man; she chatted and laughed so delicately and so naturally with Cora; she looked so thoroughbred and so pretty, that, before the grapes were put on the table, Luigi Correnti had fallen deeply and desperately in love; and, when he took up his glass, to clink her glass, in foreign fashion, to their better acquaintance, and the tip of her little finger touched his brown hand, all poor Cora's chances for becoming Madame la Comtesse Correnti had faded away; and a new and desperate complication had been added to the twisted threads of this *famille Primrose*. Even Cora saw it, and said in her heart, as she saw Luigi's fine eyes straying toward Effie: "What an awful flirt Effie Primrose has become, over here in Europe."

What days those which followed, at least for Effie! Ernest Richards lay beneath the hood of a gondola, his face growing more spiritual hourly, a traveler between life and death; the beauty, which had always been striking, becoming almost oppressive; while Effie and Mrs. Manners took turns at fanning him. He seemed better, in this soft exercise of the gondola; and they spent many hours accordingly on the water. Then Luigi, with the kindness of his race, would come for them, in his own beautiful great gondola, which held them all; and Effie would sit, looking from the Italian, all life and red blood and full coloring and joy, to the pale silent figure stretched on the cushions; a wounded Gola-bed, whose eyes sought out hers at every turn. It gave her a strange agitation, as she learned to know, as a woman does, that both these men loved her: loved her so dearly, that neither could or would disguise it, in voice or manner; and that she loved the one whom she ought not to love, the promised lover of her friend. Her days passed in a soft delirium. Venice is good enough of itself, alone. But Venice with two such adorateurs!

Poor Ernest grew weaker, he thought: he was going to die, no doubt; and a sort of manly resignation redoubled the native charm of his manner. It gave an excuse for his tenderness. The very lingering grasp of his hand seemed like a farewell; and, on those still waters, under those skies which sheltered Desdemona, amid the grandest silence which abides in any human city, the low voice of the heart spoke clearly. Often, Effie drew her hand out of his, in the soft twilight, to find it again recaptured. How vague were the lines of duty, at such a moment! Then would come music—some voice, some melody, wherein had been found the infinity of human sadness, the need of tears, and that deeper note of consolation: all floated on the Grand Canal.

Meantime, gayly talking and laughing, at the prow would sit Luigi: throwing Effie a flower, singing her a song to his guitar, creeping up with a cup of cordial for Ernest, charmingly filial to Aunt Kitty Manners, whom he always wrapped up so well that she went to sleep immediately, on the cushions at the other end of the gondola. The most picturesque and interesting figure of life that ever confronted the sad semblance of death, such was Luigi.

No "banalités" of vulgar adoration came from the delicate red lips and retreating beautiful mouth of Luigi. But there flowed forever from them the ineffable delicate adoration, the tasteful flattery, which can be administered in a tone. Sometimes, when Ernest was strongest, the young men would talk, in a gay or a thoughtful way, of the things which interest young men. There was a sort of mutual aspiration of thought upon thought, soul answered quickly unto soul, as the three young creatures floated blindly on toward that fate, whatever it may be, which stands waiting for us forever; and, although over one of them death seemed to be standing with the pall, a supreme and almost complete happiness took possession of them—that happiness, most dangerous guest, which comes to us just before our greatest unhappiness.

"What am I doing? Whither am I floating?" asked Effie of herself, as she laid her head on her pillow and felt that one of Luigi's tones had given her an infinity of sensation. It seemed like the "avant-gout" of a new felicity. She blushed for herself, as she remembered how he had smiled and looked at her, when he had saved her a false step on the slippery marble as she descended from the "premier étage." "Nay, come to me—lean on me. Let me take care of you," he had said. It was only a conventional phrase, and perfectly proper if he had

said it to Aunt Kitty Manners; but, as he said it to Effie, in his soft-flowing Italian, what a voice it was! And what an unspeakable tenderness in the eye, what a warm life-giving and loving grasp, as he took both her hands in his!

Poor Effie! Her soul was balancing between the two loves, as the delicate gondola balanced itself on the waves. If the men who loved her read that gentle soul aright, they did not speak, they kept the knowledge to themselves. To them she grew, each day, more dear, more entrancing. But they showed no jealousy of each other. Ernest was too ill to excite the animosity of Luigi. Some days his breath came and went wearily, his chest seemed oppressed as if a monster leaned on it, his lips grew pale and his eyes larger. Then Luigi would take him up on his broad breast, and hold him with vigorous arms. A strong affection grew up between them. They not only loved the same woman, but they loved each other, and the healthy virile Luigi became the most faithful of nurses.

Then again, would come a day of perfect health, and the slight languor following yesterday's conflict would fit Ernest well for the day on the water. Then Effie always sat by him, her long hair blowing against his lips, her hand dangerously near his, as she fanned him or dashed the cologne from her flacon on his forehead. He never thanked her in words. It was only by that smile, which is so plaintive when a strong man lies all undone by illness. But how strongly it said to her: "I love you! I love you! I love you!" with all youth's impatience and ardor, veiled, alas! by that presentiment of death, that awe of the coming mystery, which seemed to repress the soft fervor of love. Neither by heart, instinct, nor education, had Ernest been fitted for an early death. He had no feebleness of spirit, no superstition, and, alas! but little religious belief. He did not wish to die. He wanted to live, and to marry Effie. He had forgotten Sally. He had not the gift of constancy, our dying Ernest. Like a young Viking struck to death in battle, he lay, and, with a certain dignity, looked his defeat in the face. Yet so strong was the youth, health and vigor still lingering in his veins, that, when he was not suffering, he would silently kiss the wandering tress of Effie's hair which blew in his face, or gather her little cloak in his hands, with all the rapture of a living man, putting away from him that grim spectre whose bony fingers clutched at his throat, that spectre which told him that his bride was the tomb, and that, out of this light and warmth and love, he must descend to the silence, the cold, and the mold.

What Luigi felt in these days, no one knew. A sort of fraternal respect, a manner which was the very flower of courtesy, a sympathy so perfect that he never seemed to be otherwise than part of them, fitted him like a garment, when they were all together. He chatted as only a Venetian can chatter, and told them stories of the palaces which they passed, that were like fairy-tales. He was a vehement Italian, and loved his king, and his queen, and his flag, and his regiment, and his dear old uncle, the count, to see whom restored to his fortune and his place in the kingdom was his most happy dream. And sometimes Effie laughed as she heard the young men talk gayly and freely on religious matters, telling them that they had not religion enough to save them; no, nor half enough, between them. "No; you are our religion," said Luigi, simply, as if it were an ordinary sentiment, not knowing what beating of the heart it caused her. But, when they were alone, when he helped her into the boat, or conducted her to some church or picture-gallery, or took her for a little unusual walk, there was an impetuous clan in his voice, a dangerous fire in his great brown eyes, and an expression about his mouth, which was very firmly shut at these times, when not smiling or speaking, which alarmed Effie. It seemed like treason to Ernest, and she feared he would tell her he loved her, and would ask her if she loved him—that dreadful, dreaded, oft-to-be-feared question. "What shall I say? Do I, or do I not?" asked Effie.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE this "*égoïsme à trois*" was going on, on the Grand Canal, this love-making of three, so to speak, this dream so disturbed and so delicious, what was becoming of Cora Brisler, what of her adorer, the poor professor?

He only knew that he was having a sorry time of it, and that Cora's impetuous fondness for him seemed interrupted. He was a great man and a good man, but he had never understood women. He did not know how to love, or to manage a love-affair. Cora had managed it all for him, until she had made him somewhat exigent as to her attentions, and had given him that most uncomfortable weight to carry about, a passion in middle-age.

He had, above all—to his own self-disgust, be it known—consented to this sort of flight with her to Venice. She had made him blush before his daughter. He felt grieved at his own want of dignity. Everything was out of joint. The count, even, looked at him blankly. So he plunged into the business of his congress, trusting

all would come right at last. Not knowing what to do next, Effie and her aunt were off together, he scarcely knew where, or what they were doing. And he would come in wearily, expecting a caress from Cora, and that her soft hand should brush back his respectable gray hair, as it had been wont to do; to be met by the silent or the repellant coldness of Cora, who, in her turn, was not thinking of him at all, but of her false and faithless Luigi, who was making excuses to her now, and telling her he had "duties at his regiment," or some of those convenient lies which men always tell when they wish to get away from a woman.

What a miserable moment that is for both, when the heart which cools first begins to try to damp the ardor of that which has not cooled at all. "Why have you changed?" "Why do you do this, and that?" "Why, alas! do you not seek my hand, my lips, my presence?" Ah! what bitter questions these are! A woman should never ask these questions, for the answer must invariably be a mortifying one. No man ever lets a woman go whom he loves, for any conscientious scruple. If he lets her go, she may be very sure that he is tired of her, that he does not feel that intense attraction which once drew him, and which, while it lasts, no mortal can resist.

And how can he tell her that?

Let her be the first to understand it. Let her save her dignity by flight. Let her hand seem to give the final extinction to love's taper.

But, with a man, it is different. He is always the suitor. It is he who asks first. Let it be he who asks last: "Do you love me?" "Why do you not love me?" "Why are you cold to me?" He can do it without loss of caste. Cora made the fatal mistake of reminding Luigi of certain hand-pressures, on the Grand Canal, of lost and past tendernesses, now interrupted, a proceeding which the gay young Italian—not a bad-hearted man, either—found terribly embarrassing. A coarse nature, hidden under a handsome person, is invisible while the rose is opening; but, when the rose fades, how sharply the spines prick the reluctant hand which would drop it, but cannot. Such roses cling like the shirt of Nessus. Cora had the miserable revenge of listening to the professor, who, in his turn, reproached her.

"Why should we not be married, Cora?" he asked, one day, when she had been particularly tantalizing. "I thought, a month ago, that you wished it. I am tired of this sort of thing, half deceiving my sister, my daughter, and playing Romeo at my age. It is not dignified."

And he tried to take the plump hand, which Luigi had ceased to toy with.

"Why should we not be married, Cora?" he asked.

"Because you have a wife living!" said Cora, turning upon him a pair of eyes in which he saw the cruelty of a thousand bull-fights.

"Cora!" said the professor, in a tone which made even her stout nerves wince. "Cora, how dare you?"

"I know the whole story," said she. "And, by the accident which led me to the hotel opposite yours, on the lake, I have heard that your wife is living, and—in Italy!"

For a moment, from the strong convulsion which passed over his face, the shudder, and the chill, Cora thought that she had killed him.

But he recollected himself.

"Cora, if you have any such information, you should have told me. I have believed my wife dead many years. What do you know? What have you learned?"

Cora hesitated a moment, and then she struck a second blow, over the first wound; one destined to bleed inwardly:

"Perhaps, before I tell you, you had better attend to your daughter. She seems to be following in her mother's footsteps. Off, day and night, with two men—two lovers, perhaps. It seems to be in the blood. Does it not?"

The professor felt the room spinning round him. All his foolish love for Cora, a love which she had invited and fed by a long course of appeal, first to his fatherly protection, then to his sense of chivalry, finally to his heart, seemed to the stern New England Puritan professor like a sort of moral scarlet fever. He felt as if he were going through some childish disease. He felt puerile, small, and unworthy. The news was so tragic and unexpected that it dwarfed his personal feelings, but the allusion to Effie stung him to madness.

"Cora," said he, as the self-restraint of education and the habit of power came back to him, "you will leave Effie out of this conversation. Enough that you have told me that my wife is alive. Give me proof."

"I refer you to these people," said she, putting into his hands the names of Rafael and his wife Mathers.

And she rose rather majestically; for Cora had used her advantages well. She had learned to sweep out of a room, to take the air of a great lady. She had now many a marquis and prince on her list. The Americans had one and all accepted her as the beautiful rich American who was to make a clean sweep of all Europe,

perhaps ending up with the Prince of Wales. She began at the other end of the line, down in Italy; but she had a very good chance at the great international congress. And what with the introductions of the count and the professor, Cora was very well started for a winter in Rome or a summer at Hombourg. England, the prize best worth the winning, could wait until the last.

And Cora, too, had, within the last few days, received an important ally in the person of Sally Lord. That young lady, whether caring for Ernest Richards or not, had come over to Europe to look after her fugitive adorer. She and a set of strong-minded and emancipated young females were taking a "Cook's tour" through Europe, and they naturally drifted to Venice, where the congress of their countrymen was sitting.

Sally Lord and Cora found themselves most unexpectedly intimate over what the latter had to tell. Nothing more amazing to them both than that Effie Primrose, the little plain dry stalk, as they both of them thought her, should blossom forth as a fascinating woman. They had common cause, although they did not say so—she had stolen the men they both adored.

Of course, Sally, as an affianced girl, had a wrong of which she could speak.

"Ernest began to grow cold toward me, just after she flirted so with him at commencement," said Sally, confidentially. "And then, after he was taken ill, and grew raving mad, and I refused to go and see him—of course, I did not think I ought to go and see him, when he was crazy with fever, and his mother never forgave me for what she called my heartlessness—well, I wrote to his mother, saying I would come as soon as I heard that Ernest was getting well. Of course, I did not want to take the typhoid fever. If I had been his wife, of course I should have been there and nursed him. But, you see, it is so different: I was not his wife. And no girl knows, when she is engaged, what may happen. Why, Sarah Sprague was engaged seven times before she ever married, and then she married so badly. If I had taken the fever, and Ernest had got well, I might have lost my complexion, and then Ernest might have backed out. I think I did right—don't you, Cora?"

"Perfectly. But I would not let Effie Primrose carry him off, if I were you. There they all come up from the gondola now. I declare, if Ernest is not leaning on Luigi's arm!" looking out of the window.

"Who is Luigi?" asked Sally, as she looked on the stooping figure of her lover, and saw him

gazing with fond admiration into the eyes of Effie—the transformed, the glorified, the improved Effie. “Well, Europe has improved Effie,” said Sally Lord.

Whatever was the feeling of Miss Lord, she did a very cool and unusual piece of business, for her: she waited until Effie was snugly ensconced in her room, and then she opened the door slowly and softly, shut it, and locked it: then threw herself at Effie’s feet, and, bursting into a flood of tears, she ejaculated:

“Effie Primrose! why have you stolen my lover’s heart from me?”

Perhaps a young heart does not receive such a shock from an unexpected accusation as does an old heart—perhaps Effie bore the blow better than her father had done. “But love is fate, and will neither be commanded nor gainsayed.” Whatever she had done, if she had loved Ernest, it had been done innocently. No Louise la Vallière had struggled with more persistency against the innocent shadow of a passion than had this little Puritan, who was ready to accuse herself of the basest crime because a man’s burning black eyes had begun to teach her, the neophyte, the secret of a passion whose record she was destined to read in many an illuminated page.

And, when the second page was turned, and she had wondered at last, with innocent sophistry, if she were not unfair to him in thinking as much as she did of Luigi—when lo! here came the stormy Sally Lord to plunge a dagger into her heart, and to accuse her of what she had so innocently accused herself.

It was one of the astonishing revelations, to Effie’s own self, to her newly-awakened intelligence on this most interesting of subjects—this Psyche who was being born in her heart—that Sally’s accusation did not hurt her so much as she had dreaded.

She remained very calm until Sally had exhausted her thin, simulated, and theatrical emotion—then Effie answered with a fluency which surprised herself:

“So you did not drop Ernest, Sally? Doctor Smith was mistaken. It was, then, not your scorn and indifference that made him so ill?”

Sally, the tourist of “Cook,” was entirely nonplussed: Effie had proved the better diplomatist of the two.

“Do they say that? It is entirely untrue. Do they—well, there may be something in it,” said Sally, gratified vanity and perhaps the beginning of a better feeling confusing her mind and speech. “Has Ernest said anything to you about me, Effie?” she asked, her color rising.

“Nothing to make me think he does not love you,” said Effie, promptly, and with the first and greatest approach to a disguise of the truth which she had ever been guilty of. “Of course, he has not made me his confidant. You should go to him immediately, Sally, if your engagement is not broken—perhaps if it is: for, Sally, he is very, very ill, and your time with him may be short. I beg of you, Sally, do not trouble yourself about me—but see Ernest, and at once. Prepare him for your presence by a note: for he is weak even to the verge of the greatest danger—here.” And Effie touched her forehead.

“You don’t mean he is crazy?” said Sally, her selfish heart immediately rebounding.

“No; far from it. His mind was never clearer, more beautiful, more comprehensive, in better working-order than it is now,” said Effie, her fine and delicate intelligence still reverberating with the memory of Ernest’s description of the past of Venice, which had dropped from his languid lips almost in a whisper for her ear, as they had floated, that day, past Santa Maria del Salute. She was too much “en rapport” with that brain to permit it to be insulted by a doubt. “But he is in danger of a nervous seizure. I have never imagined anything like his nervous prostration,” said Effie, sighing a little.

“Does Smith think he will recover?” said Sally, her New England thrift coming to her consolation, as she measured in her greedy mind the pro and con of this question, and asking herself the practical question as to whether it were best to waste her time on a doomed man or not.

“You had better see Doctor Smith yourself,” said Effie.

“Who is your Italian friend?” asked Sally, suddenly. “He seems a good-looking fellow. You must introduce him to me. I beg your pardon, Effie, for what I said about Ernest; and I did think, after talking with Cora, that you had become a flirt over here. It’s all very mixed about Ernest and myself, and I ought to see him. I will write him a note, so now good-bye. Why, how red your face is!”

“The heat of the Venetian sun,” said Effie, apologetically.

But, when Sally left her, she sank on her sofa and burst into a flood of hysterical tears. Sally’s coarse voice, her low status, her probing questions, had dispelled the delicious and refined dream of the last month. How long had she been floating on the Grand Canal? How long floating on that more delicious ether—the dangerous watery road that leads to a woman’s “Santa

Maria del Salute"? She seemed to see herself in a new light, and her modesty was shocked. She, Effie Primrose, called a flirt! That delicate and secluded chamber, first love, was ruthlessly entered and ruthlessly robbed of its most precious pearl—Effie's dream was dispelled.

And what new closet had not this profane hand unlocked?

Luigi!

Why did she feel a singular throb when Sally had said "You must introduce him to me"? Suddenly, by one of those flashes of intuition which come to us from a power beyond ourselves, Effie knew that it would cost her nothing to give back Ernest to Sally, but that it would cost her more than she could measure to give Sally Luigi.

She found out, in that moment, which of the two men she loved.

A slight attack of fever followed this mental agitation. Her aunt found her first with a severe chill, and then with burning skin, bounding pulse, and flushed cheek. "It is this dangerous canal business," said Mrs. Manners.

The next day, Effie was slightly delirious, and a physician was called in, and, after that, three days of partial oblivion.

When she was herself again, she found them preparing to move her away from Venice. Luigi had found them a quiet place in the mountains, where there was a famous doctor for this Italian malaria, and the count and his nephew knew all about that dread disease and its cure.

And Effie heard—as sick people hear fragmentary conversations—and without asking for particulars, that Ernest Richards had had a dreadful relapse; that he was insensible for hours; that he had had a partial paralysis; and that Dr. Smith had taken him to Aix-les-Bains. She seemed to get her father back again in this illness. He was sitting by her when she came to herself, and his strong, dear, familiar arms bore her from her bed to her sofa, from her sofa back to her bed.

They had no words, these two, who had been so near and yet so estranged, who had, for a few brief weeks, been torn apart by that stronger passion which comes to make the family-tie so powerless.

Now, they were as they had been when she was a little child, dear and intimate. He fed her with his great brown hand—how well she knew its defined cordage! He brushed her thick hair from her forehead, and braided it with a woman's deftness. Perhaps he was as glad as she was to return to the pure and unembarrassed condition of their early fondness, when no Cora, and no Ernest, and no Luigi interfered. But

she noticed, as she grew stronger, that he had changed. The iron-gray hair had become white. There was a look of age on his forehead. He was the same dear papa, but there were new lines in his face, and a sadness which she had never seen before. Once, as she awoke from a troubled sleep, she found his tears dropping on her hand.

"What is it, dear papa? Do you think I am going to die?"

"No; thank God, no," said he, hastily. "You are in no danger. At least the doctor says you are not. Perhaps I cannot bear to see a single shadow of illness fall across your face, you who have always been so well. But to-morrow we go to the mountains, and you will get well and strong—dear, dear child!"

He kissed her forehead, and, Aunt Kitty Manners coming in at the moment, he left her.

"So we go to Orta to-morrow," said that lady, bustling about. "And, I must say, the count has managed it all very well. He has more sense than I ever gave him credit for. The way he sent Cora Brisler and Sally Lord off to Florence was masterly, and now he and his nephew go with us."

Effie heard no more. Somehow, a full tide of health poured through her veins.

Luigi was going!

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Effie first looked out upon the mountains and little lake, the quaint villas, and the vineyards of the country retreat to which they had taken her, she felt that health would come back to her here, if anywhere.

But poor Aunt Kitty Manners succumbed at once to the poison which was in her veins, and was delirious in a few hours. Fever never stops with one victim.

How glad Effie was of the presence of Count Correnti, who immediately rose to the rescue, and, after an absence of a few hours, returned with a sister of some religious order, who could, he said, speak a little English, and who assumed the care of the sick lady at once, with great interest.

And he disappeared again for a day, and returned with an individual whom he called Mathers, who proved herself invaluable.

The sister was a charming companion for Effie, when the cares of the sick-room allowed her a few hours' liberty, especially at twilight, and she came in to talk to her. Luigi was allowed to assist at these interviews, sitting outside the window, on a little stone loggia, playing his guitar. He always brought Effie a little bunch of

the fragrant verbena, from the bushes in the courtyard, pressing it on his slender brown hand before he handed it to her.

He was very much in love, was Luigi. And, with true Italian respect, he told his uncle of his affection.

"Ah! but, my nephew," said the old count, "where is the money for a marriage? If my lost casket of papers could but be found, we should have a title to some of these villas. And how about that very ill young man? Has he not a claim?"

Luigi thought there had been about enough illness, and despair, and hope deferred. He was disposed to think the roses which were coming back to Effie's cheeks were more reassuring than the nurses would allow. He longed to take her on the lake for a sail; but this, as yet, the Sister Francesca would not allow.

Meantime, poor Aunt Kitty Manners grew worse, and, on the turn of the fifth week of her malady, she died. Death came, as it always does, like a thief in the night, and took the strong old woman, the one who held the purse-strings, the one who, as Count Correnti said, "was not one of those persons whom the gods love."

Her death threw the party into the most infinite confusion. They might, any of them, have left this life, and Aunt Kitty Manners would have known what to do. But, without her, they none of them knew what to do.

Lying there, majestic in her shroud, the pious sister's care having arranged the lifeless clay without the aid of frizzled false hair with which Aunt Kitty had disfigured a fine brow in life, she was dearer, more lovable, more admirable than she had ever been to the poor child who knelt in bitter grief and self-reproach at her side, exclaiming:

"Oh, Aunt Kitty! Aunt Kitty! Why did I not love you more?" kissing, again and again, the pale hands.

Sister Francesca took her to her room.

"You must not weep, my child," she said: "you must be composed." And then she broke down, herself, in a fit of uncontrollable grief.

Effie turned and looked at her with astonishment. Why was this calm sister so much affected?

But, before all other questions, Count Correnti thought of propriety. He must immediately send for Mrs. Brisler, he thought, to play the part of "mother" to Effie, until some other chaperone had been thought of; for not even the presence of death could make him indifferent to propriety. His young nephew was sent off to

Venice, and he and Mathers remained to guard the situation.

The president of Bartram College was busy at this moment, having freshly arrived home in America. The telegram frightened him. Could anything have happened to Effie?

No: it was the strong and perpetual Aunt Kitty who had gone.

And he, in his turn, was agitated beyond all his previous agitation as to what should become of Effie. Perhaps he regretted his sister remotely, too. But Effie?

As for Mrs. Brisler, she promptly declined the count's request that she should leave Aix-les-Bains—where, as she expressed it, she was chaperoning Sally Lord and watching by the convalescent couch of Ernest Richards, who had returned to his allegiance—perhaps.

"Besides," she added, "I am, myself, on the point of marrying the Count Hundari, a noble Austrian, so that I could not, at this moment, with propriety, accept the care of a girl who is so great a flirt as Effie Primrose. Besides, Aunt Kitty Manners always hated me, and I think she would turn over in her grave if I appeared."

"A refined woman, that," said the old count, after reading her epistle.

"What shall I do with this little girl?" he asked himself aloud, as, after conducting the funeral-cortège through the church and to a temporary grave, he bade adieu to Aunt Kitty. "What shall I do with this poor little girl?"

He was answered by the Sister Francesca:

"I will take care of her. I am the person best fitted to do so. Signor, I am her mother."

"Yes," said Mathers, entering and shutting the door with characteristic caution, although the secret she had guarded so well was out. "This, signor count, is Mrs. Primrose—my dear lady, the best and purest of Christians—and God has led her daughter to her."

The count had been astonished before in his life, but never so much as now. The story Mathers had told him had not prepared him for this immediate denouement.

And, above all, he had thought that the wife of his friend, the professor, was a guilty woman. But this pale sister did not look like a guilty woman. Should he, if she were guilty, give her her daughter?

For once, his Italian tact deserted him.

"Madame," said he, "can you explain your flight, your silence, your conduct toward your husband?"

"Alas!" said she, "that dear dead woman—Kitty Manners—could have done it. She knew that I was innocent of all but folly. Ernest

Richards loved me. He was the father of the young man who has been almost the evil-fortune of my daughter. Professor Primrose threw us together. Richards spoke the love and paid me the attention which my husband forgot. He was engaged, with my brother, in some important business. Both became defaulters. Shame and disgrace hung over my family-name. No one but Kitty Manners knew how keenly stung with mingled remorse, misery, and with the sense of injustice I was, when I fled—not with a lover, but with a brother—to end my life in a foreign country, without a name.

"Count Correnti, you remember the young soldier who fell fighting for the freedom of Italy? You remember the box of papers you entrusted to him? You remember the woman who opened the door for you, as you fled from that fatal battle? I was that woman. The young soldier was my poor disgraced brother, now ennobled by death. And Mathers, my faithful maid, will give you your box of papers, lost by us in our flight, but happily recovered by her. Now give me my daughter."

Aunt Kitty Manners spoke from her grave. Her will, a most carefully prepared and legally attested document, gave everything to Effie. A letter, folded within it, told the story of her belief in the good character of Effie's mother. It was a reiteration of all the latter had said in the moments of that agitated interview. And Effie's mother had closed Aunt Kitty's eyes. It was in one of the vine-clad villas which Effie had noticed from her window, that Count Correnti, now established once more in the possession of his rights, from which he had so long been ejected, sat, calmly puffing his cigarette, and looking at a lady who sat near him, and at a young girl who knelt, with her head leaning on her mother's shoulder.

The mother and daughter had found each other's heart. They were "sympatica."

"I shall leave you to-morrow," said the good count. "Mathers shall be your housekeeper, her husband your cook. He is a very good cook. I have two duties to perform. My first is to Professor Primrose. I must be your ambassador, madame, to your husband."

"I do not expect him to forgive me," said she, sadly. "He has been very good to allow me a few months of my daughter."

"The other embassy," said the count, "is on behalf of Count Luigi Correnti, who sends me to ask of Professor Primrose the hand of his daughter. The count will be my heir, and I have, on my part, given my consent to this royal marriage. What does the princess say?"

Effie came over to her dear old friend, and threw her arms around his neck.

"How little I thought you were to be my good angel, when we left Bartram," said she.

"I do not look it, my dear. Neither Raphael, Michael Angelo, nor Correggio, nor any of my country-people would have pictured me an angel, would they, Madame Primrose?"

What a changed man, however, was the snuffy old Italian professor, in the eyes of Mrs. Brisler, whose Hungarian count had turned out to be a courier, and who had returned to Bartram, perhaps to pick up a professor; in the eyes of Sally Lord, who was having her wedding-dress made; in the eyes of Mr. Scott, the treasurer, who expected large donations; in the eyes of all Bartram—when he returned, a rich nobleman.

Only one man would have met him as he parted from him, and that man was not there to greet him. On the very day before the count arrived in America, Professor Primrose, while addressing his class, and who had been growing paler and thinner all winter, fell forward on his desk, and never spoke again. The count's embassy was in vain.

A year after, Luigi Correnti and Effie stood together, on the spot where they had first met, the little stone loggia, in Venice.

"I have waited patiently, Effie, have I not?" said he.

"Yes, Luigi, but it has been time well spent. We know each other well now."

"And we shall be married to-morrow. Ah! Effie, how I wondered, once, which you loved best, on that old sleepy canal: whether Ernest Richards or Luigi Correnti."

"Do you ask now?" she said, and she held up to him her rosy lips, to be kissed.

He did not answer by word, but by deed.

"STICK TO THE RIGHT."

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

Stick to the right, whate'er betide;
Flinch not, though friends forsake;
For truth and it have patriots died
And martyrs faced the stake.

Life soon is o'er. Earth cannot give
But threescore years at best.
Yes: do what's right—that is to live.
To God leave all the rest.

A BIT OF LIFE.

BY LIZZIE IRONS FOLSON.

"I HAVE not complained," she says, softly. "He can never say that I have complained."

A woman with tired gray eyes and a thin dark eager-looking face; with bony work-hardened hands; whose swollen joints and misshapen sinewy wrists bear mute evidence of what her life has been, and whose stunted fingers clasp each other nervously. Her hair is pulled back from a wrinkled brow, and is twisted into a hard tight knot behind. Her faded calico frock hangs loosely from her wasted figure and clings to her shrunken limbs, as the wind blows it back from her feet. Her collar is clean and white, and a poor little blue necktie has struggled pitifully to keep some color through all its much washing. A woman of forty—fortyfive—you would say. A woman who has passed the best years of her life, and has come through them a great deal the worse for the wear and tear. Full forty years, you would say, and carries the print of every day of them on her face. And yet—you would not believe it—it is only twentyfive years since she was lifted, a tiny precious bundle, into loving arms, while lips that quivered thanked God and prayed for blessing on the baby-daughter.

You would not believe it possible. You could not realize that, a few—so very few—years ago, the shallow wrinkled skin was like your own, and that the dull dark hair had a glint of gold that was like sunshine in it. That she was lithe and fair and graceful and—best of all—young. You would shake your head in disbelief, to see her as she stands in the doorway, in the swirling and hurrying wind, her gaunt figure outlined by the light from the setting sun.

She stands on the low doorsill, shades her eyes with one thin hand, and looks out into the fast-going daylight.

And this is what she sees:

To the right, a pile of smooth gray hills—with, at this distance, not a fissure to mar the smooth round surface. Clean and sloping, rolling back and back till they meet the dark line of evening-sky behind them. No trees, no rocks, on any of the many knolls: but a broad even sweep of the tough wiry buffalo-grass, knotted here and there with horny cactus.

To the left, the last rays from the setting sun strike the surface of the dashing and rushing

river, and change, for a moment, into liquid gold, the yellow muddy waves. Dashing, in muddy confusion, down its narrow channel, the river goes, and splashes and frets and fumes at the sandbars which have reared their gray dry heads along the shallow places.

Along the riverbank, a straggling thicket of stunted trees, tangled close together with underbrush. Not a house, except, far through the trees, the lights are beginning to twinkle in old Simons's ranch, a half-mile away, and toward which a worn footpath winds from the doorsill where the woman stands. Too well-worn a path for her comfort and happiness, perhaps.

Across the river, on the great dark hills that rise abruptly and stretch back until it seems as if there could be nothing beyond, a couple of Indian tepees have been raised, and the swarthy occupants are bustling in and out, while the smoke from their evening-fire rises cheerily above them. Their gay trappings hold the last of the daylight, and the red blankets and shawls of the squaws form a dash of color that is pleasing on the dark background. They are something better to look at than the hills and river that have stared back at her for eight long years—something that moves and has life, and that the lonely woman is glad to see; and so she watches them as they tether the ponies, cut the firewood, and make ready for the fast-coming night. She watches them, half unconsciously, until a loud "Hallo-o!" from the wood toward Simons's startles her. Her face flushes, and she glances uneasily down the path before she turns into the house, where she is met by a chirrup of baby-voices.

She lights a candle, and places it upon a white deal table that is set with a few supper-things. It is a very poor and wretched place upon which the penny light shines: a rough log cabin, with but two tiny rooms. The chinks between the logs have been plastered up, and there has been some poor attempt at decoration, in the shape of wood-cuts cut from illustrated papers, pasted upon a background of brown paper that had first served for the family-groceries. A small sheet-iron stove sends forth a ruddy glow, and the kettle on the top bubbles cozily. A poor bare little room, but clean and shining: and with, here and there, a bunch of grass and a

knot of scarlet berries, that show a woman's hand and a woman's love of pretty things. Another room beyond has trim white beds, and from it comes the sound of baby-trouble, which ceases as "mother's" step is heard.

She has filled the tea-pot and placed it on the table, before she hears the sound of heavy uneven steps coming up the path and over the doorsill.

Tall, broad-shouldered, and hearty, with a flushed swollen face, that still bears trace of a bygone beauty that, in past years, before the dimness had come over his eyes and the purple flush to his face, must have been good to see. His fringed buckskin trousers are tucked into the tops of his heavy boots, his blue flannel shirt is open at his neck, about which a gaudy striped handkerchief is knotted.

He comes in with a half-defiant swagger, and eats his supper in silence—a moody discontented silence, to judge from the unpromising wrinkle between his brows. The calico frock flutters around him, and the dishes are set down—timidly, deprecatingly—before him. In the candle-light, the woman's face shows more haggard and wretched-looking than ever; she moves about slowly, and her eyes watch him anxiously, striving to catch a glance from his dim ones. He eats his supper calmly and deliberately, without a glance at the pale sad wife, whose eyes fill and whose lips quiver as he rises noisily, throws on a broad-rimmed hat, and strides to the door.

"You will stay at home to-night, Harry?" in timid eager questioning.

"Not to-night," he says, brusquely. "I've business down the river a-piece." He laughs. "You go to bed, and I'll be in when they close up at Simons's—not before then, you may be sure."

She lays her hand on his arm.

"I wish you would stay, to-night, with me. I am not well—indeed, I am not. Do not laugh, Harry. I am frightened, too, and—"

He laughs good-naturedly.

"Is that all? I guess you'll live, Kate. I'll risk you for forty years yet. You've told me that same thing so often, you know. Good-bye: I'm off for Simons's. You can't expect me to stay here," in contemptuous merriment.

She clings to him.

"Please, Harry."

His face darkens, and he pushes her from him. She is small and slight, and his arm is strong, and she falls; perhaps he does not mean it, but she falls.

He looks startled, half frightened; but, as

she sits up and puts back her loosened hair, he grows angry, and, with a muttered oath, flings himself out of the door and crashes it together after him.

She clings to the table and tries to raise herself to her feet; but her face grows white, and she sinks back, pillows her head on one arm, and cries a little, softly and wearily. As the minutes go by, she does not move, but lies quite still—while, from under her swollen lids, her eyes rove restlessly about the poor room. They look, through the mist of tears that dims their vision, back and forth, from one to another of the familiar objects about her.

But, as she looks—as the mist thickens, as the tired eyes droop—the low walls seem to sink away, and her gaze goes beyond them: beyond the gray hills, beyond the bleak Dakota prairies, beyond mountains and rivers, to a small brown house half hidden among trees and flowers—the dear little home, where the days went by in sweet content, and where the happiest of care-free girlhoods was passed. She sees again the dear old home—sees it as plainly as ever she saw it in the sunny past. She stands again in the orchard, under the spreading boughs, with Harry holding tight her hands, and Harry's eyes bringing hot happy blushes to her cheeks. She can see him—tall, slender, and handsome—and can almost hear his voice. Yes. What is it he is saying?

"Oh, Katie, we will be very happy! We will make our own little home; and, if it be far away, you will not mind it, sweetheart. Our own little home—ours: yours and mine, Katie. Why, what better can there be for either of us? Young? Of course we are, and I am glad of it: for we shall have our youth together—those best glad days, like nothing else that ever comes. We will have youth, love, and each other. And is not that enough? Surely, Katie, you will trust me with your future—you will let me prove how I can love and guard you? You will go with me to our home—to 'the land of the Dacotahs'?"

The candle sputters, blazes for a moment, then goes out, and her weary eyes open upon the firelight which shines over her. She is alone; the dear old orchard, the lovers, pretty bright-eyed Katie, have all gone, and the narrow walls frown down upon her.

She is alone; she is frightened; and she stretches out her arms with a startled cry of "Harry! Harry!" But the wind whistles down the chimney, tears at the creaking window, and there is no reply.

Meantime, it has been more jolly than usual

at Simons's. The men there have laughed louder and drunk deeper than is customary even in that hilarious place. So it is very late when Harry Grant stumbles up the footpath and feels vaguely for the latch of the door. It is very late, even for him. But it has been a most delightful evening; and, if any compunction about Kate came, unsolicited, to him, it was drowned in the laughter, drink, and song that made it so pleasant down at Simons's.

Jovial old Simons!

Harry laughs out loud at the recollection of him, as he fumbles for the latch. He finds it, the door swings open, and his half-tipsy merriment dies.

For a ray of light from the stove, striking across the room, traverses, on its way, a white upturned face—a face with closed sunken eyes and tightly-shut pale lips.

It is the same careworn patient face that is always waiting for him, and yet he trembles and shrinks back with staring eyes.

Beside the still white face, a rosy baby one is lying. There are tears, undried, on the chubby cheeks; and even in sleep the red lips quiver. One small hand has pulled away the careful blue necktie, and the other has clung to the hard

worn hands—the hands that never before had failed to move for baby's touch or baby's cry.

From the loosened hair, some little tendrils have crept out, curling themselves in undecided unwonted rings over the wrinkled forehead. There is almost a smile about the close-shut lips, that have lost their wistful pathetic curve. The face is much more like that of Katie in the apple-orchard, long ago, now that the burden of life has been laid aside.

Yes, the burden is laid aside. Yes: for the tired feet, in their coarse ragged shoes, there has come a long sweet rest. For the planning weary brain, for the restless throbbing heart, for the struggling and toiling limbs, there has come a welcome rest.

Her life-drama has been played out, and the curtain has fallen—the curtain that rose merrily, with vows, kisses, hopes, and smiles, promising a world all rose-colored—a world where the sky was to be forever blue, the sunshine forever bright, and where the birds would forever sing only love-songs.

And now the lights are all put out, the music hushed: and, while the careless world laughs on, she turns her eyes gladly from it to the shadow of the "great unknown."

TO DEATH.

BY JOHN P. SJOLANDER.

ALL dark; no spark of hope's bright ray
Can ever light thy face for aye:
Thou'rt dark and grim, and dark away.

In future and the past,
No light—deep night; with naught of hope;
With tears and fears and sighs to cope:
With earth alone, but earth, thy scope,
No promise else thou hast.

Though cold and bold and dark and grim,
I see thee in the twilight dim,
'Twixt day and night, upon the rim
Where lights and shadows meet—
Pale-lipped, equipped with summoning script,
Thy shadow-wing fresh Lethe-dipped.
O death! thou art of terror stripped,
Thy power is incomplete.

Death bath no wrath for me or fear,
No dread though coming near—so near.
I was not born to sojourn here—
Thou art of terror stripped,
O death. The breath of life, the soul,
Though mighty thou, brooks no control
From thee, but wings to brighter goal,
Its earthly fetter slipped.

The brow that now all-fevered throbs,
The heart so full of aching sobs,
It's these alone of pain death robs,

Where, then, the victory?
Thy wrath the faith can never win,
O death, through which we enter in
Where ne'er thou'rt been, will ne'er be seen,
To live eternally.

To meet and greet loved gone before,
And part with them no more, no more,
O death, thou bringest joy great store
To heart disconsolate.
O death, thy breath that seeming chills,
But worketh as the Master wills,
As summer comes and decks the hills
That winter kissed so late.

When morn is born so bright-appareled,
And life is like a song sweet-caroled,
Ere with ourselves and life we've quarreled
At morning, noon, and night,
'Tis then—yes, then—thou'rt full of dread,
Costumed in guise does terror shed.
But, when all, all, is dark and dead,
Thou bringest life and light.

LIBBIE.

BY ZAIDEE B. SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

THE cañon was black with a thick tangled mass of underbrush. Here and there, amid its gloomy greenness, a few sweetbriar-roses thrust up their pale-pink faces, and were faintly reflected in the clear little stream, coursing so swiftly under the shadow of the great rocks, and losing itself in the yellow-brown current of the Missouri.

At the head of this coffee-colored river, within sight of the cañon, was a ferry. It was a primitive affair enough, the conveyance of passengers and vehicles from shore to shore being done through the agency of a floating raft guided by a stout rope.

One day, the rickety old stage-coach from Helena, on its way to the famous Sulphur Springs, brought, as passengers, two young men to this ferry. They were good-looking young fellows, both under thirty, vigorous and broad-shouldered, with a healthful glow in their brown cheeks, and a pleasant light in their clear frank eyes. They looked not unlike, and were evidently brothers.

Not a tree cast its shadow on the painfully new building where they were to dine; not a vine relieved the dazzling whiteness of its staring front: but the tiny box-like parlor, darkened by green-paper shades, was refreshing in contrast to the intolerable heat and glare without.

"Suppose we spend the night here, and rest up a little," suggested the elder of the two. "I think the cañon we have just come through is worth exploring. A bit of it wouldn't look bad on canvas."

"And what will become of our hunting, if I once begin painting, Justine?"

"Oh, the hunting can wait. Haven't we got the whole autumn ahead of us?"

So, when the portly florid landlady came bustling in to announce the meal, she was assailed by eager inquiry from the young men as to whether she could accommodate them overnight.

"Wal, I s'pose you could have Libbie's room," she said. "It's pretty small; but you can sort o' crowd in, I guess, bein' it's only for a night."

This settled, the young men went in to dinner. They found the low shed room crowded

and nearly every seat at the long table filled. In and out was flying a sleepy-eyed "John Chinaman," bringing plates and great dishes of victuals, at the same time bestowing smiles that were indeed "childlike and bland" on the famished coach-travelers.

At the head of the well-filled table stood a slender young girl, in a somewhat faded dark-blue dress, pouring out coffee into great thick stone-china cups.

"Libbie," whispered Justine, smilingly.

His yellow-haired brother laughed, and in return encountered a pair of dark earnest eyes, over the coffee-pot.

"Will you have coffee, gentlemen?" a soft well-modulated voice inquired, as the brothers took their seats.

By Jove! this could not be Libbie. There was nothing of the mother—of the buxom loud-voiced landlady—in her. But then, perhaps, Libbie was not the landlady's daughter.

These thoughts chased rapidly through the young men's heads, and they exchanged quick glances of amused bewilderment and surprise, as they replied affirmatively to the question asked them.

CHAPTER II.

THE afternoon of that day found the brothers deep in the cañon, reveling in its wild picturesqueness: Gerard busy with his pencil, his brother idly looking on, or more idly lounging about.

Suddenly, out of the gloom and blackness of the gulch below, appeared a slender girlish figure, all in blue. The fair delicately-rounded face was outlined against the cool dark-green of the undergrowth behind her. High above the small well-poised head shone the glowing pines. Was it this glow, reflected, that made the girl's face so radiant, that lit up and kindled the somewhat sad eyes into such beauty?

Quite unconscious of anyone near, she advanced slowly. At the stream, she paused and stood still, her eyes still intent on the flaming pines.

"What can have brought her here—at this hour, and alone?" whispered Justine. "What can her mother be thinking of, to let her roam about in this wild place, by herself?"

Gerard made no answer, but took up his sketching-book, and soon Libbie's young wistful face and slender graceful figure were dotted down on one of the white pages.

"There," he cried, handing it to his brother for inspection. "Isn't that a fair likeness?"

Suddenly, something gave way beneath him; the smooth treacherous rock was crumbling; he knew he was going: the next moment, he had fallen heavily from the bluff to the ground below.

"Let me help you," cried a girl's clear voice, clear in spite of its tremulousness. And Libbie came running toward him.

The color and light had quite gone out of her face now; but it was full of anxious sympathy. She knelt beside Gerard, and raised his head to her lap.

"He is unconscious," she said, as Justine came hurrying down. "Bring me some water from the brook."

He obeyed swiftly and silently. Then, together, they dashed the ice-cold water in Gerard's blanched pain-drawn face, and chafed his limp nerveless hands.

"I think he has sprained or hurt his foot, in some way," the young girl continued. "You see, he lies with it twisted under him."

Justine tried moving the foot; a groan was the result. Then Gerard's blue eyes opened, bewildered, upon them. But directly he smiled, though feebly.

"Ah, then I am alive, after all!" he said.

"Thank God, you are," cried Justine, earnestly, involuntarily.

The girl, in whose lap Gerard's handsome sunny head still lay, said nothing, but her white scared face was full of feeling.

"We must get him home," Justine said, at length. "Lean all your weight on me."

"Lean on my arm, too," said Libbie, simply.

So, between them, Gerard managed to make his way, limping painfully back through the cañon to the ferryhouse.

Once there, he was helped upstairs to Libbie's room—or what had been Libbie's room, rather. It was a pretty little room; blue in color, with white curtains at the tiny window, and a few quite artistic pictures—though they were only wood-cuts, and evidently clipped from some magazine—on the whitewashed walls. On a small blue-draped table in one corner stood an old cracked gilt-edged bowl, filled to overflowing with pink sweetbriar-roses from the cañon. Above this little table hung a rack of books.

With a quick eye, Justine took in all this, and decided that the room was not bad.

About dusk, as the long and wonderfully bright twilight was fading, Ah Sing, the bland sleepy Chinaman, appeared with a temptingly-arranged little supper on a tray. Gerard's artistic sense recognized all the pretty detail: the smoothly-laid snowy napkin, the gay little rose-wreathed plate, and the bunch of wild-flowers, also from the cañon, nestling near it. He knew full well that Libbie's dainty fingers must have had something to do with it; but the pain in his ankle caused his appetite to fail him.

In the dusk and starlight, he lay tossing on the small white bed, which Justine had drawn near the window, listening to the rush of the river, and feeling very unlucky and unfortunate.

Finally, he fell asleep. Justine sat watching him until late in the night.

CHAPTER III.

THREE weeks drifted by. The brothers were still at Cañon Crossing. Gerard's sprain had proved more serious than they had first fancied it would. But, at last, he was beginning to creep about, with the aid of a cane.

October had come; but the air was yet soft and pleasant; and, although there was snow on the far-distant "Rockies," a little of the fair though only-too-brief summer lingered.

Justine and Gerard were sitting, one evening, on the house-porch, enjoying the clear bright starlight and the velvety warm wind—a genuine "chinook"—blowing through the cañon. Near them sat Libbie and her mother.

"Do you often have such a pleasant autumn?" Justine asked, at length.

"Yes, often, in October," Libbie said. "And then, again, we quite as often have snow, and need a fire, in July," she added, quickly. "It is a changeable climate, and the winters are long and very severe. Sometimes I think spring will never come." And, unconsciously, she gave a little impatient longing sigh.

Gerard turned toward her, in the dark.

"Poor little thing!" he said, and his voice was full of real pity. "Poor little thing! What do you do with yourself, all the terrible snow-bound months?"

"Oh, Libbie's never lonesome," eagerly exclaimed the buxom landlady, with no little pride in her pretty daughter. "She's busy from mornin' till night, 'pears like. But yet she allus finds time to practise on her pianer and read a bit, seems to me. Oh, Libbie's a smart one, I tell you. When she was a-goin' to school in Helena, and a-comin' home at vacation-time, she seemed restless and uneasy even then, if she wasn't a-doin' something all the time."

"You went to school in Helena, then?" said Justine, also turning to the young girl, who had shunk back a little and remained silent during her mother's long speech.

"Yes."

"Did you like it there?" continued Justine, presently. He had become interested, during these quiet monotonous weeks, in this pretty earnest-eyed girl, and he felt that he would like to know more about her.

"Oh, yes; very much. It was there I first learned anything."

Again the fond mother interposed.

"She learned a heap, too!" she cried, triumphantly. "She took the highest honor o' any girl in school, and she had a wreath o' flowers put on her head, and a medal hung about her neck for good behavior. Didn't you, Libbie, child?"

The girl colored hotly.

"Never mind, mother," she said, quickly though gently. "I know very little, after all."

"Lor', child," began the mother, indignantly. But her daughter only laughed, and ran past her into the house, without waiting for her to finish.

Presently, on the stillness, came the sound of the piano from the little parlor, followed by Libbie's pure clear young voice.

She sang with much pathos a somewhat sad little ballad, and her listeners outside in the darkness heard with surprise, mingled with pleasure. She had never sung like that before. Her songs were more apt to be gay, arch, coquettish: full of little runs and grace-notes, which displayed the flexibility of her voice rather than its expression.

When she had ended, Gerard rose quickly from his chair, and limped with his cane into the parlor.

Justine remained quietly without. Libbie's singing had set him to thinking. What could make the girl sing like that? Young as she was, could she have had any trouble? One could hardly sing that way, with such hopeless longing in one's voice, unless one had had some sad experience. Justine found himself sighing and repeating mentally his brother's words: "Poor little thing! poor little thing!"

"What ails the child? What makes her sing such doleful sort o' stuff?" muttered the mother. Presently, like Gerard, she got up and went indoors.

"Sing something bright and jolly-like, Libbie," Justine heard her say to her daughter. "Don't sing any more o' them fun'ral-tunes."

And again Libbie laughed.

Then she ran her fingers through a bright

little air, and sang another ballad with charming abandon, until she came to the verse:

"And, deep in my breast,
Sweet thoughts are at rest;
No eye but my own their beauty shall see.
They're dreams, happy dreams—
Dear one, of thee!"

But her voice suddenly faltered. She rose abruptly from the piano, and stood trembling slightly beside it.

"Oh, why did you stop?" cried Gerard, reproachfully. "I was enjoying it so much. You don't know, Miss Libbie," he went on, "how much pleasure your singing has given me, all these weeks. I could hear you quite plainly, from my little room above, and I used to listen eagerly for your touch on the piano. You have fairly charmed the pain away from my ankle, at times," he ended, smilingly.

"I am glad if I have given you any pleasure," the girl answered, simply. Her voice was low and just a little sad.

Justine caught her words and the tone in which they were uttered. With her mother, he exclaimed: "What ails the child?"

After a little, the young people came out on the porch again.

"Miss Libbie and I are going for a little walk," Gerard announced, "down by the river. I think, with the aid of her strong young arm and my cane, I may venture."

"Very well; but don't go far," said Justine. And he lit a cigar and watched them depart.

Why was it that Libbie's "strong young arm" trembled so, when Gerard leaned on it? Surely, it could not be his weight; for he did not bear at all heavily upon it, relying more on his stout walking-stick. And why did the color come and go so quickly in her fair round cheek? And why did her pretty dark eyes so suddenly grow dim—so dim, she could scarcely see the river rushing past them, for a moment? Ah, Libbie! Libbie! Would it not have been better for you if Gerard and his brother had never come to Cañon Crossing?

CHAPTER IV.

AND so another week went; then another. The brothers were still at the little house within the shadow of the great cañon, and they seemed loth to leave.

The last fourteen days had been very pleasant ones—perilously pleasant for poor little Libbie; and, perhaps, perilously pleasant for Justine Brainard as well. For had he not suddenly awakened to the fact that his interest in this fair wistful-eyed young girl—this pretty simple Montana maiden—was fast developing into

something more: something much more serious? In vain did he strive to close his eyes to this new-born knowledge. In vain did he endeavor to laugh at himself and his "romantic folly," as he termed it. Libbie's fair young face would rise before him, dispelling all doubt as to the nature of his regard for her. He realized quite well that, in this short time, he had learned to love her.

He longed to carry her away with him at once: to take her back with him to the East: to show her all the great cities and beautiful places, of which she, in her innocence, had never dreamed. In his "romantic folly," he called her "his little wild-flower," and wondered if she would bear transplanting. She was his "first and only love," he told himself, with quite boyish enthusiasm; whereas, Gerard had had many.

In the starlit darkness, on another evening, Justine sat alone on the porch overlooking the river. Libbie and Gerard had wandered off again. At length, the elder Brainard brother became aroused from his dream, became suddenly conscious of the absence of the others, and moved restlessly in his seat. Finally, he tossed his partially-burned cigar over the railing and rose to his feet.

Where could they have gone? What did Gerard mean, by keeping her away so long? He paced the little porch impatiently. Then he suddenly stood still, and his face was very white, in the clear starlight. Could it be—could it be that Gerard loved her, as well?

In the meantime, Gerard and Libbie were walking by the river once more.

"Libbie," the young man was saying, "do not go back yet. It is too pleasant to be indoor, and Justine will never miss us—he is enjoying his cigar too much. Let's sit down here, a little while, and have a look at the stars."

As the young man spoke, he threw himself down on the bank and glanced up at the shining sky.

Did he know he had called her "Libbie"?

She did, at least. She trembled visibly, and dipped her small hot hands into the river, to cool them.

"Do you know," continued her companion, presently, still intent on the gleaming points of cold white light above, "do you know, I shall miss these walks greatly when I'm gone? And we are going in a few days."

They were going, in a few days?

The girl drew a quick breath. Then she grew both numb and still. Of course, she had known

they must go pretty soon; Gerard's ankle was quite well now, save a little stiffness; but she had not known—had not realized, at least—that their departure was quite so near at hand.

Ah, why had they come at all, and disturbed her peace? But then, had she been at peace before their coming? Had she not had vague longing, even then, to escape from the life she was leading? Sometimes, she almost wished her mother had never sent her to school in Helena. It had unfitted her for her home-life, by giving her a glimpse of the world beyond.

And then the Brainard brothers had come to Cañon Crossing, and life had suddenly become changed for her. Justine, with his fine clear-cut face and deep-set earnest eyes, had won the girl's admiration at once. But Gerard's sunny hair and blue laughing eyes had won something more—her love.

The fact of Gerard's being an artist was a great thing, also, in his favor. Was not an artist a wonderful being, who could create charming and exquisite pictures of his own? As to the depth of Gerard's nature, or whether it answered to her own, Libbie never paused to think. An artist must be noble and everything good, in her simple belief, else he could not be an artist.

And so Libbie had fallen in love with Gerard; and Justine—grave kindly Justine—had fallen in love with Libbie; and Gerard—gay young scamp that he was—had not fallen in love with anyone, or at all.

On rushed the dark river; brighter shone the clear white stars; fresher grew the cool night-air from the mountains. At length, it dawned upon Gerard that his companion had made no comment upon his last remark, and he noticed that she was shivering slightly.

"You are cold," he said, quickly. "We must walk on. These October nights are not what they were a week or so ago."

He rose to his feet; and held out his hand to help her rise also.

"I am not cold—that is, not very. If you don't mind, I would rather sit still a little longer," she said, rather brokenly.

"Have you a shawl on? Are you warmly enough wrapped?" he asked, and he bent down over her, and drew her shawl—a soft gray one of her mother's—more closely about her. His warm hand touched her cold cheek and throat in doing so.

"You are cold!" he cried, when, to his amazement, she gave a little choking sob, and sprang away from him, and ran past him, down the grass-beaten path along the river.

"Libbie! Libbie!" he called, loudly.

In a moment, he had overtaken her and found her crying, striving in vain to hide her tear-stained face from him.

"Why, Libbie, child, what ails you?" he demanded, earnestly, taking both her small cold hands in his. He was strongly tempted to lay that pretty brown head on his shoulder, and kiss those heavy tear-filled eyes. But, though the temptation was great, poor little Libbie being undeniably charming, prudence came to the rescue. No. He must not make love to her—he must be careful—it would never do for him to entangle himself with his landlady's daughter, were she ever so pretty. Had he not seen many girls just as pretty before, whom he had fancied, then forgotten as quickly as he should Libbie, which would be as soon as he should leave the territory? So he contented himself with caressing the small hands in his possession, and repeating, tenderly: "Poor little thing! Poor little thing!"

"Don't!" the girl cried, passionately, tearing her hands away from him. "I can't bear it! You don't really care for me—not—not as I do for you!"

The words escaped her before she knew it. A crimson wave of shame swept over her face. The pretty brown head was held low in bitter humiliation.

And so she loved him!

Gerard had feared as much, and now he knew it. The knowledge agitated and vexed him not a little. He began reproaching himself for his many little attentions shown the young girl during the past weeks. How he wished he had let her, and her singing, and her romantic walks along the lonely river-shore, righteously alone.

And so she loved him!

Justine had heard Libbie's last tearful words as well, for he had come out to meet them in his impatience, and, in the darkness, he had stumbled on them unaware.

Her unhappy little confession rang in his ears, and repeated itself again and again.

With a heavy heart, he strode away, without making himself known to them, leaving the young couple to themselves.

For a while, Libbie and Gerard moved on silently. At length, the young man felt that he must say something, and therefore began, abruptly:

"You ought not to say, Libbie, that I do not care for you. On the contrary, I do—indeed, I do. I think you are one of the prettiest, brightest, sweetest girls I ever met. But—but I never dreamed you cared for me—in this way—and—"

"I know what you would say," the girl interrupted, hastily, and turning proud wet eyes upon him. "And you cannot—it is impossible for you to feel the same toward me. There is no need for you to tell me—I know it already."

They were near the house by this time, and, before Gerard could say more, Libbie had run past him, up the steps, and vanished indoors.

CHAPTER V.

OTHER days had passed. The cañon lay stripped of all its vivid autumn coloring. There was a leaden sky above, and the yawning black gulch was black no longer, but white with snow. Only the few straight tall pines shone greenly through the whiteness, and the little stream, choked with ice, struggled feebly on.

It was only November, but winter had come. Far away stretched the great plains, white and cold. The "Rockies" had fresh hoods on their ragged purple peaks, and at their base lay the foot-hills, like soft rolling drifts. A keen wind was blowing, a wind that promised to be a blizzard before night.

In spite of their warm wrappings, the Brainard brothers shivered, as they stood waiting on the house-porch: waiting for the coach, or rather for the sled—for the old dilapidated "jerky" had been abandoned since the snow—the sled which was to take them away from Cañon Crossing.

Madly rushed the dark swollen river before them. From the cañon came the dismal howling of a coyote.

"Beastly day!" cried Gerard, impatiently. "Thank fortune, we have decided to return to civilization, and not lose ourselves further in the wilds of this miserable country!"

"I like the country," said Justine, simply

He stood looking straight before him, with a heavy heart, and did not see his brother's frowning face.

At the window of the little blue room above knelt Libbie. Her small white face was hidden by the curtains. But she could see those two on the porch below her very plainly.

Yes; they were going away. It was all over. The happy, happy time was at an end. The awakening from her little dream had come. She had loved Gerard, as she had fancied she should love some day, and—and Gerard had not loved her!

In her unhappiness and pain, how little did Libbie dream that Justine, grave silent Justine, whom she admired with a sort of girlish reverence, was suffering quite as keenly as herself.

Only Gerard, apparently, was careless and free from pain.

He had already said "good-bye" to the young girl, and so had Justine. The little romance of a few weeks was at an end.

CHAPTER VI.

MORE than a year had passed since the Brainard brothers had left Cañon Crossing; more than a year since poor little Libbie had believed herself quite broken-hearted. In that time a wondrous change had come over the girl's feeling for handsome gay young-Gerard.

Could it be that Libbie was fickle? No; that was not her failing. But she had discovered—discovered on the very day of her parting with him—that Gerard was not worthy of her love. On coming to herself, that gray snowy day, after watching the brothers depart, she had busied herself mechanically in "straightening up" her little room—the room the young men had occupied during their stay—and in making things a little more orderly. In brushing up the hearth in front of the open fireplace, something, a crumpled sheet of drawing-paper, had caught her eye, among the torn bits of old letters thrown there by Gerard, with an evident intention of burning. She stooped quickly to rescue it from the flames—for was not anything of Gerard's precious to her? And she recognized the firm bold touch of his pencil at once.

It proved to be a leaf from his sketch-book, the one to which Libbie's own fair pensive face had been transferred by him, that afternoon of his accident in the cañon.

A flush of pleasure crept quickly into the girl's white face. He had been sufficiently pleased with her then, as far back as that—for she caught sight of the date at the bottom of the page—to give her a place in his sketch-book: that wonderful volume! Then her cheeks grew deadly pale again.

With the date, other letters were standing out blackly, only too distinctly, before her: "Our Landlady's Daughter, September 20th, 1880."

For an instant, the room grew suddenly dark; the girl clenched her small hands. So that was all she was, all she had ever been, to him?

"Our landlady's daughter"!

The words repeated themselves again and again to her.

She almost hated him, for the moment. Then she started to tear the leaf into bits, when further writing, in a different hand, on the back of it, attracted her attention. It was only a little verse, signed with Justine Brainard's initials; but she read it eagerly and tremblingly. For was it not dedicated to her—Libbie? And did it not speak in praise of her "wistful child's-face"?

The girl felt the difference at once, and only too keenly. Justine had respected her, while Gerard had not.

She smoothed the crumpled page out carefully, re-read the little verse several times, and then locked it away in her small writing-desk, to keep for ever.

And so, from the very day of their parting, Libbie's love for Gerard underwent a change. And, as the days and weeks and months went on, the memory of the man who had been so much to her gradually grew dim, that of his brother more bright.

And so more than a year went by.

It was a windy April evening when Justine Brainard made his way, on horseback, toward Cañon Crossing.

Someone was sitting at the piano, playing softly, as he entered the little parlor.

"Libbie!"

"You have come back!" she cried, incredulously and joyously. "I was afraid you never would—"

Her manner told him even more than her simple earnest words, so suddenly checked, while a deep blush rushed up over her eager face. He felt that his coming had not been "folly" or "in vain," as he had only too firmly believed it to be.

After a while, through generosity to his brother, he said, with the girl's hand held closely and lovingly within his:

"And Gerard: you do not ask for him."

"I had quite forgotten him, in the joy of seeing you," she confessed, guiltily.

A ROSE FROM HER GRAVE.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARK.

DEAREST, I plucked a flower from your grave to-day;

'Twas beautiful, as you once were when on your cheek

The color of the red rose dwelt: this one was pale,

Like you when cold in death—so like life's sleep—you lay,

Hushed, still, but with a smile that seemed that it would speak

To tell me of the joys beyond this tearful vale.

So rarely beautiful this flower was, it seemed

That—could there be such metamorphosis of soul—

Your spirit, undisturbed of the grave's repose,

Had, by gracious God from sad oblivion redeemed,

Stol'n from its couch, and now above a church-yard knoll

Bloomed in the gentle beauty of a fair white rose.

JUBA AND ZIP.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

THERE was a "big meetin' gwine on" at Sleepy Hollow church, a mile or so from "Ole Uncle Isrul" Beasle's cabin, and the whole neighborhood was, consequently, in a state of great excitement. This, in the course of time, reached "Ole Isrul's" cabin itself. But, whatever the patriarch's reflection on the subject was, he put it, for a time, into his pipe and stolidly smoked it. Certain it is, he never "went nigh" the meeting but once, greatly to his wife's grief.

"Dat Isrul's jest er bran' fur de burnin'," said Aunt Hannah to her bosom-friend, Sister Cynthiana Sprouts. "He's er hardened stiff-necked ole sinner. No use argufyin' wid him."

"No, Missus Sprouts," he said, placidly filling his pipe; "'tain't no use. I were over dere las' Sunday night; an', I tell yer what, I hain't got no judgment on sich goin's-on—sich screechin' an' yellin' an' cuttin'-up was never seed. Dere's no use o' jawin', Hanner: I don't 'prove ob it, nohow an' no way. Now, dere was Columby Jinks—what a spitfire dat gal is. Wal, yer see her, dat night, wait until Brudder Dobbs got ter beatin' de Book, an' preachin' an' prayin' all in one bref. Den Columby, she set up er yowl, leaped off her seat like I've seen er catermount do, an' 'way she went, like mad—spinnin', shoutin', clappin', screechin', an' huggin' de sistren an' bredren permisc'ous—until she come ter Molly Rouncer, when she flung out bof dem mons'rous arms o' hern, an' fotched one ob 'em down wid sich er whack 'cross de nape o' dat gal's neck. 'Twas er miricul, 'most, it hadn't dislumedated her backbone. Now, Missus Sprouts, yer know why Columby done dat. 'Twan't no love-lick she fotched Molly Rouncer, nor 'twan't no 'ligion: 'twere de debbil, most like; for everybody knows dere ain't no love lost atwixt dem two gals. Jim Sothern's er-sparkin' 'em both, an' dey hates one anudder like pisen. Dere's anudder t'ing, ladies," taking the pipe from his mouth and shaking the ashes from the bowl: "I don't nohow b'lieve in dis screechin' an' shoutin'. Last Sunday night, I sot an' looked on an' thought—an' thinks me, dis 'minds me ob dem priests o' Baal, er-callin': 'O Baal, hear us! O Baal, hear us!' An' I was 'minded, like de good ole prophet, ter say: 'Shout louder, call louder; mobby your Baal's er-sleepin', or he's deaf, or he's 'way from home som'ers.'"

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Now, my ole missus used ter say: 'Isrul, de Lord's right 'longside ob you all de time. He goes wid yer even when yer creeps underneaf de corncrib ter steal de hen's-eggs, an' He sees yer if yer eats er batter-cake or flapjack atwixt de kitchen an' de breakfus'-table—not ter say nothin' o' knockin' de ole turkey-gobbler offen de roost.' Dat were in my young days, Missus Sprouts. But how many in dat meetin' t'inks dat dis am so now? Lor' bress my soul, dere were enough fried chicken-legs dere ter march more'n half dem black saints straight down ter de gates ob perdition. T'ink dat's 'ligion? Now, I t'ink 'ligion is doin' right. Not er-hintin' no 'fense ter you, Missus Sprouts." For that stately individual had risen, in offended majesty. "You'se er prime cook, an' honest den de day's long, as everybody knows. It's de hippercrits I'se meanin'."

"Missus" Sprouts was slightly mollified; but "'twere time for her to be gwine," she said: "de sistren an' bredren was ter hold er pra'-meetin' 'bout two o'clock, an' she mus' be dere."

"Me an' Juba'll be 'long, too, 'bout dat time," said Aunt Hannah, in bidding farewell.

But, when Aunt Hannah went to the wood-pile, to see if Juba had cut pine-knots enough for her evening-work, Juba was not to be found: he had laid down his axe and departed.

She was, therefore, in no very religious frame of mind when she set out, that afternoon, for the Sleepy Hollow meeting-house. She had had to chop the wood for her evening-cooking; and, had Juba been within reach, he would doubtless have felt her strong arm. Nor did the long hot walk tend to cool her blood. She had to go fast, being behind time. On the whole, she reached the meeting-house in no very pleasant mood.

There was a full congregation assembled in the shed-like building. But she found a rickety split chair; and, pushing back her flop-eared calico bonnet and wiping her heated brow, she sat down near the open side-door next the pulpit, where the breeze might strike her fairly.

She might have reaped the benefit of this favorable position, but that, about this time, there was a later and hotter arrival: a fleshy matron, who came in puffing and steaming, carrying on her arm a chubby shapeless round-eyed baby, as steaming-hot as herself. The two

filled up much of the space between Aunt Hannah and the door.

The mother had evidently prepared for a long stay. She first deposited, on the floor beside her chair, an open-mouthed quart-measure mug of milk, for Pollywog the baby. Then she drew from the folds of her dress a much-worn and somewhat soiled red handkerchief, through the fissures of which could be caught glimpses of what Israel would have called "one o' dem chicken-legs" and a corn-pone, this being the supper for herself. She hung this on the knob of her chairback. Then she propped Pollywog, the round-eyed baby, square in her broad lap, and, pushing back her shaker, prepared to listen to the sermon.

Meanwhile, Aunt Hannah, shut off from the breeze, puffed and steamed in mute indignation. "De impudence o' some pussuns is 'mazin'!" she thought, drawing back the folds of her Sunday "alapacky" from contact with the garment of the intruder. "Dey never know when their room's better'n their company."

Now Juba, not far away, was sheltering himself from Aunt Hannah's observation behind a friendly post. It is to be feared, however, that he was using his eyes more than he did his ears, notwithstanding the stirring appeal of the preacher.

He had seen Aunt Hannah come in; he had seen the woman with the baby follow after; and he enjoyed the evident disgust of his crowded relative. That unchopped wood, like Achan's wedge of gold, lay heavy on the conscience of the culprit.

But, at this juncture, Juba's little dog Zip, lying asleep under the bench at his feet, awoke to a consciousness of his surrounding. He awoke hungry, too: and, of course, at once scented the freshly-fried chicken-legs and Pollywog's measure of milk, thus introduced so near to his olfactories.

At all events, he pricked up his sharp ears, and, in defiance of a subdued whistle from Juba, trotted nimbly off toward Aunt Hannah, Pollywog, the mother, and the mug of milk.

Before he quite reached his destination, another actor, Juba saw, had likewise appeared upon the scene. This was a hornet: which, attracted either by the pleasing odor which had drawn Zip thither, or, mayhap, by the industrious flies circling about Pollywog's not-too-clean face, flew in through the open door and surrounded the group there in a most lively way. Zip, for his part, surrounded the mug on the floor in a manner as lively, sniffing the air and cocking his ears. Pollywog, alert for amusement, spying

the terrier with her round eyes, kicked and crowed vigorously, thus attracting the mother's attention to the dog. Instinctively divining his intent, the matron tried to protect the mug with one hand, while she flirted Pollywog's bonnet in his face with the other.

Zip, thus rebuffed, tucked his stumpy tail between his legs and retreated to the doorsill, where he sat upon his haunches, devouring with his eyes the milk, fried chicken, and the baby, now and then licking his chops in anticipation.

The hornet, not so easily daunted, darted hither and thither, more than once making a dive alarmingly near to Pollywog's nose.

Intent upon listening to Brother Dobbs, and having an eye to the little dog and the milk, as well as to the antics of Pollywog, the harassed mother gave no heed to this warning gyration. This was well; for the hornet, left to amuse himself in his own way, was amicable enough. It would not do, though, Juba knew, to flaunt Pollywog's bonnet at him as it had been flaunted at Zip.

But the boy's observation and cogitation were now cut short by the sudden call of Brother Dobbs for singing. The weird African melody swelled out in a rhythmical measure, to which the singers kept time with an undulating disjointed movement of their bodies. But Juba paid little attention to this: he was fascinated by the approaching climax of the comedy in the doorway.

That Zip meant business, he knew by the restless wagging of his tail. The hornet meant business, too, if he could judge by the frantic dashes and circles he was cutting in the air, not a yard away from Pollywog's nose.

This dusky cherub, excited by the tumult about her, was in an ecstasy of delight—jumping, flinging her chubby arms, and exulting in all sorts of ways. Meantime, the hornet widened and contracted his circles, but every time made swifter dashes toward the centre of attraction, Zip, licking his chops and flirting his tail, watched the matron—who, being in a state of exaltation, was surely relaxing her vigilance. Presently, his chance came—or he thought it had come—and he made a dash at the milk. But alas! the milk was now low in the mug, and the way thereto was narrow. Nothing daunted, however, and in a frenzy of hurry, Zip thrust his slender head and long ears quite through the mouth of the mug. The noise made Pollywog's mother look down. She made a rush at the thief with the bonnet; but Zip precipitately retreated, clawing frantically though vainly at his unwieldy headgear; while, to add to his

discomfort, the coveted milk poured over his shiny black neck and rolled gurgling down upon the floor. Lunge after lunge, the irritated matron made after him, but with no other result than to irritate the dog and add to his impromptu waltz; while, at the same time, she managed to excite the ire of the other enemy overhead.

"Dat hornet's in fo' bizness now, shore," thought Juba, convulsed with inward spasms of laughter. "Ke! he! He done popped Zip, dat flip. Jeemes's Ribber! how dat dorg do dance er jig wid de milk-mug fo' pardner! Golly! see dat dorg! Oh, my bones! ef I could jest roll on de grass out yonner an' laugh. Go it, Zip! Go it, hornet! Oh, I shall bust—or die!"

And "bust" he did, an instant later, into an unrepressed explosion of laughter; for the hornet, veering his attack from Zip to the real offender, suddenly popped the mother of Pollywog squarely between the eyes.

Pollywog, you may be sure, was hustled to the floor without ceremony, as the matron, with a leap and a screech, bounded from her seat. Then she and the poor muzzled and hornet-stung Zip held a sort of dervish-dance in the open square by the door, while the tireless singers began the jubilate: "Gwine up, gwine ter de New Jerusalem!"

"Dat's right, my son," said Brother Dobbs, reaching the scapegrace Juba, now rolling upon the floor in an uncontrollable fit of merriment. "Youth's de time ter shout, 'fore de evil days comes not. An' you, Sister Squills," he exhorted, "it's nebber too late ter git happy. Shout, sister, shout! 'Gwine up! gwine up!' Shout, sister! Dat's right!"

And Juba and Sister Squills did shout, though from different causes.

"You Juba Beasle, what for yo' doublin'-up like dat?" asked Aunt Hannah, beginning to

have her suspicion of Juba. "What's dis yer is up ter now?"

"Mammy, mammy," whispered Juba, too convulsed to be discreet, "look at Zip—an' look at dat hornet. Dey's havin' er meetin' ter dey-selves over dere, an' de hornet's de preacher, shore. Oh, golly! bress my buttons! dey's poppin' off, ebery one on 'em; I done laugh so."

"Juba," said Aunt Hannah, severely, "dere's er hick'ry-limb growin' at home for you, boy. Clar-outen dis, an' tramp dat road yonner in er jiffy. Don't let de grass grow unner yer feet, Juba, or you'll catch it. Clar out!"

Juba was only too glad to escape to the open air; and so he scrambled along, underneath the benches, expeditiously working his way toward the hooded dog and the open door. On the route, he passed Pollywog—who, sprawled upon the floor, with open mouth and inflated lungs, was doing her best toward adding to the general uproar and confusion. This tumult was now indescribable: for the hornet, infuriated, had been indulging in a free-and-easy fight with more of the shouters than Sister Squills, and each blow he struck had told on the excited crowd.

Some knew what the matter was now, to their sorrow; but not a few had got the impression that "de debbil" was amongst them, in bodily presence. Juba, seeing a throng of these superstitious ones pressing from the rear, quickly released Zip from the tyranny of the mug; and the twain, not sorry to go, set off from the meeting-house at the top of their speed.

Swiftly as they went, though, Juba looked back, and had another convulsion as he saw the assembly pouring out in hot haste after them.

The meeting had broken up in confusion: and not all Brother Dobbs's eloquence could undo the effect of the potent argument of Juba's "silent preacher."

DAY-DREAMS.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

Glad morn on the sun-kissed hilltops,
And dew-bright trees;
Noon flooded with golden glory,
Low drone of bees.

A leaf on the current slowly
Dimpling along;
The ripple of broken water
In sunny song.

A thrush in the sleeping woodland
In mellow trill;

The plaintive call of a cuckoo
Across the hill.

Night's robe, in its ghostly grayness,
Trilled silent down;
The glimmer of star-like windows
In far-off town.

The day with its dream is ended,
As all days end;
Forget, dear, the soft words whispered:
Call me but "friend."

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 463.

XXI. KING AND MONK.

THE king found himself in a small room, when the jester had left him, not unlike what was called a "solar" in a castle, overlooking the great hall where the lord and lady of the place sat and watched their retainers below. A small window was at one end of this apartment, or rather closet, and, on approaching it and drawing aside the curtain, Charles found that it commanded the chapel of the convent, and had evidently been used by the abbot, before the ruin of the monastic buildings, as his private chamber, whence he might witness the service, and note if any of the brothers was absent. At present, the chapel was unoccupied; but the moonlight streamed in, on pavement and pillar, and on the high altar, giving an almost weird effect to all.

The little room was empty of furniture, except a small table and a single chair. On this table burned a solitary candle, and on the chair sat a monk.

The latter had risen on the king's entrance, and now stood meekly before the monarch, with head bowed and hands clasped before his girdle.

"Your blessing, good father," said the monarch, turning to him.

The blessing was given, and then Charles proceeded at once to the matter in hand, with that promptitude which was his characteristic.

"You are Brother Richard, I suppose?" he said.

"I am, sire."

"Then I can speak without fear, and in all frankness. But, first, let me thank you for the hospitable viands you provided for us, and for the comfort of our apartment, which is far beyond what I had expected. The secrecy of the room and the difficulty of access to it make it exactly what we wished. For, alas! in this troubled time, we are surrounded on all sides by treason. We barely escaped from it this very day. Someone has apprised the enemy of our adventure. I suspect the man, and he is one in whom I had great confidence; one high in rank, also. Alas! of all my court, my good

Dunois is almost the only one I can trust." As he spoke, the king sank into the chair, leaned his arms on it, buried his face in his hands, and sighed wearily.

After a moment, however, he looked up, and pulled himself together with a start, as if ashamed of his weakness.

"Yes, I thank you for your hospitable viands, which, by some magic, as it were, my jester knew exactly where to find."

The monk smiled.

"I had seen the jester just before he rejoined you," he said, "and told him where the meat and wine were hid. I need no thanks. To serve your majesty, who is serving France, is all, after God, that a true subject seeks."

"Well spoken," replied the king; "and I see that you are a true subject. Even if my jester had not given warranty for you, I should have been inclined to trust you, from your face."

The monk made a low obeisance at the compliment, and then resumed his attitude of respectful homage, standing silent before the monarch.

"Yes; well spoken," repeated the king. "If only all held such opinion, France would soon rise from her ashes, and become again, as formerly, a leader among the nations."

"Sire, she will rise again," said the monk, bravely. "And God offers you, here at hand, a sure means to redeem her."

"Yes, I know. You speak of this girl—Jeanne."

"Jeanne d'Arc, as we call her here. As good and virtuous a girl as ever lived. The recipient of divine grace, in that she has been chosen to rescue France."

"You believe in her alleged mission?"

"Most unquestionably. I have known her from infancy; I have been her confessor for years; not a secret of her heart but is familiar to me; and I am as sure that she believes in her mission as I am sure that I am standing here now."

"I have come out of my way, and at some little peril," answered the king, after watching the monk curiously for a moment, "to see if

I could settle that very question. Secret affairs of state called me to this end of my kingdom, and I took a day, in addition, and made a detour in this direction, passing through districts swarming with my enemies, in order personally to look into this matter; for there was really no one I could trust to make the scrutiny for me. I felt that I must see and judge for myself. It is a very serious matter. If I accept the services of this young girl, and she fail to arouse the enthusiasm I expect, I shall become a laughing-stock. What is of even more moment, I should make the last end of my kingdom worse than the first."

"Have no fear," replied the monk, when the monarch paused, looking at him as if expecting an answer. "God has spoken through her."

"You have, at least, unbounded faith," said the king, still eying him curiously. "I wish we all had it."

"By faith mountains are moved, sire. We have Holy Writ for that."

"I doubt if that is more than a metaphor," said the king. "Things material can only be affected by material forces. But faith, as I understand it, is a spiritual element, and, as such, potent to influence men spiritually. It is the want of faith, just now, among my good people of France, that is at the bottom of our distressed affairs. Could they but be got to believe in themselves once more, the expulsion of the English would be comparatively easy. But they have lost heart. Defeat after defeat, treachery after treachery, have made them hopeless. They require to be rallied, to have their faith in themselves restored. And that is just what my good Dunois tells me this girl may do."

In this day, we should call such talk rationalistic. In that day, people had not yet found out the phrase. But the monk realized that, as to Jeanne, the king was without that faith which he praised so highly, and he sighed. Yet, even from the king's point of view, Brother Richard saw that good might be achieved. To induce Charles to accept the services of Jeanne was the main point. If she were inspired, as the good monk held, her victory would be all the more decisive.

"As your majesty pleases," said the monk. "Only enlist her services for France. Try her, at least."

"I should not have come so far nor risked so much," replied the king, "if I had not decided to try her, unless, on seeing her, I change my mind. My good lord of Baudricourt was the first one to acquaint me with her strange story. He sent a sure messenger to me, to tell me of her visions and what she believed to be her mission.

I caused inquiry to be made, in consequence, but heard that there was a lover from whom my lord wished to separate her—his own brother-in-law, in fact. And this made me dismiss the matter at once. Subsequently, my jester came to me, on the same subject. He and you, it seems, are old acquaintances, and you had written to him about the girl."

"Yes; we were neophytes together," said the monk. "But he gave up the vocation, while I went on with it."

"Very true. Exactly what he told me. And to him you applied, thinking the subject one of imperative moment?"

"Yes."

"This induced me to reconsider my resolution. But there was some truth, at least, in the love-passages between the girl and young Armoise, was there not?"

"There was, sire. The young noble loved her, and loves her still, and with such passionate self-sacrifice that he is willing to risk the social outlawry which, more or less, would follow his marriage with a peasant-girl."

"He must be a fine fellow, and a generous one," said Charles, admiringly. "Faith, I don't think, under any circumstances, that I would run such a risk. No woman that ever lived is worth it."

"Jeanne is," replied the monk, bravely. "Her inborn nobility of soul makes her the equal of anyone."

"Courageously spoken," cried Charles. "But, much as I may admire, as a man, the self-sacrifice of Armoise, I cannot, as a king, favor such a mesalliance. If we do not uphold the sacredness of rank, civil society will soon come to an end. The Jaquerie will be universal. No, no; I refused to listen to my lord of Baudricourt, not because I favored the match, but because I thought he had personal interest in magnifying the girl's mission."

"There is no fear, your majesty," said the monk, "of the marriage."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. At one time, indeed, the woman in Jeanne nearly triumphed. She almost as good as pledged herself to this young noble. But there was a sally of Burgundians on the village, and, in the assault and tumult, her grandmother, whom she dearly loved, was killed. Our good Jeanne took this as a punishment for having momentarily wavered in her mission. 'It is not for me,' she told me, after the sad event, 'to be happy as other women. My fate is different, and is fixed unchangeably. I must leave all here—father, and mother, and

lover, and friends—and fulfill my task, even if it lead to martyrdom, as it possibly may.' No, your majesty, the eternal hills are not more immovable than Jeanne is now."

"That is well," said Charles. "The union would have been impossible, for the reasons I have named."

"She realizes them, also, now," was the reply; "though she did not, at first. The difference in rank really seemed to be of no importance to her, so innocent and simple-hearted was the dear child."

"I am sorry for her; but France, in fact," he spoke with great sadness, "is in such a strait, that no chance of assistance, no matter how it comes, or from whom, or who suffers, should be neglected. But I could trust no one, as I said before, to look into the subject. Hence I am here. Yet it will not do to grant her an interview. That would be committing myself in advance. And there are other reasons against it. If I decide to accept her aid, I shall have her sent to Chinon, and shall see if she can pick me out among a hundred others. Should she succeed, that alone will make people believe in her. Can you arrange that I can see the girl, unknown to herself?"

"Your majesty has already seen her, or so my old friend, the jester, says. You saw her this very day, on horseback."

"Ha! Was that she?" cried the king. "A brave soul, and a fearless rider. Just the one to head a charge. I should think she would inspire even cowards to follow her. If in other things she is as great, she is just what we need."

"She is full of enthusiasm and faith, my liege, which, you have said to-night, are so all-powerful. But you shall be witness for yourself. I have arranged for her to perform a vigil in the chapel, and the time draws near when she will come. You can watch her, yourself unobserved, from this window, and, if you do not find, in her rapt devotion, in her exaltation of spirit, the very things you seek, then have I made the greatest mistake of my life."

"To-night, and here? I thank you, good monk. For, not to shirk the truth, I would fain be off early to-morrow. Now that the vultures of Burgundy know of my advent in this region, they will pursue me to the death, and my only chance of escape is to retrace my steps as speedily as possible. Even my jester thinks me foolhardy, to have come at all. But there is nothing," and he lifted his head proudly, as he spoke, "that I would not do for France; and no one could do this thing but myself. At least,

had I confided it to any other, and had the venture finally failed, I should never have forgiven myself."

"It will not fail, my liege," said the monk, stoutly. "God is with her."

"Ah! Brother Richard, Brother Richard," said Charles, rising, "I wish I had your faith. But kings see so much treachery, that they end too often in believing in nothing. But I will see the girl. The time for her vigil, you say, has nearly arrived."

"Yes," replied the monk, advancing to the window, and slightly drawing back the curtain: "Behold!"

The king looked, and saw, with a flood of moonlight around her, the figure of Jeanne, kneeling before the altar.

XXII. INSPIRATION.

Yes, down in the church below, a brave young creature knelt, in the agony of a great struggle, before the altar, which rose, white and ghostly, among the shadows that filled the whole structure. Alone in the darkness, for night had fallen upon forest and hillside, Jeanne had stolen away from everything that loved her, and sought the only place that held out for her a promise of help. The great altar alone was visible through the solemn dusk, when she crept noiselessly as a shadow along the stone floor, and sank, kneeling, upon the altar-steps, exhausted with fasting and weary unto death of the fierce struggle that had been rending her soul until her very nature seemed changing into something weird and unearthly. She had come to keep her vigil, as she had promised Brother Richard.

She had left the father she revered, the youth who loved her with almost passionate fury, and the mother whose tenderness was so clinging and sweet that resistance to it seemed impossible, and had found her way down to God's altar, asking help of Him—help to resist everything she loved, to uproot her own young life, to die, if need be, in the dizzy path heaven and an old prophecy had marked out for her.

Sweet, womanly, and fervent in her nature, she clung with intense affection to the parent who had been all in all to her, to her home, with its picturesque surrounding, to the spot where her pure heart had first leaped to the sound of a man's footstep which was not her father's.

Oh, how the sweet womanhood of this young creature protested against the career which something more holy and resistless than destiny had marked out for her. How she struggled for light, and for strength to pursue that light to the end! How she prayed to be lifted above all

the affection of her own beautiful nature, or allowed to sink back into her old life, and devote it to those she loved so tenderly!

This struggle had been going on for days and weeks. She wept or dreamed over her work continually. When her mother called suddenly, she would start, and her eyes would fill with tears. She scarcely tasted food, and drank only of water from the fountain whose waves had nourished the tree of the elfin ladies many a score of years.

There is a delirium of exhaustion, more fatal in its exaltation than the delirium of excess. She had fasted almost continuously. She had toiled without faltering, hoping thereby to win some indulgence from her parents for what seemed to them perverse opposition to their wishes. The girlish heart within her bosom was being sacrificed to a grand idea, which she could no more wrest from her mind than she could change the form of her body. Prayer, fasting, confession, only deepened the inspiration that was upon her. Against this fire of the brain and thirst of the soul, she had only a pure loving woman's heart to oppose, and that was tortured in her bosom. Thus, soul-laden, she had proceeded to the church, at the advice of Brother Richard, resolved to ask a sign of God, by which her actions should be guided, a sign of such clear significance that doubt would be sacrilegious. Strange voices, in consequence, as it seemed to her, had haunted the girl all the way from her home to the church—strange melodious voices that thrilled her to the soul. Body and mind, this young creature had become so spiritualized that sensation became the slave of faith.

Two days before, Jeanne had confessed herself to Brother Richard, a man whose love of country, as we have seen, was strong almost as his love of God. All the aspiration, the doubt, and the struggle of that brave young heart, even to its love, she laid before this man, who perfectly understood the power that lay in such wonderful enthusiasm. He shared her exaltation, and gave it fresh force. He had urged her on to more fervent prayer and more rigorous fasting. Brother Richard thought himself right in this; for, to such men, patriotism sometimes takes the form and force of religion. Already, as we know, he had arranged for the king to see her. All the same, he held this young girl in profound reverence, and, believing in miracles, believed that one might yet be worked out in her behalf. Pure enough for a sacrifice, brave enough for martyrdom, inspired by the grandeur of a marvelous hope, he saw in her a creature to revive

the drooping valor of France into superstitious enthusiasm. No one understood the power of religious delusion better than this patriot priest. He could even sympathize honestly with the rare and beautiful faith that inspired her. When she looked in his face with those large truthful eyes, and told him of the voices she had heard, he believed her, and believed in them. But he saw that something more positive was needed, before this poor struggling girl could be brought to lay her heart, still palpitating with human passion, upon the altar of her country.

Brother Richard believed in the divinity of her revelations, but he believed, also, that God carries out His behests by instruments, through the saints in heaven, and by the priests of His church on earth. In firing this young creature with almost superhuman patriotism, he believed himself to be doing a holy work. Thus, inspired by faith, and urged forward by her spiritual adviser, Jeanne had sought the church, as a refuge against herself, and there, bereft of all strength, had fallen at the foot of the altar.

The king watched this spectacle for more than an hour, the monk standing silently behind him. Occasionally, Jeanne would rise from her knees and look up at the moonlight with clasped hands, as it streamed through the casement, her attitude and expression seeming to imply that she saw there what others could not see—perhaps angels, ascending and descending. Her rapt look was so saintly, at such time, that Charles involuntarily crossed himself. He was a man especially sensitive to woman's loveliness, particularly that of the loftier kind; and the high and noble beauty of Jeanne's face, its spiritual elevation, impressed him powerfully. When at last, after thus unconsciously turning her face toward him three or four times, Jeanne prostrated herself again before the altar, and remained there impassive as a statue on a tomb, the monarch quietly closed the curtain and turned to Brother Richard.

"I have seen enough," he said, in a whisper. "That is a face to inspire men. She has only to put herself at the head of my army, to raise the oriflamme and to cry 'To arms!' and lo! the whole kingdom will be roused to enthusiasm. The common people already believe in the prophecy that a virgin is to arise who will redeem France. Let her but announce her mission; let her but say she is sent by God, and the entire realm will be ablaze. You think, Brother Richard, that I am wanting in faith. But I believe in her, at least. In your Jeanne d'Arc, I see the redeemer of France."

"I knew it would be so," answered the monk, with enthusiasm. "I was sure, if you once saw

her, you would believe in her divine mission. Lord," he said, raising his eyes to heaven, "now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: for that which my eyes have longed for I see—my country is saved."

"Not so fast, not so fast, good father," said the king, laying his hand on the monk's shoulder. "Much remains to be done. And the first thing is to consider how she is to reach Chinon, to which I return to-morrow, and whither I would hat she follow at once."

"An escort—"

"Ah! but think a moment," interrupted his majesty, "and you will see that is impossible—at least, a large one, or one avowedly sent by me. The girl must appear at court as if from her own volition—or, rather, as if sent by heaven, unaided by earthly means. And yet, for a young girl, and a beautiful one, to traverse half of France, in its present disturbed condition, would be to risk life—or, what is dearer, honor. Stay—I have it. Do you think she would be willing to assume man's attire?"

"She would do anything that she thought duty, or that I impressed on her as duty."

"Then, disguised as a young cavalier, traveling with four or five attendants, she might, I think, reach Chinon in safety. I will provide the few men-at-arms that would be fitting for such a cavalier. But she should have one or two trusty friends of her own. Has she brothers?"

"Yes."

"Then one of them at least must accompany her. And a good reliable servitor, middle-aged, must also be found. But I begin to feel fatigue, and will, I think, retire. All this detail I leave for Dunois to settle. We shall start before day-break, so as to give these boars of Burgundians the slip before they are well out of their beds. You will communicate with the count ere we set forth, and arrange with Jeanne for her journey afterward. And now, your blessing again, good father."

Before he sought his couch, the king held a brief conversation with Dunois, in which he told what Brother Richard had said and what he had himself seen.

"Some of our counselors, despite all," he said, "will think we have gone into this thing madly. But, for my part, I believe in her."

"I believe, at least, that she will rouse enthusiasm," said the soldier: "and that is all we want, to save France."

The king then told him to arrange with the monk as to the detail of Jeanne's journey, and, yawning, sought his bed.

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The next morning, long before cock-crow, Charles and Dunois, with their attendants, were on their way back to Chinon.

XXIII. PARTING.

THE parting from her home, from her parents, and from her lover was more painful, when it came to the crisis, than even Jeanne had fancied. For it was no ordinary parting, in which a reunion, after a time, might be looked for; it was a parting that might last forever; that might lead to death—nay, even to martyrdom. Great, too, as was her soul, it was still that of a human being, born to feel suffering and sorrow. She was ready, like a true woman, to give up everything to duty; but her woman's heart, nevertheless, bled at the sacrifice. She would have been less noble if it had not.

Brother Richard had carefully arranged everything for the journey. One of her brothers was to accompany her. A staid middle-aged servitor had also been selected, as the king had recommended. Five stout men-at-arms were to act as a guard. Jeanne, herself, wore man's attire, as a further protection, as well as a disguise.

Her cousin, Jacquemin, was violent in opposition to the whole scheme. Worthy as he was, in many respects, his nature was too commonplace to understand Jeanne. He not only pronounced the whole scheme folly, but he particularly railed against her assumption of man's attire.

"It is indelicate; it is unmaidenly," he said. "I could never marry a woman who had thus disgraced herself."

Jeanne's high spirit resented, as it naturally should, this speech.

"It is no question of your marrying me, cousin," she said, indignantly. "Nor is it your concern whether I disgrace myself or not by wearing such apparel, on this journey, which my best friends tell me is most prudent. Brother Richard—"

"Brother Richard!" The young man spoke with angry vehemence. "He your friend! He is the head and front of all this foolery. He is himself half crazy on the subject of France, and is dunce enough to think he can do her good service by persuading you to this mad enterprise. I wish, priest though he is, that the foul fiend had him. Only for him, you would never have thought of this mad enterprise, but would have been content to live and die a happy wife here—my wife, as I once hoped you would be."

"Never, cousin, could I have been your wife, and that I have often told you," replied Jeanne.

"We are so opposite in nature, so antagonistic even, that such a union would have ruined two lives. No, Jacquemin, you require quite a different helpmate from your imaginative cousin, as you have often called me, a dreamer of dreams, and a prophetic seer of events. There is one here who already loves you devotedly. It is dear little Hermette, as you well know. When I am gone, when I am dead," here the poor girl gulped down a sigh, "when I am forgotten—nay, long before, you will marry her, and be the happiest of husbands. Farewell! You have spoken harshly of me, even cruelly, and have thought even worse; but I forgive you: you think and speak only as your nature is, and for that, perhaps, you are not answerable: who knows? Give my best love to Hermette. If I be in life when I hear of the marriage, I will send my congratulations."

"I will never marry," retorted the other, gruffly, as he turned away. "You have taught me how deceitful women are. I will have none of them." And yet, before the year was out, he had married Hermette, as Jeanne foretold, and as, with his nature, was almost certain from the first.

The parting with Armoise was more difficult. Jeanne would have avoided a last interview, if it had been possible; but her lover was determined to see her, in the vain hope of shaking her purpose. He watched his opportunity, and overtook her, the night before she set forth, as she was going to the chapel for a last prayer at its altar. She heard his step behind her, in the woods, and her heart began to beat fast. For an instant she looked around, in hope of seeing some means of escape. But, finding none, she turned bravely and faced him.

"Is this true, that I hear," he broke out, passionately, coming close up to her, "that you are really going to the king, to offer to him your services?"

"It is true."

"And that you go to-morrow?"

"I go to-morrow."

"Good heavens! are you mad?" He had seized her hands, which she strove to withdraw, but which he held as in a vise. "Do you know what people will say? Going, I am told, in man's attire. Oh, Jeanne," flinging her hands suddenly away, as if their touch were infection, "I would not have believed it of you."

It required all Jeanne's firmness, all her trust in heaven, to hear these words without breaking down. Her bosom heaved, her heart seemed ready to burst; but she conquered her weakness, and replied sadly and firmly.

"Robert," she said, "you know that I have loved you, that I love you still. I was weak enough to confess all this to you once. But, since then, the disparity in rank between us, of which I had thought so little, has been impressed on me, so that, even if I had not this mission to fulfill, I could never be your wife. Your own sister, the countess, who has been so kind to me, would flout and scorn me if I ruined your prospects in life by becoming your wife. Like should mate with like. Sparrows with sparrows, eagles with eagles. I have heard her use these very words."

"But you are as much eagle as I am, if that is what you mean," impetuously broke in the young man. "Your soul is higher and nobler than any rank could bestow. What are birth and station, compared to mutual love? And you do love me. You have admitted that. Oh, Jeanne, Jeanne, reconsider this decision. Stay, darling, stay, and be my wife!"

The tears gushed to her eyes. She raised her clasped hands imploringly.

"I had hoped," she said, "to have been spared this pleading. Have pity on me, Robert! I cannot, cannot abandon duty. God has given me a mission in behalf of France. To me He has entrusted the task of saving her. I must do that, at any cost. And do you suppose," she cried, her voice ringing with passion and pathos, "that it is nothing to me to go—to tear myself away from home and family—from you, Robert, too—yes, you, dear? Oh, if I could have been spared drinking this cup! But it cannot be, it cannot be. I must do the bidding of the voices. If I die for it, I must obey."

Her vehemence, the evident sincerity of her sorrow, her passionate emotion, moved the soul of her hearer as it had never been moved before. Unlike her cousin, he could have understood, under different circumstances, could even have sympathized with, Jeanne's mission. But he was selfish, as all men are, and especially lovers. He wanted her for himself, and so refused to believe in her call. It was all a delusion, he kept telling himself, and would fain tell her. He now broke out:

"Even if you die for it, you say. But you ought to say, instead, even if you make others die. For do you think, Jeanne, that you can do what they tell me you are going to do, without breaking one heart at least, and that heart mine? Dear," with a last effort at appeal, "you carry my life in your hands. If you go, I lose all faith in love, all belief in woman, perhaps even all trust in God. For, if there is a God, He is just, and would not suffer such a thing as this—"

"Oh," cried the girl, interrupting him, "do not blaspheme! Take back your words. Let me not go away thinking that anything I have done, however righteous, should anger a human soul so as to disbelieve in God. For I cannot refuse this call of duty. Go I must. Heaven and all angels urge me on. Do not let us part in this way, therefore. Do not let us part with anger on your side."

"You will go, then?" He spoke passionately, sternly. "You fling away love, and happiness, and everything that makes life dear?"

"Everything that makes life dear," she repeated, almost mechanically.

"You give all this up, for a delusion?"

"Oh, no! Not a delusion."

"For a delusion," angrily and masterfully. "To herd with rough soldiers; to see carnage, and rejoice in it—"

"Oh, no; not to rejoice in it," covering her face, with a shudder.

"To die in some breach, perhaps, or be slaughtered in cold blood, after being made a prisoner. Oh, Jeanne, Jeanne, my darling Jeanne," suddenly dropping his accents of reproach, and returning to an imploring tone instead, "have mercy on me, if you will not have mercy on yourself!"

"But a righteous God? Would He, ought

He to, have mercy, if I should reject His call? Remember my dear grandmother's death. Was it not a punishment for my temporary hesitation? Oh, Robert, have pity on me. Do not make my task harder than it is. We shall probably meet no more, until we meet in heaven. Let us not meet there with the memory of an angry parting. Take my hand in brotherly kindness, before I go to the chapel. Bid me farewell kindly, even if you cannot do it approvingly. Dear Robert, for once—"

The haughty young man was melted. Who, indeed, could resist such an appeal? He took her hand, he looked into her eyes; emotion choked him. At last, wringing the hand passionately, he said:

"Farewell, and forever, since so it is to be. But, if you devote your life to France, so will I devote mine. Wherever the press is thickest, where danger is most appalling, there will I be. And—and," here his voice, man as he was, broke down, "when we meet in heaven, if we never meet before, you shall be ready to admit that I did my devoir as a true knight, and died for my king and country—and," with a last passionate look and a sob, as he flung her hand from him, "for my only, my lost love."

The moment after, he was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AFTER THIS LIFE.

BY MOSES LESLIE AMES.

WHAT though our earthly lot be hard?
There's rest, sweet rest,
Comes through the door that's left unbarred—
A welcome guest!

What though we toll from day to day?
Do not despond.
Hast thou ne'er heard a sweet voice say:
"The great beyond?"

There is a brighter, happier shore
For thine and thee.

There earthly grief is known no more,
And thou art free!

There is a pathway all may tread—
Narrow but straight;
By it the weary feet are led
To heaven's gate.

Yes: keep thy faith. And, when at last
Shall come the end,
Thou'lt find, oh! soul, whate'er thy past,
God is thy friend!

A SUMMER STORM.

BY CHARLES I. HOUSTON.

The sun rose up in splendor o'er the hill,
Flooding the earth with glory in his track.
Above, a frowning cloud hangs dense and black.
The northeast wind, arising drear and chill,
Lashes the cloud apart with giant skill,
Changing the azure sky to leaden hue.
The damp air forms in drops, the wind that blew

How's fiercer, and the raging storm doth fill
The earth with wild strange music; while the thin
Forked tongues of lightning glance, and the quick round
Of heaven's artillery completes the din.
But see: a light breaks in the west, the sound
Of thunder dies, the wind and rain both cease,
The sun rides forth once more, and all is peace.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a costume of striped tennis-flannel; a cream-white stripe, with a stripe of color in

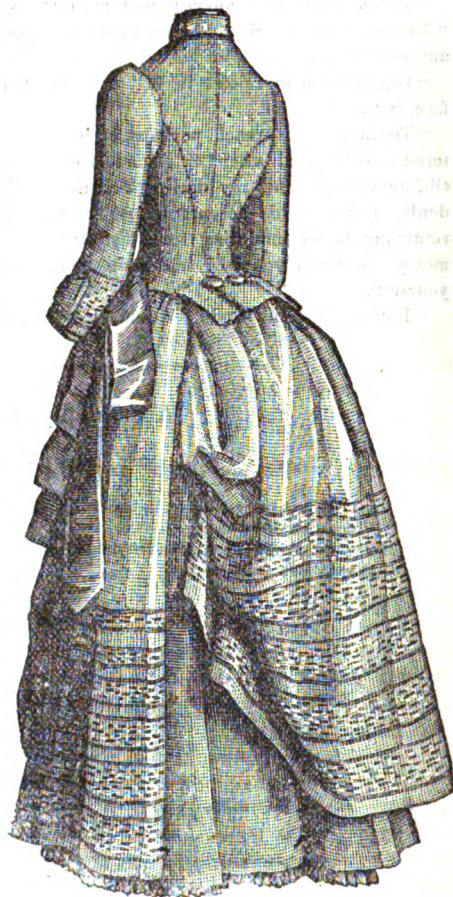


No. 1.

a variety of shades and mixtures, such as are seen in the Scotch gingham. The skirt is kilt-plaited into a deep yoke, the kilts being held in place by tapes on the inside of the skirt. This is done to make the dress as light as possible, so avoiding the foundation-skirt, which adds to the weight of a summer costume. The overskirt forms a long apron-front, striped lengthwise, while in the back the drapery is arranged for the stripes to be crosswise, two widths of the flannel being sewed together and draped into the

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short-pointed basque at the back. The basque is pointed front and back, as may be seen in illustration—the stripes arranged to meet into the back seam, curving out again below the waist. The same effect is produced in front. Sleeves full into the shoulder, cuffs and collar of velvet to match the prevailing colors in the flannel. This model will serve equally well for a striped gingham or sateen. Twelve to fourteen yards of yard-wide material will be required. Three-



No. 2.

eighths of a yard of velvet for collar and cuffs. A vest of velvet may be added, if preferred.

No. 2—Is a pretty model for a lace muslin, with open border, which comes on some of the

fancy muslins or étamine-cloth, a kind of canvas material. It comes in white and écoru, with colored borders or figures, something like scrim, only finer. Our model has first a plain skirt,



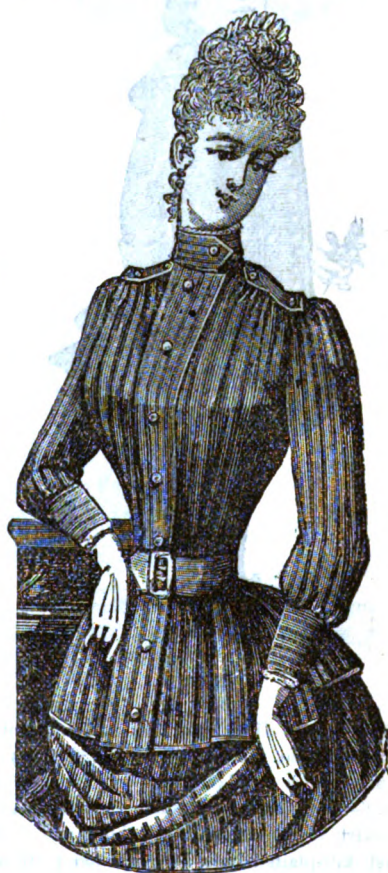
Nos. 3 and 4.

edged with a narrow plaiting. The back of the skirt is of the plain material, the bordered width being added at the left side, where it hangs in straight folds, and is plaited up on the right side to the hip, showing the plain underskirt. The back falls in straight drapery on the right side, slightly looped as seen on the left. A simple coat-tail basque, pointed in front, with high standing collar and cuffs, made of the plain material; cuffs of the border. A bow of ribbon, tied in long loops with ends, completes this simple and stylish costume. Twelve to fourteen yards of muslin and three yards of ribbon will be required.

No. 3—Is a simple little morning-dress, of sateen or dotted muslin. There is a plain underskirt, like a petticoat, edged with a box-plaited ruffle. Over this is arranged the entire front and back drapery, seemingly in one piece. The waist is slightly full into the waistband, back and front, like the old-fashioned Parodie waists. There is a box-plait on the front of the waist. The sleeves are full into a narrow band at the wrist. There seems to be a growing preference

for these small bishop-sleeves. A dotted or figured muslin may be made over a colored silk or silesia slip, after this model. Ten to twelve yards of muslin will be required, or fourteen yards of sateen.

No. 4—Is a walking-toilette, of nun's-veiling or other soft and light-weight woolen, trimmed with wide fancy mohair braid. The underskirt is kilted in wide plaits, held in place by the under-tapes. The apron-front, which is long and pointed, is ornamented by three rows of the braid in three widths as seen. It is plaited high at the sides, and the back falls in one long puff, also edged with the braid. The bodice is a coat-basque, opening in front over a plaited vest, one side buttoning; the other, the buttons are put on to match. The epaulettes are made of narrow



No. 5.

braid to form diamonds, the lower points finished by a drop-button. High standing collar and deep cuffs. Ten to twelve yards of double-fold material will be required.

No. 5—Is something quite new for a breakfast-jacket. It is made of striped tennis-flannel. There is a box-plait down the front, which narrows toward the waist. The flannel is laid in fine plaits at the shoulders, back and front, the seam being covered by a shoulder-strap of the flannel, bound with a narrow silk braid. The fullness of the waist is laid in deeper plaits under the belt, and arranged in box-plaits on the skirt of the jacket. The edge of the jacket is bound with the silk braid. Straight bishop-sleeves, full into a deep cuff of the material



No. 6.

cut crosswise. High standing collar, pointed and buttoned at the left side. The belt may be of leather, or a regular tennis-belt with buckle.

No. 6—Is a seaside-costume for a little girl. The skirt is of striped navy-blue and white flannel, kilt-plaited on a long-waisted petticoat-body, made with a deep yoke of the striped flannel in front, with the stripes crosswise, which shows as shirt under the blouse-waist. The blouse-waist is made like a boy's sailor-blouse, with deep sailor-collar, double-breasted, finished by two rows of buttons. The edge of



No. 7.

the blouse has an elastic, and the blouse falls over the sash, which ties at the back.

No. 7—Is also a flannel suit for a little girl of four to six years, made of white or marine-blue flannel or serge. Band on skirt, yoke, sash, and



No. 8.

cuffs in a contrasting color of flannel—white with blue, or blue with white.

No. 8—Is a striped gingham blouse for a boy of four years, trimmed with white braid. The front is plain like an apron, the back in box-plaits, belted by a strap-belt, beginning at the arm-seams. Full sleeves, finished by a band at the wrist. The neck and pockets are edged with Hamburg embroidery.

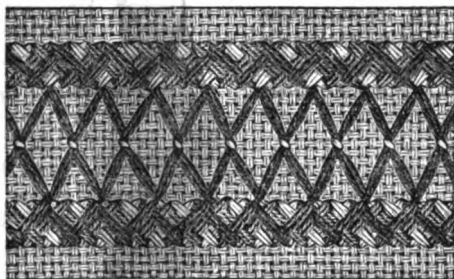
No. 9—Is the newest thing out for a little girl's dress. Can be made after this model, either in figured cashmere, China silk, sateen, or gingham. The waist has a box-plait in front, with three side-plaits or tucks—same at the back, only omitting the box-plait. For wash-goods, make tucks. The sleeves are full and straight, tacked in fine tucks from the shoulder-puff into the cuff. The skirt is full and gathered into the waist. A rosette of narrow ribbon ornaments the right shoulder and the left side at the waist. Linen collar and cuffs are worn with this costume.



No. 9.

BORDER FOR NAPKIN-RING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is worked on silk-embroidery for embroidering the glass toweling linens in canvas with brown, yellow, and olive flosselle, colored cotton, and can be used for various purposes. Will also be suitable for various purposes.

BUNCH OF DAFFODILS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design. pretty cover can be made for a blotter or printed in colors, of a bunch of daffodils. It photograph-album. Worked in crewel or silk will serve for a variety of decorative purposes, on garnet plush, velvet, satin, or linen, it will be very effective, with but little work, for the ends of a table-cover, scarf-tidy, etc., or for a mantel-lambrequin, repeating the bunch until a close border is formed all around. We give the full size, and the coloring may be followed exactly. Done in water-colors on rough cardboard, or linen mounted upon cardboard, a

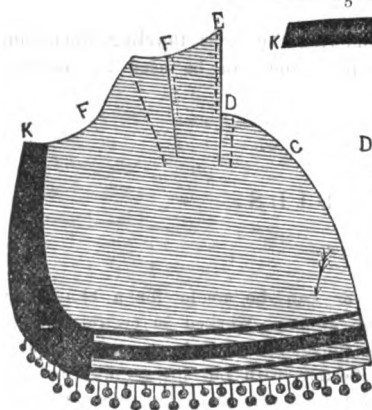
PELERINE WITH CAPUCHIN, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

For our Supplement, we give the new pelerine, with hood. The pattern consists of five pieces:

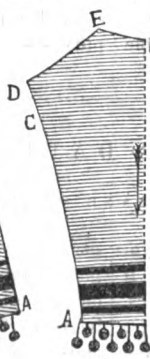
1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. HALF OF HOOD.
4. HALF OF REVERS FOR HOOD.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. The dotted lines on the front, at the neck, show how to fit the shoulder; the straight line on the front shows the velvet revers; also the straight line on the revers of the hood shows where the velvet is placed. The pelerine may be made of ottoman silk or fine camel's-hair, lined with colored surah, interlined with flannel if warmth is desired, but for the season the silk lining will be sufficient. The hood is lined with the colored silk. Velvet is used for the revers on the front of the hood, also for the collar. Velvet ribbon across the back of the pelerine in two widths. The pelerine is edged with drop-buttons, and a long tassel of silk finishes the hood.



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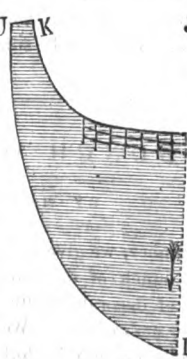
1



2

DETAIL OF PELELINE.

3



4

VALISE WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The frame is made of stout canvas, shaped as seen in the illustration, covered on the outside with plush, ornamented with embroidery in silk or chenille. The lining is satin, to match the plush. The ends are full, like a shopping-satchel. The straps and handles are of plush, lined with satin. A very useful bag for knitting or crochet-work.

CROCHET SQUARE FOR COUVRETTE OR QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

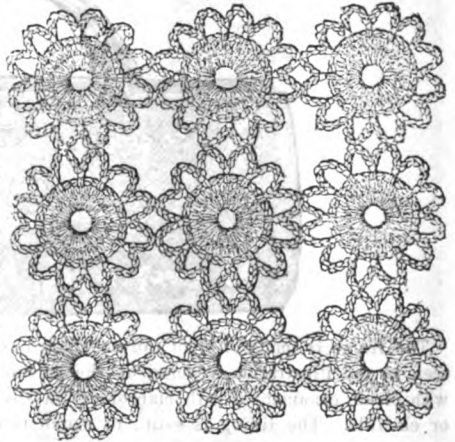
In the front of the number, we give a pattern for a square in crochet for couvrette or quilt. These squares, crocheted in knitting-cotton, make an excellent quilt. The cotton should be wound in two balls, as the crochet, which is plain double crochet, is worked in each row over a thread of cotton. This gives it the raised appearance illustrated so well in the engraving. First square: make a chain of four; work back on it three double-chain. As you take up the stitches, work them over the second thread, which you hold at the back of the chain. If you get your needle under this thread, as well as into your stitch, there is no difficulty. Increase a stitch at the beginning of each row, and turn this thread back at the end of the row for the following row, and always take up both edges of the double-chain underneath, as well as this thread. Increase one stitch in the row until you have fifty stitches in the row. Work a second row with fifty stitches, and then decrease one stitch each row until you have three only, and fasten off. Then work a row all round the outside of the square. The star in the centre may be embroidered with a double loop-stitch, shown by one petal in the engraving, or crocheted. For the crochet, make a chain of three; unite. On this, work five double-chain, then work in double-chain, and increase gradually by working two stitches in the one underneath until you have sixteen stitches. Join the first to the last by a single crochet. The first petal: Make a chain of thirteen; one treble on the fourth chain from the needle; one treble on each of the following; one single on the third double-chain; make eight more petals, and fasten off neatly. The petals may be joined to the square by drawing the second of three chain through a stitch of the work, and also the single crochet-stitch joining into the last row of double crochet. The border round the square is worked: one treble over the last round of double-chain, taking up the corner stitch; four chain; one double-chain on the second chain; one treble on the third and fourth chain-stitches; one treble again over the last row. Work round in this manner, and, as you work succeeding squares, join to the last in the points of this border, unless you prefer working the rows of double-chain together with chain-stitch. Colored wash crochet-cotton may be used, or these squares may be worked in wool for an afghan, or carriage-blanket for baby.

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STARS IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

These stars may be done in wool, silk, or in white or colored crochet-cotton, either fine or coarse, according to what they are designed for. Done in fine cotton or thread, collars and cuffs for children may be made, or insertion for a child's frock, a border for a table-scarf, cover for a child's crib—in short, they will be useful for any ornamentation where crochet-work can be used. The stars are worked separately, and then put together either to form a straight band, a square, or shaped into collar and cuffs. Make a chain of twelve stitches; join; work twentyfour stitches of double or long crochet into the ring formed by the twelve chain-stitches; then work twelve loops of chain-stitches, seven stitches to each loop, and the star is complete. Join with needle and thread, or crochet together, as you work the stars. We give the illustration so full in detail, that the stars scarcely need any description.



DESIGN ON SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement folded in with this number, a design for the end of a sideboard-scarf, to be done in outline or Kensington stitch. Either black silk or washing-silk in colors can be used. The berries should, of course, be done in black silk, and, if the colored washing-silk be employed, shades of green should be used for the leaves, brown for the stems, the blossoms in white with yellow stamens, and the butterfly in any colors desired.

DESIGN FOR BLOTTER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design intended for a small blotter. The ground is black satin or velvet, and the design is carried out in outline-stitch for the stems and sprays, satin-stitch for the butterfly, snail, leaves, wheat, etc. Three shades of gold silk, or silk in several colors, may be used. This is also a suitable design for the corner of a penwiper.

EMBROIDERY DESIGN.



PUSSY NEEDLEBOOK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A pussy needlebook is a novelty that may also be used as a shaving-paper case or a wall-pocket for a little girl's thimble, thread, and scissors. Cut a piece of pasteboard to the shape of the illustration; also take a small piece of the board and cut a hole in one end. Cover it, and sew it on the back of the cat, to hang it up by. Cover the outside of the pussy with colored flannel, plush, velvet, or cloth—or anything that suits the fancy. Line it with cambric, and let the pocket be of cambric on the other side. For eyes, use blue paint or ink; for mouth, red paint. Use black for eyebrows, whiskers, and claws; or you can use some bright-colored thread for these, by stitching it up and down. The needle and shaving-paper cases will require two cats, fastened by the ears. These pussy needlebooks look particularly effective when made of white, black, or gray plush or velvet.



PINE-PATTERN DESIGN.

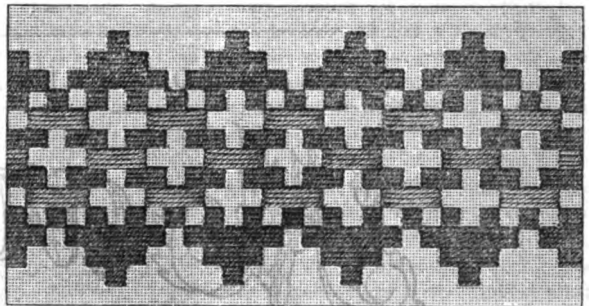
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The pine-pattern design in the front of the number may be done in crochet, or in cross-stitch, or in beads on canvas. It is suitable for many purposes, such as quilts, tidies, cushions, etc., and is very easily done. A pine design is always graceful.

BORDER FOR TOWEL, TOILET-COVER, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This design can be embroidered either directly upon the linen, or on strong linen braid, and then sewed on to the towel, toilet-cover, etc. The work is done in two shades of red or blue, or red and blue combined, French working-cotton, which are fast colors. This design will also serve for embroidering children's dresses—a band around the skirt, sleeves, waist, on glass linen, in plaids of red, blue, or red and blue combined. These linen dresses will be very much used for children,



embroidered in the colored cotton after this or similar designs.

CORNET-SHAPED BED-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The outside of this pocket is of plush, the inside of étamine or Java canvas, upon one corner of which a spray of rosebuds and leaves is embroidered in silk. The stems are tied with a narrow satin ribbon. The tiny border of forget-me-nots fills in the space. The edge of the pocket is ornamented by a ruching of ribbon or a chenille cord put on in short loops. The little point of the pocket is tied with a bow-and-ends of picot-edged satin or gros-grain ribbon to match the plush. A loop of cord or ribbon is added at the top, to suspend the pocket. A pocket of this kind is almost indispensable in a bed-room, as in it can be thrown combings from the hair, small scraps of paper, threads, etc., thus adding to the tidiness of the toilet-table.



EMBROIDERED FLOWER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for an embroidered flower, in satin-stitch, on cloth, velvet, etc. It is suitable as a powdering on cushions, chairs, curtains, or table-cloths, and can be embroidered in either white cotton or colored silk. For the satin seats of gilded chairs, it is particularly suitable. If bright colors are used, the flowers should not be so near together.

NAME FOR MARKING.



WALL-BASKET.

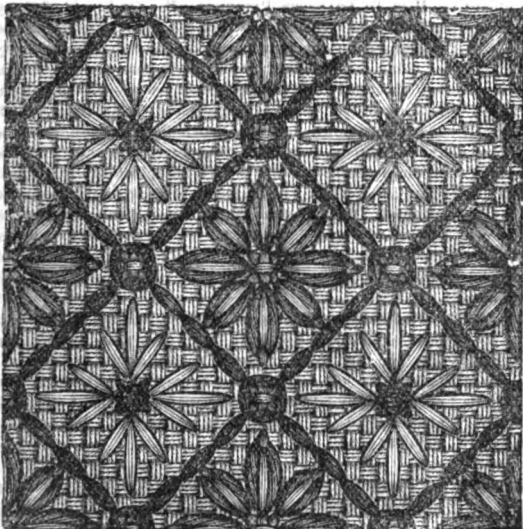
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty conceit serves as a handy receptacle for odds-and-ends. The foundation is of Bristol-board, covered with printed cashmere, silk, or cretonne, the design of which is embroidered with bright-colored silk. The edge is finished off with a silk cord. The same, doubled, forms the handle by which the basket is hung.



PANEL FOR CUSHION, CHAIR-BACK, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The best material to work upon is reddish-brown woolen Java canvas. The lines forming the squares are carried out in long stitches with dark olive-colored wool, the crossing points in cross-stitch with silk of the same shade. The star devices, in the alternate squares, in long stitches with blue silk, and a cross-stitch of dark wool in the centre. The point-russe stitches, on the other squares, with light olive-colored silk, and the double cross-stitch in the centre of darker-shaded wool. The panels can be joined by bands of plush or ribbon to any size.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A FONDNESS FOR FICTION was formerly argued against, not only as a waste of time, but dangerous from its tendency to hinder the faculty of concentrativeness. Regarded from certain points of view, there is justice in the theory, but its workings must not be too rigidly carried out. So far as children are concerned, the law of repression is easily drawn. To growing boys and girls, fiction should be permitted just as sweetmeats and puddings are given after dinner. When the child's necessary studies for the day have ended, a really good romance or poem should be granted his mental palate, since that craves change as much as his physical appetite.

In our era, fiction holds a very important place in the education of the young; no sensible parent can deny its necessity or its beneficial results. Genius of the highest order is devoted to its production, and the greatest minds among scholars—religious or secular, wise statesmen or acute men of business—seek relaxation in its spells, and own their indebtedness thereto for useful lessons in character and life.

Disraeli said that to leave the real world for a thoroughly good novel was like the change from a dull room full of cross tired people to a sunshiny garden in which the wanderers had leisure to cultivate the esthetic side of being.

Mr. Gladstone is an inveterate story-reader, a lover of poetry too, and a translator of Homer of sufficient merit to excite the envy of students who have not the same outside demands on their time. Indeed, since Napoleon the First down to our day, there is scarcely an instance of a noted man who has not indulged a love for fiction and felt a keen sense of its importance. We remember once to have heard an eminent American jurist avow that he had never been more interested in any case coming under his personal supervision than in some of Wilkie Collins's marvelously-constructed plots.

The truth is, that, in our generation, writers of fiction so concisely unite history, philosophy, and practical lessons of life, that their works, judiciously administered, are almost as necessary to the young as the class-books which are studied in school or college.

A GOOD PICTURE.—"A good picture helps to a liberal education in art," a critic once said to us; and our numerous subscribers testify to this fact in speaking of the unusual beauty of our line-engravings, not only as to the subjects represented, but as to the great delicacy of the work. Ordinary wood-engravings and chromos are cheap and useful, even necessary, in their way, but are as the A B C in art cultivation; they are only the first steps to the knowledge of more beautiful things. Such engravings, then, as those in "Peterson" are of a much higher standard, and, once seen and enjoyed, nothing less good will satisfy a keen eye and appreciative mind.

WE HAVE NEVER OFFERED such inducements to persons getting up clubs as in the present year. "The Book of Beauty" is a great success. Already scores of letters in its praise have reached us. No wonder; for a more charming gift-book was never sent out. The poems of "fair women" are gems in themselves. There are nine exquisite steel-engravings of celebrated beauties, and the binding and typography are perfect.

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ABOUT FUCHSIAS.—Among the various greenhouse-plants now frequently planted in the open ground, few are more popular or better known than the fuchsia; but few people are acquainted with the great variety of plants of this kind which have been lately introduced into English gardens. The first fuchsia that was ever known in England was taken there from South America in 1788, and it was sold at the Hammersmith nursery, the sensation it caused being so great that hundreds of carriages, with their titled occupants, are said to have been waiting to catch a glimpse of the new and beautiful exotic flower. Now, everybody has fuchsias; they are grown in cottage-windows, they ornament town balconies, and are even planted in the open air in little suburban gardens, where, though they are killed down to the ground by the frost in winter, they spring up again the following year, and are covered by their beautifully-graceful pendent scarlet flowers the whole of the summer and autumn.

SOME NEW FRIENDS.—A lady writes us from Ohio: "This is the second year I have taken your magazine, and I want to tell you of the great benefit it is to me. It has already paid for itself in stamping. I have used almost all the outlining designs that you have given."

Another lady writes: "This is the second year I have been a subscriber, and I think it excels all other magazines for ladies."

There is simply no end to our letters of commendation. The entire long successful course of the magazine has rarely in any year brought us so many tributes of praise and congratulation as have already flowed in since January.

A lady writes, asking to have a missing number replaced; says that she should consider she had lost "a pearl of great price," did she not receive it.

An old subscriber writes: "You have made a great improvement in your magazine for '87. I like it better than ever, and that is a great deal to say."

HOW TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.—For the benefit of many of our new subscribers, who ask how to transfer the patterns upon the Supplement, we give the simplest way of doing it: which is, to provide themselves with one or two sheets of thin transfer-paper, on which the pattern is easily traced; with another sheet of carbon-paper, which is laid face down upon the article to be stamped, then the traced pattern over it in the proper situation, and the whole design gone over with a sharp-pointed lead-pencil (hard), the design will be found perfectly traced upon the material. We will send the carbon and transfer paper to anyone who may desire them. They cost fifteen cents per sheet each; thirty cents for two sheets, and six cents for postage: postage-stamps will do.

THE PREMIUM "BOOK OF BEAUTY" has had an unparalleled popularity, being liked better even than the "Golden Gift" or the "Pearl of Price." Says a lady at Pasadena, California: "It is the nicest premium I have ever seen offered by any magazine or newspaper, and most appropriately named. I cannot help writing you this card of thanks for it."

"MORE DESIRABLE THAN EVER" is what subscribers and newspapers say of "Peterson" this year.

Now is a GOOD TIME for getting up clubs, or adding to clubs already formed. A new volume begins with the July number. Of course, back numbers can always be had when subscribers prefer to begin with January.

Our premiums to persons getting up clubs are the finest this year that we have ever given. For example:

Three copies for \$4.50, with either the "Book of Beauty" or the engraving "Mother's Darling" (size 21x27 inches) as a premium, sent postage free.

Four copies for \$6.40, with an extra copy of the magazine for one year as a premium.

Five copies for \$8.00; and we send, postage free, as premium, an extra copy of the magazine for a year, and "Mother's Darling" or the "Book of Beauty."

See the Prospectus in front of the number. Our exchanges all admit that "Peterson" is, this year, in every way surpassing even itself.

"ACTION, ACTION, ACTION!"—The schoolmen put these words into the mouth of Demosthenes, and, though he never said them, they hold a world of truth as applied to oratory or the passing of time. The man who, outside of his ordinary employment, cultivates some special taste—painting, music, no matter what—is bound to be better and happier than he who, whether rich or poor, leaves himself so vacant mentally that only in cards, drink, or outside excitement can he find resources for his idle hours.

Just as much does a woman need some task or accomplishment to fill up seasons of leisure: be it a language or crochet, embroidery or logic, philosophy or photograph-coloring; the thing is to have occupation of an enjoyable and interesting sort. To the busy, it is relaxation: to the idle, it is salvation.

HOW WE OUGHT TO BE ESTIMATED.—What strangers think of us is of the smallest possible consequence, compared with the estimate placed upon us by our children and those with whom we are brought into intimate association. If they love and believe in us, and find in us all things worthy of admiration and imitation, of how little comparative value is the approval of strangers.

ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE TO A CLUB at the price paid by the rest of the club; and, when enough additional names have been sent, the sender will be entitled to another premium or premiums. The additions may be made at any time, all through the year. If the new subscribers do not care for the back numbers, they can begin with July. Go on adding to your clubs!

AN EXTRA COPY OF THIS MAGAZINE will be sent, as a premium, for two subscribers at \$2.00 each, or \$4.00 in all. Or an extra copy will be sent for three subscribers at \$1.75 each, or \$5.25 in all. These offers are for those who can only get up a small club and who desire the magazine as premium.

THE FASHION-PLATES of "Peterson" continue to call forth loud praise. They are most carefully selected as to the latest and best fashions, are admirably engraved and colored, and are always beautiful pictures in themselves.

"LIKED BY EVERYBODY."—A "good thing" is sure to be found out. A lady at Parsons, Kansas, says: "I have no difficulty in getting a club, for your magazine is liked by everybody."

AN EXCHANGE says this is, so far, "Peterson's" Jubilee Year in point of merit. We mean each successive year to be so, up to our fiftieth anniversary, which is not so far off, after all.

A SIMPLE PLAN OF VENTILATION.—Take a piece of wood, three inches high and exactly as long as the breadth of the window. Let the sash be now raised, the slip of wood placed on the sill, and the sash drawn closely upon it. If the slip has been well fitted, there will be no draught in consequence of this displacement of the sash at its lower part; but the top of the lower sash will overlap the bottom of the upper one, and, between the two bars, perpendicular currents of air, not felt as draught, will enter and leave the room.

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING called "Mother's Darling" can be earned by getting up a club. Some people may prefer an extra copy of the magazine—that is one of our premiums.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

"Beautiful Snow," with Poems Never Before Published. By J. W. Watson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This fresh edition contains so many new poems of the author's that it might fairly have been brought out as an original volume. There are several which are equal, if not superior, to the universally-admired "Beautiful Snow," and an additional interest is given to the book by Mr. Watson's appendix relating the circumstances under which that long-disputed poem was written. The work is illustrated by Edward L. Henry in the noted artist's most charming manner, and would make a welcome presentation-volume at any season of the year.

The Latest Studies on Indian Reservations. By J. B. Harrison. Philadelphia: Indian Rights Association.—This is not only a comprehensive but an exceedingly interesting pamphlet, aside from its technical value. The reports of the various schools and missions are given in a way at once clear and dramatic. They are well worth a perusal, not only by those interested in the solution of the Indian problem, but all partial to glimpses of such remains of the picturesque in border-life as are left in the latter half of our promiscuous century.

Natural Law in the Business World. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.—The author states concisely and truthfully the purpose of his book in his preface, where he says "it is an honest effort to trace out the working and application of natural law as it runs through the economic and social fabric." This task has been effectively done, and the essay on "Economic Legislation and its Proper Limits" is of itself worth the price of the volume.

Worth Winning. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The numerous admirers of "The Grass Country" and others of Mrs. Cameron's tales will find in this book a genuine old-fashioned love-story, told in a reasonably fresh and original fashion. Like "Wee Wife," it is brought out in very cheap form, yet the binding and paper are quite equal in style and quality to many volumes double the price.

Wee Wife. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—A good many years have passed since the first publication of this pretty story, and this fresh issue proves its popularity. The authoress has carefully revised the entire work, and added several chapters which assist materially in the development of the characters and the plot, and add to the interest of the book.

Warman's School-Room Friend. By Prof. E. B. Warman, A. M. Chicago: W. H. Harrison, Jr.—This little book is really what it purports to be—practical suggestions on reading, reciting, and impersonating. The rules laid down are clearly and simply given, and the work cannot fail to be of great value, not only to pupils in a school-room, but to professional readers and speakers as well.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is becoming more and more of a necessity, every day. The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin says that "it is in a condition so well ordered that it will go on as heretofore, under most capable editorial and business management." The Item, of Philadelphia, tells its readers that "it has a fine steel-engraving, a double-size colored fashion-plate, a colored design for a tidy on Java canvas, and some fifty other engravings of fashion, work-table designs, etc." The Detroit Courier says: "Its wealth of interesting and instructive reading, apart from its special lady's-department, ought to make it an invaluable adjunct to every household." Our appreciative cotemporary, the Sentinel, of Manheim, Pa., writes that "Peterson's Magazine excels even itself. The beauty of its embellishments and the high character of its original stories are beyond all praise." The Herald, of Dubuque, Iowa, says that "'Peterson' took the lead years ago, and still maintains it." The New Era, of Albion, Indiana, informs us that "'Peterson' is simply perfect; and, typographically and mechanically, is a beauty. No lady should be without this queen of the lady's-magazines."

ALUM-BREAD.—Complaint is frequently made by those who use baking-powders that they leave in bread, biscuit, or cake raised by them a disagreeable and bitter taste. This taste follows the use of all impure baking-powders, and is caused either by their containing alum—introduced to make a cheap article—by the impure and adulterated character of other ingredients used, or from the ignorance of their manufacturers of the proper method of combining them. These baking-powders leave in the bread a residuum formed of lime, earth, alum, or other deleterious matter: not always, though frequently, tastable in the food, and by all physicians classed as injurious to health. The Royal Baking-Powder is free from this serious defect. In its use, no residuum is left, and the loaf raised by it is always sweet, light, and wholesome, and noticeably free from the peculiar taste complained of. The reason of this is because it is composed of nothing but absolutely pure material, scientifically combined in exactly the proper proportion of acid and alkali to act upon and destroy each other, while producing the largest amount of raising-power. We are justified in this assertion from the unqualified statements made by the Government chemists—who, after thorough and exhaustive tests, recommended the "Royal" for Governmental use because of its superiority over all others in purity, strength, and wholesomeness. There is no danger of bitter bread or biscuit where it alone is used.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

Cherry-Jam.—For this, use ripe fruit; but carefully reject any which is bruised or over-ripe. The best for this purpose is that having a pleasant acid taste; any other kind is too sweet for the quantity of sugar necessary in preserving fruit. To every pound of stoned fruit, add three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, well broken. It will require stirring occasionally from the first, and continuously after it once comes to the boil, after which it must continue boiling for three-quarters of an hour. Then try a little on a cold plate, to see if it sets or jellies. If so, pour it off into jars and set in a cool dry place till the following day, when it ought to be covered down for keeping; if not, continue boiling until it will so set. It will not require skimming during the process of boiling—the scum will all boil away. The easiest way of stoning cherries is to tie a little loop of iron wire, about the shape

of a hairpin, on to a stick the length of a pencil; bind the two ends firmly to the stick, leaving the loop standing up about an inch long and slightly bent forward. With this, the stones are easily extracted.

Strawberries, Preserved Whole.—Allow a pound of sugar and half a pound of red-currant juice, drawn as for jelly, to one pound of strawberries, sound but not over-ripe. Boil the juice and sugar together till the syrup is thick, then put in the picked fruit and boil gently till the berries are sufficiently cooked, which will be in about twenty minutes. Carefully clear off the scum as it rises; but do this gently, so as not to crush the berries. Pour the contents of the preserving-pan through a colander into a basin; put the juice at once again on the fire and boil for about half an hour. Put the fruit into a bowl and pour the boiling juice upon them. Turn both fruit and juice into the pan once more and boil till the juice will jelly, when a little is put on a plate. This will probably be in about a quarter of an hour. Put the berries into jars, cover them entirely with hot juice, and, when cold, finish in the usual way. If liked, water may be used, instead of red-currant juice.

Preserved Cherries.—The scarlet or carnation are the best for preserving. To every pound of cherries, after they are stoned, put one pound of the best clarified sugar. Put, to five pounds of cherries, one pint of water. Put the sugar, water, and cherries on together and let them boil half an hour. Take the fruit out of the syrup and set it in the sun. Boil the syrup next morning, then put in the fruit, and let it boil for ten minutes. Do this for three mornings. The syrup must be thick all through the fruit. Put away cold. Stir often while sunning.

Preserved Strawberries.—A pound, down-weight, of sugar to a quart of unbulled strawberries. After hulling them, sprinkle part of the sugar, powdered fine, through them, and let it draw the juice. Put them in a skillet, skimming them lightly; and, when the juice begins to form smartly, add the rest of the sugar, and let them boil as quickly as possible. The instant they are clear, take them off, put them away until next day, when put them in tumblers. Be sure not to let them cook long, as it makes them hard.

Currant-Jelly.—Pick the currants well from the stem, and pulp them through a cloth, to get the juice. Strain the juice three times through a gauze. Dry sifted sugar thoroughly at the fire. Put one pound of sugar to one pint of juice. First let the juice boil five minutes, then add the sugar to it; and, when it comes to a boil, let it boil five minutes more. In all, it should remain on the fire half an hour, as adding the sugar arrests the boiling for a little while.

Red-Currant or White-Currant Jam.—Take equal weight of sugar and fruit. Put them together into a pan, boil up once, and then boil quickly for seven minutes. In this jam, the flavor of the fruit is excellently preserved, and the preserve keeps well. It is sometimes used as a substitute for red-currant jelly, as an accompaniment to hare or roast mutton.

CAKES.

Potato Tea-Cakes.—Mash a pint of potatoes through a sieve, so that they may be very fine; mix with them an ounce of butter, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one tablespoonful of sugar, an ounce of flour, a little salt, and one egg, well beaten; mold into one flat cake, bake very quickly, split and butter while hot, then cut into three-cornered pieces, and serve.

Rice Seed-Cake.—Three eggs, one-quarter pound of fine flour, three ounces of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, one or two teaspoonfuls of caraway-seed. Cream the butter, add the sugar, then one-third of the flour and yolk of one egg, and so on. Whisk the white, and add last; bake in a moderate oven one hour.

Cup-Cake.—One pound of ground rice, half a pound of

butter, five eggs, one pound of sugar, the rind and juice of two lemons. Clean the butter, add the sugar, whisked eggs, and other ingredients, pour into well-buttered little cups, and bake in a moderate oven from twenty minutes to half an hour.

Suffolk-Cake.—One pound of flour, well dried, half a pound of sugar, mixed well with the flour, half a pound of butter, five eggs, half a pound of currants, one teaspoonful of orange-flower water; drop them on a tin.

PICKLES, ETC.

Sour Plums.—Take three pounds of late damsons. Rub off the bloom, prick the plums with a needle, and cut the stalks short. Take as much vinegar as will cover, measure it, and for each pint allow a pound and a half of sugar, three blades of mace, one stick of cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful of allspice. Boil the vinegar with the spice, pour it through a strainer over the plums, and let them stand for twenty-four hours. The next day, boil the vinegar and pour it over the fruit, and afterward put it on the fire with the plums to simmer for a few minutes. Cover close down whilst hot. These sour plums may be used with roast mutton or with hare, instead of red-currant jelly. Strictly speaking, they are more suited for a purpose of this kind than they are for eating with cold meat.

Cucumbers.—Peel the cucumbers, cut them lengthwise into quarters, remove the seeds, and divide the quarters into slices half an inch thick. Put the cucumber into a bowl in layers, and sprinkle powdered salt plentifully over each layer, shaking it occasionally, and let it lie for eight hours. At the end of this time, drain away the brine, put the cucumber into jars, with some whole pepper and one or two bay-leaves. Fill the jars with vinegar which has been boiled and allowed to get cold, cork the jars securely, and tie the bladder over the corks.

Nasturtium-Seed.—*Nasturtium*-seeds, if gathered when small and pickled, form an excellent substitute for capers, so constantly required in making sauce. Put the seeds, as they are gathered, into a jar, cover them with vinegar which has been boiled with salt—a handful to a quart—and allowed to get cold. When the jar is full, cork it down, tie the bladder over the cork, and store. Unless the seeds are kept well covered with vinegar, they will be spoiled. Radish-pods may be pickled like *nasturtium*-seeds.

To Pickle Damsons or Cherries.—To five pounds of fruit, put three of sugar, one quart of vinegar, two ounces of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, and half an ounce of mace. Boil all the spice with the vinegar, and pour it, boiling, over the fruit. Boil the vinegar and scald the fruit six times.

Mint-Vinegar.—Take pepper or spearmint leaves; wash them, and put them into a large-mouthed bottle; fill the bottle with vinegar; have a cork that fits closely. Let this stand for three weeks; then pour it through a muslin cloth into a clean bottle, and it is ready for use.

Tincture of Roses: a Valuable Perfume.—Take the leaves of the common rose, place them just as they are into a large-mouthed bottle; pour some good spirits-of-wine over them, seal the bottle closely, and let them remain in a dry place for a month or two.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A LOST ART is what we shall presently be forced to say in regard to letter-writing, unless our busy age pay more attention to its cultivation. Even women nowadays, half the time, content themselves with sending postal-cards—an enormity, if not a positive crime, except in the case of wanting a supply of coal or sending a hasty order to the grocer. In former centuries, ladies made themselves celebrated just by their letters. In England, Lady Mary Montagu; in France, Madame de Sevigné, stand perhaps most

prominent; but there are scores of others whose epistles are models of grace, tact, and eloquence, and keep a great charm for the reader even in our day.

Women should not let that most delightful accomplishment die out; for it is one, to a great extent. We have known ordinarily-gifted persons who had so thoroughly cultivated the faculty that their letters were far more enjoyable than the epistles of people who, though possessing higher mental endowment, had neglected the acquirement of the art.

HINTS UPON GARDENING.

BY A. GILFILLAN.

By the first week in June, all planting out should be done, and afterward the plants should be carefully watched, watered, and sheltered as each case may require.

Bulbs that have not ripened their leaves to be taken up, each with a good ball of earth, and planted in some vacant place, that they may fully ripen. It is necessary to do this both for need of space and to prevent injury to the bulbs by digging. This should be done in damp weather.

Whenever watering is necessary, the collars of plants should be unwetted; only wet round the roots, and this sufficiently for their extremities to take the water.

Liquid manure-water should be given only to plants that are in active growth and flowering profusely; then it should be bestowed without stint, and, instead of applying the water round the stem of the plant, give it at a little distance therefrom, that the rootlets may have the benefit. A little sprinkling over the leaves with pure tepid water from a fine water-pot benefits the plants in dry weather.

Manure-water fit for all ornamental grass-feeding plants: One pound of good guano, dissolved in thirty gallons of water; then tie a spade of soot in a thin bag, and let it soak in the manure-water for twenty-four hours. Then draw off the water in a clear state, and it is fit for use.

Manure-water for chrysanthemums and other flowers: Half an ounce of sulphate of ammonia to a gallon of water.

Plant out tender annuals, and sow for succession ten weeks' stocks, Virginian stocks, and others.

Carnations and pinks to be propagated by layers and cuttings. A little salt is excellent, used in the compost, which should be of a substantial nature. The carnation is a hardy biennial, and the other a perennial. The pipings never bloom the first year.

Sweet-williams of the double kind and double wall-flowers to be propagated by layers and cuttings or slips.

Cuttings of myrtles and pansies will thrive if, about the middle or third week in June, slips or cuttings of the present year's wood be planted.

Hydrangeas, fuchsias, and China roses, the same as myrtle.

Geranium-cuttings root best when placed in ground shaded only from the hot mid-day sun; they do much better under this treatment than if put under glass.

The following is clipped from "Gardening Illustrated": "For continual bloom and freedom from disease, geraniums grown as standards are not to be excelled. It takes two or three years, and a good deal of patience, to train a geranium to four or five feet high, with a good head; but, when achieved, it thoroughly repays itself. A *Vesuvius* geranium grown by me some years ago is now a standard six feet high, giving a profusion of bloom eight months in the year. During the summer months, last year, it had forty to forty-five fair trusses of bloom—this was outdoors—and continued giving a few trusses up to the beginning of this year. It has only been potted three times during its growth, and always has plenty of liquid manure while in flower. A good subject to commence with is a lanky gera-

num that has survived the winter—such as is generally to be found in most collections. Carefully pinch off any side-shoots there may be, and repot in a fairly-rich compost; the stem should be tied to a stout stick, and made as straight as possible. Now all that is necessary is to nip off all side-shoots and flower-buds the moment they appear, and give, twice a week, liquid manure. When sufficiently tall, pinch off the top, which will at once induce laterals; it will then, with judicious training, form a good head, and, when this is achieved, it can be allowed to bloom. The growth will be greatly retarded if the plant is allowed to flower before the training-process is over; in fact, it will simply take twice as long to arrive at anything like a standard. I might suggest that geraniums grown in this way, sunk in the lawn, would be a good substitute for standard roses, as the latter do not do well, as a rule, in a town garden."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE USE OF TEA AND COFFEE.—With regard to the consumption of tea and coffee, and how far the digestive organs are affected by them, there can be no doubt that, in the working-classes in our great towns, and especially amongst the women, dyspepsia is very frequent; and there is every reason to believe that this is owing to the free consumption of tea that has stood for a half-hour or longer, or has been kept on the hob. Boiling water ought to be poured on the tea-leaves in the tea-pot, which ought then to be placed on the table; and the tea ought never to be allowed to stand longer than ten minutes—if so long. Even then, it is not advisable to drink more than two small cupsful of such tea. The beverage ought not to be drunk within an hour before a meal—except it be on first waking in the morning, when, to many persons, it is an aid to digestion—nor immediately after dinner or a heavy lunch, as it frequently produces flatulence or gastric catarrh. Tea-dinners, or tea with meat, are very unwholesome, and often upset persons whose digestion is naturally weak.

Tea-drinking, it is well known, causes sleeplessness and tremor of the hands, and masks the effect of overwork in studious subjects of sedentary habit. As the drinking of strong overbrewed tea is very general among the poor, and as good tea, owing to the fashion amongst the upper class, is even now drunk to excess, dyspepsia caused thereby is as great as ever.

Coffee is very often consumed with tobacco between meals—a habit which has been known to cause severe gastric catarrh, until both luxuries have been given up. Coffee is also less tolerated than tea by persons suffering from nausea due to debility or excess of diet.

Cocoa and chocolate are nutritious drinks; but, like all other hot fluid, such as soup, they may cause or increase dyspepsia when drunk in a quantity at a time.

All these drinks, however, although they upset the digestive function, if immoderately indulged in, never produce the very grave organic diseases universal among the intemperate imbibers of alcoholic liquor. Nevertheless, it has been alleged by some eminent medical authorities that the chronic dyspepsia which excessive tea and coffee drinking is known to cause is one of the origins of chronic disease of the kidneys.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—AFTERNOON-TOILETTE, OF PALE-BLUE NUN'S-VEILING.—The underskirt is plain in front. The sides and back are in deep kilt-plaits. A narrow plaiting edges the skirt. The overskirt is long in front, plaited up high at the sides. The back is similar, with the addition of the

usual puff over the tournure. The bodice has a plaited vest of the material, or surah to match. It is rounded in front, where it is finished by a small flat bow. The back is pointed. High collar, finished by a bow. Tight coat-sleeves, fullled into the shoulder. Hat of Milan braid, trimmed with fieldflowers and blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—YACHTING-COSTUME, OF CREAM-WHITE FLANNEL. The underskirt is perfectly plain. The overdress opens on the right side to the waist; hangs straight. Both back and front are trimmed with rows of dark-blue braid. The opening between the back and front is trimmed with five rows of wider braid, forming the panel. The fullness of the overskirt is laid in plaits around the waist. The whole effect is long and straight. The jacket opens over a plaited undershirt, to which is attached the wide sailor-collar, which is made of dark-blue velvet edged with white braid. Cuffs to match. Plaited velvet forms the waistband. Sailor-hat of straw, trimmed with velvet band and loops, into which are fastened two anchors of silver. Band of velvet, fastened by a similar anchor, completes this costume.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PEARL-GRAY AND PLAID SURAH. The underskirt is of the plaid surah, plain in front, kilt-plaited at the back. The overdress is bordered with the plaid, falls straight down the left side, turns over just past the front, and the fullness is draped to give the effect of a half-point. The back-drapery is also bordered with the plaid surah, arranged to fall in two points over the kilted underskirt. Jacket opens over a plaid vest. Boiling collar of plaid, fastening over the vest. Coat-sleeves with cuffs of plaid. High hat of fancy straw, trimmed with poppies and grass.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK BLUE AND RED SURAH. The underskirt is of red surah, edged by a narrow ruffle, and trimmed with two flounces of écaru Spanish lace. The overdress and bodice are of the blue surah, either plain or striped with thin-stripes of red. Full apron-front. Straight breadths at the back, puffed over the tournure. The bodice is pointed back and front, with a V-shaped vest of the red surah, plaited and edged with a narrow lace to match the skirt. Coat-sleeves, with cuffs of lace over the red surah. Straw hat, faced with red velvet, and trimmed with loops of écaru ribbon and fieldflowers.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BROCADED SILK, IN TWO SHADES OF HELIOTROPE. The underskirt is perfectly plain. The overdress in front forms a long point very much plaited up on both sides. Back-drapery long and very full. The sides are filled up with écaru lace and loops of ribbon. The bodice has a full vest of écaru lace. Elbow-sleeves, trimmed with lace and small bows of ribbon. High hat, of Milan straw, faced with heliotrope velvet, and trimmed with velvet ribbon and ostrich-tips to match.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE FOULARD, SPOTTED WITH WHITE. The underskirt is arranged in full wide double box-plaits; while the drapery is crossed high on the left side, and fastened at the back underneath the bodice. A wide white silk ribbon is tied round the waist—the ends falling in front, in the manner shown. The bodice is open, with revers down to the waist, so as to show a dainty chemisette in soft white silk, the narrow tucks on either side being carefully sewed by hand. The gathered centre-piece of this chemisette is formed of white lace, daintily embroidered in porcelain-blue thread. The same lace is used to form the cuffs, with which the sleeves are turned back. Two passementerie-ornaments, in blue and white, finish off the ends of the white silk ribbon sash.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED SUMMER WOOLEN, IN TWO SHADES OF GRAY. The skirt is laid in deep kilt-plaits all around. The overdrapery is arranged to form a shawl-shaped tunic in front. At the back, the stripes are on the bias. The drapery falls straight in the centre, turns over at the sides, like a revers. A fringe of silk or fine crewel is tied into the edge of the tunic, the mantelet, and

the short end of the back-drapery. The bodice is of plain material to match, short, and pointed back and front. *Mailette* scarf-shaped, trimmed with fringe same as skirt. Bonnet of straw, trimmed with velvet and short ostrich-tips. Coronet-front of velvet, with fancy buckle.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING OR HOUSE DRESS. The skirt is of red surah, bordered with a narrow plaiting. The overskirt is of *écru* woolen *crêpon* figured with red, or *écru* muslin figured, plaided, or striped with red. The tunic forms a panier on the left side. The long back is simply draped. Pointed bodice, slightly full in front. Elbow-sleeves, full into a narrow band. Bodice, sleeves, and collar ornamented with long loops-and-ends of red ribbon. Hat of *écru* straw, trimmed with poppies and long loops of red ribbon.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK-AND-WHITE STRIPED COTTON. The front of the skirt is covered with three kilted flounces. The upper part has small paniers, and the back a long straight drapery, plaited into the point of the bodice. The bodice is short on the hips, and pointed back and front—opening, in front, V-shape—with a wide collar of *Bruges* lace. Elbow-sleeves, with cuffs of lace. Hat of fancy white straw, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with fieldflowers.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PLAIN AND FIGURED CHINA SILK, IN TWO SHADES OF HELIOTROPE. The skirt is of the figured silk, and is laid in deep kilt-plaits all around. The overdrapery falls in a full apron-front. At the back, it is looped in the centre, to form two points, displaying the underskirt. Bodice of the figured silk; pointed in front, over a plaited vest of the plain silk; postillion-back. Coat-sleeves of the plain silk, with a falling puff of the figured at the top, full into the armhole. High standing collar of velvet, cuffs the same.

FIG. XI.—SUMMER BODICE, OF WHITE MULL, WITH BLACK VELVET JACKET. The bodice is of soft white mull, nun's-veiling, or China silk. It is laid in fine tucks, back and front: the edge forming the plaiting from under the ribbon belt. High collar, tied by passing a ribbon through a buttonhole at each end of the collar. Full sleeves, gathered into a wide band, which turns over. The jacket is of velvet, edged with a narrow jet or gold cord. Velvet ribbon for belt, and long loops-and-ends.

FIGS. XII AND XIII.—NEW-STYLE BOW FOR HAIR, new-style sleeve for wrapper or house-jacket.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAID AND PLAIN RED AND BLUE COTTON OR BARRED MUSLIN. The skirt is of the plaid, in deep kilt-plaits. The overskirt, also of the plaid, forms a full short apron-front, with the back-drapery slightly puffed over the tournure, then falls straight to the edge of the skirt. Plaited bodice of plain blue, belted at the waist. High standing collar of the plaid, tied with a large necktie made of the plaid material. Elbow-sleeves, with long *Suède* gloves. Hat of dark red and blue straw, faced with blue velvet, and trimmed with loops of velvet ribbon and buckle of cut steel.

FIG. XV.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF NUN'S-VEILING, IN TWO SHADES OF ONE COLOR, OR IN CONTRASTING COLORS. The skirt is of the lighter shade, and has ten or twelve rows of narrow braid or ribbon. The overskirt is simply caught up high on the left side, under the pointed bodice. The back-drapery falls straight, is open at the sides, and the ribbon waistband passes under the fullness at the back of the bodice. The back of the bodice is slightly full at the waist, between the side-seams. The front of the bodice opens over a vest of the same material as the underskirt. The plaited revers on the bodice are of the same material as the bodice and overskirt. Coat-sleeves full in at the shoulders.

FIGS. XVI AND XVII.—COLLAR AND SLEEVE, trimmed and edged with narrow picot-edged ribbon. Suitable for almost any kind of summer dress.

FIG. XVIII.—FANCY HAT, OF MAIZE-COLORED STRAW. The brim is lined with dark-blue velvet. The crown is veiled in spotted maize tulle, and trimmed with maize-colored ribbon and cornflowers.

FIG. XIX.—FANCY BONNET, OF PALE-PINK *Crêpe*, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and pale-green leaves and grass.

FIG. XX.—TURBAN-HAT, OF FANCY STRIPED TULLE, with trimming of velvet or soft silk and grass.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The popular combination-dresses promise to be those of cashmere over skirts of silk. These will be light in weight, therefore suitable for either house or street. Made up plainly, they will be very inexpensive; but may be more elegant, if elaborately trimmed with fringe and made up over *moiré* skirts.

Jackets and scarf-mantles are the most dressy wraps. *Jackets* are made to open in front over vests, with revers thrown back like a gentleman's-coat. Some are plain, stitched, or bound with silk braid; others are elaborately braided with gold galloon or worsted braid.

Bonnets are still small, with the trimming piled up high in front. High slender bows of two, or even three, colors are sometimes mixed with some long-stemmed flowers; but the trimming must have some reference to the dress with which it is to be worn.

Fancy braid in mixed straw will be very fashionable for everyday-wear.

Dressy bonnets are made of lace and dotted tulle, and trimmed with flowers and loops of ribbon.

Turbans of either lace or straw will be worn by young ladies. A black lace turban with jet brim, trimmed with a cock's-plume and some black *moiré* ribbons tied together with pale blue or green or rose-color. Other turbans, of cloth or straw, will be simply trimmed to match the costume.

India and Tusore silk, in stripes and flowered designs on plain ground, will be very popular for the summer season, as they are both cool and durable.

For *street-dresses*, the skirts are still worn very short, with long straight drapery.

Parasols and coaching-umbrellas are infinite in variety. Black satin and silk, edged with lace, for dressy street-wear. White and *écru* China silk, much trimmed with lace, for fashionable driving, etc., etc. The coaching-umbrellas are mostly of changeable silk, with handsomely-carved sticks; although some are striped or bordered with a contrasting color.

Black lace dresses will be much in vogue for dressy occasions. Not only piece-lace, but lace flouncing, both wide and narrow, will be employed upon these dresses. A black lace skirt may have a corsage of velvet, either black or of a bright or light color.

Richelieu and Directoire are the names given to the latest imported shoes from Paris. These proclaim a decided diminution of heel, and tendency to increased squareness of toe.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The most extraordinary innovation of the present season is certainly to be found in the colored undergarments for ladies. The very latest novelty in this line is to have all articles of lingerie in very fine cambric in some delicate or brilliant color, profusely trimmed with *écru*-colored imitation Valenciennes lace. One set that I have seen was in shrimp-pink cambric of very fine quality, and another in *Ophelia-lilac*. White cambric, striped with narrow lines in marine-blue or dark-red, or figured with tiny horse-shoes in those colors, are made up with edgings of real Valenciennes and have a row of small holes at the top of the garment, finished in buttonhole-stitch in cotton of the color of the

stripes or figures. Through these holes is drawn a very narrow white ribbon, edged with either red or blue. On the colored garments, the owner's monogram is worked in white thread, and on the printed white-grounded cambric the monogram or initials are worked in red or blue thread to match the figure. Under-vests in ribbed-silk webbing come in colors to match the colored cambric undergarments. The satin corset and taffeta petticoat must also be of the same hue.

The newer toilettes of the season are largely composed of plaids, intermixed with plain materials, but the plaids are in very plain subdued colors, the more brilliant combinations of crimson and blue and green being scrupulously avoided. The most popular is a large cross-bar of dark lines on a plain surface, such as black on steel-gray, white on black, or dark-red on marine-blue. Of the barred material are composed the corsage and overskirt, the plaited underskirt being in a plain stuff of the hue of the ground-work. The material for the corsage and sleeves is cut bias, which does away with much of the unbecomingness of the large squares for the figure; but for a stout wearer a corsage of the plain material is to be recommended; it is less stylish, but will certainly be more becoming.

A jacket of plain cloth, matching the chief color of the dress precisely, completes the costume for wear on chilly days or in the evening. On warm days, no wrap at all is necessary, when the walking-dress is in an opaque solid material. Cashmere is not much in vogue this spring, a preference being shown to rougher and cooler material. It is always in good style, however, and makes up to advantage with satin and small-patterned brocade to an extent that its rivals do not seem capable of emulating. I have seen a very pretty dress in steel-gray cashmere, intermixed with draperies and revers in silver-gray Sicilienne, embroidered with dark-gray floss-silk and steel and crystal beads, the effect being charming. Foulards and pongees are also very much worn, the former chiefly with dark grounds over which are scattered large nondescript designs. Surah, made up with an underskirt of small-patterned brocade, forms a durable and elegant summer costume. The corsage is in surah, with cuffs and vest of the brocade. The skirt of brocade is made plain and full, with a narrow plaiting of surah set underneath the hem. The breadths of brocade part in one seam at the right side to the waist, to show three flat plaits of surah set underneath the opening. A similar opening on the left side, reaching only to the knee, is filled in in a similar manner with plaits of surah. Flat scarf-draperies of surah at the back and panier-draperies at the sides. The surah and brocade must match exactly in color. Black lace skirts are now arranged for dinner-toilettes or watering-place dresses, with a corsage and train in black faille. The latter is cut square at the end, and is drawn back so as to show an elaborate ornamentation in chains and rosettes of jet placed at the right side of the lace skirt. The corsage is made with a deep basque, and has a vest in crossing folds of pale-pink or pale-blue or yellow faille, and also a military collar and narrow cuffs of the colored faille. This vest forms a deep point in front, the corsage being cut at either side in a point of the same depth. This style of dress is very effective in velvet.

Apron-overskirts in gold or in silver lace are much used on satin ball-dresses in combination with wide bands of feather-trimming. One of these dresses had the train in pale-yellow satin and the skirt-front and corsage in white satin. Over the skirt-front was draped an apron-overskirt in gold lace, attached at one side by a cluster of pale-yellow plumes. A wide band of curled ostrich-feather trimming of the same hue was set upon the hem. The corsage of white satin had revers of yellow satin at the square opening, and two little pointed pieces of the same material formed each sleeve. A cluster of pale-yellow plumes was set on the left shoulder, and a similar one in the hair. The

same dress was repeated in pale silver-gray satin and silver lace for an older wearer.

White crape is very much used for summer evening-dresses. For young girls, the pretty fashion of a low-necked and short-sleeved lining to a transparent white or black dress has been revived. Some tulle and gauze evening-dresses, for small soirées and dinners, have been made up in this style, which is especially practicable for watering-place dresses in our warm climate.

The new summer materials are some of them very pretty, and especially a silk gauze dotted with large spots in chenille, and a very elegant material in alternate stripes of black silk gauze and black lace. This latter novelty is also shown in white.

Black lace flounces are a good deal worn on underskirts, but the wide black lace nets are less popular. The newest colors are a brick-red and a reddish-brown called "rust-color," both of which combine well with marine-blue or black.

A new delicate shade of gray, even paler than silver-gray, is called "Titania," and will be charming for evening-wear. All shades of gray are very fashionable, and a little care in choosing them, so as to find the shade exactly suited to the complexion of the wearer, is alone necessary to insure a success with this eminently-refined and artistic color.

There is nothing especially new or striking in the way of millinery. The small capote, in straw or lace or in a network of jet beads, continues to rule the fashion of the hour. Some very pretty toques are shown, with the crown composed of an artistically-twisted scarf of pale-pink or cream-white crêpe-de-Chine, the border being in black velvet, and two black pen-feathers set at one side forming the sole trimming. Bonnets entirely composed of violets or of forget-me-nots, with a pompon of gauze ribbon, of the same color as the flowers, set in the front of the brim, are shown for evening-wear. One of the prettiest of these flower-bonnets was composed of pale-yellow pansies. The seed-vessels of the dandelion, imitated in silver and set in a tuft of silver foliage, form an elegant aigrette for the side of a bonnet or to wear in the hair.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—CHILD'S DRESS, OF BROWN SERGE AND WHITE TENNIS-FLANNEL. The skirt of brown serge is plaited on to an underwaist. The blouse is of flannel, with cuffs, revers, and collar of brown serge. Two-inch-wide ribbon ties the blouse in front. Hat of plaited muslin, trimmed with rosettes of brown ribbon.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF PLAIN AND STRIPED WOOLEN. The skirt is of serge, and is sewed to a linen undervest. It may be kilted or gathered. The blouse is of striped tennis-flannel, finished at the waist with an elastic, like a boy's sailor-blouse. Collar, shoulder-straps, and deep cuffs of velvet.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF NAVY-BLUE SERGE, trimmed with graduated bands of claret velvet. The collar and cuffs are also of velvet. The mash is of serge-silk.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF STRIPED AND PLAIN WOOLEN. The skirt is full and of striped material. The plain drapery has a striped border. The waistcoat, revers, and cuffs are all of the stripe.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S HAT, OF NAVY-BLUE STRAW, trimmed with high stiff loops of blue and dark-red ribbon. Fancy gilt pins ornament the band-and-loops. The brim is lined with navy-blue velvet.

FIG. VI.—GIRL'S HAT, OF ÉCRU STRAW, trimmed with wide ribbon of brown and écru, mixed. The ribbon is laid in soft folds around the crown, and a large bow ornaments the front. The gilt pins are placed in the knot of the bow.

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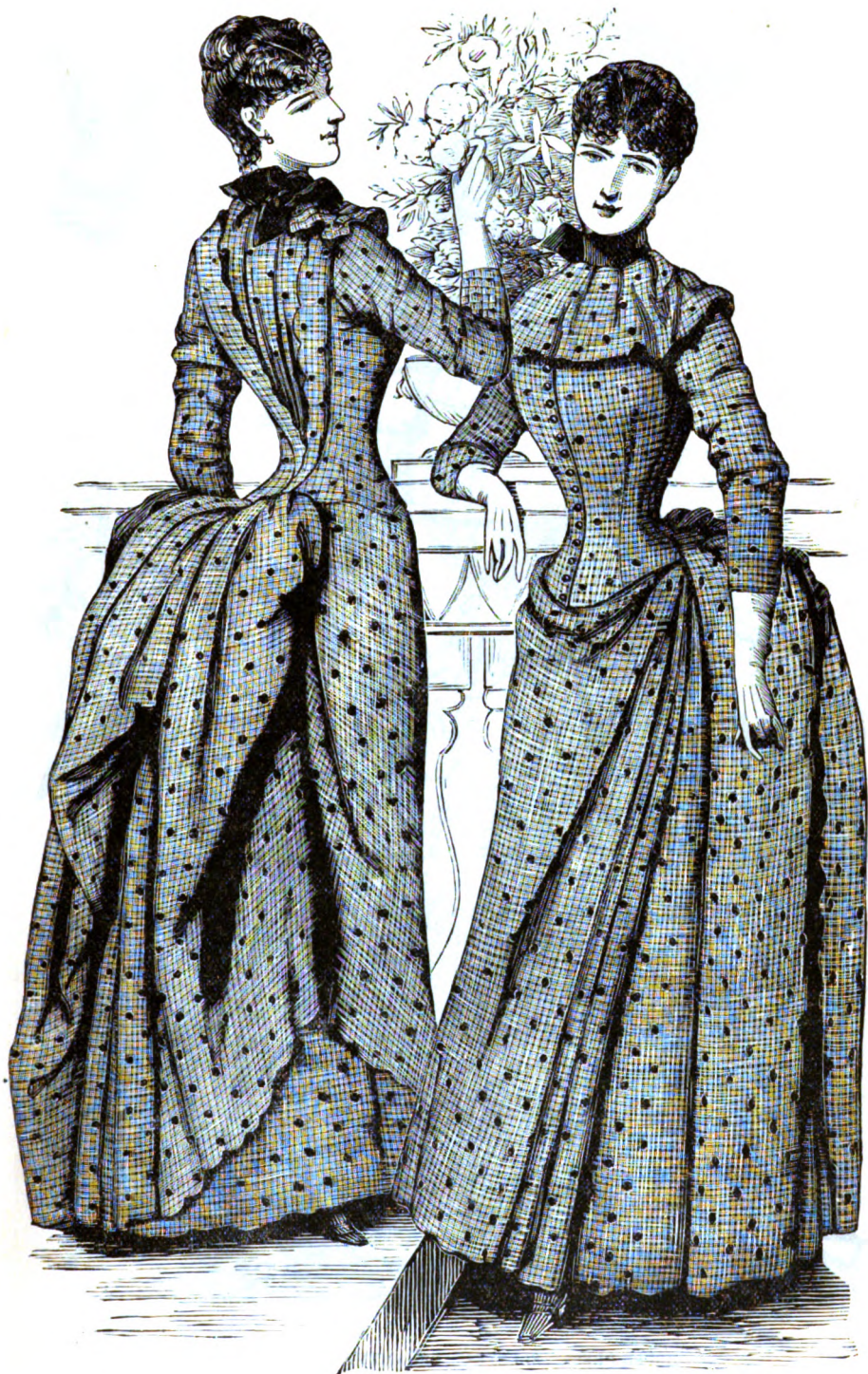
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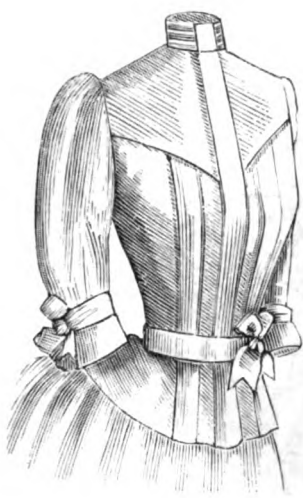
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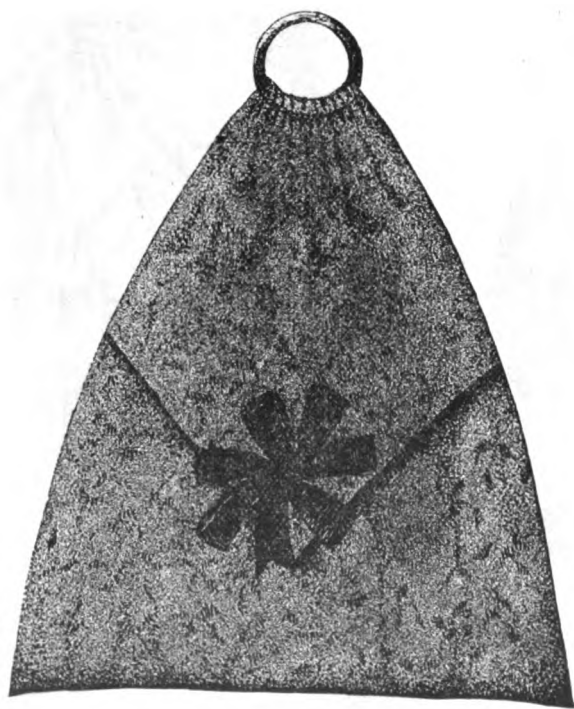
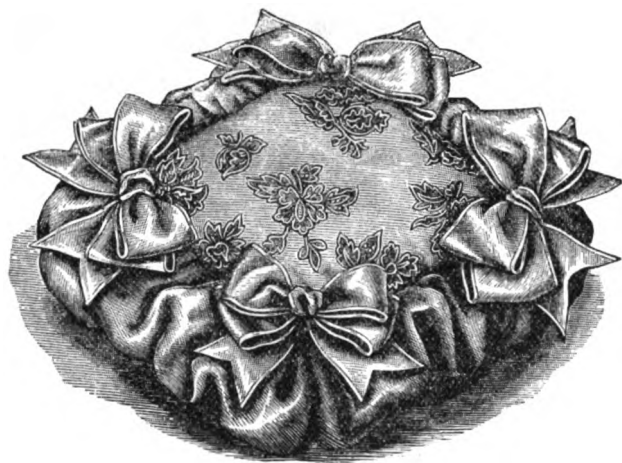
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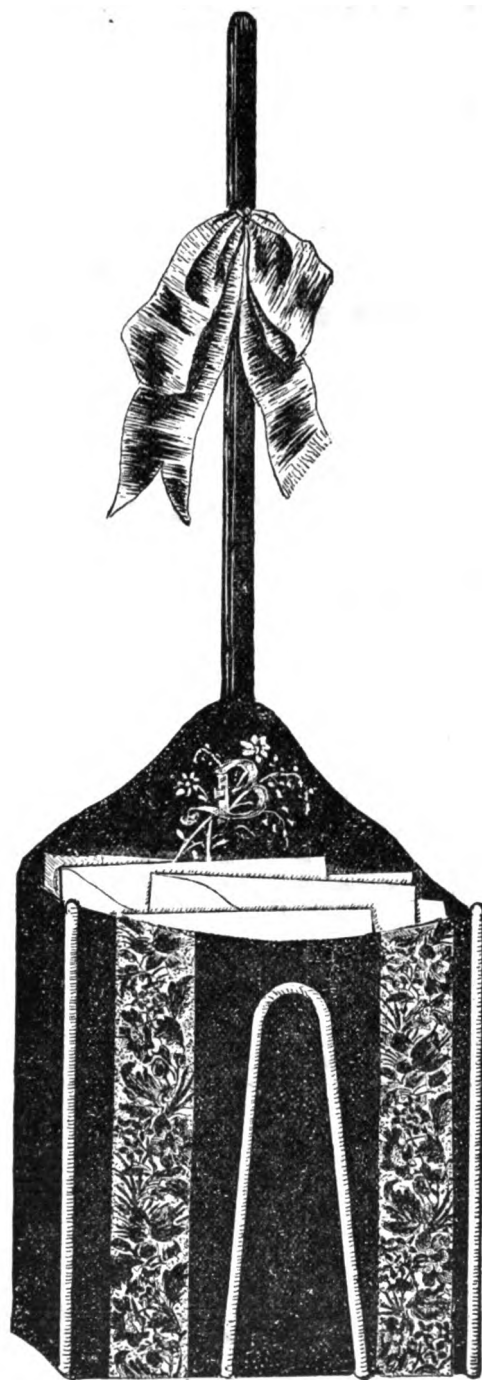
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LETTER-POCKET.

WISTAR GAVOTTE.

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WALKING-DRESS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

THE PRINCES OF MODERN ART.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.



HEAD BY MILLAIS.

IT is a mistake to suppose that the princes of art—those who live royally, like Raphael and Rubens lived—exist no longer. When Munkacsy can sell his “Christ before Pilate” for more than a hundred thousand dollars, it will not do to say that “devotion to art means living in a garret,” as prosaic people have been heard to declare, within living memory. Even in commonplace England, art is now one of the highways to fortune. Sir Frederick Leighton, Alma-Tadema, and especially Sir John Millais, are instances in point: and of these, the latter, perhaps, is the most striking. We select him, therefore, for the text of an article on the princes of modern art, on modern art, and on art in general.

Comparisons are, usually, more or less misleading. Yet we may say, in a general way, that Sir John Millais is, to the nineteenth century in England, what Sir Joshua Reynolds was to the eighteenth: and this, not only in his art, but in his emolument. In many respects, indeed, while their social and financial success has strong points of resemblance, their works

are dissimilar. Yet, in the graceful and sympathetic way in which they have rendered children and women, they show a striking similarity. Millais, indeed, has never painted a woman's face that can compare with the “Nelly O'Brien” of Reynolds. But his “Cherry Ripe,” his “Is the Squire In?” and numerous others of his pictures of children—many of which have been engraved on steel for this magazine—are quite equal to the best that Reynolds did in the same line. In a different way, other pictures, like “Effie Deans,” and “The Bride of Lammermoor,” show perhaps even greater power.

To be painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds was the ambition of every fine lady, a century ago. To be made “immortal on canvas” by Sir John Millais is the longing of every “fine lady” in London now. Millais, however, has fallen on happier times than his predecessor, not only in regard to the honor he has received, but also in regard to his profit. It was thought a great thing when Reynolds was knighted. Millais has been made a baronet. Reynolds considered himself well paid when he received a hundred guineas for a portrait. Millais charges two thousand pounds.

The reason for this success is not far to seek. Millais has greater technical skill, and better meets the demand of his day, than any English cotemporary. An artist, it must be remembered, may have merit, and yet not be popular. On the other hand, an artist sometimes wins popular favor, with a very small amount of ability. But it is possible to be both meritorious and popular. This is what Sir Joshua Reynolds was, a century ago: this is what Sir John Millais is to-day. To be popular, an artist must appeal to the men of his generation: to their tastes, their sympathies, even to their idiosyncrasies. Neither Blake nor Haydon, much lauded as they are by certain critics, did this. Hence their failure, especially that of the latter. If Giotto had painted boors



MILLAIS.

drinking, instead of saints and angels, he would never have stirred, as he did, the hearts of his devotionally-minded cotemporaries. Teniers, Ostade, and the Flemish artists generally, were successful because they painted subjects which the unimaginative merchants of their day, who bought their pictures, understood. A Dutch burgomaster would hardly have appreciated Domenichino's "Dying Jerome." But he could quite realize the sheen of satin, such as he had seen in his wife's best gown, when reproduced on canvas, or the glistening of the inside of a copper kettle, like that which had delighted him in his mother's kitchen, when a boy. In Reynolds's time, when the chief patrons of art in England were the nobility, all more or less cultivated by travel in Italy and the study there of the great masters, a different kind of picture was necessary to please the fastidious, even if somewhat conventional, taste of the purchasers. Sir Joshua painted such pictures. Millais does the same now, to a certain extent: that is, he paints for an audience half-way between that of Rembrandt and that of Reynolds: he is more realistic than the latter, and not quite so much as the former. In a word, he is "en rapport" with his age, or at least with picture-buyers. If he painted Virgins like Cimabue,

he might paint till doomsday, before a nineteenth-century crowd in stolid England would accompany his pictures in triumphant procession. But he paints seraphic children and lovely women, and this age of unimaginative science, in return, has made him a baronet, and enables him to live like a prince.

The popularity of Millais, and the pecuniary success resulting from it, have led many persons to think he is not sincere. But this is not so. As a young man, he was one of the founders of the pre-Raphaelite school, Hunt and Rossetti being his principal associates. That school, forty years ago, was the subject of considerable ridicule; and not undeservedly so, perhaps, from certain points of view. But it had one element which more than counterbalanced its many eccentricities. It was, above all things else, sincere. In its essence, it may

be regarded as a protest against the conventionality of the art of the time. Everything else about it was really secondary to this. And it fulfilled its mission by breaking up that conventionality. Of the three prominent pre-Raphaelite artists, Millais was the first to get rid of its eccentricities, while clinging to its essentials. We can best illustrate our meaning by recalling the fact that the pre-Raphaelites, among other things, insisted that every detail in a picture should be painted with "scrupulous fidelity," as they phrased it. By this they meant that a flower in the corner of a portrait-picture, or even a blade of grass, should be as minutely delineated as the face of the subject. Ruskin, in his "Modern Painters," pointed out how mistaken was this idea. It was sacrificing subjective to objective truth, he said, and, so far, was false art. A more recent critic has explained the idea at more length. "If you fix your eyes," he remarks, "upon a living person from the distance, say six feet, at which a half-length life-size portrait looks best, you will be unable to see more than the head in detail, and hardly that without shifting the eyeballs. The rest of the figure and the background will lack definition; they will be clouded and blurred. Any positive deformity, like a misshapen hand, will make itself felt, but

its exact shape will only become visible when you look straight at it. The mobility of the human eye is so great that most of us go through life without suspecting how very small its field of accurate vision really is. But it is partly by recognition, often unconscious, of this, that an artist brings his work into focus. In a portrait, definition need be perfect only in the face; from there to the edge of the canvas it may be finely and continuously reduced, and the skill with which this is done is no bad test of a painter's mastery. While a hand held up to the head, to support cheek or chin, requires to be carried as far as the face itself, one left on the knee may be only a sketch. But, sketchy or not, it must

be right, so far as it goes, for a practiced eye can at a glance discriminate between pregnant and empty sketchiness. To the painter, there can be few things more exasperating than to hear the "artless" critic abuse some passage for want of finish, and its author for carelessness, when in truth it has been left vague with intention, sometimes with regret, but ever with the knowledge that to carry it farther would impair the effect as a whole.

Ruskin, in a series of drawings of a tower which he saw in Switzerland, shows how distinctly its windows, and even the panes in the windows, came out when close at hand; how, at a greater distance, these details disappeared, and



MILLAIS'S HOUSE.

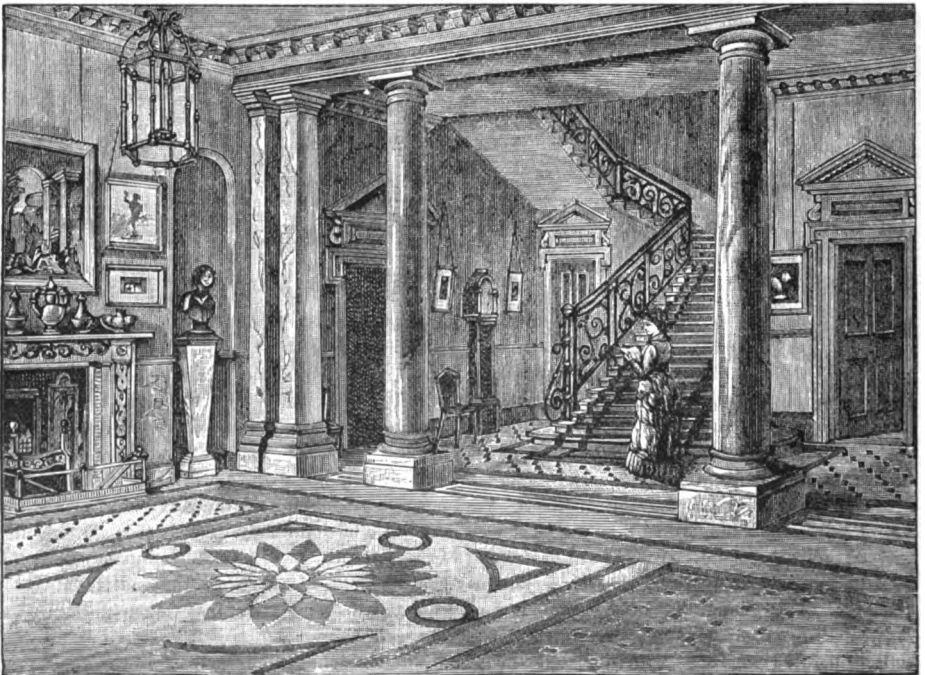
the outlines of the windows only were visible; and how, at a still greater distance, the windows themselves faded from sight, and the tower stood revealed merely as a black silhouette against the sky, and almost as formless as a Druidical stone. In short, while pre-Raphaelism broke up the conventionality of the English school of half a century ago, it, in itself, was full of affectation, and, worse than all, sacrificed subjective truth to objective. The broad mind of Millais soon emancipated itself from so narrow a school. The change in his manner is best illustrated by comparing the celebrated "Isabella," painted in 1850, with his "Northwest Passage," painted in 1874. In the former,

every detail is elaborated, until, in one sense, the picture is little more than what a colored photograph would be. In the latter, the head of the old navigator is the centre, to which all else is incidental. Rembrandt understood this. What would Rembrandt be, if all his detail were as minutely painted as his faces? Millais discovered very soon that the real aim of art, as the critic we have already quoted has said, "is not to register the facts of nature, but to record the sentiments, and therefore the individuality, of the artist," and from that moment began his real success.

The incidents of our artist's life are but few. He was born at Southampton, England, on June

8th, 1829. His father, however, came from the Isle of Jersey, which fact, as well as his name, probably indicates a remote French ancestry. He early evinced a proclivity for art. When Sir Martin Archer Shee, president of the Royal Academy, was shown some of his drawings, and was told they were the work of a lad only nine years old, he said: "The parents of a child so gifted should do all in their power to help the cultivation of his faculties, and to speed him on the career for which nature has evidently intended him." Shee was not a great artist, but he was, for that very reason, perhaps, more unbiased as a judge. His advice, at least, was taken. When only eleven years old, Millais went to the Academy, a younger pupil than had ever been there before, or has been there since. At thirteen, he won a medal for a drawing from the antique. At fifteen, he began to paint. At seventeen, he exhibited a highly successful picture, "the best historical work of the year" on the Academy walls, as a well-known French critic said. From this time, his progress was rapid. In 1849, when only twenty years old, he painted the "Isabella." The following year, his famous "Christ in the House of His Parents" was sent forth to challenge criticism, and it brought down on him and the pre-Raphaelite school, whose canons it followed, all the criticism he wanted,

much of it adverse. In 1852, he painted "The Huguenots," also very pre-Raphaelite. But, in spite of the storm it raised, it fetched, for that time, quite a good price, no less than a thousand dollars. From this out, he was on the high-road to success, his popularity increasing in proportion as he threw overboard his early eccentricities, and painted in a broader and more catholic manner. His "Black Brunswicker," "The Proscribed Royalist," "The Escape of a Heretic," "Effie Deans," "The Bride of Lammermoor," and "The Princes in the Tower" illustrate this, to say nothing of his portrait of the Duchess of Westminster, that of Sir Gilbert Greenall, and his exquisite pictures of children, such as "Sweetest Eyes Were Ever Seen," "Cherry Ripe," "In the Garden," and "For the Squire," the last three of which are familiar to our readers, having been engraved for this magazine. It is true that, in many of these later works, Millais has devoted less inventive effort to his subjects than in his earlier career; the slightest incident that gives a chance to make a picture of a pretty woman or child is enough. But then, what women, and especially what children! No one in all English art, except Sir Joshua Reynolds, can compare with him in the grace and winsomeness which he flings around a beautiful woman or child.



HALL IN MILLAIS'S HOUSE.

It used to be said, in prosaic England, as it is still often said in the United States, that for a man to devote his life to art is to condemn himself to a garret. The saying is still true, when the aspirant is either without ability, or will insist on choosing subjects for his brush which nobody wants. Pictures must have buyers, or the painter will want bread. But people will not buy pictures which they and their generation do not sympathize with. Millais, by understanding this, as Raphael understood it, as Rubens did, as Sir Joshua did, and being

withal so singularly catholic in his attitude to art, has come to be, as we have already said, the most successful of English artists pecuniarily. He earns an income which even an earl might envy. He can afford to rent, in consequence, a salmon-fishery in Scotland, and has built for himself one of the most stately houses in London. This mansion is eminently characteristic of the man. It is so located that, as seen from Kensington Gardens, it ends, as it were, a vista, forming thus one of the most picturesque objects in all that great metropolis. It is a square



MILLAIS'S HOUSE, FROM KENSINGTON GARDENS.

house, the form in which the most space can be had with the least waste of room; and this illustrates the practical common-sense part of one side of the artist's character. But, though so utilitarian in shape, its ornamental details, which are of a severe Renaissance, raise it out of the commonplace, and fix it in the region of the ideal. The main front especially is a beautiful bit of architectural effect. The hall is singularly noble, divided into two parts by white marble columns, beyond which the wide staircase rises, in three flights, to the floors above. On the staircase, as you ascend and reach the first-floor landing, you come to a very beautiful fountain, with Boehm's figure of a seal, in black marble.

This hall is all in white marble; the doors are of polished mahogany; the ornaments are a few busts; and the general effect is like one of those fine old palaces which are seen at Genoa. The entire merit of this noble mansion, at least in its general plan, is due to Millais himself, though an architect, Mr. Philip Hardwick, was, of course, called in to carry out the details.

In 1885, Millais was made a baronet; an hereditary title, though not conferring a seat in the House of Lords. He is still in the vigor of his genius, so we may long hope for portraits like those of Gladstone, Beaconsfield, the Marquis of Lorne, as well as others like that of the Duchess of Westminster and "Cherry Ripe."

TO ELINOR.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE lies the warmest summer
Upon thy soft young cheek;
But in thy heart is winter—
Winter, cold and bleak.

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This would I gladly alter,
But only change in part;
Thy cheek should wear the winter,
While summer filled thy heart.

THE BURGLAR AT ELMDALE.

BY MRS. C. H. DEMERITT.

A MISPLACED switch and several derailed freight-cars had delayed the regular evening express, and it was nearly eleven o'clock when the belated train glided slowly up to the Elmdale station. Before the engine had ceased moving, a tall young man swung himself easily to the platform, and stood, satchel in hand, looking, as if undecided, toward the livery-stable across the street. Then he sprang to the ground, crossed the track, and disappeared up the main road. "I'll walk up to the house," he said to himself. "It will be quite a surprise, as they do not look for me for some time yet; besides, I am cramped and stiff from sitting so long, and it will give me a chance to stretch my limbs."

After proceeding a short distance, he took down some bars, and followed a well-worn foot-path which led through several fields, until he finally came out on a traveled highway. By this means, he saved a considerable distance. He soon came to a handsome gate, opening into well-kept grounds; and, entering, approached a large house standing on the crest of a broad sloping lawn.

"Home again!" he cried, exultingly. "How the sight quickens one's pulse."

All was dark in the house. He walked to the rear, and looked up to the second story of a large wing at that side. Here he stood for a while, gazing first up at the windows of this room, and then down at the broad pillared verandah beneath.

"I could do it easily," he exclaimed at last, with a low boyish laugh. "I have clambered up there a hundred times. The school-room windows are almost always unfastened, and the family are all sound asleep by this time. Once in the house, I could find my way easily to my room, and no one would be any the wiser until to-morrow. It's a regular freshman's caper, but I'll venture." He set his satchel down behind one of the pillars, and climbed up to the roof as nimbly as a cat. He found the window unfastened, as he had expected, and, gently raising it, leaned forward and listened intently. To his surprise, he fancied he heard a noise in the adjoining apartment. But he dismissed the notion at once, as ridiculous.

"Nonsense," he thought, as a blind rattled beside him, "it was nothing but the wind. Everybody has been long abed."

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He stepped carefully inside at this, and stood in the flood of moonlight, looking about on the desks and benches and other school-room paraphernalia. Then he made his way slowly to the lower end of the room. He had just reached a small closet, the door of which was standing open, when he distinctly heard a light footfall. He stopped, motionless, and looked back. The steps came nearer and nearer. In a moment more, the portière that hung across the door of the next room was flung open, and he saw, brilliantly defined in the moonlight, a young girl, holding the curtain back with one hand. She was dressed in a gown of virgin white, made of some light summer material; but her magnificent hair fell in long tresses down her back, as if she had been interrupted just as she was losing it. A moment more, and she stepped boldly into the room, and then the young man saw that she held a revolver in her right hand. There was a significance, too, in the flashing of her eye and the compression of her lips, that was not to be disregarded. Beautiful as she was, and she seemed to him almost like a vision out of Paradise, he did not doubt that she would use the revolver without hesitation. She might shoot wildly, but shoot she surely would. Instinctively, he dashed into the closet. In a second, the quick-witted girl had closed the door and turned the key.

For the first time, Gerald Mowbray realized the danger into which his foolish freak had led him. "A pretty piece of business, this," he thought. "Shut up here like a caged rat! Who is she, anyway, and what is she doing here? For my life, I can't make out."

He waited a few moments, and then, approaching his lips to the keyhole, asked in his blandest tones: "Will you have the kindness to tell me who you are?"

A long silence followed.

"Have the goodness, please, to tell me who you are?" he repeated, giving the door an impatient shake.

No answer was vouchsafed him.

"Very well, then. Since you do not choose to tell me who you are, perhaps you will have the kindness to listen while I explain who I am," began Gerald, loftily. And then, vexed at the continued silence, he pounded the door

by way of emphasis. "Oblige me by opening the door at once, or I shall be under the necessity of breaking it open."

A calm voice sounded near: "Young man, if you make the slightest attempt to break open that door, I shall shoot. Your only safety lies in keeping still."

"Do you want to murder me?" asked Gerald, in despair. "It's so close here, that I can scarcely breathe. Listen to me, please: I am Gerald Mowbray. This is my home. I climbed in by the window, as I have often done when a boy. Where are my father and mother?"

"And you expect me to believe all this?" she replied, with a contemptuous laugh.

"For mercy's sake, open the door! I am Gerald Mowbray—on my honor, I am. If you don't believe me, go downstairs and look in the satchel which I left on the verandah. You will find letters there with my address."

"That's a very clever device for getting me out of the way, and giving you a chance to break open the door. But you can't impose on me in that fashion."

"Open the door, I beg of you," entreated Gerald. "I can't stand this much longer. I give you my word that I will not attempt to escape."

"Your word! Young man, your impudence is amazing."

"It's stifling, in here," groaned Gerald. "Have you forgotten that the hot-air pipe from the furnace runs through this closet? This is fearfully close quarters."

"It's a foretaste, then, of still closer quarters, if you don't stop breaking into houses."

"Do I look like a burglar?" began Gerald, hotly.

But she interrupted him: "How do I know? You don't suppose that I stopped to take a deliberate survey of your person, do you?"

"But you saw enough of me to call me a young man," returned he. "How did you know but that I was as old as Methuselah?"

"Aged men are not in the habit of climbing verandahs," she answered, severely.

"But I should think there might have been something in my appearance to show that I was not a burglar."

"How could I tell?" relaxing for the first time. "I am sure burglars ought to be able to afford to dress very well indeed."

"Let me out, I say!" sputtered Gerald, with a vicious kick at the door. "I tell you I must have air, or I shall die."

She darted to the fireplace, and, returning, called through the keyhole: "Put your face

here, and I'll blow in some air with the bellows."

"Don't be a simpleton," ejaculated Gerald, wrathfully. "Stay a moment," he added, feeling in his coat-pockets. "I wonder I didn't think of it before. Listen: Here is my last letter from my mother. See: I will slip it under the door. And here are the photographs of my little sisters. Surely, you will believe me now."

He noted her cry of surprise and the sudden change in her voice as she took up the letter and the pictures. "Isn't that proof enough?" he asked, sharply.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried, despairingly. "How do I know but that you may have met the real Gerald Mowbray somewhere, and stolen his satchel, and got possession of the letter in this way, and used it for this purpose? I've heard of such things. There is no end to the cleverness and shrewdness of burglars. I can't tell whether to believe you or not. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Open the door," panted Gerald: "that's what you must do. I am faint now, for the want of air. Can't you see that I am half suffocated?"

The young girl still hesitated.

"It seems as if you must be Gerald Mowbray," she said. "And yet—and yet—"

"I'll tell you what to do: turn the key, and then stand where you can cover the closet with your revolver. I will only push open the door an inch or two. I don't want to get out. All I ask is a breath of fresh air. If you don't do this, you may have a dead man on your hands. Don't you see that I am completely at your mercy? You can shoot, the moment I show myself."

"Very well," she said, calmly; "I will do that. When I say 'three,' you may open the door just a crack. But mind: if you so much as poke out the tip of your nose, I'll shoot without a word of warning."

She unlocked the door, and Gerald waited until she counted: "One, two, three." Then he opened the door, and stood breathing in the fresh air.

After a few moments, she broke the silence. "Young man," she said, "put out your head. I want to get a good look at you."

Gerald complied with her request, but hastily drew back, as he saw the barrel of a pistol pointing directly toward him.

"Put out your head, and keep it out," she said, sternly, and he obeyed meekly.

"You certainly look very much like the

numerous photographs of Gerald Mowbray. I am half inclined to believe that you are he. Open the door wider. A little wider yet. Not too fast, young man! There: now open it wide, and stand perfectly still, that I may get a good look at you."

She moved backward, a step at a time, until she had placed a large desk between her and the closet. Then she deliberately surveyed Gerald from head to foot.

"Turn around very slowly," she directed.

When he faced her again, he saw a flash of recognition in her eyes. "You are certainly Gerald Mowbray," she said, partially lowering her pistol. "You may come out, if you please."

For the first time, her voice trembled a little; and, glancing at her face, Gerald saw that it grew suddenly white, as she laid the pistol down. Then she turned toward him, with an appealing look in her brown eyes. "Oh, help me," she cried. "I believe I am going to faint."

She would have fallen, if Gerald had not darted forward and caught her in his arms. Placing her gently in a chair, he hastily seized a pitcher, fortunately standing on the desk, and dashed some water in her face. The shock revived her. She looked up and said indignantly:

"You almost drowned me."

"And you nearly smothered me. So we are quits," returned Gerald.

She smiled faintly. "What simpletons we have made of ourselves! I owe you an apology, Mr. Mowbray."

"And I owe you one. So we are even again. But I wish you would tell me who you are, and how it happens that you are here alone."

"I am Mary Rodgers, the new governess. Mrs. Earle, who taught here before me, had a chance to take charge of a school, and left about three months ago. I was visiting with my cousin, the rector of your church, and, as I wanted to earn my own living, I applied for the place. I got it, and have been here ever since. Your father and mother, with the children, sailed for Europe, day before yesterday. They did not send word to you, as they wished to surprise you: they thought they would find you still in London. They left the coachman and cook in charge of the place; and I promised to put the house in order, before I went to the rectory to spend my vacation. The servants are all asleep. I happened to stay up late, reading; that is all."

Gerald took up the pistol. "Here is your trusty weapon, Miss Rodgers," he said.

She turned away with a shudder. "Oh, I never want to see the horrid thing again! What if I had shot you, Mr. Mowbray!"

"We should have had a tragedy then, instead of a comedy. But let us be thankful that you did not. You look worn out with the excitement, and you need a good night's rest. I suppose I can take possession of the guest-chamber? That is always kept ready, or used to be. To-morrow morning, we can talk over our adventure at leisure."

"Oh, I hope you will never mention it again," she cried, impulsively.

"Very well. Let us agree to forget it. Here is my hand on it."

She hesitated shyly.

"Are you afraid to shake hands with a burglar?" he asked, mischievously.

She laid her slender hand in Gerald's hearty grasp, and, with a "good-night," they parted.

The next morning, when the young man awoke, he found a note, that had been slipped under his door. It read as follows:

"DEAR MR. MOWBRAY:

I have ordered the cook to prepare a good breakfast for you, and James is now waiting to drive me over to the rectory. There is no occasion for my staying any longer, since you are here to take charge of affairs.

Very truly yours, MARY RODGERS."

As soon as breakfast was finished, Gerald ordered the horses and drove to the rectory.

He was enthusiastically received by his old friends, the rector and his wife, though neither could refrain, for many moments, from laughing at him unmercifully over his adventure in the character of a burglar.

"I think it is rather hard that I should support all the quizzing. You might ask Miss Rodgers to come and take her share," Gerald soon pleaded, glad of any pretext which might afford him a sight of the young lady. "Indeed," he added, more seriously, "I really do want to make my excuses to her. The whole performance was an unpardonable bit of boyishness on my part, but, of course, I never dreamed of the elders being away from home."

"Oh, poor Mary is more overwhelmed with remorse than you can be," the rector's wife answered, while her spouse laughed so heartily that he could not speak at all. "The child was in such a state of confusion when she saw you driving up, that she rushed off as if she had wings."

"Go fetch her back," said the rector, recovering his voice. "They must meet sometime. It might as well be now as ever, and, if they will both have the grace to be embarrassed, that will make the thing so much more amusing for us."

"That man has no heart, clergyman though he is!" Gerald vowed, and the wife agreed in the verdict before going in search of the fair fugitive.

However, if anybody expected to find Miss Rodgers display the least show of embarrassment, that person was hugely mistaken. She was inclined at first to be exceedingly stately, and to treat him with considerable reserve; but it was impossible to resist Gerald's sincere apologies, and Minerva herself could not long have retained her dignity, in face of the merry raillery which the rector showered on both the young people.

After that, Mr. Mowbray's handsome grays were frequently seen standing before the rectory-gate; and, by the end of summer, it was reported that young Mr. Mowbray and the new governess were engaged.

"My dear girl," said Gerald, one evening, holding up a letter as he entered the rectory, "I have at last heard from my parents, and, instead of the bitter opposition which you feared, they

seem to have taken a very sensible view of the matter. Listen while I read:

"MY DEAR SON:

I will frankly confess that your letter was both startling and irritating. But the more your mother and I talk the matter over, the milder grows our disapproval. Of course, we had other views for you. But, after all, you are the best judge of what so nearly concerns your happiness. In the first place, we both like the young lady thoroughly, although we never viewed her in the possible light of a daughter-in-law. And, in the second place, her bravery in defending my property against a supposed burglar completely silences whatever objection I might otherwise have raised. I make her a present of the burglar, as a reward for her heroism. We shall be home for the wedding. Your affectionate father,

THOMAS MOWBRAY."

Gerald's parents were home in time for the wedding, which was a very brilliant one, the happiest one there being the pseudo BURGLAR.

IN MEMORIAM: C. J. PETERSON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I OPENED to-day his last volume of verse—

Not poems sent out for the whole world to read;
The lays which to dear ones our poets rehearse,
And gain that best guerdon—real sympathy's meed.

Every line about Rome; I smiled through my tears,
Recalling his wrong to my City of Flowers,
And went back through the course of hurrying years,
To weeks we once spent in her odoriferous bowers.

I had known him so long and loved him so well,
And the time stretched so far since we two had met,
When that morning in Florence they came in to tell
That the pleasure of meeting awaited me yet.

How boyhood and youth struggled up 'neath his eyes—
The past grew more sacred in clasping his hand;
The thought that chill absence had weakened no ties
Drew my heart over-sea to its own native land.

I argued for Florence; he gave her no place—

His heart was too full of the poet's real home;
"Shall I let," he said, smiling, "her beauties efface
The homage I owe to our dream-haunt—our Rome?"

Since those words that he uttered, on Corso or Hill,
Campagna or Forum, saint's shrine or wild glen,
The spell of his genius hangs over them still,
And I see by the light that illumined him then.

"He is dead," came the message. "Not so," I replied;
"Who lives wisely, lives ever; we are not bereft!
Of our good ones, our great ones, may never they died—
They live with us yet by their influence left."

They live in a splendor unfading, supernal,
While resting from sorrow, from yearning, from strife;
And grander than glory of Rome the eternal,
The radiance their living casts back on our life.

TWO WOMEN.

BY A. J. GRANNISS.

"Oh! for some power, some latent power," she sighed,
"To win men's hearts, to win and throw aside,
To hold them captives by a tender smile,
By all the subtle witchery of Cupid's guile,
To bring proud man to bow before my shrine,
To hear love's pleas, withholding ever mine—
Oh, for the gift, the gift of power," she cried,
"To win men's hearts, and yet to be no bride."

"Ah! for some grace, some gentle grace," she said,
"To hold the love of him whom I may wed,
From lighter loves, as sacred hold apart,
The honest love of one strong loyal heart—
'Tis highest honor manhood ever paid
To tender woman or to trusting maid—
God give me grace to hold," she softly prayed,
"This richest gift upon love's altar laid."

THE BLACK TRUNK.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

It is not at all necessary to the development of the story I am about to tell, that I should state how it happened that I found myself, one day, penniless in Paris. Perhaps I had come abroad to study painting, and had failed. Perhaps I had come to Paris to study singing, and had lost my voice. Perhaps I had simply visited Europe on a frolic, had squandered my money foolishly, and was ashamed to go home.

At all events, I woke up, one fine morning, in the French capital, with just about enough money in my pocket to suffice for my board and lodging for three days longer.

"So," I said to myself, "Stephen Morris, my friend, something must be done."

Something—but what? At last, realizing the fact that my best stock in trade consisted of a pair of broad shoulders, strong arms, and sturdy legs, I determined to become the public messenger or errand-runner of the American colony. I was ashamed to beg, and I was not afraid of work.

I myself cannot understand how it was that I did so well in so short a space of time. I soon had as much to do as I could manage in the course of a day. What with taking parcels back to the Bon Marché, and seeing after the arrivals of timid widows and unprotected old maids, and escorting the same, afterward, to the railway stations, and superintending the sending off of parcels and trunks by express, I had quite a busy time of it.

I speedily got to be quite popular, especially with the unprotected elderly American females in Paris, and often acted as an impromptu courier or valet-de-place when my services were so required. Very often, some lone lorn lady would engage me by the day, to act as her escort to Versailles, or St. Germain, or Fontainebleau, for it was easy for anybody to discern that I was above my occupation, and that I had been bred and educated in a station of life far superior to that of an ordinary runner of errands. Before long, I had quite a regular line of employment, and came to be trusted and amply paid accordingly.

There was one lady that required my services unusually often, and whom I soon got to know very well. She was from one of the Eastern States of the Union, and was about fifty years of age, or perhaps a little more. Her name was Millicent Rayner—Miss Rayner—an old maid;

it would seem, to single-blessedness from her cradle, if one might judge by her dry and angular physique. She was small and spare, with a plain face, whose only attractive feature was a pair of dark bright eyes. She looked intelligent, and there was a world of determination about her thin firmly-closed lips. She was devoted to intellectual pursuits, and spent most of her time in reading in the National Library, or in attending lectures at the Sorbonne. She never associated with anybody, seemed to have no friends, nor even any acquaintances, and lived a very isolated sort of life in a little suite of apartments on the first floor of a house situated on the Rue de Rome. She only kept one servant, a stout girl from Normandy, but she was herself so active and self-helpful that this solitary domestic more than sufficed for her needs. In fact, Jeanne sometimes complained to me of the independent ways of her mistress and love of solitude. "She will not even let me help her to dress herself, or to get ready for bed," quoth Jeanne, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Mon Dieu! these Americans are queer creatures!"

There was only one point about Miss Rayner that I noticed as being exceptionally odd, in spite of Jeanne's comments, and that was the fact that I never saw her with uncovered hands. She always wore gloves, stylish in cut and irreproachable as to cleanliness: long gloves of Swedish kid, in the fashionable shades of brown or tan-color. She must have bought them, not by the dozen pairs, but by hundreds. Otherwise, she always dressed very plainly, though well, her dresses being usually of black cashmere or alpaca. And she was always very neat, and wore faultlessly clean collars and cuffs of white linen. But neither Jeanne, nor myself, nor in fact any other person, ever saw her without her gloves. I always believed that she slept in them, and, from something that Jeanne told me, I finally became sure that she did.

When Miss Rayner first employed me, my duties were merely those of a messenger. She used to engage me to take places for her at the Opera, or to get tickets for concerts, to carry parcels, or to take messages. Gradually she came to trust me more and more. I sent off money-orders for her; I got checks cashed for her at the bank;

I paid her bills; and, in fact, I transacted most of her business. She seemed to rely upon me all the more, when, after a while, she fell into a feeble state of health. Her face grew paler and more sallow; her eyes were darkened by a black circle; and her movements, formerly so active, became weak and uncertain.

I noticed, too, one day, when she was giving me my orders, a very singular eruption, or rather blotch, upon her forehead, just beneath the line of her parted hair. It was not like any other eruption that I had ever seen in my life. It was not red, nor at all inflamed. It was simply a rather large spot, covered with white shiny scales; but, somehow, it seemed ominous and threatening, and, above all, repulsive. I came to the conclusion that the poor lady must be a victim to scrofula, and, noticing the alteration for the worse in her countenance, as well as the rapid failing of her strength, I ventured respectfully to suggest that she should consult a doctor.

She looked at me fixedly as I spoke.

"Then you have noticed the change in my health, Stephen?" she said. "I, too, am aware of it. And I think I shall probably go on a journey before long. As for a physician, there is no need for my sending for one. I know the nature of the malady from which I am suffering, and understand exactly what remedies to apply, and the journey I am about to take will prove its best cure."

I did not see Miss Rayner, after that, for more than a week. Then she sent for me, at an early hour in the morning, stating that she would probably require my services for the entire day. I was not surprised, after our former conversation, to see, on arriving, a large new black trunk standing in the hall, beside the door of Miss Rayner's bed-room.

Jeanne let me in, and was evidently not in the best of humor.

"She has got a new whim," she whispered, as she closed the door. "She has been looking for a place in the country, and has found one. And such a hole! Three miles from any railway-station, at the very least—a kitchen without a single modern convenience in it, and, at the foot of the lawn, a great black pool, that the country-people say has no bottom. I'm not going there, I can tell her. When she leaves Paris, I leave her service. And, worst of all, she has not only taken the place—she has bought it."

But, just then, Miss Rayner opened her bedroom door, and Jeanne beat a precipitate retreat to her kitchen.

I found the poor lady looking decidedly worse

even than she had looked when I had seen her last. She had tied a scarf of black Spanish lace around her head and throat, so that I could not see if the eruption on her forehead had spread. She was dressed with her usual scrupulous neatness, clean gloves and all, and greeted me with her customary air of quick decision.

She had sent for me, she said, to go with her to the country-seat that she had just purchased. It was a five-hours' journey from Paris, and she would take with her, for the present, only the trunk that was in the antechamber, and her handbag as well. Jeanne was not to accompany us. The girl was to come down later to the country. At this intimation, Jeanne tossed her head and shot a defiant glance at me, but said nothing. Miss Rayner then went to put on her bonnet, whilst I started off in search of a cab, and to call a porter to help me to take down the trunk. It was not as heavy as it looked, though it was a very solidly-made article, banded with iron and having iron corners. "Most probably," I said to myself, "Miss Rayner has filled it with very light articles, such as her dresses." But I could not help wondering what she wanted with such a very big trunk, for it was of the largest size made, over five feet long, and high in proportion. It was so huge, indeed, that I had some difficulty in finding a vehicle to transport it, and finally had to go in search of a railway-omnibus, as no cabman would consent to hoist such a big trunk on his cab.

But finally all things were arranged, and Miss Rayner came downstairs and got into the omnibus. She had her little traveling-bag in one hand, and two thick letters in the other. The driver was directed to stop at the general post-office, so that she might mail these last, which she insisted upon doing with her own hands. I could not help noticing, however, that one of them was directed to the American Legation at Paris.

It was a very dreary journey. The month was November, and a dull gray mist, varied by fitful rain, hung over the landscape and shrouded the horizon. The country was flat and uninteresting, and when, after the five-hours' journey by train, and the drive of some three miles in a rickety old carriage, we reached our destination, I could not but confess to myself that Miss Rayner's taste in regard to a country-residence was singular, to say the least of it.

The house was low, built of stone, and was situated at some distance from the main road. It was of good dimensions, though only two stories high. An avenue of poplars, streaming with the rain, led up to the door, and looked to me

like a row of spectral sentinels keeping guard over the domain. A sturdy old peasant-woman came out, to help me in with the trunk, which Miss Rayner refused to have carried upstairs, giving us orders, on the contrary, to deposit it in the drawing-room.

That apartment was much less dismal-looking than I had anticipated, from my first impression of the house. The waxed and polished floor, though uncarpeted, was partly covered by handsome though faded rugs. The furniture was all in worsted-work; the pattern, great roses and tulips on a background of faded yellow silk; the whole, the work probably of some industrious lady, who had lived and flourished half a century ago. An antiquated-looking but beautifully-inlaid piano occupied one corner of the room, and an equally ancient-looking harp stood beside it. There were pictures on the walls, faded portraits, and a battle-scene or two. A large fire was blazing on the hearth, which gave the old-fashioned room a more comfortable and cheery aspect than I had expected.

Miss Rayner glanced around, but made no comment, and, as soon as her trunk was safely deposited in a corner near the door, she summoned me to her side to go out and inspect, with her, the exterior of her domain. The rain had ceased by this time, but the sky was lowering, and the air was damp and chilly. I ventured therefore to remonstrate with her, on the imprudence of incurring fresh fatigue in such an atmosphere, in her invalid condition; but she silenced me with an imperative gesture, and we set out.

Leaving the house on the right, she struck across the grounds at a rapid pace. These might once have been handsome, but they now lacked attention sadly. The trees grew thick and unpruned, here and there a dead one showing its gray withered trunk and decaying branches. The paths were almost obliterated with grass, and weeds and bushes had sprung up everywhere in wild luxuriance. The house and grounds had evidently been left untenanted for a long time, perhaps for years.

Our walk was not a pleasant one. Fortunately it was short. At some little distance from the house, and completely screened from it by the trees and bushes, we came suddenly upon a gloomy-looking pond or pool, of moderate dimensions. The water was not stagnant, being evidently fed by unseen springs, and it found an outlet, at one side, in a little brook that rippled noisily across the wet turf. The pool itself was black and sullen-looking. With its surroundings of leafless trees and withered dripping bushes, it

had a sinister aspect. I could picture to myself that gloomy water closing pitilessly and silently over some doomed head, or hiding beneath its surface some terrible secret.

Miss Rayner paused upon the brink and looked down with a thoughtful gaze.

"This pond," she said, after a pause, "is called, by the peasants of the surrounding country, the Bottomless Pool. And the house yonder bears the name of *Le Manoir de l'Étang Sans Fond*—Bottomless Pool Manor. They tell numbers of stories about the deeds that have been committed on its brink, and the mysteries that its depths are supposed to hide. During the first revolution, the wicked baron who owned a chateau not far from here was thrown, bound and gagged, into this dark pool, by his revengeful tenants. There are tales, too, of masses of gold and silver plate, bags of coin, and caskets of jewels confided to its depths by noble families, who at that period were forced to fly from France. But, if these latter legends are true, the fugitive aristocrats might as well have left their wealth to the clutches of the mob. For it seems that nothing, once thrown into this pool, can ever be regained. Professional divers have been brought to search its depths, but without success. Hence arose the legend that it has no bottom. Listen!"

She picked up a large stone from the bank, and cast it into the water. The splash with which it struck the surface was succeeded by no sound to tell of its arrival at the bottom.

After a brief pause, Miss Rayner remarked, however:

"The bottom of the pool is probably of soft mud, into which all things that are thrown into the water sink noiselessly. Yet I have myself tried to sound the depths with a weighted cord, but without success. Now, Stephen," she continued, turning to me and speaking with emphatic deliberation, "I have brought you here to tell you what the task is, which I wish you to perform for me. Are you ready and willing to do my bidding?"

"Certainly, madame," I answered; "there is nothing that I would not gladly do for you."

"To-day is Monday. On Thursday next, I want you to come down here, and wait at the railway-station till it is quite dark. Then engage a carriage and drive to the manor, dismissing the vehicle at the gate, as we have done to-day. You must come to the house, and you will find the black trunk, that we brought down with us, standing in the hall. Put it on a hand-cart, which will be placed all ready beside the front door, and so transport it to this pool, and throw it in."

"Throw it in?" I repeated, in amazement. "But why? And what after, may I ask?"

"Nothing. You may go back to Paris at once, or you may stay all night at the station. You will be well paid for your trouble. Here is a duplicate key to the front door. You can let yourself in, and, after you have put the trunk on the hand-cart, lock the door carefully behind you and take away the key."

"And what shall I do with the key, after I take it away?"

"Whatever you please. You may take it to Jeanne, when you return to Paris, or, if you like, you may throw it into the pond, with the trunk. And now let us return to the house. You have just time, I think, to catch the next train for Paris."

We retraced our steps in silence. Miss Rayner said nothing more, and I was lost in amazement at the very strange nature of the orders that I was to execute. The more I thought the matter over, the more puzzled and anxious I became. What could this mysterious trunk contain, that was to be surrendered to the hiding depths of the Bottomless Pool?

These meditations so wrought upon me, that, before we reached the house, I determined upon questioning Miss Rayner, despite her evident reticence. But it was she herself who broached the subject. Stopping short just before we arrived at the door, she said impressively:

"I can see, Stephen, that you are a good deal mystified by the task that I have imposed upon you. You shall know all about it later. Suffice it to say, that the temporary mystery that surrounds the matter conceals nothing wrong. No harm to anyone on earth is intended. On the contrary, a great benefit to the only person interested is the aim and object of my actions. I will say no more at present. You must rely upon my solemn word of honor, respecting the perfect harmlessness of the transaction, and, in your turn, you must swear to obey punctiliously the commands I have given you."

There was something so impressive in her earnest words and in the dignity of her bearing, that I took the required oath without hesitation.

"Thanks," she said. "And now good-bye, until Thursday."

She extended her hand, as she spoke; and indeed, all through our interview, our position as superior and employé seemed to have changed to that of friends and equals.

I clasped the proffered hand in my own. As I did so, a sudden and strange expression transformed and almost convulsed Miss Rayner's features. It was not a look of pain. It was

more one of horror. It was such a look as might have been worn by one who beheld, looming before her, some image of a dreadful doom.

"I fear that I have hurt you, madame," I said, apologetically.

"Not at all. I only wish you had hurt me. Go now, or you will be too late for the train. And remember Thursday."

The appointed day arrived. I was punctual to my promise. Late in the evening, I reached once more the lonely house, whose image had seldom left my thoughts since the day I had first beheld it. It was past eight o'clock, and pitch-dark, when I opened the front door with the key Miss Rayner had given me. There was no light in the hall, but I had come provided with matches, and, on striking one, I saw the black trunk standing in the middle of the vestibule. On a table beside it, a lantern had been placed, evidently for my use; and beside the lantern lay a letter directed to me in Miss Rayner's well-known handwriting, and supercribed "To be opened when you arrive in Paris."

I lighted the lantern, pocketed the letter, and contrived without much trouble to hoist the trunk—which was much heavier than it had been on our arrival three days before—on the little hand-cart, which I found in the spot indicated to me. Then, tying the lantern to the corner of the cart, I set off for the Bottomless Pool.

I had some little difficulty in finding it, at first, in the darkness, and, when I did come upon it rather unexpectedly, I was very near falling headlong into the water. Then I had to take all precaution, when I pushed the trunk in, to avoid being dragged down with it. Finally the task, by dint of a goodly exertion of my strength, was accomplished; and the heavy box disappeared with a loud splash in the dusky water, that was said to hold its prey with such strange tenacity.

I now retraced my steps to the house, intending to report to Miss Rayner; for I presumed she was still at the manor. She had not returned to Paris, as I had ascertained from Jeanne—whom I had gone to see, that morning, before leaving the city. But, on reaching the manor, I could discern no trace of life or occupation about it. The window-shutters were closed on the ground-floor, and in the windows of the upper story no ray of light stole out upon the surrounding darkness.

Armed with my lantern, I unlocked the front-door, however. A vague feeling of dread began now to affect me. But, bracing myself up, I entered courageously. There was no one in the quaint old-fashioned drawing-room; there

was no one in the great cold kitchen, where the pots and pans, all polished and in perfect order, the clean fireless grate and empty cupboard, told of the final departure of the solitary servant. I pursued my investigation upstairs. In the spacious bed-room situated above the parlor, it was easy to recognize the room that Miss Rayner had chosen for her own. Her handbag and traveling-portfolio—both in Russia leather, and both marked with her monogram in silver letters—were on the table. The half-burned-down candles, moreover, suggested recent occupancy. Stranger still, upon the bed lay Miss Rayner's walking-things: her black lace bonnet, with a tuft of velvet pannies; her narrow-bordered black India shawl; her silk umbrella, with its curious handle in antique oxydized silver; and a pair of brown gloves in undressed kid. Surely, she must be in the house, I thought, since here are her bonnet and gloves and shawl. But, after looking through every room on both floors, after calling as loudly as I could—for I was beginning to get alarmed—I came back to the bed-room with the certainty that, wherever Miss Rayner might be, she was not in the house.

I lighted a candle on the mantelpiece and began to look about, half fearing to come upon the trace of some tragedy—or, possibly, some accident. But no such trace was visible: everything was clean and empty and in good order. Yet on the bed lay the bonnet and shawl and gloves—mute evidence that Miss Rayner had been there but lately, and that she had not gone away.

My blood now began to run cold. What horrible mystery was here? While still puzzling over this question, I mechanically took up the long neatly-stretched-out gloves and drew them through my hand. In so doing, my palm encountered a hard substance enclosed in one of them. I turned toward the table and shook the glove, to see what this might be.

From the finger of the glove, there fell a human finger, with a dull thud, upon the table.

An awful horror fell upon me, at the sight. It seemed as if some unseen presence were there, in the room, beside me. With a sudden shiver, not knowing what I did, I knocked over the candle, and extinguished it. This added to my terror. I seemed to feel the cold breath of the unseen occupant of the room close to me. I hurried from the house, making the best of my way, through the rain and darkness, to the railway-station. Nor was it till I was safely ensconced in my own room in Paris that I recovered my nerve. Then I bethought me of the letter I had found on the table beside the trunk.

I drew it from my pocket and tore it open, with a feeling of mingled curiosity and apprehension. It contained bank-notes to the amount of two hundred dollars and the following epistle:

"Should you disobey my order and open this letter, Stephen, before fulfilling my behest, remember that you have taken a solemn oath to do as I commanded you. Read no further till you have consigned the black trunk to the depths of the Bottomless Pool. And remember, too, that, if you fail to execute my command, my curse shall rest upon your head so long as you shall live. To guard against any possible annoyance or trouble that might be incurred by you for fulfilling my wish in this affair, I have decided to write out the following statement, to be used by you in case of such a contingency:

"I have always had a passion for the study of medicine, and for the investigation of the causes and symptoms of obscure maladies. My brother, the sole relative left to me after the death of my parents, was a physician, and aided me and sympathized with me in my medical study. We were both very fond of traveling; and, when we found ourselves left alone in the world, each with an ample fortune, we decided upon undertaking a journey to the less-visited quarters of the world—such as India, China, Australia, and the Sandwich Islands. I need not give you any description of our wandering: suffice it to say that we found ourselves, at last, in the last-named locality. We spent some time at Honolulu, where we heard a good deal about leprosy, that terrible malady, almost unknown in Europe and America, still to be found in Eastern countries, and presenting a type of peculiar virulence in the Sandwich Islands. My brother became deeply interested in the history and symptoms of this dread disorder, and with ardent professional curiosity set to work, aided in the task by myself, to investigate them. Opinion varies as to the contagious character of leprosy, though the poor wretches that are attacked by it are invariably shut up, alone and by themselves, in an isolated settlement, cut off from all intercourse with human kind. The disease is incurable, and is slowly progressive—attacking first the skin, then the muscles and the joints, and finally destroying reason. Its last stage is idiocy, and a hideous loathsomeness that I will not attempt to describe. One of the earliest symptoms of this last stage is the loss of the patient's fingers and toes, which can then be plucked off as easily as one can pull out a hair from the head or whiskers, and with much less pain, the members then being wholly callous.

"In the midst of his professional research,

my brother was seized with a malignant fever, and died after a few days' illness. Before I had well recovered from the shock of his loss, I discovered, one day, on one of my arms, a peculiar shiny and scaly eruption. I knew at once what it meant. Worse than death had befallen me: I was attacked with leprosy.

"Since that day, I have combated, with all the resource taught to me by science and by my own research and that of my brother into the nature of the disease, its slow and inevitable progress to the end. I have succeeded sometimes in retarding its march, but never in wholly checking it. A few weeks ago, I found that I had entered upon one of the latest phases of the malady. The next one would be idiocy—the last, a horrible death. Then I determined not to survive my reason—or to linger, possibly, to disseminate contagion around me, when my mind was no longer alert to suggest a preventive and disinfecting measure. I was resolved, too, that this poor marred body of mine should never be given over to the investigation of science. Through these long years of wasting pain, I have contrived to keep my secret. And, if you will but prove true to me, Stephen, it shall be kept, after death, as inviolate as I have kept it in life.

"Some years ago, whilst spending the summer in the neighborhood of Paris, I first heard of the Bottomless Pool, and the stories told concerning it. It was then that I conceived the project that I have now put into execution. I bought the manor with its surrounding ground; and, when I found that the hour had arrived when life was rapidly becoming impossible to me, I arranged the final detail. I have had a trunk made that closes with a spring-lock, opening readily from within, but impossible to be opened from the exterior by anyone not possessing the key. I have also caused holes to be bored in it, for ventilation: so that every precaution has been taken against any failure in my last arrangement.

I have sent away the old woman who had charge of the house. My will and other important papers I forwarded by post to the care of the American Legation; and I mailed a declaration of my intended suicide to my lawyer in America, the day we left Paris. As soon as I finish this letter, I shall swallow the contents of a phial of powerful narcotic poison—a drug prepared by myself from a plant whose property was imparted to me in India, by a Hindoo physician—and I shall then get into the trunk and close the lid. The medicine is rapid in its effect. I shall not long survive the taking of the dose—though, as I have already told you, I have surrounded my enforced confinement with every possible precaution, in case the medicine—which is hardly probable—should fail of its effect. So, when you consign the black trunk to the depths of the Bottomless Pool, you will have rendered me, Stephen, a last and an incalculably great service—you will have hidden away forever my poor marred body where curiosity or mockery can never come to find it.

"Adieu. My head is becoming troubled—the touch of the fell disease is already upon my brain. I go while it is yet possible for me to plan my own departure. I enclose the compensation for your latest service. Good-bye, once more. You are the last human being with whom I shall ever communicate.

MILlicENT RAYNER."

Miss Rayner's heirs preferred, I believe, to hush the matter up. No investigation into the cause or detail of her death ever took place. When her will was opened, it was found that she had left me a legacy of five thousand dollars—"provided," so ran the document, "that he has carried into effect my latest wish."

The money was paid over to me without inquiry or comment. And the ghastly secret of Miss Rayner's life lies hidden forever in the unsounded depths of the Bottomless Pool.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

BY W. M. VANSANT.

RARELY shines a star of beauty
On a clear, a cloudless night,
But some weary soul is sleeping
'Neath the willow, out of sight,
Who but lately, in the starlight,
Made a plaintive dreary moan,
Sighing sighs no other mortal
Ever made or dared to own.

Rarely shines a star of beauty
On a clear, a cloudless night,
But some weary soul is resting
In the haven, out of sight;
Far removed from every turmoil,
Far from every dreary moan,
Walking in the Golden City,
Near the everlasting throne.

ALONG THE BAYOU.

BY A. BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

For many a generation, the old bayou had wound its black snaky course from swamp-depth to lake-shore.

On lake-shore, the foot rested among white shell-banks: in swamp-depth, the head sank down through deep mud-pools.

Sometimes, after heavy rain, the water of the lake went swimming back with such force that this head stretched itself, and touched the higher ground of the plantation sugar-fields, which extended between the Mississippi River and Pontchartrain Lake. But these occasions were rare.

The bayou cared not for brighter lands. Well content, it lingered in the shadowy depth of its cypress-woods, or crept slowly on amid vine-tangle and cane-brake, holding, within its inky bosom, good and evil, the silver trout, the vicious gars, the golden perch, poisonous snakes, delicate crabs, and monstrous alligators.

About the foot, near those white shell-banks, quite a settlement of fishermen had gathered. The houses, some eight or nine in number, were gray weather-beaten wooden huts, raised upon cypress-piles: and the chimneys—conglomerate masses of brick, earth, and board—leaning wearily against the leaning walls, gave, to this settlement in the swamp, an air of languid laziness not unsuited to the scene.

All seemed indeed fast nestling back into swamp-growth. Many of the roofs were apread with moss, drying for barter in the city beyond; while lichen and mold and creeping plant had run all over the gray wood, pressing it down into decay, with their treacherous little tendrils.

Each hut had a portico in front, roofed with shingles and supported by slender poles. Here the fishers and their wives, surrounded by their wild beautiful children, smoked, mended nets, counted seine-draws, and gossiped.

But of gossip there was not much, for the silence of the swamp had infected these people, and also something of its dark mysterious loveliness. There was a wild grace about their movements: the grace, perhaps, of swimming fish, or waving mosstrails, or swaying cane: the grace, perhaps, of those soft billows playing just beyond, over the velvet bosom of Lake Pontchartrain.

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One fair April day, Leon Bornito stood looking dreamily upon the black bayou and the laughing blue sky. Far up and down the banks, with his great triangular net, he had been seeking crabs: crabs, clothed in the soft shell of a spring armor.

It was rather wearisome work, tossing the net back and forth, in and out, with gentle swift strokes and hauls, only pausing here and there to snatch from its meshes a clinging prize. He stood now, with his old hat pushed back somewhat, his muscular brown arms bare, and his strong hands clasped about the pole of the net, upon which he leaned slightly—a model of rough manliness and savage grace. His dark hair fell back with a soft wave in its length, and his beard drooped low over the red flannel shirt; and his brawny limbs rose strong and straight, uncovered below the knee, where his bare feet rested among green rushes. His grand deep sad eyes, uplifted, gazed forth as if pleased with all the sunlight and the laughter of the day. So still he rested, that a mocking-bird, flying low, paused on a palmetto-spike near by, and poured forth its rich lay, then flitted back to the dark woods, all the time unconscious of his presence.

The tall balrushes of last year's growth, ten feet high, stood all about, yellow in the golden sunlight, their tops tufted with brown seed, their roots hidden in the green growth of a new spring. The wind whistled among them, and they rattled about Bornito; but he did not heed.

The sky was so blue, the shell-banks so white, the swamp-depth so dark, the bayou so black, the balrushes so yellow against the turquoise heaven, the moss so tenderly gray, the blackberry-bushes so snowy, the clumps of wild mustard so golden, the young cypress-trees so green and graceful in their new-tasseled leaf, and the iris so richly blue, everywhere rising from verdant swamp-ground, that Bornito, happy, yet with a dull aching unrest in his heart, stood drinking-in the fair coloring of that beautiful day.

He was as Adam in the garden of Eden—Adam, before Eve cheered the loneliness of his lonely hours; and the pain in his strong heart was only the pain of that first man, creeping down through all the long ages, and living again in the lonely heart of this untutored fisherman of the swamp.

Because Bornito was a solitary man.

He lived far back in the depth of the swamp. Beside the water of the bayou stood his home—a palmetto house, warm in winter, cool in summer, waterproof, the heaviest rain rolling harmlessly down over the yellow-gray roof.

He could remember himself a little boy, living alone with his tall stern dark mother. She paddled her own pirogue, and caught her own fish, and bartered them for household-goods—here, in the settlement below—selling them to those who traveled into city-marts. But, for herself, she had never gone beyond the water of the bayou—not even to church, not even on those sacred holidays, when she would fast and kneel long hours beside the little crucifix hanging against their palmetto wall. Gradually, as years rolled on, the pirogue and the fishing and the nets fell entirely into Bornito's strong hands, while the mother brewed and baked and busied herself, silently and sternly, about their humble home.

But for three years now the mother had been resting in her grave in the swamp.

She had died suddenly. One sad autumn day, she was stricken speechless. Bornito knew that she would fain have said to him a parting word; for her dark eyes were filled with yearning, and they lingered on his face with the first tender light he had ever seen in their rich depth—lingered till the shadow of death fell over them.

And he had remained alone.

Sometimes he had gone into the city beyond; but the streets and the noise pained him. He was happier here, amid the solitude of the swamp. Only, somehow, deep down in his heart, Bornito knew the wide world wooed him; and he had bought books, and spelled out the long words, and read stories of sailors and of soldiers and of hunters, and had felt a strange unrest creeping over his calmness.

It was of all this he thought to-day, standing there in the growth of the new spring, while the rushes rattled tender symphony with his thoughts, and the *prie-Dieu*, sweeping overhead, sang softly its plaintive song: "*Prie-Dieu, prie-Dieu, prie-Dieu*," taking him back into the springs of the long ago, all marked by just such lovely days, with the blue iris standing about over the rich land.

Out in the wide world, among men, he was such a child. Amid the ways of civilized life, he was as one lost. But here—here—Bornito's chest heaved. What bird escaped his true aim? What snake escaped his swift stroke? What storm could he not defy? When the water raged, and other fishermen rested under the

safe shelter of their homes, what did he fear? Forth, forth into the blackness and the surging billows and the white foam, the thunder rolling above, the lightning flashing over the wild waste, he would dash, like a sea-gull with wings spread, in and out among the crested billows—a storming, grand in his manhood and glorious in his strength.

Such was Bornito, on that beautiful April day.

CHAPTER II.

Now, while the *prie-Dieu*, up in the air, sang memory-songs and the rushes rattled their tender symphony, a boat passed the white shell-banks, and into the inky water of the bayou.

Bornito, lost in reverie, had not heeded the gay craft until he heard a man's voice, smooth and modulated almost to womanly softness, say, as if in warning to someone:

"Prepare for terrors unspeakable; a land of mystery lies beyond us."

Then the young fisherman woke from his musing and looked up. He saw, first, trailing in the black water, a little hand, white like the gleam of the flounder when it springs forth into sunlight; and then he saw all the boat, covered with its gay awning, and three people seated within. He who had spoken was rowing, and she who was trailing the hand sat like a rush-leaf—straight yet willowy, her head wrapped in a blue veil; while an older man, his eyes covered with green glasses, looked curiously from side to side.

A tinkle of musical laughter was the answer to the warning.

"Oh, you cannot frighten me," said the young girl. "I shall love the swamp. I shall take it into my heart."

"Who is this, who will love the swamp?" thought Bornito, not moving, yet letting his eyes rest wistfully on the veiled figure.

"And I advise you at once to take your hand from the water," persisted the rower. "It is ink, filled with poisonous snakes and alligators."

Another little tinkle of laughter, touched with defiance, floated toward Bornito. But the hand was not taken from the water.

"Very well," continued the first speaker. "Only, if an alligator snap at your fingers and drag you down, don't expect me to follow."

"Withdraw your hand, niece," exclaimed the gentleman in the green glasses.

The girl obeyed.

Bornito watched, as the drops fell like diamonds from her fingers, and somehow it seemed a benediction of holy water sprinkling the dark stream.

At this moment, the eldest of the party spoke again.

"Is that individual standing upon the bank an inhabitant of this land?" he asked, looking through his glasses scrutinizingly toward the fisherman.

The one who was rowing turned suddenly, gazing sideways over his shoulder. The girl, too, moved her graceful head in the same direction.

Poor Bornito! Into his swarthy young face the blood surged hotly at this unaccustomed scrutiny, yet he did not move. He hoped only that the rushes rose high enough about his bare limbs to conceal them, and he prayed that the boat might pass swiftly.

Instead, the rower rested a moment on his oars, as if to give his companions time to scan fully this rough denizen of the swamp, then he said carelessly, as he slowly resumed rowing:

"Yes, they are altogether an amphibious set. Sometimes it is hard to tell which is man and which alligator. These are some of the curiosities I have to show you. Such creatures are not seen in your Northern land—eh, mademoiselle?"

The girl did not answer. She had already turned away her head, and was industriously winding a loosened fishing-line over a gay cork.

"The strength and vigor of the specimen we have just seen are, in my estimation, remarkable," observed the elder gentleman. "I thought your swamp produced only a wretched miserable people—ill-formed and sickly."

"They are scarcely people; they are half fish, half men," laughed the other.

The blood ebbed from Bornito's face, leaving it deadly pale, and into his eyes flashed an angry light. What! was he to be held up in ridicule to this stranger, from whose white hand had fallen those drops of benediction? Was he to be held up to her as a being half fish, half human? She was from the North, the land of snow, and she would float up his bayou and down again, and travel back to her distant home, and remember him, perhaps, as she might remember the alligators she would see.

A keen desire filled him: a desire to speak to this girl; a desire to show that he had gift of speech and gift of mind—and, if need were, gift of deed to save her from all danger; a desire to see what face rested beneath that blue veil, what eyes gazed on the lonely scenes of his lonely life.

He would follow. He would shoot past them in his pirogue, go to his palmetto home, and there don his great boots and shoulder his gun, and bring down a bird on the wing, or strike an

alligator in its vital point. He would do something, anything, in order to show that he was more than brute. Thinking thus, with his face glowing, and his heart beating, and the rage shining in his eyes, and that far-away pain in his bosom, Bornito sprang into his pirogue, rolled down his rough leggings, threw the net across his bare feet, and sped on through the black water.

Ah, how the sunlight shone, the short dark vistas of the bayou opening before him! He could see the little pleasure-craft ahead, passing slowly along from shadow to sunlight, from sunlight to shadow, here and there disappearing around the sharp twists, the tall cane breathing softly about its mellow song. Drawing near, his eagle eye marked the course of the boat, and he dashed past it, between boat and bank, flashing at the rower a single glance as he went by. That glance was sufficient. Bornito recognized him now, this man, this Jean de Villenaret, whose plantation stretched from the tawny water of Mississippi to the blue smoothness of Pontchartrain.

There below, where the great hotel, evening after evening, drew its crowds of gay pleasure-seekers to the lake-shore, Bornito, passing back and forth, had marked him, foremost among the boating club-men, lingering where music played, with gay ladies—brilliant butterflies, whom the young fisherman feared.

He wondered whether this young girl were one of these, and, still wondering, sped on, entered hastily his quiet home, drew on his great boots, caught up a long rod, and was off again, back again.

More slowly now Bornito's pirogue cleft through the dark water. Like the spirit of the swamp he seemed, floating slowly along, his young face all touched with melancholy, brooding over his smothered anger.

Should he go to this stranger? Should he say to her: "Lo, I can bring down a bird as it flies; I can breast the tempest; I can tell the ways of fish, and the ways of wild creatures, and the time of blossom and the time of seed among all the trees and vines of this land?"

Alas, if he went and said this, she would think him mad. At this reflection, he paused and just touched lightly the water with his oars, for below he could see the pleasure-craft, empty, and fastened under some bending boughs on the bank.

Slowly he drew near.

"We shall be absent only a moment, Mary," called the voice of the uncle, from a tangle beyond.

Mary! So, that was her name. The name of Christ's mother. What name more fitting? It rested like a crown upon that golden head.

Unconsciously he rowed more slowly. There stole over him a holy awe. As one worshipping, he gazed.

For he saw the fair stranger sitting, as it seemed to him, like a saint enshrined. Her throne was only a cypress-knee, standing on ground somewhat lifted above the dampness of the bayou-bank; but, from a dead branch behind, fell long curtains of gray moss, and palmetto eight feet high, all matted with creeping vines, stood like walls right and left, while the blue iris lifted from the green earth myriad soft faces. Her lap was filled with these velvet blossoms, and her bare head leaned nestling against the soft moss. Suddenly she raised her eyes and saw Bornito. At his searching look they fell as if shamed, her white hands fluttering over the tender flowers.

He thought of that shrine in the old Cathedral of Saint Louis, where Our Lady of Lourdes stands misty among gray rocks. Ah, this was far lovelier—this shrine, this swamp-temple of God's work. And the gray-robed Mary within: was there not the blue of heaven in her eyes, and the sunbeams of heaven about her hair, and the rose-dawn of heaven on her cheek?

His whole soul went forth toward the tenderness and loveliness of creation, as when he gazed upon the sunset-glory of the lake beyond, or the beauty of mournful autumn days. Into the lonely life of Adam, this heaven-tinted Eve fell as an incarnation of all things beautiful.

There, in the settlement below, he knew dark-eyed and dark-skinned gipsy girls, maidens who had grown into womanhood beneath his eye; and they would call softly: "Bon jour," or "Bon soir, Leon Bornito," and he would answer their greeting, and pass on quite careless. They were wild and handsome and rough, like himself; tender, too, even as they knew Bornito was tender, when sickness or death came into the lowly homes, or when little children reached toward him their helpless innocent arms. But the beauty of these fisher-girls had never moved his heart. This Mary, this fair one from the North: never before had he seen a being so tinted with heavenly coloring. His soul thrilled as one awakened from sleep by the touch of an angel.

"Prie-Dieu, prie-Dieu, prie-Dieu," sang a bird floating softly above.

The stranger moved slightly, lifting her eyes to follow the sweet cry, her cheek resting against a green vine that crept over the trailing moss.

Bornito's brow darkened.

So, was it thus his swamp received this Mary?

Quickly he turned his pirogue into the matted rushes, quickly he stepped on the green bank and strode forward.

Seeing him, the girl half rose, then sank back again, a cry of surprise dying on her parted lips.

He had taken off his great hat; his dark head was slightly bent; his eyes, all eager and anxious, looked appealingly upon her fair face. Very softly, but clearly and firmly, he spoke. "Américaine" was, for him, an awkward language, and at any other time he might have paused to choose expression; but now the words came brokenly:

"Mademoiselle, mademoiselle, voyez donc, w'at fo' you seet wid dat vine on you' chick, eh? Harise—queeck—go eento you' bote. Vite, vite! Be'old, eet ees yere, eet ees dere, eet ees hall haroun'," he cried, pointing rapidly up and down, and right and left.

"I ought to have noticed; I ought to have known," said the girl, rising suddenly, as her eye followed his quick gestures. "It is poison-oak, as I see now." She shuddered slightly, and hurried toward the bayou, dropping the iris as she walked.

Bornito, stooping, gathered the fallen blossoms, and, when she had reached the boat, bent his bare head under the gay canopy, and reverently laid them beside her.

"Ah, yes, my pretty flowers," she said, with a grateful smile. "I forgot them, in my terror. And you—you—even I forgot my thanks. But I do thank you," and she looked frankly into his eyes. "It was very kind to warn me, and brave to come near the influence of the poison. I hope it will not harm you."

"Arm me?" cried Bornito, all flushed with pleasure. "Ah!" making a gesture of careless contempt, "een my swamp, dere ees not noateeng weech mek me 'arm."

"Do you live here always?" asked the stranger, wonderingly.

"But yalasse, mademoiselle."

"And do you never go to the city?"

"Ah, mais oui, sometime', w'en I muss, mademoiselle."

"You do not like the city? You are content here?" She sat, still and calm, her white hands clasped round the blue fleur-de-lis. She was regarding him curiously, as he stood on the green bank, tall and dark and strong, and all about him the wild grandeur of the swamp.

Bornito was silent for an instant, while a deep gravity spread over his face. To others, he had

never spoken of that wish, far down in his heart, that wish to travel forth into the wide world, and see for himself the wonders of which he had read, the wonders of which sailors in the lake-schooners below had told. And now, it almost seemed a denial, a forswearing, of his birthright and his home. He glanced down the rich woods, and then he glanced at the lovely face which looked upward, expectant. At last he spoke, his words coming slowly:

"Mademoiselle—content ees not w'at I say. Non, non. Some day, out eento dat worl' I muss go. But I weel return once mo—sur-tainlie."

"Then you love it?" said the girl.

"Mais oui. Eet ees my 'ome," replied Bornito, again letting his eyes sweep over the rich scene.

"Home—home," she murmured.

Her thoughts had gone back to the rocks and hills of the far North, to her own native roof among its elms and firs and hemlocks, so different from this melancholy swamp.

"Deed mademoiselle spick?" asked the young fisherman.

"I believe I was talking to myself," she answered, smiling slightly. "I was thinking—it is all such a contrast. There was snow on the hillsides when I left my home, but I had already found one May flower. You do not have May flowers here. They grow up, just through the snow, and they have a pretty flush on their cheeks, and such a sweet breath. I suppose these are the spring flowers of your home," she continued, lifting the iris from her lap, and looking gently upon them.

"Eet ees fleur-de-lis," answered Bornito; "an' eet say: 'Apreeel ees harreevé.'"

"Just as we say: 'May has come,'" laughed the girl.

"Some day I weel see dat snow," said Bornito, quietly, "an' dat fleur—ow you say? Dat fleur de Mai. Dere hare sheeps." Here, words failing, the young fisherman lifted his arms, as a bird lifts its wings, then, letting them fall, he stood, gravely looking down into the face of this Northern Mary.

"Our land is lovely. But your land, too, is lovely," she continued. "I have never been in a swamp before."

"Eet ees hgbove mo' pritty, mo' tranqueel, mo' dark," said Bornito. "You go no mo' far nor dees?"

"Yes, but there are two other boats coming. We promised to wait. I don't see why they are not here," she continued, looking around; "and uncle—oh, yes, there is uncle, now. He has

been gathering specimens, as usual, and carried off Mr. de Villenaret to help."

CHAPTER III.

BORNITO, following her glance, beheld these two, breaking their way through the tangle of cane and vine. The uncle, bareheaded, held carefully his hat, which was filled with feathery ferns and trailing tendrils, while De Villenaret's pockets and hands were overflowing with green herbage. Seeing Bornito, they hastened forward. The latter, bowing gravely, settled his old hat over his head, and moved off toward his pirogue.

"Wait one moment, please," called the girl, this unknown Mary.

Bornito paused.

"Uncle would like to talk with you, I am sure," she said.

The young fisherman stopped, and, folding his arms, stood silently waiting.

Meantime, young De Villenaret had come up, and there was unmistakable anger in the swift glance which he shot from his black eyes at Bornito.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he cried in French, brusquely.

"Hush!" said the girl, waving her white hand, bending forward her golden head, and showing her face, all softly flushed. "I have been saved from poison by him. You left me in safe surroundings, forsooth, Mr. de Villenaret," she continued, archly.

"What do you mean?" he asked, moving his black eyes back and forth from the face of the young fisherman, dark with scorn, to the face of the girl, so tender in its rosy glow.

"Simply, that I was told: 'Sit here. Behold, no harm can come. Enjoy the beauty of the swamp. Your uncle and I are near.' Don't you see?" she added, more seriously. "The trees are covered with poison-oak. This—this fisherman," she had paused for the proper word, and now used this with a half-deprecatory glance, "passing, saw my danger, and gave warning. Uncle, will you thank him?"

"Assuredly—assuredly, Mary," he replied. "The vine possesses for some even a venomous breath. Sir, I give you my thanks."

Bornito took off his hat. The scorn in his face died into a flush of shame. It seemed too much, all this talk, when he would have faced, for this lovely Mary, every danger possible.

"I deed not do noateeng," he said, in a low voice, standing before them, though ashamed, not awkward.

"Are you the individual," said the uncle, pompously, "whom we recently perceived near the precincts of that congregation of fishermen's huts?"

"I am Leon Bornito."

"And you reside in this glorious botanical garden?" continued the other, looking eagerly around at the landscape, and then down upon his hat, overflowing with plants. "Truly, I have already reaped a rich harvest. Doubtless, you are familiar with this collection which I have been enabled to make."

"Mais oui, monsieur," answered Bornito, looking on the contents of the hat, and then casting a sweeping glance over the shadowy sunlit growth around. "Dat vine w'at I see, tees fo' tisane—tees fo' fièvre de bes' w'at I know."

"Do you hear?" exclaimed the old gentleman, eagerly, turning toward De Villenaret. "This individual seems of quite average intellect, and he assures me—"

"That you hold some leaves which will probably make a bitter tea, and a nauseous dose for some sick body, who would get well without," laughed De Villenaret, with a look of light contempt at Bornito.

"Monsieur," said Bornito, addressing the other, and quite heedless of De Villenaret, "w'at I say ees true. Dere ees a fièvre weech harise on de bred hov de swamp, an' fo' dat de tisane w'at I tell hov ees hexcellent."

"I have confidence in your assertion, Leon Bornito," answered the old gentleman, beaming eagerly through his green glasses. "My young friend here, Mr. de Villenaret, is, at all seasons, somewhat skeptical. You must excuse him. And you proffer the assurance that your knowledge is correct, and inclusive of all growth of this kind?"

Bornito looked somewhat puzzled at this remark, as indeed he was: he hardly understood what was meant.

"Monsieur," he answered, slowly, "me? I say but dees: I know de blossom, I know de sid, I know de leaf, I know bien le bon et le mauvais, an' I know 'ow we call hall"—here Bornito swept his arm around, as if enclosing the universe—"hall dees."

"It is well—it is well," exclaimed the gentleman. "Allow me to introduce myself to you," he continued. "I am Professor Gaillard."

"Monsieur le Professeur Gaillard, eet mek me a 'appiness to mek you' hacquentance," exclaimed Bornito, bending his dark leonine head as courteously as any knight of old, and with the wild native grace peculiar to his people.

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"And it is with supreme satisfaction that I make your acquaintance, Leon Bornito," answered the professor. "I," looking down again on his hat, filled with its precious collection, "I am desirous to learn the practical uses and the cognomens given, in the common parlance of the inhabitants of this swamp, to its general growth, including trees, vines, fungi, ferns, water-plants—in fact, all."

"Monsieur, I—pardon—mais, je ne comprends pas. I do not comprehend. Américaine ees fo' me difficile," said Bornito, shrugging his shoulders.

De Villenaret laughed quietly. He had stepped into the boat, and was now taking down the awning.

"W'at ees possible, dat I weel do fo' you, wid hall my 'art," said the young fisherman, and he laid his hand on his heart. The gesture was singularly graceful, at least the niece thought so.

"Uncle means," she said, "uncle means that he wishes to know what names you, who live in the swamp, give to the plants that grow around you, and what use, if any, you make of the trees and the vines."

"Bien," said Bornito, his face lighting, "dat I can tell to monsieur le professeur."

"Now this tree, bending its branches into the water—"

"We say, mademoiselle, 'leaning hoak,' fo' de leaf, de brench, eet 'ang, 'ang, toujours, comme ça—comme vous voyez," said the fisherman, stepping forward and laying his brown hand on the graceful tree.

"And that willow beyond—it is a willow, is it not?"

"Yaisse, eet ees weellow—swamp-weellow, we say. An' dere ees fo' eet no hup, no down. Tenez, voyez donc—you cut so," he said, clipping off a twig with the great knife he had drawn from his belt, "an' you plan' dees hen', de top, eet grow fine, fine. Dat ees not de bot-tom, but dat ees not noateeng; eet grow, hall de sem, eet mek not no deeffairance. Sometime I see one man, 'ee mek hov dees weellow one fence. Dars ees not no leaf; de—'ow you say?—de stem eet ees—voyez, mademoiselle, comme ça," stripping here the green and leaving the twig bare and gray in his hand. "Bien, two wick ees gone, de fence grow, eet become one edge—joli, oui."

"Do you intend engaging a swamp-professor, mademoiselle?" exclaimed De Villenaret, sarcastically, as he paused for a moment in his task of rolling up the canvas awning.

"Your sarcasm is harmless, Mr. de Villenaret. Listen: I know just what uncle is about to say."

For the professor really looked as if preparing a speech. His keen intellectual face was thoughtfully bent over his hat, as if asking the ferns and vines there whether this young fisherman really knew their everyday names and ways of life.

Presently he looked up.

"Leon Bornito, can you, for a consideration, give me of your time? I am compounding a book of the fauna and flora of the Southern swamps."

"You no spick French?" interrupted the other. "Pardon, monsieur le professeur, mais I comprehend not Américaine, like French, like Spaneeh."

"I regret to say that I do not. I read and understand modern languages. But it is with the dead tongues that I am colloquially familiar," said the professor, gravely.

"You halso no spick French, mademoiselle?" asked Bornito, with deference.

Miss Gaillard hesitated and blushed brightly.

"My French is worse than your English," she answered, half laughing. "I read well, otherwise; really, I would not like to talk with either Frenchman or Creole. But I can tell you what uncle wants. He is writing a book about swamp trees and plants, and he wants a native to explain and to show the uses and the names of plants, just as they are known to you, who live among them. All the Latin names—the book-names—he knows. Uncle will be here six weeks. Now, can you let yourself be engaged, for a salary, during that time? Can you go with him? How often, uncle?"

"Three days of each week," answered the professor, "for a consideration of—at the lowest computation—"

"Not fo' no monee—non—monsieur le professeur," interrupted the fisherman, throwing back his head and standing erect, "mais becos eet mek me 'appee to mek fo' monsieur hall w'at I can, to tell to 'eem hall w'at I know."

"Hullo! voilà! there they are, in all their glory," cried De Villenaret, suddenly now, pointing among the cane, where, round a sinuous curve of the bayou, could be seen two other pleasure-boats, gayly canopied. "We thought you were lost. What was the matter?" he called out.

"Matter? Nothing," answered several voices.

"The bayou made me lazy," cried one.

"And I insisted upon stopping to fish," cried a pretty brunette.

"Eh bien, I was just preparing to go without you all. Come, professor, here are our friends," continued De Villenaret, impatiently.

"I—I am loth to depart before making a final agreement with this native," said the professor, "and indeed, if not decidedly objectionable, should prefer receiving a specimen of his knowledge and attainment to-day. He might even enter the boat, and discourse as we pass along this stream. There is sufficient space," continued the professor, stepping forward.

"Space? Plenty and to spare, but the boat is heavy now," objected De Villenaret, scarcely concealing his irritation at this proposal.

"Could not this Leon Bornito assist in the rowing? You have strength? You row?" questioned the professor, turning toward Bornito.

The young fisherman laughed, as if deeming words needless.

"Tis a rara avis; I should not like to lose him," persisted the naturalist.

De Villenaret shrugged his shoulders, looked ungraciously at Bornito, and said shortly, in French:

"Since it is the wish of monsieur le professeur, will you fasten your boat to the bank here, and take second oar in ours?"

"I will row the boat alone," answered the fisherman, doggedly.

"Come, then," returned De Villenaret. "Now, professor," resuming his English, "now, professor, your rara avis is captured. Enter, and I promise he follows."

"Tis an exceeding excellent arrangement," murmured the old gentleman, stepping into the boat. "This sun is somewhat ardent," he added, passing a hand over his bare head.

"Here, uncle, take the plants from your hat and lay them in my veil," said the niece. Then, turning to Bornito, who had already possessed himself of the oars, she said: "Surely this boat is too heavy for you?"

"Eavie?" cried the swampman. "'Eavie? Ah, mademoiselle, eet ees not 'eavie; non, not hat hall."

And indeed to Bornito it seemed but a feather, floating in and out among the yellow cane.

Meantime, they sped on so swiftly under his powerful strokes that the other boats were soon left far behind. Bornito was exultant. It was his strong arms, he realized, that were carrying, into the bosom of the swamp, that blue-eyed Mary, who, like a saint, smiled on him from the prow of the boat, where she rested. The sun lingered over her golden hair, and touched her white hat, changing it, for Bornito, into a halo of glory like those he had seen about the heads of saints, in churches in New Orleans.

"Prie-Dieu, prie-Dieu, prie-Dieu," sang a bird far above.

"Hark, what a sweet cry," said the girl, raising her hand for silence.

"Do you 'ear w'at 'ee say?" asked Bornito, resting on his oars. "Écoutez." Then, lifting his strong soft voice, he repeated: "Prie-Dieu, prie-Dieu, prie-Dieu."

"Pray God. How lovely."

And then she too lifted her voice, repeating tenderly the plaintive cry: "Prie-Dieu, prie-Dieu, prie-Dieu."

CHAPTER IV.

LIKE a snake, the bayou now writhed its black length in and out, in sinuous curves. The scene grew, every moment, wilder and darker.

Over the fair face before him, Bornito noted a deeper gravity gradually steal, as if already on this blue-eyed Northern maiden the swamp had cast its sombre sadness. She sat silently watching the banks and the weird woods beyond, scarce heeding De Villenaret's persistent talk, until, the boat suddenly slipping around several sharp curves, a spectacle touchingly mournful was revealed just before them. Cypress-trees, draped as in tatters of moss, stood black against the blue sky, a tangle of matted growth wrapped their feet, and, from this, two gray crosses, lifting aloft their slender arms, told of the quiet dead sleeping below.

"Graves, are they not?" asked Miss Gaillard, in awestricken tones, looking pityingly toward the crosses. "How sad, to lie here in this deep swamp."

"Sad—triste?" cried Bornito, pausing a moment, resting on his oars, and meeting the tender eyes now turned questioningly to his. "Mc? I tink it mo' swit. De bird seeng, de bayou move, de win' blow, de floure bloom."

The young fisherman, as if ashamed of this burst of enthusiasm, took to his oars again.

"High tragedy, or comedy, which?" half whispered, half sneered, De Villenaret.

But Miss Gaillard did not heed the speaker.

"Whose are they?" she asked, softly, turning to Bornito.

"Ah, mademoiselle, ma mère eet ees, et son père, dey slip dere" answered the fisherman, who had paused on his oars again; "an' soon," here he resumed rowing, "soon I show de 'ouse ware I leave. Eet ees not far, non."

Thus saying, he propelled the boat deftly around several curves of tall rushes till they saw before them the home he spoke of—a picture wild, sad, graceful, languid.

"You did not prepare me for this," cried Miss Gaillard, looking somewhat reproachfully toward De Villenaret.

"I have never been so far from the lake-shore," he answered. "But, after all, what is it? Only a palmetto hut."

"Only a palmetto hut," repeated Miss Gaillard, thoughtfully. "No, it is more. It is life in the swamp, pictured as I could never have imagined it. Why, the solitude speaks; every leaf is a sigh, every blossom a poem. And that palmetto house, nestling there against that swamp-tangle, that net spread over the vine beyond, that crane and pot under the palmetto shed, the moss drying, and the pirogue beneath that bending tree, and the black water in front, and the wind singing over those eaves—the effect is wonderful."

"Wonderful, indeed," laughed De Villenaret, looking with undisguised admiration into her glowing face. "Perhaps you also find that red shirt yonder extending itself over that cypress-knee lovely."

"I do," she answered, gravely; "I do, since it also tells of human life, the strange wild life of the swamp."

"Truly a remarkable scene," muttered Professor Gaillard. "A habitation constructed of palmetto must be worthy of examination. Consult with the owner, De Villenaret, and ascertain whether he will object to an inspection of his premises."

"Not at all necessary," protested the planter. Then, addressing Bornito in French, he said: "We desire to land and go within your house."

"To pass wideen my 'ouse?" asked the fisherman, his heart giving a joyous throb. "Mais, monsieur le professeur, dat well mek fo' me a gret 'appiness."

As he spoke, he ran the prow of the boat far up among the deep rushes, settled the oars, threw the chained grappling-hook out, and sprang ashore.

A certain quiet dignity tempered the gladness of his face and the eagerness of his motion.

Perhaps so the patriarchs of old might have welcomed wanderers to their tents.

Bornito indeed felt that he was about to receive an angel beneath his roof. Never, since the mother's burial, had foot of woman crossed his threshold. At least, never since that first week, when the good women of the fisher-huts below had set in order his habitation, laying away the possessions of the dead in the great cypress chest, whence he had never removed them.

And now, leading the way forward, he began wondering vaguely whether he had brushed the ashes as his mother would have had them brushed, over the clay hearth; whether he had

left his blanket tossed or folded. But he need not have feared, as he saw from the glance of satisfied pleasure which Miss Gaillard cast around as she entered.

Her quick eye had indeed observed the disorder. Yet that disorder but heightened the quaintness of the interior to her. It was again the life of a denizen of the swamp pictured, only here that life was pictured in his home. There were rough chairs made from twigs and branches, the seats of palmetto; there was a hammock swung from the low rafters, and over the side of the hammock trailed a dark-blue blanket; there were nets hanging on the posts of the walls, and baskets of palmetto, and some tinware, and knives in sheaths; while against the walls stood paddles, traps made of rough laths, an old gun, and fishing-rods of various lengths.

In one corner was a bedstead, with mattress and pillows, and covered with a dark blanket. In an opposite corner was a little altar of rough cypress boards, adorned by some gaudy sacred pictures, two candlesticks, a crucifix, and urn for holy water, the whole surmounted by a little mirror and a cross of thorns.

De Villenaret commenced examining the paddles, and the professor stood gazing on walls and roof, as if striving to understand exactly the value of palmetto for protection against heat, cold, and rain. The fisherman had followed Miss Gaillard, who was curiously regarding the rough altar.

"To ma mère, dat was one gret consolation," he said, softly.

"And to you?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders and looked through the open door at the sunlit swamp beyond.

"I suppose you mean," said Miss Gaillard, "that you prefer worshiping God in the wood. So I have felt in churches when I have seen, through a window, green grass and trees waving, and the blue sky over all."

He smiled under his long beard. This sympathy, this understanding—it was like seeing a bit of his own self in her heart.

"Ha! what have we here? Cypress-wood, and of peculiarly fine grain," observed the professor, coming and standing beside them. "It is singular, the influence exerted by your Roman faith," he continued, turning toward De Villenaret, who was advancing, holding in his hands an oar of peculiar shape. "Even within the walls of this rude habitation, the followers of that faith have displayed their treasures."

"And, uncle, that urn is certainly a treasure," interrupted the niece, gently. "May I—may I examine it?" she asked, hesitating.

"Hexameen?" repeated the young fisherman. "Mais certainement, mademoiselle," and he took the transparent porcelain in his brown fingers, and laid it gently in her outstretched palm. "Eet was fo' l'eau bénite, mais, depuis long temps, dere ees not een eet noateeng, hexcept dat w'at you see, de scapular weech 'old wideen eet de relique."

"How delicate and how singular to find—"

But here Miss Gaillard paused, as if fearing to wound Bornito, and asked of the relic within, which was only a scapular of brown leather, much rubbed and worn.

"Eet ees a bit," he said, "of the 'oly cross of Calvary," crossing himself reverently.

She did not smile. She did not let him see the incredulity of her heart. She had too much tact, too much humanity, for that.

"Allow me to examine that urn, niece," said the professor. "I—I—"

He passed his hand thoughtfully over his brow. "The specimen is peculiar. It is of a workmanship and of a pattern not altogether unfamiliar—not altogether. I truly am transported backward among those olden days of college-life," pursued the professor, turning the bowl round and round in his slender hand. And then, while examining it, and as if he had quite forgotten the presence of others, he commenced humming, in a low voice, a bit of an old college-song:

"Vive l'amour, vive le vin,
Vive la compagne."

"Why, uncle!" exclaimed Miss Gaillard, laughing, and laying her hand lightly on his arm. "Why, uncle, I never heard you sing before."

"Ah, my dear," he said, rousing suddenly and placing the urn carefully on the cypress shelf, "my voice was once, I have been told, gayest of them all, in the olden days. Your uncle and I, De Villenaret, were a wild couple. Truth, the memory of it all has often made me tender with our own college-lads."

He sighed, looked forth through the open door, and muttered:

"It was the springtime of life—the springtime of life."

"Would you have it back, uncle?" asked the niece, looking wistfully up into his face.

"Nay, the dead may not be recalled," he answered, solemnly. "And perhaps it is better so. Knowledge of our own backsliding best educates us for the guidance of others."

"You were never very wicked, dear uncle," said the niece, in her sweet voice, laying her hand tenderly on his arm.

How softly and tenderly it rested there. To Bornito, she seemed an angel; to De Villenaret, a beautiful woman.

"Nay, it was but the thoughtless overflow of youth," replied her uncle, patting her hand. "Many a gay night we made of it, your uncle and I, De Villenaret. That urn—methinks—"

He again reached forth his hand, as if to take it; but suddenly sighed and moved away.

Miss Gaillard followed him.

De Villenaret, bland and easy, walked after.

Bornito was left alone.

He had listened. He had understood. Somehow, there stole over him a deep sadness. How far asunder were their lives and his! To the uncle of that beautiful saint, his altar-urn had brought memories of youth and revelry and joy. To him—the lonely fisherman—it brought only the recollection of the dip of his mother's dark shapely hand, only the desolation which had followed her death. For him, the urn had no memories but these.

He was roused from his reverie by hearing Miss Gaillard speak.

"Don't you think it would be delightful," she was saying, "to spread our feast here, under this palmetto roof? It is shady and cool; there is no danger of snakes; and the banks of the bayou are not very dry. You—you, I am sure, will make us welcome," she pursued, turning to Bornito.

The young fisherman did not speak, but the glad surprise in his face was a sufficient answer.

At this moment, a loud shout rang out on the air.

"There they are now. Our friends have come—they will all consent, I am sure," cried Miss Gaillard, stepping through the low door, and going forward to meet the new arrivals.

Bornito followed her at first, but, pausing suddenly, turned and looked back.

The professor stood before the altar. In his hand he held the urn. His lips moved dreamily, and Bornito fancied he could see them forming again the words of that gay old college-refrain:

"Vive l'amour, vive le vin,
Vive la compagne."

CHAPTER V.

In all the years of that dark old bayou, of all its sombre shadowy life, perhaps no gayer company had ever gathered on its banks before.

Bornito watched the ladies fitting back and forth between his lonely dwelling and their bright boats, feeling as if in a dream. To him, they were like brilliant birds; their voices, and laughter seemed the notes of bayou-songsters;

and he smiled, well pleased at this rainbow-coloring, which gave to the old swamp an even fairer loveliness.

But, among them all, he said to himself, there was no one to compare with the beautiful Mary. With the halo of sunlight around her, she moved to and fro: every motion, every glance, every tint on the lovely face whispering to him of heaven. She had introduced the new arrivals to him, each in turn, but he had scarce heard their names. He had stood, indeed, with bare head, holding his great hat in his hands, and making each guest welcome, with the inborn grace of his Southern blood. But all he remembered afterward was that one was a matron, a tall cold pale-eyed woman, a sister of the professor, and aunt of the beautiful Mary; that, in addition, there were two Creole girls, sisters—dark, rich, and piquant—one languidly graceful, the other bright and sparkling; and that, besides these, there were three gentlemen.

The languid graceful sister immediately monopolized him. She asked questions about his home-life, the game, the fishing, and the parties of hunters who sometimes camped on the banks above. His deep voice, in responding, flowed liquidly, if shyly, in the soft language of France.

"You see that grave gentleman and the younger one beside him?" she inquired. "Eh, bien! They are our guardian and his son, and we have brought them for a day's holiday. They live in the city. The rest of us—we are all guests of Monsieur de Villenaret at his plantation. Bien, I have thrown my challenge to the two city gentlemen, and also to Monsieur Vanderlich—he who talks to my sister. I am to catch the largest fish—so long," she added, lifting her little gloved hands, "and you, monsieur le pecheur, must show me an old log, or a hollow, or a pool where the biggest fish live."

After awhile, when the company had scattered up and down the bayou, Bornito discovered that Miss Gaillard had stolen away by herself, with her fishing-line, to a secluded part of the bank. He came up so softly that she did not hear him approach. It was very secluded and shady where she sat. Only a little gleam of sunlight slipped down through the moss-hung branches overhead, touching the gold sheen of her hair, for she had removed her hat and was bare-headed. Bornito paused, silently feasting his eyes and soul on the tender purity of that saintly face. Very sad it seemed, there in repose, under the shadow of the oak. He thought of a picture he had once seen, in a sacred book belonging to his dead mother—

a picture of a young martyr, the lovely head crowned with cruel thorns. He looked at the white brow before him—firm, clear, brave: no, it would never shrink, never tremble, if duty fitted the martyr-crown over that golden head.

Yes, how sad she seemed! Surely some grief rested over her life. Yet what could it be? The eyes were downcast; the little white hands resting on her lap were carelessly clasped about the slender pole—so carelessly: why, the tiniest fish might drag it quite away into that dark water.

He drew a step nearer, nearer and yet nearer. Then he stood leaning against a tree, hid in the tangle behind.

He could almost hear her breathe. He could see the dark water eddying about the little cork. Now and then, there came to him voices from those below, floating amid the song of the cane.

He did not know how time passed, he was so happy watching her. Once a little sigh reached him, and Bornito sighed also, and felt a keen desire to step forth and ask her what was her trouble: ask if a strong hand and a strong heart could help to lift that trouble from her path. But he held back, remembering again that she would think him mad.

He knew little of life, save that quiet still dreamy life of the swamp, but on the face of his dead mother he had seen that same look. Yes, he had seen it, too, on the faces of men and women and little children, below in the fisher-settlement. Was it for that home in the far North that she grieved? Or was it but the sadness of the swamp, touching her light heart with its gloom and dreariness? The young fisherman thought of all the terrible sorrow of which he had ever heard, wondering whether any rested over her life, that he had supposed was so happy, that ought to be so happy.

While he thought thus, Mrs. Vanderlich drew near, threading her way along the very edge of the bayou, where the rushes grew low.

Miss Gaillard lifted her head at the sound of the footsteps, a bright flush tinging her delicate cheeks.

"Aunt Vanderlich," she called, "the bayou is deep. Don't walk too near the edge."

But the other still kept on her dangerous way, paying no heed to the warning. She did not even answer, until she had reached her niece.

"No, I will not sit down," she said, impatiently shaking her head, as Miss Gaillard made a motion for her to take a place beside her. "I am too wretched, Mary. And you are the cause. You hold my son's fate in your hands, as you well know."

"His fate is in his own hands," Miss Gaillard answered, her eyes fixed on the dark water.

"Cruel—most cruel," exclaimed the mother, with an icy look at her niece. "Gerton has been to you like a brother, and you to me like a daughter. I took you into my heart and my home—an orphan. 'Tis the old story, Mary. The viper warmed by the hearth, and turning to bite the hand which nourished it into life."

"Oh, aunt, aunt," cried the sweet voice—and now Bornito could see the eyes raised in piteous appeal—"anything but this. I will go to my uncle and plead for Gerton. I will—"

"Hush! Are you mad?" interposed Mrs. Vanderlich, in low suppressed tones, and she looked around searchingly. "Do you want the whole world to hear of Gerton's trouble?"

Now, indeed, Bornito wished himself away. He could not move, however, without disclosing himself. But, at least, he would not hear.

Alas, he might as well have tried not to hear the beating of the cane.

"Say, rather, Gerton's guilt," answered Miss Gaillard.

"Of course, you will give it the harshest name possible," rejoined the aunt. "You were very careful to warn me about the danger of this bank, but you do not care how you wound my heart. Mary, I would drown myself a hundred times over, in that water, if I could lift this trouble from my son's life. Look at me—am I not miserable?"

"Oh, aunt," cried the niece, lifting her eyes, now all dimmed with unshed tears, "believe me—I would die to save you from pain—I would die to save Gerton—"

"You prove it," interrupted Mrs. Vanderlich, with a laugh of scorn. "You prove it, Mary. All this talk is useless. I see through your wiles. Gerton will be disinherited—and you—you will then be owner of all."

"This from you, Aunt Vanderlich—this from you?" cried Miss Gaillard, rising suddenly, and quite heedless that her rod and line fell splashing into the water. "You do not—you cannot believe those words. They are Gerton's—not yours. Ah! I see; he has poisoned your heart—he has—"

"Said but what he thought," interrupted the mother; and then, laying a detaining hand on her niece's shoulder, she added, hastily: "No, Mary, no; I unsay those words. Nevertheless, it will be true. Let your uncle but know that Gerton has fallen a third time, and all is over. Not only disinherited, but an outcast—his career in life ruined. Mary, help him. By the memory of all these long years, when you two played

at my side, and learned to read from the same book, and prayed the same prayers—"

"Ah," interrupted Miss Gaillard, lifting her piteous eyes, with such misery in their blue depths that Bornito clinched his strong hands. "Ah, and now to those prayers you bid me be false—false to my heart—false to another—and false to my God."

"To another? No," objected Mrs. Vanderlich. "He knows well that you do not care for him. But, once married, he thinks he will surely win your love. And, to-day, he will make another appeal, and—and Gerton has promised—"

"What?" interrupted Miss Gaillard, sharply.

"Only that you will listen—nothing more, Mary. Leaving Gerton out of the question, tell me, dear, are you wise, rejecting a fine fortune, a fine position, and the devotion of a true heart?"

"A true heart? I question its truth. Oh, aunt, I cannot feel even respect for one who is willing to forgive Gerton's debt, if Gerton's influence persuade me to acceptance. Do you not see his eyes are fixed, also, on the fortune beyond? Do you not see that his admiration is for Mary Gaillard, heiress-prospective to an uncle's fortune? And I—his guest! Oh, would that he had never met us; would that uncle had never accepted the invitation to his old friend's home. Moreover, is it not he who has led our Gerton astray? who has—"

"Nonsense," interposed Mrs. Vanderlich, impatiently. "Young men will be young men. Gerton is only sowing his wild oats. It is a pity, really, Mary, that your love for your cousin did not move you when he laid his love at your feet. Had you listened to his suit, perhaps now—"

"Aunt—aunt—are you quite merciless? Can you not let all that miserable past lie dead and buried?"

"Buried and dead? The past is never dead. The past is the seed of the present. It is you who have made this misery for my son. If you had taken his young heart, with all its passionate love— And even now, Mary," here she laid her hand caressingly on the girl's shoulder, "even now it is not too late. Your influence is boundless. Say that you will be his wife."

"How, then, will the debt be paid, aunt?"

"True—true—I had forgotten. My brain reels. Oh, I am so wretched!" She sank, as she spoke, exhausted, on the low bank of the bayou.

"And do I not suffer?" asked Miss Gaillard, clasping her white hands and looking down with unspeakable sadness on the poor mother.

"Oh," she continued, "if only we had not come on this miserable visit. And this day, at least, I had hoped to banish care—to forget and to be to my uncle—"

"When do I ever see you alone? What opportunity do you ever give me to speak? Do you think I choose willingly this dark wretched spot, to show the darkness and wretchedness of my heart? And, after all, I might have spared myself. Cold—unfeeling—stubborn—oh, Mary, can you promise nothing?"

The girl had turned away.

Bornito could not see her face.

There was intense silence, just the cane-song, and presently a *prie-Dieu*, lighting in the tree above, singing its soft cry: "*Prie-Dieu, prie-Dieu, prie-Dieu.*"

Softly and soothingly that cry must have fallen into the girl's troubled heart; for, as it died away, she turned toward her aunt a face, pale indeed, and touchingly lovely in its sadness, but calm and gentle.

"Yes, aunt, this I promise—I promise to listen and to pray that God will guide me."

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. VANDERLICH was gone.

Miss Gaillard had resumed her seat and was again fishing.

Bornito lingered. His knowledge of English was limited, yet he had quite understood the conversation, and his brave tender heart was filled with pain.

He wondered who would speak. Who was coming to ask the heart and the life of his beautiful saint?

The little hands were now clasped about the slender pole, not lightly, but with strained nervous tension. After awhile, the cork was suddenly drawn down into the water, and Miss Gaillard gave a faint cry, as one awakened from sleep.

It was then that Bornito broke through the tangle of vines, and, coming to her side, clasped his brown hands beside her lily fingers, drawing her prey from the deep water with graceful strength and skill.

"It is a fish—a great fish," she cried, her fair face all flushed with surprise; "but oh, what a monster!"

The young fisherman looked down, and sudden anger filled his heart.

A gar—an alligator-gar—almost one yard in length—a hideous creature—sprang back and forth, writhing among the green rushes.

He lifted his great boot and stamped mercilessly, again and again and again.

It was an unequal contest. The creature, fierce at first, was soon conquered. When quite dead, Bornito seized it in both hands and tossed it into the bayou.

"A bad fish," he said; "a bad fish," and looked toward Miss Gaillard.

She was shrinking far back against the brown trunk of the tree. All about, the green rushes were sprinkled with the blood of the fish. One drop even tarnished the pale-gray of her gown. She did not smile. She did not say that she was glad. There was only horror in the blue eyes, and pain on the fair face.

And then shame entered his heart.

He had been savage, cruel, he said to himself.

Others, hearing the commotion, had hurried up. Bornito, as if guilty, bent low over the water, and knelt and washed the red stains from his hands. He had meant only to serve her; he had meant only to put out of sight what had frightened her; and, instead, he had given her pain—yes, driven the soft color from her cheeks.

Poor Bornito! After all, he was only a savage, a swamp-savage, he thought, penitently. But he would die to save her from trouble. As those others, he could never be; certainly not as the cousin Gerton, who would force her into a loveless match; not as that unknown one, who would take her, all unwilling, and make her his wife.

As he thought these things, he rose from his knees and looked about fiercely, shaking the water-drops from his hands.

To Villenaret stood near. He was talking, and, while talking, gazing into Miss Gaillard's face, and there was that in his eyes which told Bornito all.

So, she was to be bartered, as he bartered his fish on the wharves below. She was to pay a debt, as when he paid old Gustave for his new pirogue. She was worth, how many dollars?—he wondered.

Strong, grand, ignorant, tender, savage Bornito!

A sudden tempest and a sudden inspiration entered his heart.

He had gold. He had been lucky—no other fisherman as lucky as he. The finest and rarest prey had come to his bait, and his seine always drew treasure. There was a pile hidden in a cleft of the palmetto roof—where rafter and joist met—gold, all gold. Thinking of the time when he would sail away into foreign lands, he had gathered his treasure and hidden it thus. More than three hundred dollars. Would it be enough? Would she take it? Could he not say to her: "Here, take this, use it; I do not need it. I am strong, and I am going out into the world to work and to travel?"

Ah, surely she would rather take from him than sell herself to that other.

And he lifted his head and folded his arms, after the manner of his people, and walked away silently to be alone and to think.

Strong, ignorant, tender, savage Bornito!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RAINBOW IN THE GLEN.

BY JASPER BARNETT COWDIN.

Iris the beautiful,
Child of the mist,
Daughter of water
By sunshine kissed,
The wonder of men,
Lies overcurving
The wild water, swerving
Under, to thunder
Far down the dim glen.

Iris the beautiful
Sees her white urn
Dashed into fragments
That sparkle and turn,
Rolling onward again.
The jewel-drops, rising,
Lend a surprising
Beauty to Iris,
The pride of the glen.

Iris the beautiful,
Gorgeous in dyes,
Never alighting,
Takes rest in the skies.
Stand we admiring when
Iris is listening.
Smiling and glistening,
To the wild idyl
Away down the glen.

Iris the beautiful
Dreams not of death,
Gossamer-garmented,
Fragile as a breath.
While war-hardened men
Fade into story,
A volatile glory
Keeps her immortal
Young queen of the glen.

MY LOVERS AND I.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I KNEW I ought, in the beginning, to have explained to Clarence Lovell exactly the terms on which I found myself placed with my cousin, Tom Rainsford.

The explanation should have been my first thought. Well, it was; but I had not entered on it—there was the trouble. I had procrastinated, because I found the subject difficult to introduce—one I did not like even to think about—and I believe no mortal ever had so confirmed a habit of putting off unpleasant things as I, Geraldine Faucett.

I should have been at a loss, too, just what name to give the relation which existed between Tom and myself—I mean, of course, outside of our cousinship. Before he started for Texas, he forced me to own—more, I firmly believe, from a desire to have peace than any better reason—that I was fonder of him than of anybody else in the world, so far as regarded young men; which, after all, was not a wonderful admission, considering there was no other of his age and sex whom I cared a straw about.

Then, just as he was ready to leave, he put a ring on my finger and called it a sign of our engagement; and somehow, in spite of my protestations that I could not and would not consider myself engaged, the ring once there, I felt bound and fettered.

At least, it was partly the enforced acceptance of the ring which gave me the sensation, but more because he was so earnest and impetuous, in such despair at parting, and, into the bargain, he frightened me by swearing that, if I refused his request, he would relinquish his plans at the last moment.

His doing this would have proved utter ruin to his future, for his uncle was so furious at his rustication from the university, his debts, and his other folly and wrong-doing, that he had vowed, if Tom did not go out to Texas and manage a ranche the old gentleman owned there, he should be cast off completely.

So, as usual, I had given in to my cousin, and tried to be glad of what I had done when I remembered how he had repeated over and over that my affection should be his guerdon: the thought of one day claiming me would enable him patiently to bear every ill which could possibly arrive during his exile—though I don't know

that they promised to be excessive, regarding the matter calmly.

Heigho! Tom had not been gone quite six months, when Miss Ventnor and I went to Richfield Springs for a few weeks. There it was I met Clarence Lovell, and he looked—well, as like the hero of a three-volume romance as his name sounded.

He was not much older than Tom, barely twenty-five; but Tom appeared still boyish, weak, and vacillating, whereas Mr. Lovell had the manner and aplomb of a thorough man of the world, besides being as handsome as the bust of Antinous, and displaying such positive genius in the numerous fugitive poems he had published, that people prophesied a brilliant future for this favorite of nature.

The feminine population at the springs was quite insane about him—as, over and above his physical and mental advantages, he was very rich; but, from the first evening we met, he devoted himself to me in the most open fashion and with a knightly courtesy which I think would have gone far to touch any woman's heart.

I dare say Miss Ventnor might have objected to our sudden intimacy, but she was so wretched from rheumatism that she spent the major part of the time in her chamber, and pretty good-natured little Mrs. Warner, under whose chaperonage I was nominally, had too much to do in carrying on her numerous flirtations to pay any attention to my affairs, beyond taking me into ball-rooms or other festive places, beneath the shadow of her very gorgeous wings.

And I was flattered and fluttered by Clarence Lovell's devotion—why should I deny it? And when, the night before we unexpectedly left Richfield—owing to a business-telegram of great urgency which Miss Ventnor received—he told me that he loved me, I was so affected by his eloquent avowal, so fascinated by the glamor of his marvelous eyes, that I believed my whole heart went out in the affirmative answer which I whispered to his pleading.

When we reached home—we lived within an easy drive of the pleasant old town of Syracuse—I found a letter from my cousin Tom, full of vehement protestation and insisting on the fact of our engagement, though I had summoned

courage to write plainly that he must not, for I knew my guardian was too deeply prejudiced against him to permit it at present.

I felt frightened and guilty enough as I read Tom's epistle, for, to tell the truth, I had scarcely thought of him once during the entire time of my absence. I did not try to justify my neglect to my conscience, but I could not help telling myself that I had more than a show of excuse to offer. The sojourn at Richfield had been gayer than anything my quiet past had ever offered, and, besides constant amusement, had not the cynosure in the matter of young men been nearly always at my side—rendering me the envy of the women—dazzling me by the splendor of his beauty and dizzying my head with the passionate poems he composed in my praise and recited in my ear, in a voice so musical that, for the time, it rendered me deaf to all other sounds, thoughts, or interests?

But I knew that I must write to Tom and tell him the truth: that done, I must tell Clarence also. Oh, I did mean to be honest; but, viewed on either side, the confession looked so difficult. It hurt me terribly to think of giving Tom pain, and I suddenly remembered all that Clarence had said and written in his verse about requiring a virgin heart. He could not endure the idea that the woman he loved should have known so much as the slightest fancy for anyone else—ever even have listened with a show of patience to another's prayer.

Each night I went to bed vowing that I would write both epistles on the morrow, and yet, when a week had gone by, neither explanation had been given. I had written Clarence a few lines in answer to his first letter, but I told myself it would be impossible to begin my avowal in that.

So I procrastinated, about equally divided in my fear of hurting either. A second week elapsed; and one evening, as I sat at my desk, determined to accomplish my disagreeable tasks before I rose, a servant came to say there was a visitor below—Miss Ventnor was out—would I go down?

And down I went, expecting to see a lawyer for whom Miss Ventnor had given me a message in case he called during her absence, and there stood Clarence Lovell!

How beside himself with happiness he was, and I—yes, for the time, I was as happy as he: there's the truth.

"It occurred to me that I owed a little civility to an old friend of my mother's, who lives in Syracuse," Clarence explained, after we were able to talk quietly—for at first he had been so excited, and I so startled by his sudden arrival,

that our conversation would have sounded incoherent enough to a bystander. "So I decided to accept one of Mr. Lord's numerous invitations, and on I came, and here I am, my most precious and beautiful of darlings." I would not put down his absurdly exaggerated expressions, only that I want to make it as clear as I can that, though I must plead guilty to forgetting Tom again, it was not much wonder I did so.

We spent a delightful hour before Miss Ventnor returned, and she only remained a few minutes with us, being tired and in pain, though she would have died sooner than acknowledge that latter fact.

After all, just as he was going away, Clarence almost got angry with me. I would not give him a parting kiss. No man ever had touched my lips since I grew up, and I had registered a vow that no man ever should, till he became my husband. I can hardly say that I had any fixed argument to offer. The idea of being kissed was oppressive to me, and I did not mean to endure it while I was my own mistress. I add this because I don't choose to be considered a prude or mock-modest.

I suppose you will blame me very sorely when I admit that time went on till Clarence had been nearly three weeks in Syracuse, and I had not yet said one word to him in regard to my cousin Tom's pretension.

I assure you I blamed myself as much as anybody else could have done; but the days flew so fast, and somehow the favorable moment seemed never to present itself. I could not make up my mind to plunge into the matter boldly and abruptly, as a braver person would have done. Then there was an added reason for my hesitation: I had already discovered that Clarence, unfortunately, possessed a horribly jealous temperament, which he had indulged till its every whim had become a positive mania.

He was not content with being angry or hurt at every amicable word or smile I bestowed on the men whom I had known all my life, young or old, but he was actually jealous of my girlfriends. Why, he pouted all one morning because I gave dear Miss Ventnor a kiss before I went out for a walk! He could not even endure to see me caress any dumb pet in his presence; he always scolded when he found Cicero, my beautiful Persian kitten, sharing the footstool with my feet, and he so deeply wounded the feelings of Brand, the most intelligent affectionate Skye terrier in existence, that the sensitive little fellow invariably took himself out of the room as soon as Mr. Lovell arrived.

I had also left undone something that was almost worse than my silence where Clarence was concerned. I had not yet sent my letter to Tom. It lay half finished in my desk, haunting me like a ghost every time I raised the lid of the box—and oh, each day I said that the next should see my explanation written, but still I procrastinated.

I used at that season very often to remember a warning my mother had once given me, for my great fault had been marked even then, though I was not thirteen when she died:

“Child, child, if you do not take good heed, your fear of causing pain will make you grow up absolutely deceitful and false—at least, will make you appear so to others, and bring trouble which may blight your whole life.”

Yet, even with that heavy weight on my mind, I was happy and able to forget, while in Clarence's society—except when some word too warm, some smile too cordial, bestowed in his presence on friend or acquaintance, roused his morbid sensitiveness and suspicion.

But I speedily began to have many very serious thoughts and fears during my solitary hours.

I was a tolerably sensible girl, in spite of my romance and other follies. There were moments when Clarence's temper rendered me so miserable that I saw plainly how rash I had been in entering into this secret engagement, and I almost feared that it was my fancy rather than my heart which had been touched by his great beauty and his showy mental gifts.

These reflections made me feel horribly wicked, for he loved me dearly, I knew, and I hastened to assure myself that I had given him in return all the affection of which my nature was capable. I was neither passionate nor high-strung, but then I could not write poetry, much as I appreciated it.

There was nobody to interfere with our free companionship, for, between rheumatism and her voluminous correspondence with learned people and societies, not to mention her ologies and other severe studies, Miss Ventnor was fully occupied. She and I were the best of friends, and she was fond of me; but, though her opinion in regard to the age of the earth might have been valuable, and her ability to settle abstruse questions undoubted, she could not bring her mind down to so trifling a matter as a nineteen-year-old girl. She was kind and good, but always looked over and round and beyond me, even when trying to interest herself in my concerns.

Clarence was quite unjust toward her, and, with amusing inconsistency, blamed her for leav-

ing me the freedom which enabled him to enjoy my society in that daily intimate fashion.

“If her brother is a no more efficient guardian, you might as well be one of those princesses in the old fairy-stories, who got lost, and lived alone in a wood,” he said, one day. “The truth is, Geraldine, we ought to be married as soon as possible.”

I ignored the close of his sentence, but took up the cudgels in defense of my joint guardians.

“Dear old Miss Ventnor is an angel,” I said, “and, as for her brother—oh, you must know him to appreciate his worth; I am so poor at description. He is very, very clever and handsome—so good, too.”

Once started on that theme, I waxed eloquent, and, the first thing I knew, Clarence was offended—hurt, he said—he always said that.

“One would think you were in love with the man, and he old enough to be your father,” he exclaimed.

“He isn't old,” I cried; “he is only thirty-seven.”

“Then he was not thirty when he became your guardian. Why, that was ridiculous!” Clarence retorted.

“Poor mamma had great trust in him; besides, Miss Ventnor desired that he should be made guardian jointly with herself,” I answered. “Oh, Clarence, you ought to be fond of them both; they have been very, very kind to me; no girl ever had a happier home or better friends.” He vowed that he would be, and we patched up our little difference—that is, he agreed to forgive me for having injured his feelings by my indiscreet praise of Mr. Ventnor; but, after he had gone, I fell to thinking of an episode in my early girlhood, which, as a rule, I seldom dwelt on nowadays.

When I was about fifteen, I positively had indulged in a little romance, of which I chose my guardian for the hero, and fancied a denouement like that in novels. But, as I have said, I was no fool, and my romance did not last long. Of course, Mr. Ventnor regarded me as a child, and always would. The idea that he could ever fall in love with me was preposterous.

For that matter, I knew that love was over for him; buried away back in the past, in the grave of a beautiful girl whom he had loved when he was quite young. Mr. Ventnor had not been so rich then, and the lady's friends broke off the match and married her to some terrible old millionaire, and within a year she died.

I had heard the whole story from various people, though of course my guardian never alluded to it, and Miss Ventnor herself told me that she

had ceased to hope her brother would ever forget his sorrow or transfer his heart to any other woman.

Mr. Ventnor had been in Europe for the last six months, and we were expecting him home before many weeks, though his return from his frequent journeys was always a matter of uncertainty. He was a great traveler, and thought no more of setting out for Japan or Timbuctoo, at the briefest notice, than most people would of a trip of a few hours. And he came back this time without warning. Oh, that day—I should never forget it if I were to live to double the age of Methuselah.

But I must try to be a little more coherent, and write it all as clearly as my poor wits will permit.

Clarence was forced to bring his visit to an end. He had some business to attend to in New York which could not be longer deferred, and he had already waited beyond the time set for his stay, in the hope that my guardian might arrive.

Well, I fully decided that he should not go until I had forced myself to tell him everything about Tom, for on the previous evening I had received a letter from my cousin, so full of affection that my conscience nearly drove me wild. I answered it before I went to bed. Oh, it was a hard task, but I did it. Then, afraid that, when the moment for my confession to Clarence came, my courage might fail, I wrote him a note saying I had something important to reveal—that I ought to have done it before, but had been a coward. I was going to write: afraid of rousing his jealousy; but I remembered that would sound like a reproach, so I put all the blame on myself.

And, after the note was sealed, I opened it to add a postscript. He was not to imagine my disclosure anything so very terrible. I was sure I could make him understand, and he must not scold me on the eve of his departure. You can see what a little poltroon I was, for all the while it was not my personal trouble I dreaded so much as his anger or suffering at my concealment.

So he came, and, as ill-luck would have it, when he arrived, there were callers whom Miss Ventnor had requested me to see, as she was too much occupied inditing a lecture, that some man was to read for her at a meeting of an archeological society, to be interrupted by visitors.

Before the guests left, Clarence was terribly out of patience; but I soon coaxed him into a tolerable humor, and we went for a stroll in the

shrubbery. I promised to tell him there what my note meant, about which he was, of course, very curious, though, oddly enough, considering his disposition, he did not seem to have been rendered troubled or anxious.

I thought I had wanted to walk, but I suddenly felt so tired and breathless that we turned into the garden and sat down on a bench under a great elm-tree at the end of one of the paths.

"And now," said Clarence, quite gayly, "I must hear what secret the small princess has weighing on her mind. Out with it at once; I am sure it will appear less formidable when we share it together."

He kissed my hands and murmured loving words—oh, it seemed to me that he had never shown himself so tender, so inclined to be tolerant of my feminine weakness! I almost wished that he had been in one of his impatient moods. A little anger or suspicion on his part might have roused my hasty temper and rendered me less self-reproachful, less afraid of wounding him.

How to unfold the story, I did not know; and he was urging me to speak, and beginning to be so disturbed by my hesitation, that it grew each instant more difficult.

"I—I will write to you what I meant to say," I exclaimed, desperately; then I tried to laugh, and added: "I know you will scold me, and I don't deserve—yes, in a way, I do—but, if you knew—"

"Knew what?" he questioned, as I broke down in my lame speech. "Good heavens, Geraldine, do tell me! Why, I shall begin to fancy something dreadful; but there can't be no human being could come between us—you have promised!"

"Yes, yes," I cried, eager to reassure him; but, catching at the loop-hole his words offered, I hurried on: "Somebody might like to—you've heard me speak of my cousin, Tom Rainsford—"

Before I could get further, as if I had been a sorceress pronouncing a spell, and the voice answered in obedience to my summons, a man's tones called:

"Geraldine, Geraldine, where are you?"

I looked up, and there stood Tom—Tom Rainsford. Oh, if the ground would only have opened and swallowed me!

He dashed forward in his usual impetuous manner, utterly regardless of Clarence, seized my two hands, and cried: "Welcome me back! Why, you look as white as if I were my own ghost come to frighten you!"

"No wonder, when you appear in this extraordinary fashion," I said, forcing a laugh and

trying to move a little away. I knew that Clarence was glaring at him, and I could see that, even while shaking my hands till they ached, and beginning half a dozen sentences and finishing none of them, Tom found time to study his appearance with anything but a favorable eye; so I added quickly: "Mr. Lovell, let me make you and my cousin acquainted. You have heard me mention Tom Rainsford—the last person on earth whom I expected to see."

They exchanged bows and a few common-places, and then Tom observed hurriedly:

"There was some business to consult the governor about, and I thought the quickest way to settle the matter was to come on and talk to him. You are glad—you are sure you are glad, Geraldine?"

"Very glad indeed, to see you, of course," I answered.

"I've so much to tell you, it seemed to me as if I could not wait to get here!" cried Tom, with abominable impoliteness, pointing his words by a rapid side-glance at Clarence, as much as to say that that gentleman ought to take his departure.

"Geraldine, perhaps I'd better leave you with your cousin for awhile. I will come back later," Clarence said, with slow distinctness, his eyes flashing and his voice growing deep and low, as it always did when he was angry.

"'Geraldine!'" muttered Tom, between his teeth, and they eyed each other as two dogs might do, with a stray bone lying between them—the comparison is not elegant, but very just.

"Mr. Rainsford looks surprised," said Clarence, beginning to laugh; "I must either beg pardon for my slip of the tongue, or explain how it happened—you don't object?" This was to me, but a sudden quick fear held me dumb and motionless, and Clarence went on: "The truth is, Mr. Rainsford, your cousin has made me the happiest man alive—I know you will congratulate me—she has promised to be my wife."

"Your wife?" shouted Tom. "She is engaged to me!"

The crisis had come with a vengeance—I must meet it as best I might. It was not courage, only utter desperation, which gave me strength to speak.

"I am not engaged to you, Tom," I said, "and you know it. Mr. Lovell, my engagement to you is only a conditional one. I told you that it depends for the present on my guardian's approval."

Tom stood dumfounded, staring at us both, and Clarence said angrily:

"At all events, you admit our engagement—you heard her, Mr. Rainsford, so perhaps you will explain your extraordinary assertion."

"I am not aware that I owe you any explanation," cried Tom, furiously.

"Then we will say you owe your cousin an apology," rejoined Clarence, with an ominous quiet.

"I shall not permit you to say anything of the sort," said Tom.

"I think—"

"Stop, Clarence—stop, Tom!" I broke in.

"I tell you both fairly that, if you quarrel, I will never speak to either of you again!"

They turned angrily on me, and Tom exclaimed:

"You can't deny that you became engaged to me before I started for Texas, Geraldine. You have let me believe you loved me—you have never written me that you had changed your mind—"

"I did," I broke in; "I did! Nor was it changing my mind, Tom. I told you it was not an engagement. I did not, and could not, love you as you wished—and—"

"You managed to send me away pretty well satisfied," Tom broke in, with a discordant laugh; "and, as for your writing anything to the contrary—well, I can only say I never received the letter."

Coward though I was, I could not tell a deliberate lie, nor act one even, when things had reached this pass.

"I am sorry," I said, "heartily sorry; I have behaved dreadfully, and I am punished. Tom, I only sent my letter last night—I did so hate to give you pain. Clarence, I ought to have told you about Tom; I meant to, long ago, but I knew you would be angry—and—and—oh, there's nothing I can say to either of you, except that I know how wrong I have been, as well as you, but you can't know how sorry I am!"

"Sorry?" Clarence repeated, bitterly, and Tom echoed him. "So it seems, Mr. Rainsford, that your cousin has been amusing herself at the expense of us both; perhaps presently a third claimant for her generous heart will appear."

I turned fairly sick and faint, but only for an instant. I could have borne anger, harsh words; but that cold insulting taunt froze my heart. I looked at Clarence Lovell, wondering how I could ever have thought I really loved him.

"You are the falsest girl that ever drew breath, Geraldine!" cried Tom. "You need not ask me to forgive you, for I never will. There is no truth in you—none. God help the man

you next enslave, if he does not find you out until too late!"

Tom turned and strode down the garden-path. But I was softened, in spite of his bitter language, by seeing the tears in his eyes as he hastened away.

I ran after him, calling:

"Tom, Tom, don't go like this! Remember we are cousins, we have been the same as brother and sister all our lives!"

"So, even now you dare to take refuge in that farce!" he exclaimed, shaking off the hand I laid on his arm. "I told you I never would forgive you; I never will!"

He walked resolutely on, and I stood still where he had left me, till I was roused by Clarence's approach.

"Have you anything to say to me?" he asked, between his shut teeth.

"Not after what you said a few moments ago," I answered. "Tom's rudeness is better than your unmanly taunt was. I humiliated myself, I acknowledged my fault—and you—"

"Pray don't trouble yourself to say our engagement must end," he interrupted; "it is ended already."

And then he was gone too; and I went back to the bench, sat down, and cried as heartily as a girl could—ashamed, as I ought to have been, but somewhat supported by the reflection that both my lovers had behaved very ill.

And, while I sat there, weeping my eyes out, my name was called again. I looked up, and saw my guardian. I uttered a cry, and, for the first time in my life, threw myself into his arms, with a certainty that I had at least one refuge left.

He had arrived about half an hour before, and had been sitting with his sister. Tom had seen him as he was leaving the house, in search of me, and had poured hastily out his account of my treachery, as he called it; so I had not a great deal left to explain.

My guardian was very kind and gentle; but, that evening, he summoned me into the library, and we had a long talk.

"You have behaved ill—there is no doubt of that," he said, at length; "but I can do you more justice than your cousin or Mr. Lovell was able to do. Your duplicity—for it was that—grew out of the great weakness of your character. What would be a virtue, restrained within proper limit, bids fair, Geraldine, to warp and deteriorate your whole nature, if you do not guard vigorously against it."

"I know, I know," I pleaded. "But, indeed, indeed, I am bitterly punished; don't be so hard on me as they were."

"Hard?" he repeated. Then, after a pause, he added: "I blame my sister, and myself too. I thought it wise to leave you unrestrained—I mean, free from—" And then he paused again.

"You have both been only too good," I said; "you must not blame either yourself or dear Elizabeth. Indeed, I would much rather she did not know what has happened. Ought I to tell her?"

"Certainly not, unless you wish," he replied. "Poor little girl, I am sorry for your trouble—heartily sorry."

His kindness set me to crying again; but I controlled my tears as soon as I could, and tried to thank him.

"I'm not sorry for myself," I said; "I deserve all the humiliation."

"But there—there is something worse to bear, I fear," he replied, sadly. "You are still angry with Mr. Lovell; but, when that goes by, you will find that—for you must—must have loved him—"

"I did think so," I put in. "Mr. Ventnor, I can't well explain. I used sometimes to tell myself I was cold-hearted; but I thought I loved him. Now, it seems to me as if that cruel taunt killed my affection on the instant, so I suppose it could not have been very deep. Oh, what a poor creature I am! How you will despise me."

He was so good and kind, and his very kindness rendered me more penitent and ashamed; but, all the same, I could not help thinking that Clarence Lovell ought to have behaved differently. A generous man would not have received my confession as he did; Tom's passionate anger was easier to forgive.

As for Tom, within two days he was back at the house, and eager for a reconciliation. He remained at home a fortnight, and we parted amicably: though, this time, matters were definitely settled. Tom knew there was no hope that I could ever regard him as other than a dear friend and relative.

Clarence Lovell had gone. Tom told me that he had started on the very evening of our rupture; and I received, put up in an envelope, without a word, the few letters I had written him: so that affair, too, seemed at an end.

My guardian took his sister and myself on quite an extended tour. It was late in autumn before we returned home; and, when winter arrived, we went to spend it in New York and Washington.

I had a gay and enjoyable season, and may say, without vanity, that I received attention

enough to have turned my head, had I been the frivolous girl I was only a brief period back. But the experience through which I had passed had a good deal changed me, and the recollection of the shame and misery I had suffered, the suffering I had caused, effectually checked any tendency toward flirtation, and even kept me careful to guard against being misunderstood through my weakness for approbation and friendship and my great fear of giving pain.

I met Clarence Lovell in Washington, and, before the first evening was over, he begged that we might be friends—of which I was glad. But I was not glad when, within a week, he again asked me for my love—vowing that, try as he would, and ill as I had treated him, he could not bear to give me up.

What he desired was impossible, and I thought he ought to have patiently received my firm answer without appealing, as he did, to my guardian for his intercession.

"Geraldine," Mr. Ventnor said, "are you quite sure that you are not in the least actuated by offended pride?"

"Quite," I replied. "I know I never loved him. I was dazzled, I own; but I have felt a sense of relief ever since I was free. Perhaps I ought not to say that; but it is true."

"He is young, handsome—his talent is really unusual—"

"Yes, yes. But, Mr. Ventnor, I should be afraid of his temper, even if I cared for him," I answered, and went on quickly: "Then he is too young—too near my own age: I need somebody who could be at once firm and gentle, whom I could look up to and reverence, even stand a little in awe of—"

I stopped suddenly, confused by my own energy, but tried to cover my embarrassment with a laugh and a jest.

"That is, if I needed a husband at all," I added. "But I am very comfortable without

husband or lover. Oh, dear, after my experience, I shiver to think of having either."

Mr. Ventnor took two or three turns up and down the room, and then came back to the table where I sat occupying myself with cutting the leaves of a new French novel.

"I am sorry for that," he said.

I did not think at first what he meant.

"Sorry for what?" I asked. But, as I looked in his face, I saw an expression on it so new, so sweet, that my eyes faltered and sank beneath his gaze.

"Sorry you are indisposed to think of either lover or husband," he said: "for I was going to ask you to try me in both capacities."

Now, what do you suppose I did? I burst out crying so violently, that I actually alarmed him. He thought I was annoyed and shocked by his words.

"Forgive me," he exclaimed. "Geraldine, I know I am growing elderly—I ought not to have spoken; but you have grown so close into my heart, that it has made me selfish. Once—it seems a whole lifetime ago—I loved, as a very young man does. That affection has long been only a sweet memory; but you are the first woman, since then, to whom my heart has gone out."

And there I sat like a goose and sobbed, till he began to excuse himself—to promise never to speak like that again. And oh, he was actually leaving the room. I found voice then.

"Can't you understand?" I cried. "It's only because I—I am so happy. I know now that I have loved you all my life."

Indeed, it was greater happiness than I had merited; but I have tried to grow more worthy during the five years I have been his wife.

As for my two youthful adorers, they are both married, and apparently content: so, after all, my miserable weakness, luckily, did nobody any serious harm.

A CREOLE FLOWER.

BY LAURA F. HINSDALE.

A LITTLE Creole maid I know,
Who, when the day is fair,
Walks in her garden to and fro
With slow enraptured air—
Her garden quaint of many parts,
In form of diamonds, stars, and hearts,
With flowers and sunshine all aglow.

She lingers where the roses sway,
Where mocking-birds above her call,
And on her brow the shadows play,
And at her feet the sunbeams fall.

A rover 'mid her flower-throng,
I hear her sing a Creole song,
I lingering by the garden-wall.

Oh, dark-eyed little Creole maid,
There is one flower of sweetest fame;
And, some day, should it hapless fade,
The garden would not be the same,
The sun could never give it light,
No other blossom make it bright,
May I come in and tell its name?

HOW MR. JOHNSON KEPT HOUSE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"You can go just as well as not, my dear," said Mr. Johnson, as his wife was bewailing the impossibility of leaving home to visit her mother, who had invited her.

"But how will you get along while I am gone?"

"As if I could not keep house as well as any woman!" said Mr. Johnson, indignantly. "That is, if I had a mind to. It would be a little strange if a man that could build a steam-engine, and tame the electricity, and calculate the eclipses for hundreds of years to come, could not boil a potato, and make coffee in a pot!"

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Johnson; "but I'll confess, Charley, that I never looked at it in that light before. I never supposed that, in being a scientific man, the art of being able to cook well came along with it. But no doubt you are right, and, if you think you can manage for a fortnight, I'll go to mother's to-morrow."

"Manage? Of course I can manage. And you shall see that I will have as neat a house and as good a table as you, and not spend all of my time puttering round, as women do, either."

So Mrs. Johnson, relying upon her husband's capacity as a household-manager, departed for her mother's.

Mr. Johnson had invited Sam Brooks, a bachelor chum of his, to come and board at the house with him during the absence of Mrs. Johnson. He had boasted of his ability to manage domestic affairs more than once before Brooks, and he wanted to prove that he had not been overrating his talent.

Mrs. Johnson had kindly offered "to leave something cooked," but her husband had objected. So the young wife gave the bread and cold meat that were left from breakfast, on the morning of her departure, to a needy tramp, and Johnson's cupboard in consequence was left bare literally.

Brooks had come over the previous night, to help Johnson "start out fair," and, when Mrs. Johnson was out of the house, the two men began planning their work for the day.

"I am to be at the office at eleven," said Johnson, "and it is now nine. That gives us two hours to get the dinner cooking, wash the dishes, and do the chamberwork. Dinner will

cook while we are down-town, of course. My wife always gets it going, and then sits down to her sewing or her fancy-work, till it's time to put it on the table. Brooks, did it ever strike you that women have an all-fired easy time of it?"

"Of course they have," said Brooks, with emphasis. "Anybody could see that, with half an eye. Yet they're always complaining of being overworked."

"Well, women are natural complainers, I suppose," said Johnson, hunting around after his wife's apron, and getting it on up under his arms, wrong-side-out. "Now I am uniformed. Let us wash the dishes and talk over what we'll have for dinner." He seized the boiling tea-kettle from the stove, but dropped it instantaneously, and the water ran into the coal in the hod, and under the mat, and under the door into the dining-room.

"Ou-g-h!" cried Johnson, blowing and rubbing his scalded wrist, "it must have been the steam. Confound the thing! I didn't think of the steam. Good gracious! the water's running all over the house. Give me a rag, quick! I'll mop it up."

He seized the fine damask table-cloth which Brooks handed him from a drawer in the kitchen, got down on his knees, and commenced sopping up the water.

"Your coat-tails are in the coal-hod," cried Brooks. "By George! it's too bad, and that delicate gray, too!"

Johnson got up with a hurried whisk of the tails aforesaid, and they swept a five-dollar china tureen from the table, and broke it into fragments.

"It never rains but it pours," said Johnson, striving hard to keep his temper, as he surveyed the wet black streaks on his coat. "I'll send it to my uncle in the country, and say nothing to Anne about it. We've made rather a bad beginning, Sam; but we shall come out all right. And we'll wash the dishes in cold water."

"Which will you do—wash or wipe?" asked Brooks.

"I'll wash, because I have got an apron on," said Johnson, as he piled the dishes into the pan miscellaneously, tin pans and china all together, and dashed some cold water on

them. "Where's the dish-cloth, I wonder?" poking around under the sink, and bringing to light a calico rag, which had evidently been used to clean lamps.

"What in the dickens is that that smells so strong of kerosene?" asked Brooks, sniffing the air suspiciously. "I wonder if I've got any on my clothes?" glancing around behind him, and examining the skirts of his coat. "By Jove, Johnson, it's your dish-cloth! The oil is fairly dripping out of it."

Johnson threw it on the floor with a gesture of disgust, and substituted the towel they had just wiped their hands on. The cold water flew in every direction, but the grease did not start on the dishes. Brooks suggested soap, which slightly mended matters, but was not entirely satisfactory.

"Seems to me the dishes don't feel nor smell just as they do when Anne washes them," said Johnson, thoughtfully; "but then perhaps it is imagination. Now, Sam, what shall we have for dinner?"

"Perhaps it had better be a simple one, till we get the hang of things a little more," said Sam, with caution. "What do you say to a chicken-pie, tenderloin steak, a custard-pudding, and some light hot biscuit?"

"Admirable! Nothing could be better or simpler. I will go out and order the chicken and the steak, and you shall make the pudding. I guess Anne would stare if she could see how nicely we are doing."

He put on another coat, went out, and soon returned with the chicken and steak. Brooks was making the pudding. He had an old cook-book on the shelf before him, which he looked at surreptitiously now and then.

He broke his eggs into a tin pan, poured in some milk; dumped in a scoopful of sugar, salted the compound, gave it a stir, and set it down on a chair; while he and Johnson went to the window, to see an old man, who had lost his hat, run after it. The sight was quite inspiriting, owing to the high wind which was prevailing. And, when the two housekeepers returned to business, they were just in season to see Bounce, Mr. Johnson's pet pointer, cleaning out with the most scrupulous nicety the dish where the embryo pudding had been left.

"We won't say anything about it to Anne," said Mr. Johnson; "she might think we were careless. Now, Sam, you construct the biscuit, and I'll go for the pie. I wonder if this chicken is a hen? Humph! it smells rather old—or something; but, of course, it's all ready to cook. Now for the crust—flour and water and baking-

powder. They make all kinds of pastry—don't they?"

"Yes, yes. That is, I think so," said Sam, a little doubtfully. "That is, all the newspaper-advertisements say that baking-powder will do anything; and of course it will make pie-crust."

Johnson had taken off his cuffs, and poured a couple of quarts of water into a pan: which he stirred thoughtfully, and added several spoonfuls of baking-powder.

"This amount of water will make crust enough—won't it, Sam?"

"I should say so," returned Sam, manipulating his "light" biscuit, the dough of which was sadly inclined to run up his arms, under his coat-sleeves, and two big dabs of which were sticking, all unnoticed, to the legs of his pantaloons.

Johnson stirred in the flour rapidly, putting in a good deal of muscle, and making the flour fly right and left. His hair and whiskers and eyebrows were peppered, and, when he had stirred in all the flour there was in the house, the mass was still a little thin. "By Jove!" said Johnson, eying the result before him, "there is a half a bushel of it; I never saw so much chicken-pie crust before. But this is a large chicken—a full-grown one—adult, in fact, and a strong one, too, or my nose deceives me; but I guess this crust will hold him. Hold it open in the middle, Sam, while I envelop the biped in the crust."

The chicken, with his legs and head still adorning his body, was put into the middle of the dough, and the covering patted down. Johnson stepped back and eyed the construction of his hands critically.

"Sam," said he, "I think—yes, I am certain that Anne never cooks them with their legs on."

So they cut off the legs, thrust the mass into the oven of the stove, put some potatoes to boil, opened the draught of the stove, locked the house, and went down-town.

At three, serenely smiling, our two housekeepers ascended the front steps of the Johnson mansion. An odor, infinitely worse than the atmosphere of any soap-boiling establishment, met them as the door opened.

They looked at each other.

"What in the dickens is it?" they cried in chorus, and both made for the kitchen.

No wonder there had been a smell.

The chicken-pie had burned fast to the bottom of the oven, and lay there, with the smoke pouring from it, a blackened mass of cinders; and Sam's light biscuit had burned entirely up, and left nothing but the pan, which had melted

down into a mass of solid tin, and run out on the floor, which it had set on fire, and which was smoldering away, threatening every moment to burst into flame. The only wonder was that the house had not been burned down before they returned.

The tea-kettle had boiled dry, and cracked in two, and everything in the room was covered with a deposit of the very blackest soot. The two confederates exchanged glances. But they did not speak. It was no time for words.

Johnson seized the duster, and began to whisk the soot from the furniture, while Sam, with a courage which did him credit, proceeded to get the chicken-pie out of the oven, by the help of the tongs.

"I declare, Johnson," said he, as he hurried along, with the grease dripping from his burden and smearing the kitchen-floor from one end to the other, "I believe that the reason the thing smelled so strong was that we didn't take out the insides of the critter."

"Jerusalem!" said Johnson, "is that so? Well, if that's the case, it's lucky for us that it burned up."

The two men set to work to wipe up the floor, and, while thus engaged, the door-bell rang.

"You go," said Johnson. "You ain't so smutty as I am."

"No, you go," said Brooks. "I am so hot, I shall take cold."

While they parleyed, the unmistakable giggle of young girls broke on their ears, and consternation seized them.

"It's Anne's sister Kate," cried Johnson.

"And Mary Hartley, too," cried Brooks. "And I wouldn't have her see me for all I'm worth. Great Peter! what shall I do?"

"Kate has got a key. She will come in in spite of us," cried Johnson. "Anne gave it to her, so that she need not wait at the door. Perdition take the girls! Why couldn't they have waited till we'd got things straightened out? I'm going to run for it."

As he finished, Johnson dove down the cellar-stairs, while Brooks followed. Both men hid behind the coal-bin.

Soon the girls' voices were heard in the kitchen above.

Exclamations, peals of silvery laughter, rattling of dishes, and a melee of sounds generally. And then the two culprits in the cellar heard the girls descending the cellar-stairs.

"They are hiding somewhere, of course," said Kate. "Charley has bragged so much of how he could cook, and keep a house in order, that he'd rather die than face us. And he knows I should tell Anne. Good heavens, what a mess!"

The girls came daintily along, holding up their skirts. Directly, Kate got a glimpse of Sam's face, smeared with smut, and hair disordered. She uttered a piercing scream.

"It's a negro," she cried, seizing Mary and dragging her back. "He's as black as the ace of spades. And such a dreadful countenance. I shall die of fright."

"Two of them," cried Mary, as Sam and his friend rose from their concealment. "Heaven help us! I'll call the police." She started to rush up the stairs, but Sam Brooks caught her by the skirts and held her back.

"Do stop, Mary—for heaven's sake, stop, and don't make an alarm. It's only Charley and I, and we—we—that is, we've been doing a little cooking, and we ain't just ready to see company—"

"Oh, Charley, Charley," cried Kate, "what would Anne say if she could see how you've kept house?"

"I was an ass to boast," said Charley, frankly, "and I am willing to confess it. You may tell Anne so when you write to her. And Sam and I will get our meals at a hotel. I think it will be cheaper, and easier for all concerned."

"I should think it would," said Kate.

Sam and Mary Hartley lingered behind, to say that they thought it would, too; and to say something vague and sweet about the housekeeping they two proposed to set up jointly. Only Mary, not Sam, was to be housekeeper.

Charley Johnson is a "sadder" if "wiser" man. He never brags any more about how nicely he can keep house.

UNCERTAINTY.

BY BLANCHE BEAUMONT.

THE brightest stars above
Oft shine with feeblest light,
The flowers we dearest love
The soonest pass from sight.

So hopes we fondly cherish
Oft fade, like stars, away—
Or, like the flowers, perish
In cold and adverse day.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 567.

XXIV. PRESENTED AT COURT.

THE day after her last interview with Armoise, as described in our preceding chapter, Jeanne set forth for Chinon. She started before dawn, attended by the men-at-arms, as had been arranged, by the middle-aged servitor, and by her brother. The little cavalcade avoided as much as possible the highroad, and sought the least-frequented inns—precaution made necessary by the disturbed state of the country and by the whisper of her journey, which had got abroad. In consequence of this precaution, however, she and her escort in due time safely reached Chinon.

The morning after her arrival, Jeanne sent her serving-man to the court, announcing her mission, and desiring an interview. Within an hour, an answer came, saying that his majesty would receive her, that evening, at the palace. Thither she set forth, accordingly, soon after sunset, ignorant as yet how she was to be received; for she had no knowledge of the king's visit to Domremy, or of his determination, announced to Dunois, to accept her aid.

The palace at Chinon no longer exists; but it was a notable royal residence in its day—half fortress, however, as most palaces were at that day, even in "la belle France," far advanced comparatively in civilization as it was, especially over England and Germany. Its main hall, where Charles had arranged to receive Jeanne, was one of those lofty and spacious apartments, with vaulted roof and enormous bay-windows, which were as beautiful as they were vast, and the art of erecting which seems to have perished, with much else of its kind, with the architects of the Middle Ages.

The splendid circle of courtiers that surrounded this hall, awaiting the arrival of Jeanne, a whisper of whose visit and its purpose was already abroad, was greatly divided in opinion, in regard to the young girl and her mission.

"Only eighteen," said an old noble, contemptuously. "No knight who respects himself will ever follow such a leader. Women should stick to the distaff. The thing is absurd."

"But she is beautiful, very beautiful," interposed one of the younger cavaliers. "We will all fight, when a fair lady leads."

"Yes, when a lady leads," retorted the grizzled veteran: "but not when it is a peasant-girl. Youngster, you ought to be ashamed of your words; no man of pure blood would ever disgrace himself with such canaille."

"And I do hear she is a witch," here cried the court jester, coming up, in his cap-and-bells, with a mincing and dancing step. "The men-at-arms who came with her were minded, more than once, to desert her on that very suspicion. Make a leader of her? Marry, come up: it will be a sorry world when children and witches are put over good men and true."

At this point, the conversation was broken up by the opening of the doors and the entry of Jeanne herself. She came forward, attired in her close-fitting man's-dress, but with such a modest air that no one, after the first glance, could have doubted her sex. Those who had expected, from hearing she had donned masculine attire, to behold a cross between an amazon and a bravo, as well as those who had looked for something sinister in her face, such as all sorceresses were supposed to show, were struck dumb at the grace of her movement—the half-shrinking and half-appealing look she cast around, and, above all, by the delicate air of young womanhood that surrounded her as with a saintly halo.

"By the bones of my ancestors," muttered the young cavalier, so that all around heard him, "she is a right maidenly creature, and beautiful as the hours that the foul sons of Mohammed talk of: and he would be faithless, in spite of old Le Cœur, who would not put lance in rest for her, and follow her to the death."

Perhaps she herself overheard a part at least of this speech, for she passed close to the young man as he delivered it; at any rate, a blush rose to her cheek, and she dropped her eyes bashfully. But she showed no other sign of emotion, neither then nor afterward, but kept on, up the hall, to where the king stood amid a crowd of

nobles, the light of fifty torches that illuminated the hall flickering on their splendid costumes and flashing back from their jewels, until it seemed like some scene out of fairyland.

"We will see, soon, what an impostor she is," said the old noble. "His majesty, as you see, is almost the plainest dressed in the crowd, and he is so of set purpose. She will never know him, but take him for some poor knight. Ten to one—will anybody take the bet?—she kneels before the duke, instead."

"She may be dazzled by the scene," said the younger speaker, "so different from anything she has ever seen, and hence embarrassed, even if no impostor. But see: she makes no mistake—she singles the king out at once."

It was as he said. Raising her eyes, which she had kept modestly cast down, she ran them over the group at the head of the hall; and, walking straight up to the monarch, passing the three or four great nobles unnoticed who stood by him, she sank to the floor and embraced his knees, saying, as she looked up into his face:

"Gentle dauphin, my name is Jeanne de Pucelle. The King of heaven sends you word by me that you shall be consecrated and crowned in the city of Rheims, and that you shall, in consequence, be lieutenant of the King of heaven, who is King of France."

Charles stopped, and pushed her hands from his knees and shook his head.

"Nay," he said, "you have made a mistake. Have you never been told that kings do not wear such sorry stuff as this?" And he took hold of the cheap cloth of his doublet.

"I have made no mistake," said Jeanne, embracing his knees again. "You are the dauphin, and will be king when crowned."

The monarch turned to his courtiers, directing his look especially to those who had been incredulous.

"My lords and gentlemen," he said, "the test which you were so anxious I should make has been tried, and you see the result. For my part, I never doubted. And besides," and he gave way to a bitter laugh, "our realm is in such poor condition, just now, that help from any source is welcome—even help from a girl, and a peasant-girl at that. Rise, Jeanne de Pucelle." And he extended his hand to the kneeling maid. "We are satisfied with your credentials. We will confer with you apart."

He led the way to the embrasure of a window, over which a superb piece of Brussels tapestry hung as a curtain. Drawing this aside, he stepped into the recess and beckoned her to follow, still holding the arras apart. When she

had obeyed, he let the heavy folds fall, and thus were as alone together as if the crowded hall were a hundred miles away. Even the light of the torches failed to penetrate the thick material; but the moonlight streamed through the great bay-window and showed each to the other distinctly, the king's face anxious and careworn, the maid's calm and unmoved and with a serenity almost celestial.

"How," he said, turning sharply on her, "did you recognize me, in the crowd? I wore this dress purposely to deceive you. Had I been pointed out to you before? Answer me, on your allegiance." And now he spoke sternly. "Your life is forfeit if you palter with me."

The monarch, in spite of what he had said in the hall, had been so influenced by the remonstrance of his elder counselors, and especially by the warning of the Archbishop of Rheims, that even yet he was hardly convinced that his visitor was not an impostor. He relied now on this privacy and on the severity of his manner to get at the truth. Never before had he known the latter to fail. But his stern port had no terror for Jeanne.

"My liege," she said, humbly yet firmly, looking him full in the face, "I were not fit to live, if I told you an untruth. Rightfully, in such a case, would my life be forfeit, as you threaten. But, though I have never seen you in the flesh before to-night, I have seen you in a vision; and I should have known your face again, even if hidden under the cowl of a monk or the broad hat of a palmer from Holy Land. Nor is this all. In the same vision, I received a message for you."

"A message for me?"

"Yes, my liege; and one which I was to deliver to you only when we were alone together. I see, in this private audience which you have granted to me, another proof of my divine mission."

"Strange, strange," muttered the king to himself, half frightened by the intensity of her words, as well as by this extraordinary coincidence. Aloud he said: "What is the message?"

Now, it had been bruited through all France, by the enemies of the king—and there were many who honestly believed the tale, for the age was a licentious one—that his mother had sacrificed her husband's honor, and that Charles was not the legitimate heir to the crown. He himself was aware of this rumor. Moreover, the story had greatly injured his prospects, as many prominent nobles held aloof in consequence.

But he did not suppose that an humble peasant-girl from a distant province had ever heard of

the scandal. What was his amazement, therefore, when Jeanne replied :

"My lord king, the message is this: I am commissioned, by my Lord on high, to tell you that you are the true heir to the throne, being really son of the king, your late father. Further, and as another proof I am no impostor, you recently prayed, alone in your oratory, that God would restore your kingdom to you, if you were the lawful heir." The king started visibly. "I see you remember."

"I remember," he said. "I am convinced. I shall so tell the peers of my realm. Meanwhile, we will order that you continue to be properly lodged, and will consult further with you in due time." With that, he lifted the arras and preceded her into the hall.

It was found to be a more difficult matter, however, than even his majesty supposed, to reconcile his council to his resolution. The Archbishop of Rheims, particularly, was hard to conciliate. This great prelate insisted on a commission of learned doctors in theology to examine Jeanne's pretension, and decide whether it was satanic or from heaven. Finally it was concluded that her mission was divine, the conclusion being hastened by her growing popularity with the people, and the evident fact, at least to the shrewder of the council, that this popular belief in her, by awakening the enthusiasm of the masses, would greatly assist the king's cause. Besides, the proud city of Orleans was in the greatest danger, and Jeanne's words were in everyone's mouth, that she had been sent by heaven to save it.

"I have not come," she said, "to show signs or work miracles, but to raise the siege of Orleans. Give me men-at-arms, few or many, and I will do it. That shall be my sign."

XXV. THE DELIVERANCE OF ORLEANS.

It was as gallant a spectacle as had ever been seen, even in fair and beautiful France, when the cavalcade, escorting Jeanne, set forth for Orleans. The king had provided her with an especial body-guard, as due to her sex and mission, at the head of which was a middle-aged and discreet knight, well reputed in arms—Jean Daubon; one of her brothers also accompanied her. There were two heralds-at-arms, two valets, a "maître d'hôtel," and her father confessor, Jean Pasquerel, a monk of the order of St. Augustine; and besides these a goodly company of mounted soldiers, all veterans in war.

She herself, however, was the conspicuous figure of the cavalcade. She was armed at all points, except the head: her armor was white,

as became a virgin, and she rode a large black horse of surpassing beauty, which she managed with a skill and grace that astonished the beholders. At her side, she carried a small axe and the sword of St. Catharine, while in her hand she bore a white standard, embroidered with fleurs-de-lis, and on which God was represented with the world in His hands, having on His right and left two angels, each holding a fleur-de-lis.

As the procession wound its way through the lovely valley of the Loire, with the spring flowers blooming on every hand, and the perfumed air blowing as if from Paradise, it was hailed on every side by the enthusiasm of the peasants. This enthusiasm communicated itself to her escort, and to the armed bands of soldiers that they met daily.

Old veterans, Armagnac captains, brigands from Gascony, whose life had been one of incessant rapine, and who had long ceased to respect law or harbor even mercy, became transformed, at sight of Jeanne and her banner; forswore their evil courses; ceased even to swear, and vowed they would follow her wherever she led, if it were to distant Jerusalem itself. When she reached Orleans, and was met by Dunois, who made a successful sally to receive her and the supplies she brought, her first words were: "I bring you the best succor mortal ever received, that of the King of heaven; it is no succor of mine, but from God Himself." And the words, repeated from mouth to mouth, still further intensified the enthusiasm of the soldiers. It was evening when she entered the town, and the soft twilight made the quaint old streets more picturesque than ever, as she rode along; while the populace, pouring from their doors at the news of her arrival, sought to touch her horse, at least, gazing at her with an awe and reverence, as an old chronicler who witnessed it said, "as if they were beholding God."

The condition of Orleans, indeed, was such, that her coming was its salvation. But for Jeanne, it must speedily have fallen. The English had surrounded it with such a cordon of forts, that, for a long time, it had been completely isolated, and it was on the point of actual starvation when she appeared with her convoy of provisions and her reinforcement of men-at-arms. Her arrival, while it roused the enthusiasm of the French, depressed the English proportionately. Many even of the latter believed her to have a divine mission, and shrunk from fighting against her; and though others, listening to their captains, held that she was a sorceress, they were in mortal terror of her,

nevertheless. The assurance of victory which had prevailed in the English camp ceased with the first sound of the shouts heard on the evening air, as she rode triumphantly through the streets, and was succeeded by a fear, half superstitious and half real, that made Orleans the turning-point in the struggle, and its rescue the knell of foreign supremacy in France.

Jeanne, aware of the magical influence of her name, lost no time in pushing the advantage. The great body of the relieving-army had been unable to force an entrance with her—which, indeed, was effected rather by stratagem than by force—and lay at some distance down the river, near Blois. While Dunois sallied forth to bring it up, she summoned the English forts to surrender, and, during the absence of her herald, mounted her horse and caracoled round the walls, to keep up the enthusiasm of the people, who followed, cheering and crying out to be led against the enemy. Even women and young girls joined in the crowd. She led them around the walls, in full sight of the English forts, and then, stopping at a church to pray, wept; and the throng wept in sympathy, men and all; and then, mounting her horse again, the whole vast procession singing hymns, she led them to where the relieving-force was approaching: and the whole army entered after her, the discomfited English paralyzed by the spectacle, and unable to strike a blow.

The next thing was to threaten the forts, and this was done so effectually that the enemy, abandoning one after another, concentrated themselves in the two principal ones—the Augustus and the Tournelles. One of these assaults was made suddenly, without her knowledge. She was resting, having lain down for an hour or so, exhausted by fatigue. The distant sound of the clash of arms aroused her. She sprang up, and, crying to her young bed-fellow, Charlotte, the daughter of the treasurer of the Duke of Orleans: "Why did they not awake me? Quick! my arms, my horse!" mounted and galloped to the scene. There she found everything in confusion. A too-eager captain had attempted to storm one of the forts without informing either her or Dunois, and had been repulsed, and his troops were now flying in every direction. She rushed at once to the front. The disorganized soldiers, seeing her wave her banner, and hearing her voice, rallied, rushed to her support, assailed the bastille once more, and though Talbot, the greatest of the English leaders, hurried to the rescue, he was ignominiously driven back, and the fort carried amid deafening huzzas. Soon after, the Augustus fort was carried in the same way,

the French at first retreating, but rallying when Jeanne herself came up.

She showed that womanly tenderness, after combat, toward the prisoners, which distinguished her throughout, and which was such a revelation to the hitherto ferocious soldiery of both sides, that it increased, more than ever, her reputation for sanctity and the belief in her divine mission. On seeing the slain, she wept. "Ah, that so many," she said, "have died unconfessed." She sheltered, in the house where she dwelt, many of the fugitive English, who had put on priestly vestments to escape massacre. She was so profoundly affected, that she resolved to devote the next day to taking the communion and prayer. Her absence was taken advantage of immediately by the military party, who were jealous of her influence, to hold a sudden and secret council, at which it was resolved to stop further fighting and wait for reinforcement. This, it was thought, would destroy her popularity. But, when she heard of it, seeing the snare laid for her, she resolved to assault the Tournelles at once. "Come to me, to-morrow, at break of day," was her command to the soldiers and the multitude. And, regardless of the council, they thronged to her side, long before dawn, in such numbers that the reluctant captains were forced to join in the movement themselves.

The sun was just rising across the Loire, dissolving the mists of the night, when the army, thus improvised, began to crowd the boats to cross. The landing was effected in safety, and the assault began; but it was soon found that, without artillery, success at best was doubtful. This caused a delay. But, the guns having been finally brought up, the redoubt which covered the bastille, and which it was necessary to take first before the main fort could be carried, was assaulted. The English, knowing that it was their last hope, defended the redoubt with desperation. Their priests could be seen going about, waving their crucifixes, exhorting the men, and declaring that Jeanne was a sorceress, "accursed of God." Never had the men of Kent and Surrey and Devon fought as they fought that day. The morning passed. The French began to lose heart. Onset after onset was made, only to be repelled. At last, Jeanne herself, who had been with difficulty restrained, could be held back no longer. She burst from those who implored her not to risk her precious life, leaped into the fosse, seized a ladder, planted it against the wall, and hurried up it, battle-axe in hand. A Basque soldier, seeing her, snatched her banner from the hands of her squire and followed. "As soon as the standard

touches the wall," she cried, "you can enter." "It touches it," he answered. "Then enter—all is yours," she replied. There was a rush from all sides, like an avalanche, the assailants coming on "as if at a bound," as one of the defenders said, and the fort was taken. But an arrow, in the melee, had pierced Jeanne, between the neck and shoulder, and, when the bastille was finally entered, she was lying on the grass, faint and weak from loss of blood.

Five hundred men were put to the sword in the fort, and, the next day, not an Englishman was left south of the Loire. The savagery of the time, when a place was taken by storm, in massacring the garrison, might, perhaps, have been mitigated, if Jeanne had not been wounded and unable to interfere. She saw, from her place on the grass, the attempt of Glasdale, the English commander, to escape by crossing a small bridge, but, a cannon-ball shivering the bridge at that instant, he fell in and was drowned; and, the woman triumphing over the warrior in her, she cried: "Ah, how I pity his soul." She emphatically forbade pursuit, and, while Talbot and Suffolk were still in sight with their retreating army, ordered an altar to be erected on the plain, and mass sung, and a Te Deum, in which all the citizens joined, as well as the soldiers: a memorable spectacle, never witnessed before or since.

The deliverance of Orleans was regarded, by both French and English, in general, as the work of a supernatural power, although some, like the Archbishop of Rheims and the Earl of Warwick, still denounced its heroine as a sorceress. It turned completely the tide of war. Up to the appearance of Jeanne, the French cause had been considered, by Europe, as a lost one: now opinion changed; Charles the Seventh was held to be in the right, and his ultimate success was regarded as certain. Everywhere the Maid of Orleans, as the peasant-girl of Domremy was now called, was credited with this transformation.

Her counsel was that the king should take advantage of the victory, by hastening to Rheims to be crowned; for the actual coronation, the being anointed with the holy oil, was considered, in that age, to have an efficacy which we can hardly comprehend at present, and she knew that, as a consecrated monarch, Charles would gain a hold over his subjects which he could never attain otherwise. The English had blundered in not crowning Henry, and it behooved the French to be beforehand with them, by crowning Charles. Besides, her mission, as she herself declared, was, first, to relieve

Orleans, and, second, to see the king crowned at Rheims. Beyond this, the voices and visions had never gone; and, these two things effected, her inspiration, she said to all, she believed would cease. The advice seemed folly to most of the veteran counselors of Charles, for Rheims, they urged, was almost at the other end of the kingdom and nearly inaccessible, not merely on account of the distance and the state of the roads, but because of the hostile troops that everywhere thronged the route to it. But there were a few, even of the military party, who recognized that Jeanne's advice was the soundest wisdom. One old Armagnac counselor, the President Macon, said boldly: "In a popular crusade like this, reason is beyond the mark; it is because the maid leads, that we succeed. I say: Forward! it is God's will." Charles himself finally decided the question. "There are times," were his words, "when the aggressive is safest, even for the weaker party. The English are just now demoralized; let us not give them time to recover. I say, with the president: 'Forward! it is God's will.' Gentlemen, on to Rheims!"

And to Rheims the army went, with enthusiastic shouts, sweeping eastward over France like a mighty torrent, storming Troyes on the way, Jeanne herself leaping into the fosse there, the citizens throwing into it chairs, tables, anything that could be found, to fill it up, and striking such terror into the English garrison, that it capitulated at once. It was on the eighth of May that Orleans was relieved. On the fifteenth of July, Rheims was entered in triumph. In less than two months, Jeanne had undone the English conquest of years.

XXVI. THE CORONATION.

THERE is no cathedral in all Europe that, on the whole, is as grand and imposing as that of Rheims. Built at the very best age of the earlier Gothic style, when the round Norman arch was giving way to the pointed one, and before its development had led to the exaggeration that followed two centuries later, it stands to-day as it stood on the morning of July 7th, 1480—a miracle of architectural beauty and simplicity. The nave is, perhaps, the most perfect in France—nearly three hundred feet long from the west door to the transept—and particularly effective because, as you approach the choir at its upper end, it expands, giving an idea of breadth and majesty which no other architectural arrangement could effect. At the present time, the stained glass is missing from the side-aisles, though remaining in the clerestory windows

above, which gives the venerable edifice the look of being lighted from below—an effect greatly detrimental to its beauty; but, at the period of our story, all the windows everywhere, in side-aisle, in clerestory, and in the circular apse at the east end, large and small, above and below, were brilliant with stained glass—where saints, martyrs, prophets, and angels, in purple and crimson and sapphire and emerald and gold, stood out, glorious with light: long shadows, like those from a kaleidoscope, playing, in multitudinous color, on the gray columns opposite and the time-worn pavement below.

There had been but little notice of the king's arrival, and little opportunity, therefore, to prepare properly for the coronation. But what was possible to be done had been done, though marks of haste were still perceptible. With that love of color, and that sense of harmony in managing it, which distinguished the Middle Ages, but which this more civilized nineteenth century seems to have lost, the officials of the cathedral, assisted by the loan of stuff from the richer citizens, had draped the massive piers and festooned the severe-looking triforium with gorgeous hanging; while on the dark walls were hung damask of priceless value, cloth-of-gold from the looms of Flanders, and here and there even Oriental silk, curiously woven, from the far East, and carpet that was said to have come from Cathay: for in many a wealthy burgher's house were these things to be found, in that day, and nowhere else so frequently as in Rheims—yes, found even more bounteously in these plain dwellings of mercer or goldsmith than in the castles of great nobles or the chapter-houses of cathedrals. The splendor of all this magnificence of color was heightened by the sunshine that streamed into nave and transept and choir, transfiguring the cloud of incense with prismatic hues, until it seemed like the cloud that St. John saw, in his vision of the New Jerusalem.

Hundreds of the spectators, their enthusiasm rising to religious fervor, had this feeling in their hearts, as they waited, densely packed together in the nave, for the beginning of the ceremony. At last, the shouts of the thousands outside who had been unable to gain admittance to the cathedral announced the approach of Charles. Then, from one of the transepts, the procession appeared and filed into the choir—where, on a platform raised conspicuously that all might see, the king took his seat. First came the acolytes, then the deacons, then the priests, with censers swung before them, chanting as they went, until pillar and arch and vaulted roof

echoed with the triumphant strain. Next followed the higher dignitaries of the church, in all the gorgeousness of their richest vestments—vestments embroidered with jewels and blazing with purple and scarlet. Last of all walked the archbishop, stately and magnificent, with his crozier borne before him and his mitre on his head. There was now a breathless pause in the vast audience—for no one immediately followed—but directly, a few steps behind the prelate, Charles appeared, his very port that of a king unmistakable, even to those who had never seen him. But, if there had been any doubt as to whose that princely figure was, it would have vanished when his companion was seen—no less than Jeanne herself, walking at his side, or but half a pace behind, and carrying her consecrated banner. But for the awe of the sacred presence, and its inappropriateness as yet, there would have risen, then and there, a shout that would have shook the mighty walls to their very foundation; but there was only a deep-drawn breath, instead: and that, from a vast multitude, is, to those who have ever heard it, even more eloquent than a shout.

The spiritual peers, according to the ancient ritual, conducted the king to his throne; and then the lay-peers gathered around him, like the paladins around Charlemagne, according to the same ritual. There were, in truth, but few lay-peers in person present; for most of them were scattered over France, defending their possessions, and some of them still adhered to the English; but the places of those who were loyal had been supplied by proxy, and the spectacle was imposing to the last degree. Indeed, as the vast crowd beheld this feature of the ceremony, the imagination went back, through long lines of kings, through more than six hundred years, to the coronation of the great emperor himself, when he sat in state, with his sceptre in his hand, on a similar occasion, guarded by a similar circle of peers.

The archbishop now came forward with the holy ampulla, brought from St. Remy, containing the consecrated oil, and anointed the king, as the kings of France had been anointed, with the same holy unguent, ever since the time of Hugh Capet. Finally, the crown was placed on the monarch's head. During all this ceremony—the seating, the robing, the anointing, the crowning—Jeanne had stood at the side of Charles, with her banner unfurled, unmoved as a statue; but, when this final act was performed, when the sacred tiara rested on his head, and he was forevermore a crowned and anointed king, she fell on her knees at his feet and burst into tears—

tears of joy and triumph, not of sorrow—and, as the sobs echoed through the vaulted silence, the vast crowd was affected with sympathetic emotion, and burst into tears.

"Oh, gentle king, my liege," she said, embracing his knees, "now is fulfilled the will of God, who was pleased that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and should bring you to your city of Rheims, to be anointed and crowned, showing you to be the true king and possessor of the realm of France."

Then, as she rose to her feet, the king himself stooping to assist her, the priests and choristers broke into a *Te Deum*, that rose and fell sonorously, growing more triumphant as it went on, while a cloud of incense ascended, and trumpets blared from without, and the shouts of the people shook the streets, and it seemed almost as if the prophets and martyrs who looked down from the countless stained windows became alive and joined in the chant, making such a Magnificat as had never been heard on earth before. And, all this while, the newly-crowned king, with Jeanne by his side, stood looking down on his lieges proudly, environed by his peers.

History records how, after the coronation-scene was over, a great banquet was served, at which the lay-peers waited on their monarch, offering the food on their knees. The courses were almost countless, and served in silver dishes. They comprised many things, then considered delicacies, that now are no longer eaten. It may interest the reader to know, also, that they were all in what were called "messes," for knives and forks had not been invented, and whatever was eaten had to be served already out up fine. After the banquet, the king went to the Church of St. Marcoulph, to touch for king's-evil, as his predecessors had touched for it, in the same sacred edifice, for centuries.

Jeanne retired from the cathedral, after the coronation, with the feeling that her work was done. She had no ambition for military glory; her feminine instinct shrank from bloodshed: it was only as an exceptional thing that she had headed an army and led assaults. To continue, now that her particular mission was over, would be, she believed, wrong.

"Oh," she said to the archbishop, and, though he had never been her friend, he was touched at her innocent devotion, "I could die happy now, and be buried here. But I shall die where it may please God. I wish it would please Him that I should go and tend sheep with my sister and brother, as of old; they would be so happy to see me. But, whatever comes, I have done what our Lord commanded me to do."

And those who heard her, as an old chronicler said who was an eye-witness, "believed, more than ever, that she had been sent of God."

XXVII. CAPTURE AND IMPRISONMENT.

As our story has relation to the personal fortunes of our heroine, rather than to those of France, we shall hurry over the military events of the next twelve months, especially as they are familiar to all acquainted, even in the most general way, with the history of that time. All the world knows that, with occasional rebuffs here and there, the cause of the king steadily advanced, and that the cause of the English and the usurping Henry as steadily declined. Jeanne, much against her will, was persuaded to remain with the army. But her conviction that her mission was over appeared soon to be justified by events. She no longer saw visions or heard voices. She had no longer inspired guides, she declared, to tell her what to do. Her advice, when given, and it was always now given unwillingly, as often led to disaster as to triumph. She lost faith in herself and in the cause, so far as she could assist it; she said, continually: "Oh! if I were only back tending my sheep: it is a mistake, my remaining here."

We skip over, therefore, the events of the next twelvemonth. They consisted, indeed, only of inefficient skirmishes and indecisive assaults on fortified places. At the end of this period, after many vicissitudes of war, Jeanne was captured and carried a prisoner to Rouen. She was there, as is well known, finally tried on a charge of sorcery, and condemned to die.

The insults, even brutality, she endured, are matter of history. But these, perhaps, were the least of her suffering. The cruel mental torture she was subjected to, in her examination and cross-examination, was far worse. These have been the theme of indignant protest, on the part of writers of all nations and creeds, ever since, from Lingard in England, to Michelet in France. At the last, as was not unnatural, she nearly broke down. The wonder is she stood the strain as long as she did. She began, finally, almost to doubt the divine character of her mission. That a poor weak girl, alone and unfriended, baited by subtle lawyers and casuistical ecclesiastics, with no one to say a word for her, no kindly face to encourage her, should give way partially toward the end—for she never did give way entirely, and always refused to confess that she was deceived or deceiving—should be no matter of astonishment, we repeat. The astonishment

should be, not that she wavered, but that she did not wholly succumb, and that she did not say or do anything to avoid the insults, the mental torture, the shame of being stigmatized as a sorceress, and the horror of the stake.

The brutality with which she was treated can hardly be realized, in an age like the present. But the long war between the French and English had made the soldiery almost as indifferent to cruelty as wild beasts. The roving bands of men-at-arms, on both sides, plundered, burned, ravaged, and massacred at will. Deeds that would be now regarded as atrocities were then of almost everyday commission. Hence the remorseless treatment of Jeanne, when she fell into the hands of the English. A Burgundian leader, in alliance with them, was her first captor. By the rules of war then prevailing, she was his personal prisoner, to do with as he pleased. The English offered a high price if he would sell her to them. His wife, who believed in Jeanne's mission, and who pitied her as a woman, implored him to let her go free; but in vain: the base bargain was consummated, and the Maid of Orleans was carried off to Rouen. Here her fate was soon decided. It was resolved to treat her, not as an ordinary prisoner, but as one deserving of no mercy. Her name, which had been such a tower of strength to the patriotic party among the French, was to be degraded into the dust, so as to be powerless in the future; and, as the surest method of effecting this was a conviction for sorcery, for sorcery it was resolved that she should be tried.

There were, indeed, even among the English, those who protested against this. But the greater number, especially with the military party, clamored for her death. "There will be no safety for us," said Warwick, he who was afterward known as the "king-maker," the famous Beauchamp, whose magnificent tomb is to be seen, to this day, in St. Mary's, at Warwick, "there will be no safety for us, until the witch is burned." A few months before, a woman had been sent to the stake, within the English lines, for saying she thought the mission of Jeanne a divine one. Neither Warwick, nor any other one of the more intelligent of her captors, believed in the charge of sorcery: that was left to the ignorant soldiery and some of the more bigoted priests; but it served their purpose to get rid of her, and they went forward in their task as remorselessly, and as indifferent to her pain, as when some mammoth, in the pre-Adamite world, crushed lesser game as he stalked the forest.

Jeanne was thrust into a cell, with two or three soldiers to guard her; and these soldiers remained with her day and night. She was denied all intercourse with friendly sympathizers. When she would have retained the dress of her sex—for she had put off her male attire—she was compelled to resume it, her other garments being taken away: the idea of her captors being to scandalize her by bruiting about that she was unwomanly and persisted in indecent attire; for a dress that might have been allowable in the stress of battle was unnecessary, if not immodest, they said also, for ordinary wear. In other things, too delicate to speak of here, her enemies tried to degrade her. But all failed.

The charge of sorcery was a convenient one. The unlettered public in that day believed, to a man, in demoniacal influence. Even many of the French, even many otherwise good and pitiful souls, had no mercy for a supposed witch, but thought it doing God's work to send such a creature to the stake. Sorcery was an accusation easy to be made and difficult to disprove, under these circumstances. "Her visions, the voices she hears," cried her foes, "are from Satan." Others said: "We do not fear her, herself; it would have been disgraceful to have run away from a girl: it is the devil, whose agent she is, that we fear." While still others urged that, "as long as the accused girl lived, there is no safety for us English; for she can practice her sorcery against us, even in prison. Die she must."

In the fearful trial and mental torture of those months, her thoughts often reverted to the happy days of her earlier life. The recollection Armoise, of his unselfish devotion, of his to break through all conventional rules and marry her, came back, with a sweet sense that there had been one person at least who had been willing to sacrifice all for her. She had not seen Armoise since that last passionate parting, since she had gone to Chinon, to declare her mission to the king. From the hour when she had definitely renounced him and dedicated herself to her mission, she had put away all thought of him from her mind. But now, in her distress, she said to herself, what a relief it would be to have someone, some faithful friend, to whom she could look for counsel and lean on for support. For, after all, she was but a girl, and one whose nervous system was worn out by imprisonment and desertion, and therefore the weakest of weak girls. No thought of earthly love entered into this regret. Once, indeed, when she remembered that Charles had ennobled her family and herself, a sigh rose to her lips, and she said to

herself: "If that had happened earlier, I might, perhaps, never have gone on my mission: I might have lived and died a happy wife." But then, recalling what she had done for her country, she struck her bosom with both hands penitentially, crying: "God's will be done—all is for the best."

But we will not harass the reader with too much of the detail of this cruel affair. At Jeanne's last examination, her still unbroken spirit amazed while it angered her judges. The ecclesiastical tribunal told her that she was condemned for sorcery. "We pronounce you to be a rotten limb," were the words of the sentence, "and, as such, to be lopped off from the church. We deliver you over to the secular power, praying it at the same time to relax its sentence and to spare you death." Her reply was: "If I die, bishop, I die through you." They tried again to get her to abjure, to admit that she had never heard the voices she pretended to have heard. But her answer was: "My voices were from God—my voices have not deceived me." The judges would then have had her denounce Charles.

They fancied they could succeed in this, as he seemed to have deserted her; and they thought she would seek revenge, if not safety, in betraying him. But her character was too high and noble for this. She retorted: "Whether I have done ill or well, my king is faultless: it was not he who counseled me." Finally, she was reproached for having unsexed herself, as they asserted, by bearing arms. But, with the sweetness of true womanhood, she said: "I could not bear to see blood flow—French blood flow," and added, with a touch of pathetic eloquence: "But I took up arms for pity of the kingdom of France."

And, even among her enemies, even among the English soldiery, there were many who heard of these sayings, and who repeated to themselves: "She is no sorceress, but an angel of purity, sweetness, and heroic goodness."

Nevertheless, she was condemned to die at the stake, as we have said; and history has generally said that she did so die, even the place where she suffered, at Rouen, being pointed out to the traveler. Was it really so? We shall see.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

DO YOU KNOW?

BY ANNA WILSON.

Do you know I love you, dear—
Do you know, or do you hear?

Do you heed the words I say,

As I speak them soft and low?

Have you gone so far away,

Friend, from all the pain and woe,

That no call from me to-night

Will bring back an answer bright,

Tho' I kneel beside you now

Dropping tears upon your brow?

Do you know, tho' white and chill,

That I claim you—love you still?

Can you feel my touches fall

On the tresses of your hair?

'Neath the shadow of the pall,

Is your rest all sweet and fair?

Has all thought of earth been lost

In the realm where you have crossed?

Can no message come to me

O'er the great dividing sea?

But you know, O friend of mine,

In the light of love divine,

What I cannot understand

In my sorrow deep and sore—

In the brightness of that land

All life's mysteries are o'er,

And you love me none the less

In your boundless happiness,

And you'll fondly lead me on

To the haven where you've gone.

AN UNSEEN FRIEND.

BY LUCIEN ARNOLD.

STRANGE that the heart should throb, and cheek should glow

At mention of a stranger's name; that face

Of one unseen should smile with tender grace

On me, and should smile again, and grow

Each day to give the unknown one a place

More queenly still 'mong daughters of our race;

That one I have not seen should thus bestow

On me a sweeter gift than any one I know!

And yet, is it so strange? (Or do we all

Who love—love not the one who bears the name

That is so sweet, but in rapt worship fall

Before an idol which is not the same—

A phantom rising at our love's fond call

Out of the heart which feeds its altar-flame?

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1.—Is a very simple traveling-gown, which ought to prove very popular for mountain-expeditions. It is made in soft homespun, very light



No. 1.

in weight, but exceedingly warm and comfortable to wear. The Norfolk-bodice is neatly belted-in at the waist, and made to wear open at the throat, over a white shirt-front, tied with a dark-blue silk necktie. The drapery is exceedingly simple, but at the same time very becoming to the figure. The square tablier-front is plaited high on each side, so as to reveal the kilted underskirt. This same model is sometimes made with a striped underskirt, perfectly plain, with

(80)

the Norfolk-jacket trimmed with a stripe to correspond. The hat is a simple helmet-shape, covered with the same homespun; or a turban of the homespun will be equally stylish. From ten to twelve yards of double-fold material will be required.

No. 2.—Is a walking or traveling gown, of plaid Scotch tweed, with a pretty gray foundation, with checks in two shades of terra-cotta.



No. 2.

Here, again, the underskirt is kilted, the drapery being gracefully arranged so as to fall in long full folds at the back. The double row of

buttons on the bodice will be very becoming to the figure. The revers, used only on the right side, is in terra-cotta velvet, the same material being used for the high military collar and cuffs. The hat is in gray straw, lined with terra-cotta velvet. A velvet band trims the crown, which is further ornamented by a scarf of checked silk, to match the rest of the costume. From ten to twelve yards of double-fold material, three-quarters of a yard of velvet, two dozen buttons, will be required.

No. 8—Is a home-dress, for a young lady.



No. 3.

It may be made of either plain or striped tennis-flannel, or in gingham for a simple morning-dress. The skirt is plain and full, with one large box-plait in front, the remainder of the fullness either plaited in large kilts or gathered. The round waist has some fullness for the back as well as the front. The waist fastens at the side under the bretelle on the left. The bretelles, collar, cuffs, and sash are all of watered ribbon, either contrasting in color or to match the material. Ten yards of yard-wide goods, three

yards of two-inch-wide ribbon, four yards of six-inch-wide, will be required.

No. 4.—Figured China silk or zephyr-lawn



No. 4.

bodice. This bodice is full, back and front. The fullness in the back corresponds with the front, which is shown in the illustration. The



No. 5.

bodice is trimmed with either colored or white embroidery down the front, around the basque, and on the collar and sleeves. The waistband,



No. 6.

which begins at the side-seams, may be of the material, or a two-inch gros-grain ribbon may be used. Ribbon may also be added at the throat. This bodice is very useful to wear with an old black silk skirt, for breakfast or home.

No. 5.—For a boy of four years, we give a sailor-suit, with blouse and knickerbockers. The



No. 7.

suit is made of striped navy-blue flannel. Collar and cuffs of plain flannel. Or it may be reversed: suit of plain, and collar and cuffs of stripe. A sash of the same is tied around the waist.

No. 6.—For a girl of four years, we give a blouse-frock in embroidered Chambray gingham or glass towel-linen, which latter is very much used for these little blouse-dresses. The gathered skirt is embroidered with stars or a band of cross-stitch, done in dark blue or red French cotton or wash-crewel. The long bodice has



No. 8.

a simulated yoke, with embroidered collar, shoulder-straps, and cuffs. A sash of ribbon, or of the material, is tied around the waist, either at the side or back.

No. 7.—Also for a little girl of five to six years, to be made of navy-blue or white flannel. If blue, the bands are of white, braided in blue; or put blue bands upon the white flannel, embroidered or braided in white. The skirt and waist are gathered into the bands. The waist-band crosses at the back with a button.

No. 8.—Is a new model for a frock, for a little

girl of four to five years. It is made of light-blue cashmere, white nainsook, Chambray gingham, or any wash-material. The skirt is tucked to the waist in three-quarter-inch tucks. The blouse-waist is gathered into a rounded yoke. Sleeves full into bands at the wrists.

LAMP-SHADE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The foundation for this pretty cover for a globe-shade is of rose, blue, or yellow thin silk, over which are arranged three rows of lace of valenciennes or other light-texture lace. These flounces of lace are interspersed with long loops-and-ends of narrow satin ribbon to match the color of the foundation, or the ribbon may be of assorted colors, one only being of the same as foundation.



BAG FOR DUSTER.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

One, never having possessed a bag to hold a duster, has missed a great convenience. It is made so pretty and attractive, that one does not look out-of-place in the parlor. We give a design for this bag in the front of the number. For ordinary use, one made of sateen or cretonne will be found the most serviceable. One yard will make three, dividing the goods lengthwise, making the width nine inches. To make one, first hem it across one end with a half-inch hem. The sides are next hemmed to within twenty inches of the end just hemmed. Turn this part up, and seam the parts together that are not hemmed on the sides; turn it, and run a piece of elastic through the hem at the top of the pocket; draw it up to half the width. Turn the corner over of the other end, and sew in a seam on the wrong side; turn it to form a point; slip this end through a brass or wooden ring, allowing eleven inches to fall through, to form the flap; sew it firmly on the ring. A bow of ribbon is sewed on the point. The duster is made of cheese-cloth a yard and a half square. The hems are confined with a row of cat-stitching, done in red or blue working-cotton. A handsome bag is made of light-blue or shrimp-pink pongee, decorated with embroidery or painting; or scrim may be used, striped with ribbon.

FIGARO JACKET, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement, the pattern for a Figaro Jacket. The pattern consists of eight pieces:

1. HALF OF VEST-FRONT.
2. HALF OF FRONT.
3. HALF OF SIDE-FRONT.
4. HALF OF BACK.
5. HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
6. HALF OF REVERS.
7. HALF OF COLLAR FOR VEST-FRONT.
8. UPPER AND UNDER OF SLEEVE.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are put together. The costume is made of satin-merveilleux for the kilted skirt and the Figaro Jacket. The drapery and plaited vest are of woolen lace. The undervest is covered by crossed folds of the lace. The jacket is finished in front by revers of velvet and four large metal buttons, with corresponding buttonholes, though the jacket is not meant to fasten. The cuffs are of velvet. The collar of lace, lined with satin. The ample overskirt is of the lace, gracefully draped to form a tablier in front, plaited up high at the sides, and falling in straight deep plaits at the back, over which is arranged a small bouffant. The underskirt is kilted upon a foundation of silk or alpaca. Eight yards of satin-merveilleux, eight yards of woolen lace, three-quarters of a yard of velvet, and four buttons.



EMBROIDERED TOWEL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is worked with fast-colored French embroidery-cotton. This cotton comes now in all colors; but, for real wear and tear, the red and blue are most serviceable. The work is done in stem or outline stitch, as it is called. The fringe is formed by drawing the woof-threads

of the towel-linen, and afterward knotting the raveled threads, as seen in the illustration. This design or any other, even a more simple one, may be used for ornamenting one end of the towel. A flight of birds done in black silk is a pretty design.

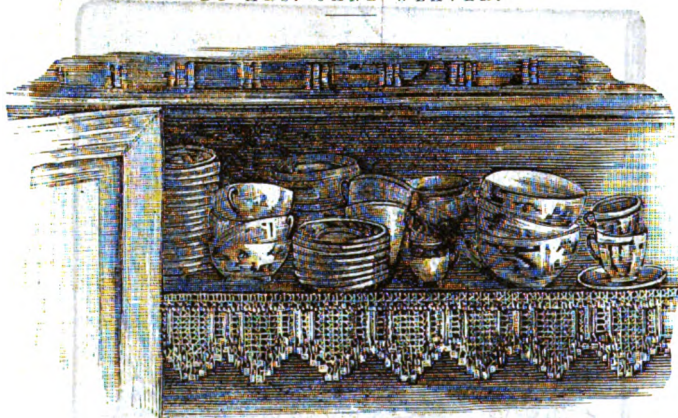
LETTER-POCKET.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

We thought everything conceivable had been brought forth for decorative purpose, in the way of kitchen-utensils, but it appears to have been a mistaken idea on our part: for here comes the "toaster," a design of which we give in the front of the number. One can see at a glance how admirably it is fitted for a letter-pocket; we doubt if that is not what the inventor intended it for. Being made of copper wire, it does not require gilding. A little box of cardboard is cut to fit snugly in it. The parts are all to be neatly covered on both sides, before being joined; plush, silk, or satin can be used for this purpose. The one seen here has an initial painted on the back, and the front is ornamented with bands of fancy ribbon. The handle is painted to imitate cherry, has a bow of satin ribbon tied around it, with a loop of the same on the back, to hang it up by. It is necessary to tack this on. The "toaster" can be purchased for five cents at a house-furnishing store. An ingenious person can form the wire herself.

CROCHETED LACE FOR EDGE OF CUPBOARD-SHELVES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give this pretty design to show one of the various ways in which crocheted lace may be employed. A rough dresser may be made to have a most ornamental appearance, if set off daintily by the handiwork which may be picked up and done at odd moments. With linen-floss or crochet-cotton, and a fine steel crochet-needle, work this or any other vandyked pattern; the deep points add much to the effect, and a kitchen-dresser is thus made ornamental.

EMBROIDERED TOILET-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The top of this cushion—see design in the front of number—is covered with figured China silk, on which the design is outlined in gold. This is done by laying fine gold thread or cord along the outline of the pattern of the China silk, and sewing it down by overstitches of gold-colored silk. The embroidered part of the cushion is surrounded by a puff of pale-pink satin or surah, which is mounted over a roll of cotton wadding that is attached to the edge of the cushion. Bows of pink satin ribbon ornament the corners.

DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

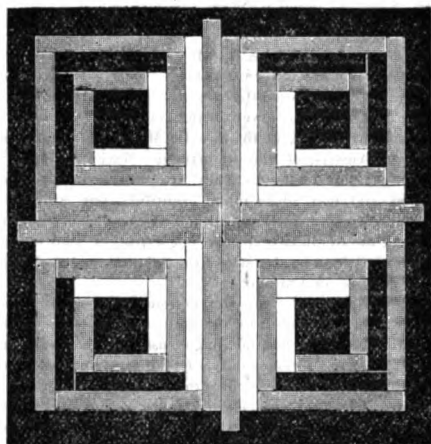
In the front of the number, we give a handsome design, printed in colors, of blossom and fruit, in embroidery. This design, which is conventional, may be used for a curtain-border, end of table or sideboard cover. The embroidery is done in crewel or silk in outline. For curtains, use felt, plain worsted sateen of any self-color. The work may be done all in one color, or in the natural colors of leaves, flowers, and fruit; but the conventional way of working all in one color is considered more artistic. For sideboard or table scarf, use butcher's-linen or momie-cloth. Done on pongee, it makes a pretty chair-scarf.

PRETTY CHAIR-SEAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Very pretty chair-seats can be made from pieces of light and dark cashmere joined together, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The foundation is formed of dark contrasting or harmonizing colors, and the centre consists of gayer hues. A foundation may be composed of alternate strips of green cashmere in two dark shades, and the centre could be formed of moss and apple green; or a foundation of alternate pieces of prune and heliotrope, with centre of mauve in two shades. Another could be made of gray, varying from a dark tint to a delicate French gray. If contrasting tints are desired, what can be prettier than strips of black and ruby forming the foundation, with a centre of old-gold and delicate blue or lavender?

Considerable diversity can be arranged, so that one chair may be totally different from another. Bed-room chairs look very pretty when thus covered, and the covers ought to be made to tie tightly down upon the seats. These covers



can be made of flannel, silk, velvet, cashmere, ribbon, or plush scraps, and at little expense, save the work—which is of no account, as it can be done at odd moments.

DESIGN ON SUPPLEMENT.

END OF TABLE-SCARF, BUREAU OR PIANO COVER.

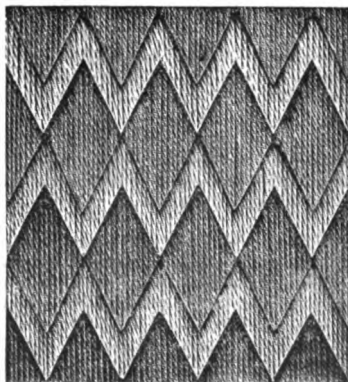
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This design may be carried out in outline-stitch, either all in one color, of wash-silk, or the palms may be done in shades of green. The sharp and circles in gold thread or gold-colored silk. For table or bureau, use butcher's-linen; for piano, felt, satin, or velvet.

DESIGN FOR SATIN-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Geometrical designs of this kind are useful for embroidering work-bag and sachet covers. The one we give is done on linen, thin and rather coarse. The embroidery is done with red silk for the lozenge-shaped parts, and with olive silk for the dentations. Done on canvas, with Berlin wool, it makes a pretty design for seats of old-fashioned chairs. We know of some such done in 1682, and still in good preservation.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE CROWN-JEWELS OF FRANCE.—To-day, the crown-jewels of France are scattered to the four quarters of the globe, those superb jewels which enhanced the beauty of Diana of Poitiers, of the two De Medicis, of imperious Anne of Austria, of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Josephine, and Eugénie. They are broken up, sold at auction, and now adorn other beautiful—but, we hope, less unhappy—crowned heads, the dusky bosoms of Eastern sultanas, the diminutive Empress of Japan, or some of the queens of fashion on this side of the Atlantic, in New York, San Francisco, or Chicago.

These stones were not the personal property of the wearer: they belonged to the state—crown-jewels. But republican France has no longer use for the beautiful baubles, and has retained only a few, that are of historical interest. There were over forty thousand articles for sale—diadems, necklaces, bracelets, combs, girdles, brooches, stars, buckles, etc., etc.—composed of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, pearls of superb lustre, and set in innumerable designs. If those tongues of flame could but speak, how many sad stories could they tell us! They sparkled in the hair of Marie Antoinette, in the stately rooms of Versailles, after she had played at dairymaid in the Little Trianon; they palpitated on the graceful neck of Josephine, in the heyday of her glory, when all France was at her feet, before she was the uncrowned, divorced, sickly Josephine, who ate her heart out in sorrow and disappointment at Malmaison; they glanced on the brow, neck, and arms of perhaps the most beautiful of all these unhappy women: who, in her grace, dignity, and witchery, seemed to throw her predecessors in the shade. Eugénie was perhaps not an especially brilliant or intellectual woman, but her magnetism and charm of manner were undeniable. In her slightly-sad face, there always seemed to be a prophecy of the future; the long eyes, the downward droop of the beautiful mouth, the something not to be easily defined that enveloped her, seemed to have been a forewarning of her doom. To-day, the jewels with which she adorned her lovely person are scattered abroad, and Eugénie is a gray decrepit aged woman, using a cane often as she walks, dressed in the deepest mourning, and finding her only earthly consolation for her great sorrow and bereavement in building a superb mausoleum for her husband and son, in the home of her exile, Farnborough Park, England.

THE HEAD-DRESS.—A change of head-dress is announced. Many persons are abolishing the fringe that has been so long popular because it softens the face, and are turning up the hair above the forehead once more—not in the pompadour style, however, rather in something like the Japanese fashion. But few faces look well to have the forehead so entirely uncovered: to be becoming, the hair ought to grow low on the forehead.

TO EARN A FREE COPY OF THIS MAGAZINE.—In addition to the clubs for which a free copy is given—see Prospectus on second page of cover—we will send a free copy to anyone getting up a club of two at \$2.00 each (\$4.00 in all), or a club of three at \$1.75 each (\$5.25 in all). This offer is to oblige persons who wish to get up small clubs, and yet earn a free copy.

NOT LONG SINCE, a lady was reading to her five-year-old son, and his elder sister, an account of Queen Victoria's riding a bicycle. "I don't see," said Tom, after a little reflection, "how she managed to keep her crown on." "Oh, she could do that easily enough," cried Maggie, fresh from the dignity of her seventh birthday, and imbued with precocious contempt for the limited nature of the masculine intellect: "She could tie it fast to her hair, but it must have been hard work to manage her coronation-train and spectacle!" The laughter which greeted mademoiselle's blunder between a ghost and the royal sign of office naturally caused Master Tom extreme triumph. To the grown-up listeners, it was pleasant to find that in this country, where the old-fashioned type of child seems almost as hard to discover as a dodo would be, that there still remained two mites who clung to the delusion which was a matter of established faith among the younglings of previous generations—that monarchs walk about in diadem and royal robes from Sunday morning till Saturday night.

FLOWERS.—There is no decoration for a house so beautiful as flowers. A few of these about a room, with books and magazines on the tables, are a guarantee of refinement and lady-like habits, such as nothing else can give. But much of the effect of flowers, however, depends on their arrangement. The color of the vase in which they are placed is also of importance: gaudy red and blue ought never to be chosen, except for white flowers, as they conflict with the delicate hues of the flowers. Bronze or black vases, dark-green, pure white, or delicate blue, always produce a good effect—so does a straw basket; while a clear glass, which shows the graceful clasping of the stems, is perhaps prettiest of all. Delicate flowers, such as lily-of-the-valley and sweet-pea, ought to be placed by themselves in slender tapering glasses; violets should nestle their fragrant purple in some tiny cup; and pansies ought to be set in groups, with no gay flowers to contradict their soft velvet hues.

GERANIUMS.—Cut down old stocky plants that have stood through the winter, put in the cuttings either into the parent earth or into pots in a cool and somewhat dry shady place. At first, water the tops rather than the roots; after a few days, water the roots. When the roots are grown, pot them; they will not require larger pots till the spring. A cold frame is very useful where there is no greenhouse. It is a good plan to sow geranium-seed when ripe. Prick out the seedlings when large enough; some will live through a mild winter, but in pots can be taken care of in a cool room. Geraniums will often stand six degrees of frost, even more.

JOHNNY had scratched his little sister Edith, and did not deign to ask pardon before repeating his prayers. The small woman allowed him to finish his devotions undisturbed, but, as he prepared to spring into his crib, she overwhelmed him by remarking meditatively: "The Saviour blessed little children when He was on earth. If He came back, and a boy scratched Him, I wonder if that boy would get any blessing?"

THE TOURNURE is neither greater nor less: it seems to remain stationary.

THE superlative degree of human unhappiness has never been satisfactorily agreed on, but we are inclined to think a noted French writer correct when he assigns it to the suspicious man. Any other human being may hope for a change, somewhere—sometimes. The injured person may trust that the sinner against his peace will repent and make restitution. The jealous man may look forward to the possibility of discovering that circumstances or his own unquiet disposition have deceived him. Even the envious nature may sufficiently develop to grow ashamed of its degrading tendency, but for him who utterly lacks faith in others there can be scarcely a hope of relief, since the foundation of the change would have to be the acquiring faith in his own character and impulses, as out of that lack originally grew his want of belief in the rest of mankind.

OUR NOVELET "ALONG THE BAYOU."—We begin, this month, the publication of an original novelet of Creole life, by Miss Alice Bowman, already favorably known to our readers as the author of "Creole Blossoms," etc. Mr. G. W. Cable was the first to open up this new field, and has achieved wide and deserved popularity, in consequence. We are not sure, however, but that Miss Bowman's description of Creole life is more accurate, and the patois she puts into the mouths of her Creoles more natural. At any rate, we have numerous letters from Louisiana, asserting these to be the facts. "Along the Bayou" is altogether the best of Miss Bowman's novelets; it will be found to be as original as it is romantic.

A MENTAL TENDENCY to bustle, in anybody, is a thing which we all deprecate, as a cause of annoyance to everyone with whom he is thrown in contact. As the traveling-season has begun, let us suggest—even in a lady's-magazine, with the present fashion at its height—that the material bustle, whether composed of cork, whalebone, or wire, if carried to an undue extent, becomes a serious nuisance to all neighbors, either in place of amusement, street-car, or railway.

WORDS IN USE.—In our ordinary conversation, we do not employ more than three or four thousand words; in the poems of the learned Milton, not more than eight thousand are to be found; in the pages of Shakespeare, about fifteen thousand.

HANNAH MORE wisely said, in regard to the education of women: "Education is not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm and regular character—to form a friend, a companion, and a wife."

AIMING AT PERFECTION.—Aim at perfection in everything, though, in most things it is unattainable. However, they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

WE wish new contributors would remember that all articles sent for publication must be headed by a real name or a nom-de-plume, as it is not the habit of the magazine to employ initials either for stories or poetry.

SKIRTS OF WALKING-DRESSES are invariably short. For ordinary house and evening wear, they have demi-trains; but, for large dinner-parties and other large gatherings, they have longer trains.

CULTIVATING THE MIND.—The mind is but a barren soil—a soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilized and enriched with foreign matter.

VOL. XCII.—6.

LONG AGO, a custom rose in Holland for relatives and friends to bestow, on a newly-married couple, useful household articles, and sometimes a certain sum of money. The idea was a very sensible one, but, as a recent writer says in regard to the modern fashion of wedding-presents: "It has degenerated into a bold display of wealth and ostentatious generosity, so that friends of ordinary means hesitate to send anything." It is, too, a perfectly-well-established fact that often these costly presents are sold as soon as the wedding is over, which makes the matter as farcical as the display is vulgar.

THE Freeport (Mich.) Herald says: "Everything a woman can wish for is to be found in 'Peterson,' and in consequence this lady's-book ought to have a place in every household."

IN LASTING REMEMBRANCE.—Write your name with kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year-by-year, and you will never be forgotten.

A COMFORTING THOUGHT.—Dr. Johnson says that, when anyone has suffered a great calamity, the first thing that ought to be remembered is how much has been escaped.

THE Allion (Ind.) New Era says of our May number, that "it is a mass of good things, from cover to cover."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Princess Elizabeth. A Lyric Drama. By Francis H. Williams.—This poem appeared some years since, and talk of a fresh edition renders another notice appropriate. A second reading only increases our favorable opinion of its merit. We rank the work next to Tennyson's "Queen Mary," and feel assured that new readers will coincide with our opinion. The historical characters are drawn with rare fidelity according to established records, and they act and speak with a force and passion which make them real living individuals. We feel that we know the famous Elizabeth as she appeared in her girlhood, before long years of almost despotic sway had smothered the last trace of imagination, affection, and impulsiveness in her nature. That Mr. Williams has been occasionally somewhat cramped by his devotion to the dramatists of the Shakespearian era cannot be denied, but through the whole course of the work one feels that its creator is a man of genius. It does not profess to be an acting-play—it is a drama written for the closet, and, regarded as such, both from a dramatic and poetic point of view, it is a noble production.

The Immigrant Refugee. A Tale of the Blue Ridge. By Henry R. Wilson. New York: Thomas R. Knox & Co. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.—A novel of much ability; full of incident and good character-drawing, yet dramatic rather than sensational. The heroine is a very natural charming girl, and the lover worthy of her, but the strikingly original feature of the book is the "Refugee." He plays an important part in the destiny of the young people, after having lived to the phenomenal age of one hundred and twenty years. Still, as the author observes, he cannot be accused of making too great a strain on our faith, since, leaving other well-attested examples out of the question, it is on record indisputable, that the famous Doctor Parr surpassed even that feat in longevity.

Cooking and Preserving. By Mrs. S. T. Rorer. Philadelphia: Arnold & Co.—This little pamphlet, published at a very cheap rate, will prove exceedingly valuable to all housekeepers. As in her former work, "The Philadelphia Cook-Book," Mrs. Rorer's recipes are so clearly given, that, if carefully carried out, even the most inexperienced tyro can hardly fail of success.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A NEW VOLUME begins with this number, so that persons desiring to subscribe can as well commence now as wait till January. Our attractions this year are in many respects greater than we have ever offered, and the present volume will prove even richer and more varied than the last. Readers may expect a rare treat in Miss Bownman's serial, "Along the Bayou"—by far the best story she has written, popular as the others have proved. We might fill pages with the fresh notices we receive monthly in assurance of "Peterson's" ever-growing popularity. The general verdict is concisely summed up by the *Albion* (Ind.) *New Era*, when it says: "Decidedly so far, 'Peterson' for 1887 has surpassed itself." See page 2 for terms to clubs, and the splendid premiums offered for getting them up. Assuredly, no other magazine offers similar inducements, and its long course of fortythree years has proved that whatever it promises it always performs.

No magazine offers such fine premiums for getting up clubs. For example:

Three copies for \$1.50, with the large engraving, "Angel of Paradise," or "Forget-Me-Not" Album, for premium.

Four copies for \$6.50, with an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium.

Five copies for \$8.00, with both an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium, and either "The Angel of Paradise" or "Forget-Me-Not."

For the benefit of those who may desire to subscribe, and do not wish the back numbers, we offer to send the magazine for six months, beginning with the July number, for \$1.00.

MY FAVORITE RECEIPT.—Some time ago, the Royal Baking-Powder Company conceived the idea of collecting from its patrons, for redistribution among them when printed in book-form, their best and favorite methods for the preparation of articles of food of all descriptions. In response, there was furnished a very large number of practical receipts, from which were selected the three thousand contained in the book entitled "My Favorite Receipt." The publication was intended originally for the contributors only, but the collection proved to be of such remarkable value that its publishers, believing its circulation would be productive of good in affording a larger knowledge as to the practical preparation of real home cookery in a way to make it most wholesome and appetizing, have issued an edition for general circulation. "My Favorite Receipt" contains formulas for the preparation of almost every known dish in every conceivable way. Every branch of the culinary art has received ample attention. The publication is one of unusual value, from the fact that the receipts are thoroughly-tested formulas of genuine home cookery. In it, each contributor vouches for the utility of her receipt not only, but attests that years of experience have proved it the best way of making the article named, and signs her name and address to it as an evidence of its genuineness and her faith in its superiority.

The practical character of the receipts will especially commend them to American housekeepers. While cookery of the very finest and richest, as well as that more plain and economical, is provided for, "My Favorite Receipt" is not, like many of the cook-books of the day, a collection of impracticable, untried, or foreign formulas, following which frequently results in a failure and a waste of good materials. The contributions are from every part of the country and give the best experience of the best cooks for preparing the dishes peculiar to each locality.

"My Favorite Receipt," handsomely printed and bound, is sent by the Royal Baking-Powder Company, New York, at the nominal price of fifty cents, to any address, express-charges paid.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

PRESERVES, JELLIES, ETC., ETC.

Elderberry-Wine.—Let the berries, when ripe, be picked from stalks and placed in large earthen jars, not more than two-thirds filled; then tied down, covered with paper, and baked in a very slow oven. When baked, to every two quarts of juice add three quarts of water, three pounds of coarse sugar; boil it, and free the liquor of all slime. Pour it through a sieve into a tub to cool. When cold, put in some yeast and let it work in the tub for two days. Then barrel it, and, after a week, when it has ceased working, add one pound of raisins to each gallon. The raisins should be chopped, not too small, and before stopping up the cask put in two ounces of isinglass; let the wine stand till January or February before bottling. This wine is made without spice, because the flavor of the fruit is so improved by baking it is not needed.

Strawberries Preserved Whole.—Allow one pound of sugar and half a pound of red-currant juice to one pound of strawberries—not over-ripe. Boil the juice and the sugar together till the syrup is thick; then put in the fruit, and boil gently for about twenty minutes, when the berries will be sufficiently cooked. Clear the scum off gently; pour off the contents of the pan through a colander into a basin; put the juice again on the fire, and boil for about half an hour. Put the fruit into a bowl and pour the juice on to it; turn the fruit and juice again into the pan, and boil till the juice will jelly when a little is put on a plate. Put the berries into jars, cover entirely with boiling juice; when cold, finish in usual way. Water may be used instead of currant-juice, if liked, or cherries instead of strawberries.

To Preserve Currant Juice.—Pick any quantity of red or white currants from the stalks; place them in open jars, and set these jars in a pan of cold water; heat the water to boiling, and keep it boiling until the currants are quite soft. Leave them in the water, to cool gradually. When cold, squeeze the juice through a coarse bag or sieve. Replace the juice in the jars, and boil it again gradually as before. When perfectly cold, bottle in half-pint bottles. To be well corked and kept in a cool cellar. Take care not to let the water get to the currants. *Sirope de Groseille Framboise* is made by adding sugar and some raspberries to the currants. It is delicious, mixed with water, on a hot day.

Lavender-Water.—One quart of spirits-of-wine, one ounce of oil-of-lavender, one ounce of essence-of-bergamot, one ounce of essence-of-musk, quarter of an ounce of essence-of-ambergris, quarter of an ounce of orris-root in two pieces, three drops of oil-of-cinnamon, fifteen drops of oil-of-nutmeg, five drops of otto-of-roses, five drops of oil-of-orange-flower, half a pint of distilled water. Put all these ingredients into a large glass bottle, cork it tightly, and let it remain for three months, shaking it frequently during that time. At the end of three months, filter it through blotting-paper, put it into bottles, and cork it closely. The longer it is kept, the better it becomes.

Cherries to Dry.—These are used in cabinet puddings and small cup-puddings. Take five pounds of cherries after they are stoned, allow one pound of powdered loaf-sugar. Scald the cherries with boiling water, drain them quickly and cover them with the sugar. The next day, put the whole into a preserving-pan or new tin saucepan and scald the fruit in the liquor; drain them and put them in the sun on sieve to drain—they must be protected by muslin-covered hoops to keep off the flies. When nearly dry, drop them in cold water, drain immediately, and again put the fruit to dry; when dry, bottle, and secure the cork well.

Orange-and-Lemon Syrup.—Put one pint of cold sugar-syrup in an earthen jar with the rind of six oranges and

three lemons, or vice versa; cover the jar and let the contents infuse for twentyfour hours. Press the juice from the oranges and lemons in a quart of water, pass the whole through a tammy—a silk one, if possible. Put three pounds of crushed lump-sugar, and the juice as above, in a preserving-pan, on a clear bright fire; let the whole melt, and heat until it arrives at a state corresponding to thirtytwo degrees of a saccharometer. Pour into an earthen jar, and let it cool. Then bottle for use.

Current Jelly.—Strip the currants, but do not wash or squeeze them. Washed currants never make clear jelly. Then take one pound of fruit to one pound of sugar. The sugar must then be clarified in the usual way. Then put the syrup and currants on together to boil, until they burst open and appear done, say about twenty minutes; and then run them gently through a bag as you do calf's-foot jelly. If you find it goes too slowly through, press it gently, or stir it carefully with a spoon to help it through, but do not squeeze it much. Then put what is left of it in jars, to use as cranberries.

Preserving Fruit.—The fruit should be boiled without the sugar for a quarter of an hour before adding the warmed sugar, twelve ounces to each pound of fruit, and then be boiled quickly for fifteen minutes longer. A very good way to preserve fruit whole, as raspberries, gooseberries, and plums, is to boil the sugar with a little water for ten minutes, then add a small piece, size of a filbert, of citric acid crystal. When this is dissolved, put in the fruit, stir it with a wooden spoon, but not so as to mash the fruit; let it now boil for twenty minutes, stirring it often, but not skimming it.

Preserved Cherries.—Take the stones out of your cherries with a quill; and to every pound of fruit add three-quarters of a pound of refined sugar, pounded and sifted. Strew about one-third of the sugar over the cherries, and let them stand all night. Set them over a slow fire, with the sugar and juice that ran from them, and give them a gentle scald. Then take them out, and put them into the jars. Boil the syrup until it is thick, and pour it over them. Tie them down with brandy-paper.

To Use Raspberries.—Stew the fresh berries, strain the juice, sweeten it, and put it over the fire in a porcelain kettle. When it boils, stir in some corn-starch rubbed smooth, in cold water. The starch should be used in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls to one pint of juice. When thickened and thoroughly cooked, pour into molds which you have wet with cold water. Fancy-shaped molds are desirable. Serve with cream and powdered sugar.

Cherry Syrup.—Pick the stems off some cherries—not too ripe, crush and then leave them for twentyfour hours, pass through a tammy first, thoroughly pressing the crushed fruit, then through a filter. To one pound and two ounces of clear liquid, put two pounds of loaf-sugar in a copper preserving-pan; just allow it to boil, clearing away any scum as it rises; when cool, pour it into bottles—pint-size being best.

Raspberry Acid.—Dissolve two ounces and a half of tartaric acid in a quart of water; pour it upon six pounds of red raspberries; let it stand twentyfour hours, then strain without pressing the fruit, except ever so slightly. To each pint of the liquor, add one pound and a half of loaf-sugar, stir until it dissolves. Bottle, but leave it uncorked for four or five days, when it will be ready for use. Use as above.

Black-Currant Jelly for Sore Throats.—Boil the currants, stripped from the stalks, till the juice is extracted. Then strain it through a jelly-bag—weigh the juice, and for each pint allow half a pound of sugar and a gill of vinegar. Let the whole boil for thirty minutes; put into small molds.

To Clarify Syrup for Preserves.—Put one pint of cold water in a kettle; beat the white of an egg, and stir it into the water until it thickens. Then add the syrup nearly

cold. Fruit should never be put into the syrup while it is hot. Allow it to cool. It makes the fruit hard and shrinks it.

Substitute for Lemonade.—Procure two medium-sized sticks of rhubarb, cut into small pieces, and put into a jug with a good spoonful of sugar, and strip of thinly-pared lemon-peel. Pour upon it a pint or so of boiling water, and let it stand till cold. It is most refreshing, as well as wholesome.

Strawberries Boiled Alone.—Pick the strawberries, weigh them, and boil for half an hour—constantly stirring. Add half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and boil till the jam will set.

To Clarify Sugar (Another Receipt).—Two pounds of sugar, one pint of water, three eggs well beaten. Boil until clear. Strain through a linen bag.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"REALLY A GOOD THING.—After trying any number of soaps, we have settled down on Packer's Tar Soap as the best of all, whether as a toilet or a medicinal soap. It is remarkably pure, cleansing, and healing; it is excellent in a large variety of skin-diseases, among which we particularly name scabiness of the scalp, dandruff, intertrigo, and winter prurigo, all of them very common and very obstinate. It contains the balsamic virtues of the pine in a high degree, and is softening and refreshing to the skin. We commend it, without hesitation, as the most satisfactory soap that we have ever used."—D. G. Brinton, M.D. (vide Medical and Surgical Reporter, Philadelphia).

To READERS of this magazine, handsomely illustrated publications will be sent free on application to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. B., St. Paul, Minn., viz: Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Proctor Knott's Duluth Speech Illustrated, Thuro' Wonderland, and No. Pac. Excursions.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAHAM LIXEY, A.M., M.D.

No. 6.—INFANTILE MORTALITY: CAUSE.

Basing our view upon points and facts presented in our previous two articles, we cannot believe that it is a law of nature—as has been asserted—that one-third of the human race born must perish before closing the fifth year. If not, then the important question arises: Whence the cause or causes of this frightful mortality?

From over two scores of years of observation, we are inclined, honestly and conscientiously, to charge it about equally to mothers, to nurses—which includes obtrusive old crones—and to the doctors of our land.

Let us reason together, and briefly examine these several points, and, if possible, learn a lesson therefrom:

In the first place, let the question be asked: How can mothers expect to give birth to healthy children, when they are unhealthy themselves, and constantly violate the plainest physiological laws, in eating and dressing, at home and abroad?

In the second place, both infants and children are dressed in such a manner as to invite catarrhal affection, croup, diphtheria, and other kindred affections; while negligence is manifested in keeping the throat, chest, and other parts of the body clean and dry.

In the third place, infants are nursed, or given the bottle, too frequently by one-half at least—yes, thrice and fourfold—as often as they should be, which keeps their delicate stomachs surcharged with sour indigestible curd: which,

if not thrown off, leads to colic, diarrhoea, etc. But, not infrequently, the mother or nurse adds "cracker-victuals," or "panada," which completes its misery by giving rise to indigestion, fermentation, cramp, cholera-infantum, and, by reflex action, to hyaline affection.

The "nurse," during the mouth of her ministration, not infrequently lays foundation for innumerable ills by dosing the infant with various kinds of "tea" and "drops," to relieve it of colic or derangement of digestion caused by improper nursing or feeding and care-taking, and, next, making matters worse by her self-opinionated ignorance. She "knows." For hasn't she "nursed and taken care of more children than either mother or doctor"? And she doesn't "want any advice from them"! And, when the infant is stricken with croup, the nurse "knows," or a bevy of old women "know," and "a little goose-grease and molasses" or some other time-honored infallible prescription is all that is required. Or maybe a doctor is sent for who practices medicine as a trade, who hastily examines the little sufferer, leaves a little medicine, or writes a prescription, and departs without noticing the infant's surrounding—its steaming little cot, the hot close room—without advising ventilation, the removal of quilts, and clearing the room of a half-dozen idle gossipers or lookers-on, without giving explicit directions as to food, drink, nursing, and general care—often of more value than his medicine. And the agonized mother soon becomes bewildered, and, in her distress, asks of her multitude of counselors: "What shall I do?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

How to Choose Wall-Paper.—In choosing paper, great care should be exercised, as the color and general appearance of most of the patterns change very greatly under gas or lamp light. It is, therefore, desirable to select three or four patterns, put them upon the walls of the room, and examine their general effect carefully by day and by night, before making a final choice; for not only do some patterns and colors materially alter by artificial light, but some, especially green and blue, absorb an immense amount of light, and are, therefore, not fitted for any rooms which are to be economically lighted. In papering the walls of a dining-room, there are, of course, very many ways of treatment, and, among the numerous good examples of paper-hanging now made, there should be no difficulty in selecting some really good patterns, artistic in design and coloring. As before stated, a dado or wainscot forms a desirable basis for a dining-room, a wide frieze a proper finish to the wall, instead of carrying up the general tone of color of the wall to the ceiling or cornice; this suggests itself as infinitely more artistic than carrying up the same color or decoration to the top of the room, and thus making a sudden break without any gradation of color between it and the ceiling, excepting, of course, in cases where the ceiling is very low; then the treatment must be made without either wainscoting or frieze. When a plain color is desired as a background for pictures, the very cheapest and commonest paper often makes the most artistic and serviceable finish; the yellow-gray, gray-brown, and yellow-brown common wrapping-paper—the coarser the better—makes a very effective and cheap covering for a wall. This paper can be bought by the roll. Finally, see that your paper is non-arsenical.

Care should also be taken, in repapering a room, that the paper should not be so gay as to make carpets and furniture, if they too are not renewed, look worse than before. A light paper is so much more cheerful than the very dark ones so recently fashionable, that we would recommend it always; moreover, it wears better, as a rule, does not rub, as a dark one does. For bed-rooms and nursery, and for the living-room, a light or moderately light paper—always, how-

ever, with reference to the furniture and carpets—should be used.

HOLLYHOCKS: WHEN TO PLANT THEM, ETC., ETC.—It is a proof of reviving taste to see the hollyhock becoming fashionable again. This flower was known, in England, nearly two hundred years ago, and has continued to be popular there ever since. It has recently become a great favorite here. One reason for this is, it is comparatively easy to cultivate, for it will grow well in any ordinary garden-ground. But a rich loam suits it best, and the situation should be open, as it requires plenty of light and air. Although the more hardy varieties may be planted in autumn, March and April will be found to be the best time; and during winter the plants—that is, the more tender kinds—should be well earthed up and covered at top with leaves or short litter. The plants should stand at least four feet apart, and all through the growing season careful search must be made from time to time for slugs, as these pests are very fond of the plant in question. Early in the month of June—though the work may be done a month later—all side-shoots, save two or three of the strongest, should be removed, those removed being planted in another part of the garden to increase the stock if desirable. A stout stake should be firmly fixed in the ground close to every plant, and the flower-spike tied securely to it in several places. During dry hot weather, water must be liberally supplied; and a mulching of half-rotted manure round about the plants will be highly beneficial, and tend to increase the size and brilliancy of the blooms, which will begin to expand in August. If unusually large flowers are desired, the spike should be shortened, and the flowers kept shaded during the heat of the day.

September is a good time to sow seed, or, at any rate, as soon as it is ripe it may be put in. Seed may also be sown in April. Early-flowering varieties, as soon as they have finished flowering, should be cut close down, when they will in all probability send up some good shoots, some of which may be used for propagating, as already advised, the remaining ones being left to flower the following season. Cuttings may be made as late as October, and, if placed where they will have the benefit of a little bottom-heat, they will soon strike and become nice young plants.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS, OF CREAM LACE AND GOLDEN-BROWN SURAH. The underskirt is of the brown surah, perfectly plain, except at the left side, where the panel is made up of four side-plaited flounces. The overdress is of a deep flouncing of cream-white lace, plain, and full into the waist across the front and right side. The back is slightly puffed, to form the drapery, which is attached to the silk panel by three flat bows of ribbon to match. The front-edge is ornamented by long loops of the ribbon. Pointed corrage of the lace, made over the silk lining. Elbow-sleeves, opening over a puff of the brown surah. A fall of lace, with a small bow of ribbon, finishes the sleeves. High standing collar. The ornament for the hair is of ostrich-tips and loops of narrow velvet ribbon.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE NUM'S-VEILING. The underskirt is figured, and laid in deep kilt-plaits all round. The overdress forms a long shawl-shaped tablier, with the back very much puffed over the tournure. The back-drapery is attached to the bodice, like a polonaise. The front of the bodice opens over a long plaited vest of the figured material. High standing collar. Plain coat-sleeves.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF EMBROIDERED MULL, over a pale terra-cotta surah. The silk petticoat is plain in front, and plaited full at the back. The overdress, of the

embroidered mull, is plaited all around the waist, hangs straight in front, and is caught up on the left side, to display the underskirt. The bodice is of the surah, with a scarf-fichu of the mull, which laps over from the right to the left side. Full elbow-sleeves, finished by a band of narrow ribbon, with bow-and-ends above the frill. High standing collar. Bouquet of field-flowers for the corsage, a smaller spray for the hair.

FIG. IV.—DINNER-DRESS, OF LACE, over a pale-olive silk petticoat. The underskirt, of the silk, has a six-inch flounce of the lace on the edge of the petticoat, the side-panel being filled up by rows of trimming-lace, ornamented by loops-and-ends of narrow ribbon in heliotrope and pale-yellow. The overdress is made of deep flouncing-lace, which hangs in straight folds—except on the right side, where it is slightly draped. The pointed bodice has a V-shaped plaited vest, finished at the throat by a jabot of lace, with bows of ribbon interspersed. Full elbow-sleeves of lace, gathered into cuffs of the silk. Bow of ribbon at the shoulder. Loops of ribbon to match, for the hair.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS, OF DOTTED BLACK LACE, over a black silk lining and petticoat. The skirt of the lace is arranged in two deep puffs on to the foundation-petticoat, the back very much puffed over the tournaure. The bodice is full from the neck to the elongated waist. Full puffed sleeves. Waistband and mah of pink surah, tied half-way down the skirt by loops-and-ends of ribbon to match. A crescent-shaped ornament is worn in the hair.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF WOOLEN LACE, over a moiré skirt. The petticoat is of black or colored moiré silk, one large box-plait covering the front-gore. The sides and back are laid in large kilt-plaits. The overdress is of woollen lace in color to match the petticoat. It opens in front, and is looped up high on the right side. The back is simply draped. The bodice, also of the lace, is pointed in front, with a short postillion-back. The front opens over a half-vest of the moiré, which has an inner handkerchief of white mull or silk muslin. High standing collar of jet beads. Tight coat-sleeves, with cuffs of jet beads and moiré. Hat of dotted black tulle, trimmed with flowers and loops of ribbon.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE AND BROWN-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR OR NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is bordered with scalloped bands of the two colored materials. The under band is of the beige-color, the upper ones of the dark-blue. The same trimming, in the same order, ornaments the tablier and tunic. The bodice has bretelles and cuffs of scalloped beige. High standing collar and coat-sleeves. This model will look well for the autumn, made of dark-blue cloth, with the trimming of coachman's-drab, gray, or almond-colored cloth.

FIGS. VIII AND IX.—HOUSE-DRESS FOR COUNTRY, BACK AND FRONT OF ÉTAMINE, over black or colored silk. The underskirt is of silk, with long straight drapery of the material—box-plaited—on the left side, and caught up on the right hip with a small puff. Bodice with puffed collar in front, and a hood-shaped trimming at the back. The upright collar and bow are of velvet. Plain coat-sleeves.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF CREAM-WHITE NUN'S-VEILING. One skirt, plain on the right side, from the point of the bodice. The left side is plaited full into the waist around the point. Short demi-train, full and plain. Bodice pointed, back and front. The bodice and skirt are ornamented with overlapping loops of picot-edged ribbon, either groe-grain or watered. Cuffs and high standing collar the same.

FIG. XI.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE, open on the outside of the arm, over a puffing of dotted lace. The sleeve is edged with bead or ball trimming. A tiny bow of ribbon at the point of opening.

FIG. XII.—ORNAMENT FOR THE HAIR. A jet or gilt butterfly on long hairpin, in the centre of a tuft of short ostrich-tips.

FIG. XIII.—SLEEVE, of woollen or silk material, trimmed with bias folds and loops of narrow ribbon.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED BLUE AND TAN SUMMER CAMEL'S-HAIR. The underskirt is kilted on to a foundation-yoke. The overdress is long and plain, plaited up very high on the left hip. The front-drapery fastens over the bodice, and opens at the right side. The bodice is an elongated round waist, opening in front over a vest of white piqué or silk to match the dress. The bodice has a turnover collar with revers. Plain coat-sleeves, cuffs made of stripes on the crossway of material. Hat of mixed blue and écreu straw, faced with velvet, and trimmed with long loops and butterfly-bows of ribbon in two colors.

FIG. XV.—BODICE, OF MUSLIN OR TENNIS-FLANNEL. The bodice has three box-plaits, back and front, into a pointed yoke. The front-plait extends to the high standing collar. The sleeves have a box-plait down the back of the arm, which forms the frill at the elbow, where it is confined by a band-and-bow of ribbon. Waistband of ribbon, tied with a small flat bow.

FIG. XVI.—FICHU, OF LACE, made on net foundation, and trimmed with bows of striped gauze ribbon.

FIG. XVII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF NOVELTY STRIPED VELVET AND WOOLEN MATERIAL, in mixed and plain colors. The stripe is used for the petticoat, which is kilt-plaited. The overdress is faced with the stripe, being made of the plain material. On the right side only it is looped up high, to display the petticoat. The left side falls straight to the edge of the skirt. The bodice of the plain goods is pointed in front, opening over a vest of the stripe. At the back of the bodice, there is a short postillion. High standing collar of the stripe. Coat-sleeves full at the shoulders. Cuffs of the material, opening over a bit of the stripe. Hat of fancy straw, turned up at the back, and trimmed with flowers and ribbon to correspond with the tone of the costume. Parasol of pongee, edged with lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Lace flouncing will be very much worn, this season, over colored surah skirts, and trimmed with loops of ribbon. This flouncing will also be made up into piazza-wraps or shoulder-shawls, lined with colored surah, primrose-yellow and mauve being the most fashionable colors. Shoulder-capes of the material of the dress, edged with bead trimming, complete a street-costume.

Scarf-mantles are the newest thing in wraps. They are nearly straight, being fitted with shoulder-seams. A hood lined with silk finishes the back. These mantles tie at the waist-line with bow-and-ends of black watered ribbon. These scarf-mantles are made of black lace or grenadine.

Striped surah and figured Châus silk combined with plain are made very simply—such as a plain underskirt with the overdress simply caught up, on the left side, under long loops-and-ends of ribbon.

Plain *barage* and *nun's-veiling* come in an endless variety of shades for summer costumes, and cheap enough to be within the limit of almost any person.

For children's-wear, sailor-suits in white and blue flannel, for seaside and mountain, are almost indispensable. If trimmed with worsted braid or bias bands of striped flannel, these suits can easily be washed or scoured.

Also, for little girls of three to four years, simple little coats of Chambray gingham, with skirt gathered into a short waist, over which three capes edged with embroidery fasten under the collar. Sash of the gingham, and Normandy cap, also of gingham, make a pretty costume.

Dressing-jackets of checked or pin-striped cloth are made either single or double breasted, with or without a hood. The hoods are lined with gay-colored silk.

Large shade-hats, in colored straw, are profusely trimmed with flowers, gauze, and ribbon. For little girls, shirred muslin hats will be very much worn, also red and white felt, and shirred Turkey-red hats for the seaside.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The prettiest bonnets for summer wear, on dreary occasions, are undoubtedly those composed entirely of flowers, and there never was a season when these delicate and picturesque forms of headgear were more tasteful or more popular. They are usually made of small flat flowers, set close to the frame, with an aigrette of flowers in front or at one side. Violets were the first blossoms to be thus employed, but purple and white lilacs, lilies-of-the-valley, crocuses, and forget-me-nots are also extensively used. Sometimes the bonnet is composed of flower-petals only, with a group of flowers or of buds and leaves set at one side. Thus, a very pretty bonnet, intended for a brunette Parisian belle, was in crocus-petals, with a cluster of the flowers, and of the long stiff pointed green leaves, in the guise of trimming. Another charming bonnet was in pink rose-petals, with a knot of scarcely-opened little rosebuds, with their stalks and foliage placed at one side. The long blossoms of the lilac are laid in flat rows on the frame, with sometimes a ribbon in heliotrope faille passed around the bonnet; but, as a rule, these bonnets have more style when composed only of flowers. The red and white currant, intermixed with currant-leaves, form an extremely pretty bonnet, the crown and the front of the brim being composed of massed currant-leaves, while the red and white fruit is placed at the sides and top of the bonnet. Long sprays of flowers, arranged in the guise of feathers, are much used for trimming straw hats and bonnets. They are made of very light flowers, mounted in the shape of a long ostrich-feather. Lilacs, daisies, and poppies are much used in this way, but the prettiest of all these flower-feathers is one in linden blossoms and leaves, which has a fresh summer look, altogether captivating. A now trimming for a hat or bonnet is a large cluster of roses in different shades, from crimson to cream-white, intermingled with young rose-shoots, which give to the garniture the look of height which is now indispensable to all bouquets or groups of flowers for hats or bonnets. This rose-trimming is especially elegant on a bonnet of black lace. The newest shape for bonnets is the lance-point or ace-of-spades front, the style of which is sufficiently indicated by its name. It is trying to most faces, but is very becoming to some persons. However, the variety of shapes and materials for hats and bonnets this summer is so great that no one need wear an unbecoming form for fashion's sake, as is sometimes the case. One of the very latest bonnets is in black crinoline lace, with an ace-of-spades front, filled in with plaited black lace, and ornamented outside with three very large poppies—one black, another scarlet, and a third sulphur-yellow, in silk lace, set amid ruchings of black tulle or lace.

For walking-dresses, we were threatened with an avalanche of plaids at the beginning of the season, but that very trying pattern is less popular than it promised to be at one time. Large checks and plaids are, however, much worn, but they are so skillfully intermingled with plain materials that a good deal of the unbecomingness of the figure is avoided. They are usually cut bias when used for sleeves and overdresses. Foulards are shown in all sorts of delicate little Watteau figures on a cream ground, and also in large scattered white devices on brown or brilliant dark-blue grounds. These last are made up with blouse-vests of scarlet surah. A new lace, called Lyons point, has been introduced for the black lace dresses that keep their vogue, despite the adverse influence of the cheap imitation Chantilly laces of past seasons, which cost but little, but which become rusty and flimsy with a few days' wearing. The Lyons point is a machine-made lace, but is all silk and reproduces the figures of the real Spanish lace. It is firm in texture, and very silken in surface. It may be made up over a high-necked or low-necked corsage at will,

but the flowers are too large to look well over the skin, in the last-named instance. Black gauzes and grenadines, striped with wide velvet stripes, and made up with trimming of plain gauze or black lace and velvet ribbon, make very useful and handsome watering-place dresses. For elegant walking-dresses, the underskirt is generally the handsomest portion of the costume, being either in a much richer material than the rest of the dress, or else embroidered by hand with silk, in the same shade as the material. Thus, over an underskirt of silver-gray faille embroidered in floss-silk of a shade darker, was draped an overskirt in soft plaid mousseline-de-laine in shades of gray intermingled with white. The corsage was made blouse-fashion, with a frontage of silk matching the underskirt.

Sun-umbrellas have driven parasols entirely out of the field, for even the so-called parasols of the season are veritable sun-umbrellas as to size. Nobody carries a diminutive sun-shade any more. For demi-toilette, that is to say, to carry with costumes of plaid or check materials or in the large-patterned foulards, a sun-umbrella to match the dress, and, if possible, of the same material, is essential. A very handsome and useful sun-umbrella is in imitation Chantilly over black satin, and is bordered with a ruffle of wide lace. The handle is in carved ebony. Very elegant sun-umbrellas are in écarle silk net, made up very full over cerise faille, and trimmed with a ruffle of embroidered net. Écarle silk gauze, embroidered with tiny roses, and made up over deep-pink faille, is also put on very full, and has a ruffle on the embroidered gauze. Black net, spotted with dots of jet beads and trimmed with jetted lace, is made up over green faille. Some of the sun-umbrellas are composed of gauze or net, made up in full gathers and without lining; but they do not afford much shade, and are not suited to the sunshine of an American summer. For those very handsome sun-umbrellas, handles in antique Dresden or Sèvres porcelain are the height of elegance.

The latest novelty in chaussure is the low shoe, fastened with straps across the instep, so as to show off the silk stocking, matching the principal shade of the costume. It is very effective for promenade-wear. Silk gloves are restored to favor with the advent of warm weather, but those with lace wrists or gauntlets are entirely out of fashion. The glove must be of the very best quality, and in the twelve or fourteen button length.

LUCKY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF FLANNEL OR GINGHAM, braided, or trimmed with a band of embroidery on the edge of the skirt and across the front and back of the yoke. The waist and skirt are full, and gathered into the yoke and waist-band. Sash of the material, simply hemmed. Sleeve full at the shoulder. At the wrist, it is gathered into a band, and forms a ruffle. Straw hat, trimmed with ribbon to match the costume.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SAILOR-SUIT, OF CHECKED TWEED. Knickerbocker pants. Blouse-waist, with square sailor-collar at the back; in front, it comes to a long point. The collar and cuffs are trimmed with the pin-striped flannel of which the undershirt is made. This suit may also be made in checked blue linen, with plain blue linen for collar and cuffs, trimmed with several rows of narrow cotton braid.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS, OF DOTTED DELAINE OR MUSLIN. The waist and skirt are plaited. The waist is first shirred around the neck, and then the fullness laid in side-plaits to the waist, both back and front. The edge of the skirt is finished with embroidery. Sleeves, collar, and sash are of velvet ribbon. Hat of fine straw, trimmed with large rosettes of velvet ribbon.



THE "TENNIS" QUEEN. [See the Story, "A Lawn-Tennis Tournament."]



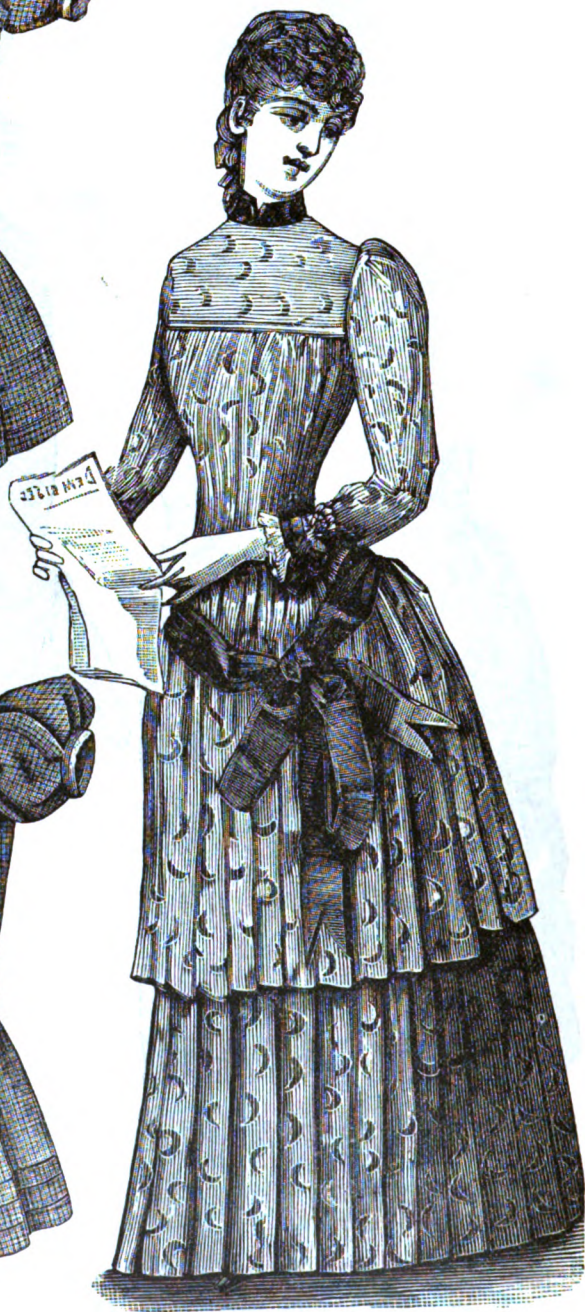
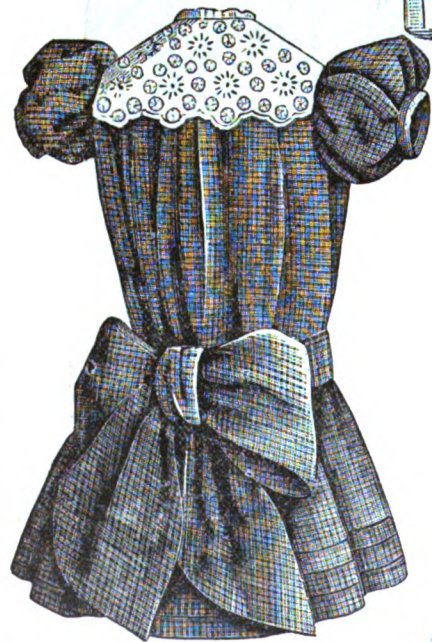
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.



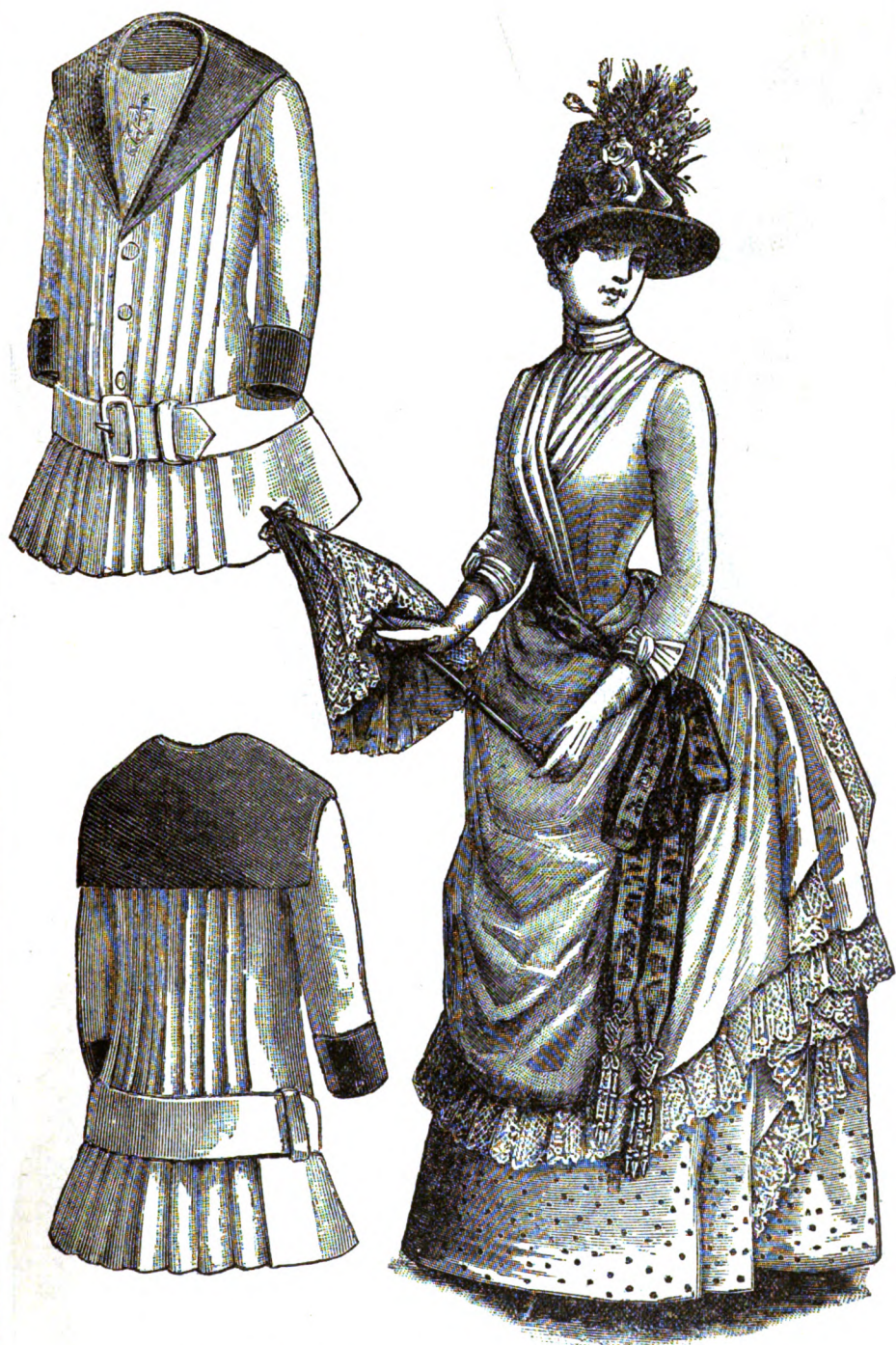
WALKING-DRESS. FICHU. BATHING DRESS.



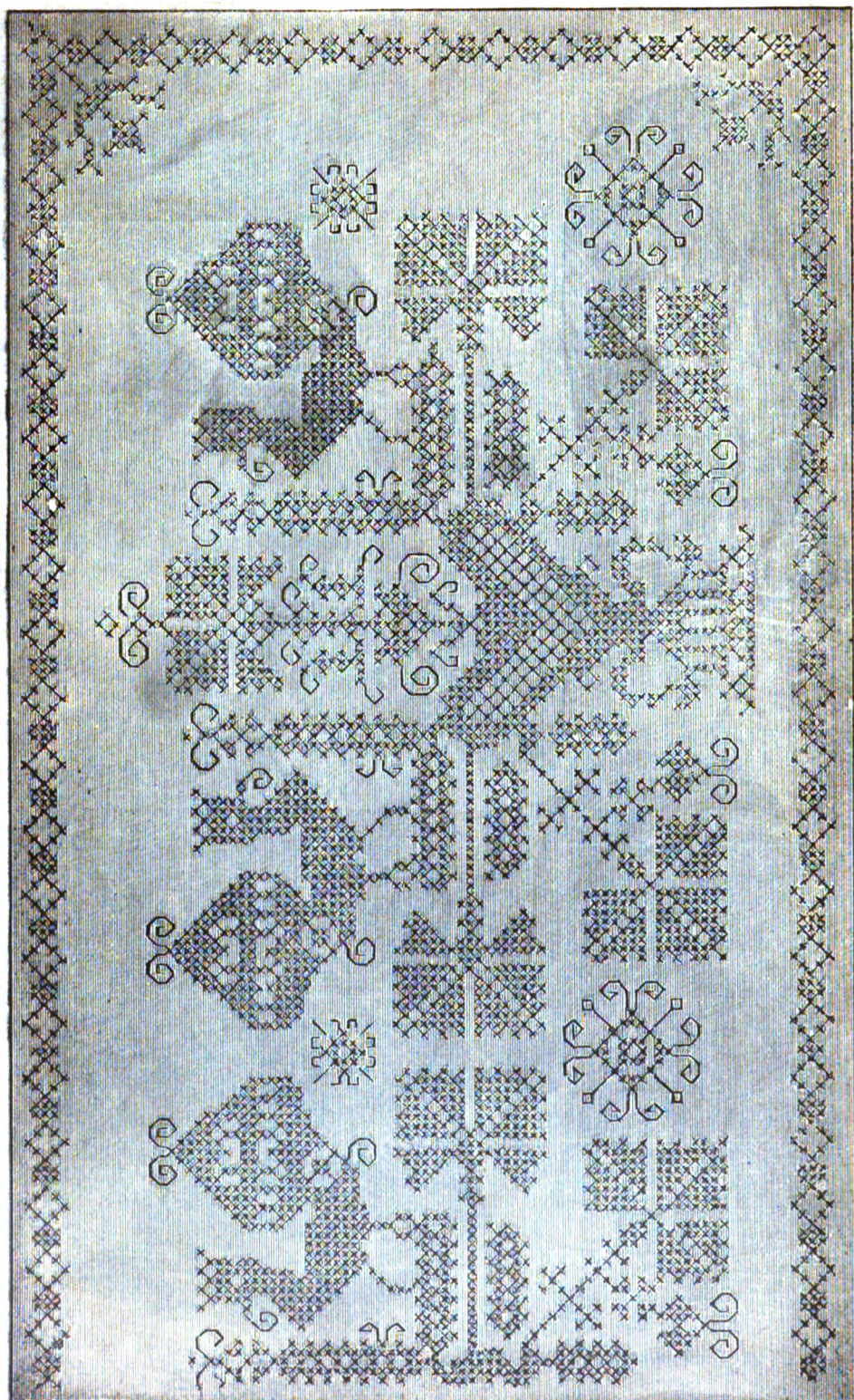
WALKING-DRESS. GIRL'S JACKET. PLASTRON.



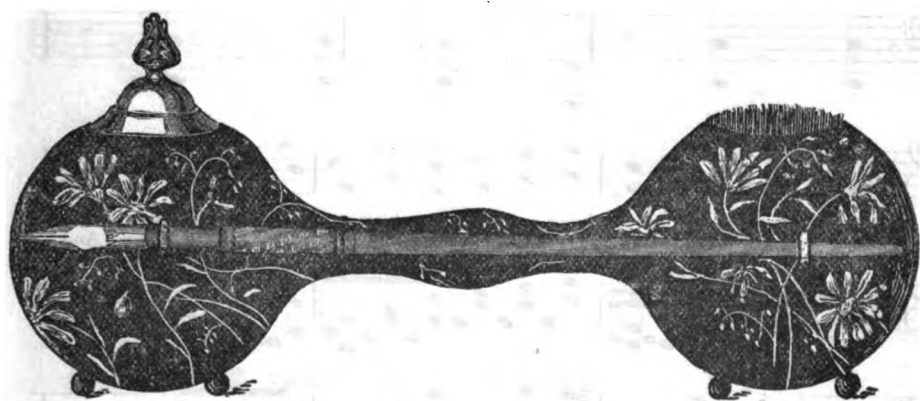
HOUSE-DRESS. FRONT AND BACK OF CHILD'S-DRESS.



GARDEN-PARTY DRESS. FRONT AND BACK OF BOY'S SUIT.



TOP OF PIANO-COVER IN CROSS-STITCH OR RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.



INKSTAND. TOBACCO-POUCH. WORK-TABLE.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

As published by J. GIB. WINNER. 1786 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.

Words by Dr. BLATHERWICK.

Music by VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

Moderato.



p

1. Sleep, ba-by, sleep, your father's a-way, Sleep, ba-by, sleep, and moth-er will pray,
2. Sleep, ba-by, sleep, your father's a-way, Sleep, ba-by, sleep, and moth-er will pray,

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble staff and piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The melody is in 6/8 time and includes two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The dynamic is marked piano (p).

dim.

Pray for poor fa-ther who sails on the sea, Pray while I'm rock-ing his
Pray all the night thro' the sea's sul-len roar, Pray while I'm watching and

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The dynamic is marked 'dim.' (diminuendo). The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note pattern in the bass staff.

babe on my knee; May breez-es blow gent-ly wher-e'er he may be, And
weep-ing so sore; But there's fa-ther's voice com-ing up from the shore, And

The third system concludes the song with the final vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note pattern in the bass staff.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

dim.

blow him home safe-ly to ba-by and me; Safe-ly, safe ly, to
 ba-by and moth-er are weep-ing no more; Ba-by and moth-er are

ba-by and me,..... to ba-by and me.
 weep-ing no more,..... are

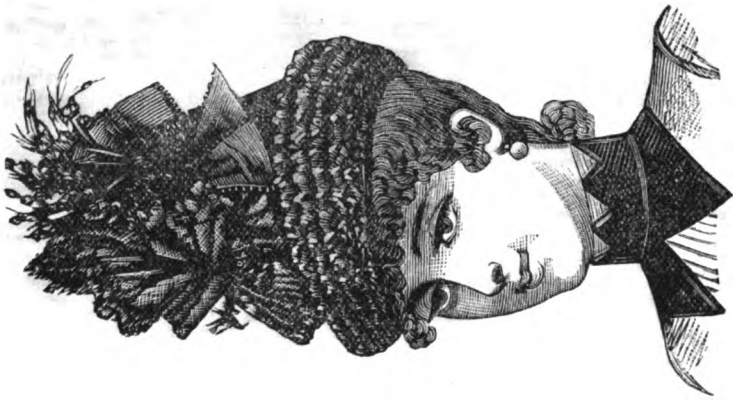
rit. a tempo. p

mf 2

weep-ing no

p

more.....



SUMMER HATS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

CAPITOLA.

BY HESTER LYNNE.



So "Capitola" the child was called, to her lifelong discomfiture.

Fortunately, in course of time.

"Capitola" came to be shortened to "Cap," by the girl's companions; and she was only too ready to accept the amendment, so "Cap" she was generally called.

Cap was really an unusually pretty girl. Her soft brown eyes looked out from the round dimpled face, in an honest fearless fashion, which was very bewitching. Her quickly coming blushes receded as quickly as they appeared. She had a sweet red mouth, a very kissable one, and pearly teeth, and a low broad brow, crowned with wavy chestnut hair. Yet, notwithstanding her beauty, or perhaps

CAPITOLA BEGGS! What a thorn in the flesh that name was to its unfortunate owner.

"As if it were not misfortune enough," said Capitola, with a shake of her pretty head, "to have Beggs for a surname, without having such a heathenish title as 'Capitola' tacked on to it."

Capitola's mother was a romantic little woman, with a decided weakness for such novels as had thrilling plots; and, when Capitola was born, it was just after the name of a favorite heroine had taken a violent hold on Mrs. Beggs's fancy.

because of it, the feminine portion of the village community did not quite approve of her.

It was not natural for a girl of her age, they said, to care no more for the sterner sex than Cap appeared to. "It is some deep and complicated form of coquetry, depend on it," said a sour old maid, the greatest and most malignant of all the tea-table gossips. "Oh, she's a deep one."

But Cap went on in the even tenor of her way, regardless of these malicious aspersions. Perhaps the more so because the young men of the village seemed to find her open indifference more



charming, after all, than the too often obvious wiles and fascinations of more susceptible maidens.

But Cap's time came at last, and the suitors whom she had stubbed so unmercifully were now to be avenged. For, one eventful Sunday, "big with fate," Cap, sitting demurely in the family pew, began all at once to have an uncomfortable feeling that somebody was watching her.

She turned her head, and there, sure enough, was a pair of dark-gray eyes bent inquisitively upon her. I do not think, if the eyes had not been set in such a handsome face, that Cap would have turned away so suddenly, nor that the rich red flush would have spread from the roots of her pretty hair to the dimpled chin. But so it was. Cap had met her fate.

When Cap left the church, she could not resist the temptation to glance around, for another look at that face. She caught the gray eyes watching her, and, with one scathing look of scorn, such as girls give when so detected, she flung up her head and walked on.

But, before she had gone a dozen paces, she heard a quick step behind her, and a voice that said "Miss Beggs!" rather impatiently. Turning short around, she encountered the handsome stranger. He held a book in his hand, which Cap recognized as her hymn-book. Raising his hat, he said:

"I think this is your property," and, opening

it at the fly-leaf, he read: "Capitola Beggs," lingering over each syllable of the obnoxious title, while his gray eyes danced with amusement.

Cap took the book with a low "Thank you" and another haughty toss of the head and hurried away. But her face burned at his amused glance and the half-suppressed laughter as he read her name.

Yet, angry as she was, she could not keep her thoughts from him.

All through the long Sunday afternoon, try as she would to banish him from her mind, Cap found her memory reverting to his handsome manly face.

Later in the evening, she heard her brother relate how a young physician, named Charles Albion, had taken the office of old Dr. Wiggins, who, a short time before, had crossed "the bourne whence no traveler returns." "And he was in church this morning," added Jack. "A fine-looking fellow, with brown hair and gray eyes. You saw him, didn't you, Cap?"

Cap was sitting at some little distance, in the wide old-fashioned window-seat, and appeared so deeply engrossed with some photographs and engravings, that Jack was forced to repeat the question.

But Cap, though her heart was all a-flutter, pretended not to have noticed him, and answered indifferently to that effect. Oh, deceitful Cap!



After this Sunday, however, it seemed to Cap that, everywhere she went, Dr. Albion was the lion of the occasion. No one had ever been so popular in the village before. But he seemed to take little notice of Cap—Cap, who, up to this time, had been all-conquering. At best, he treated her with an amused indifference that to her, accustomed to the homage of the village youths, was infinitely galling.

Always a wide-awake little village, Hayes was gayer than usual this winter; and sleighing-parties, skating-frolics, and all the other amusements whereby the inhabitants of small villages seek to pass the winter months, were the order of the day. At one of these, Dr. Albion was engaged in a running fire of repartee with pretty Nellie Wynne, a rival village belle of Cap. "Oh," he said, laughingly, "you speak of names, Miss Wynne. But what's in a name? A rose with any other name would smell as sweet." Then, suddenly turning to Cap, who was idly turning the leaves of an album, he added: "You agree with me, don't you, Miss Cap?"

"I agree with Shakespeare," she replied, looking up haughtily. "But, Dr. Albion, for the future, please remember my name is Miss Beggs." And, with her pretty head held erect, Cap moved away, and did not notice the doctor again that evening.

Winter had gone, and spring was beginning to put forth its fresh buds, when, one day, Cap set forth on a pilgrimage in search of arbutus.

She had filled a little paper box with the sweet-scented blooms, and was turning homeward, when suddenly it began to rain. It was one of those April showers that come without notice. Cap had no umbrella, and did not know what to do. Suddenly, she heard a quick footstep behind her, and, turning, faced Dr. Albion.

"Will you accept part of my umbrella?" he said, holding it over her. There was something in his tone, different from what it usually was; it was tenderer, Cap thought; and his eyes, too, looked at her yearningly. Her heart began to beat fast. She tried to laugh and talk, but some-

how words failed her. On his part, he also seemed unable to keep up the ordinary conventional chat. At last, whether it was the unwonted softness of Cap's sweet face, or whether the temptation of her rosy mouth was irresistible: but certain it was, that Cap found his face suddenly close to hers, while a soft caress, like the fall of a rose-leaf, dropped on her lips.

She stepped quickly back from under the umbrella, but did not say a word. Yet, as he



looked at her colorless face, he knew that he had sinned past forgiveness.

At last she spoke. "I hate you," she gasped, anger flashing from her eyes.

He stood humbly before her. "So be it; I deserve it," he replied. "But pray don't stand in the rain; take my umbrella," and, with the words, he was gone.

After this episode, the avoidance was mutual. Cap exchanged only the merest commonplaces

with the man who she believed had so deliberately insulted her. He had written her an eloquent letter of apology, which she deigned to read, but which she tore up angrily without answering it. Perhaps her secret feeling toward him made her act in this way, contradictory as it may seem.

At last, he met her in person and alone, a stroke of good-fortune for which he had vainly hoped. It was in the same bit of woodland where she had gone earlier in the season. She had now gone there for ferns. Capitola, if her friends were to be believed, had a craze for these. There were even those who said that she reminded them of ferns herself, in her wild grace and freshness: and Dr. Albion had been among the number. "Somehow, I always associate her with ferns," he said; "it is as if she brings the fragrance and beauty of the woods whenever she comes." When she met him now, she would have ignored him, after a curt nod; but he would not be so repulsed.

"Do you know," he said, "that I am going away? It is impossible to stay here, with you hating me so. But I can't bear to go without your forgiveness. You will probably never see me again. Won't you say you pardon me for not being able to resist a temptation too great for my strength?"

Cap maintained a stubborn silence. If he had only known how difficult it was for her to do so, he might have found new courage.

"Won't you even speak to me?" he persisted.

"Ah, at least you might do that. I did not think you could be so cruel, so hard-hearted, much as I deserve it."

Cap turned away her head, to avoid the gaze of those pleading eyes; but her voice was steady and cold enough, as she answered:

"I don't know what you can expect me to say—certainly, nothing that you would find very agreeable to hear."

"That means you will not forgive me?" he questioned, sadly.

"Forgive you?" flashed Cap, with passionate bitterness. "I wonder what you would think of me if I did. I wonder what you suppose I would think of myself, if I were silly enough, weak enough. No, I never will forgive you—never."

"And those are your last words?" he asked. And, if Cap had glanced toward him, she would have seen how pale and troubled his handsome face grew; but Cap did not dare to look. "Your very last?"

"I hope they may be," she cried, violently. "I never want to see you or speak to you again—never, never. I wonder how you dared even to think that I would forgive you, much less have the courage to ask it."

She turned to go; she could not venture to trust herself to remain an instant longer. Poor foolish Cap, she was hurting her own heart as bitterly as she could be punishing him; but pride would not permit her to yield.

"Very well," he said, slowly. "Perhaps it



was too much to ask. I know I was rude, ungentlemanly, everything that was wrong. But think of me as kindly as you can: that is, if you condescend to remember me at all."

As he concluded, he lifted his hat and walked quickly away. At the end of the woodland path, however, he turned for a last look at Cap, at the sweet face that had haunted him for so many days, ever since he had kissed her, indeed. The vision that presented itself to his astonished eyes he could hardly believe, however. For there sat Cap, on a log, her face buried in her hands and her form convulsed with sobs. Could it be possible, after all her hauteur, that she cared for him? He hesitated for a moment, and then rapidly retraced his steps, till he paused beside the forlorn little figure.

For a few uneasy minutes, he only stood and looked miserably at Cap, as she sobbed and sobbed. Then, regardless of the store of rheumatism which he was laying in for old age by the act, knelt down on the damp ground beside her.

When we are only twentyfive and in love, rheumatism seems comfortably far away, you see!

"Cap," he said, trying to draw her little hands from her face, "won't you give me the right to comfort you? Surely, in these long miserable

weeks, I have expiated my crime. Your anger should not endure forever."

She looked down at him, and the look emboldened him to rise and take a seat beside her and slip his arm around her waist.

"May I return the stolen property?" he said, in a whisper.

Evidently, he saw no negation in the tear-stained face; for, the next moment, he pressed his lips to hers, in a long clinging kiss.

Considering the fact that Cap had nursed her wrath for weeks because of a similar offense, she submitted very gracefully.

"Cap," he said, suddenly, after they had talked for a long while, "will you answer me just one question?"

"Well, but you have asked so many already," she rejoined, with a happy laugh.

"Just this one more. Only you must promise to answer."

Cap nodded, and motioned him to continue.

"What would you have done, if—if I had not looked back, if I had left the village without seeing you again?"

"You couldn't have done it, so there's no sense in your question," vowed Cap, and was punished by another kiss.

TO ELLA.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARK.

Is she so beautiful? No! Well, then, is she fair?
Aye, as that snow-white lily you see lifting there
Its tender form above yon grass-grown mound.
There is a grace, a sweet and maiden-moest air
Of loveliness, about her that is crowned
By purity; a beauty—pensive, rare—
Lingers about her gentle brow, that's bound
As with a garland by her soft brown hair.

I've often heard her sing: so harp Æolian sings
When whispering zephyrs tune its trembling strings.
Sometimes, in strains like music heard in dreams,
She moves the soul to tears; again she heavenward springs,
Like lark that upward soars to greet the beams
Of morn. Still higher, higher, on her tuneful wings,
She rises, till 'midst heavenly choirs she seems
To lose herself, forgetting earthly things.

Then, when she smiles! If God gave beauty to beguile
The mind from saddened fancy, it is in that smile:
The angels must have taught her, as she slept.
They say, who saw, that, every little while,
This smile across her features lightly crept
When in her infancy's sweet sleep she lay,
Guarded by unseen spirit-forms, that kept
Their loving vigil o'er her night and day.

Her eyes, they seem—ah me! I know not what they seem;
For, when I look in them, I only gaze and dream;
And, when I cease to look, I wake with sighs,
Which to conceal I start some trivial theme
Of conversation, till, into her eyes,
Whose every glance is like an unsung strain
That holds my raptured soul in ecstasies,
I chance once more to look, then dream again.

EVENING.

BY J. DOW.

Rest, rest ere yet the night's begun,
While o'er the fields the gold still lies!
Look where the tinted western sun
Wipes his flushed brow, his labor done;

And restfully, before he dies,
Looks backward on his race well run.
Oh, could we take such calm release,
Crowned with heav'n's crown of ev'ning peace!

OVER MY PORCH.

BY CLARA THWAITES.



OVER my porch, in beauty blows
Wreath and spray of the banksia-rose—
Coy as a maiden, free as a child,
Sunny and sweet, untrained and wild.

Over my porch and 'neath the eaves,
Nestles among the fluttering leaves,
A guild of faith and a guild of song,
A blithe and chattering swallow-throng.

Over my porch, with slumbrous boom,
Bees are busy among the bloom,
Honeyed labor from hour to hour
Deftly plying from flower to flower.

Over my porch are matins sung,
Even-song is as sweetly rung,
And fervid noon hath a call to praise
In trill and twitter and wild-bird lays.

Service and song are all around,
Labor and joy in all abound.
All things serve Thee—and why not I?—
With wings and laughter and minstrelay.

A LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

DIANA had been practicing at lawn-tennis, one morning, with her brother, and, now that the game was over, and Jack had gone away, she flung herself into a chair, in a pretty sheltered arbor at one side of the lawn, breathless and heated, yet still looking ravishingly pretty.

Just then her friend, Thekla Dwight, appeared, attired for a walk.

"What!" cried Thekla, "practicing so early in the day? What does it mean?"

"I have been invited to play in the tournament," Diana replied, in explanation.

"You don't mean it," cried Thekla, delightedly. "Why, that is a compliment. The Dartmouth men are going to play also, and they are out-and-out professionals. What a pretty tennis-suit that is, too. Oh, I hope you will win, Di. Whom are you to play with?"

"The ladies choose their partners, one for each side," Diana explained.

"Do try and get Mr. Ames," Thekla rattled on. "He is such a splendid player."

"I have never played with him," Diana replied, with a conscious air.

"Well, you've flirted with him enough, heaven knows," Thekla retorted.

"He sent me a new racquet," Diana said, with a smile of peculiar meaning.

"You little witch!" exclaimed her friend, who fell at once to admiring the beautiful boxwood racquet, with its delicate inlaying and the silver plate bearing Diana's name beside a bunch of blue ribbon. "You have a knack of getting things out of people, Di. The men never send me such. But come along; I am going out on the lake awhile. Won't you come with me?"

"With all the pleasure in life," Diana replied, executing a pirouette, and striking an attitude in which she stood with her racquet over her head, and her lithe figure swaying forward with airy grace. She was very pretty; Thekla had never seen it so plainly as at that moment as she stood there, her eyes shining and her cheeks flushed from recent exercise.

"Di, you're a vain little thing," cried Thekla, giving her a good hug, as anyone might have wished to do.

She laughed and ran away, singing some light opera-air, while Thekla sat by the window and waited for her to change her dress.

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"Di," she said, when the latter came back, "I didn't know you had 'oss-cars' going past your house."

"Neither we have."

"Why, yes! There goes one now. See!"

Diana looked out and saw Oscar Ames, with one of his college-chums, going down the lake path.

"You silly thing," she cried, boxing Thekla's ears playfully.

"Come on," Thekla said, springing up. "We can't get exchange-tickets, but they may pass us down the lake."

"I am not going that way," said Diana, holding back. "They will think we have followed them."

"Mercy!" said Thekla, who was joking all the while. "Commend me to the scruples of a coquette. Well, we won't go out on the lake, then, but we can take a walk, I suppose, with perfect propriety?"

Diana assented to this, and off they went together. It was very beautiful along the lake at Avondale. Diana and Thekla had no trouble to find a shady moss-grown spot where the fallen trunk of a tree afforded them a resting-place. Thekla had brought a book—a most delightful story—in which they were both absorbed for an hour, when Thekla suddenly exclaimed:

"I smell tobacco-smoke."

"Hush, Thekla! It is Mr. Ames and that Eyre man."

The two were sauntering along, quite unconscious of any particular propinquity, when Adon Eyre stopped to throw away the stump of his last cigar and fill a pipe which he brought out of the breast of his boating-shirt.

"So we are in for this lawn-tennis tournament, eh, Ames, old boy? I am afraid that last football-race has knocked the limber out of my legs for some time."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid," Ames replied, with a smile. "There is going to be a lot of girls in this, and I've yet to see the woman who can play lawn-tennis. It's a sight for the gods, to see most of them run."

"Oh!" ejaculated Diana, in an undertone, and Thekla gave her arm a sympathetic squeeze of indignation.

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"Yes," replied Eyre, flinging away a match that had gone out. "Women and cows are advised against any ambulatory excesses. But isn't Miss Craig going to play in the tournament? I've heard she has a very fine service."

"Yes, I believe she is going to play," said Ames, vaguely. "I never saw her at the racquet."

"But you think it is going to be a walk-over for Dartmouth?"

"I don't think there is any question about it. It will be mere child's-play."

"Well, I hope so," Eyre replied. "But I don't share your opinion of girls. I have seen some good players, and—I confess I am a little uneasy about my game-leg. I should hate to be beaten by a girl."

"That would be ignominy, for a Dartmouth champion," said Ames, laughing. "But I don't think you are in danger, Adon."

Eyre did not make any reply. There was a fresh whiff of tobacco-smoke, and then they moved on, quite unconscious that behind the thick screen of laurel and scrub-oak were two highly indignant young ladies.

"Wasn't that too mean for anything?" cried Diana, actual tears of vexation in her pretty eyes. "I didn't think he would say anything so mean as that. I have half a mind not to play at all."

"Oh, yes, you must," Thekla interposed. "You must show him that you can play. Oh, Di! I'd give anything if you could only beat him."

"He knows he can play well," she said, wiping away the angry tears, which Thekla couldn't quite understand. "But I wouldn't be so vain about it. I hate a conceited man. Yes! I will play with him, Thekla, and I'll play my very best. He will have to take back what he said. I am determined on that point."

The day of the tournament was perfect. Diana looked like a "materialized angel," as Thekla said, in her blue-and-white striped tennis-skirt, and a jersey trimmed with silver buttons, and there was one other, at least, that thought so. Certainly, our heroine was looking unusually well. Her eyes had a feverish brightness, and her cheeks glowed like a sunset. Her laugh rang out very frequently, too, as she chatted with Adon Eyre and Thekla.

"You must try and keep cool, Di, dear," her friend whispered. "Everything depends on your nerves."

"I am steady as a pendulum," she answered, gayly. "I am just waiting for Macduff to come on."

"We are to choose partners, aren't we?" said Oscar Ames, coming up, with a confident smile, for he knew that he looked uncommonly well in his white flannel suit and the red-and-gold jacket which he wore over his tennis-shirt.

"We are," said Diana, pointedly, indicating the ladies.

"Of course," Ames said, with a courteous bow. "I am very anxious to play with you, though, Miss Craig. I have heard a great deal about your proficiency."

"Here, here!" cried Eyre. "That isn't fair, Oc. You might as well choose your own partner as throw yourself at Miss Craig's head in that way."

"Never fear," Diana said, laughing. "I am not going to play with him."

Ames's countenance fell.

"I have heard so much of your skill," she continued, with a smile of saccharine sweetness, but which somehow made Ames feel chilly, "that I wish to test my own by yours. I want Mr. Eyre to be my partner."

"With all the pleasure in life," Eyre said, with alacrity, and Ames looked disappointed.

"I shall hate to beat her," he said to himself, "and yet, for the sake of my record, I must play my best. Dartmouth would never forgive me if I played into her hands."

The tournament took place on the club-grounds at Avondale, where tents and pagodas, Japanese umbrellas, and parti-colored awnings were flung out to shield the spectators from the sun. Ladies in airy toilettes and gentlemen in becoming negligés were grouped about the court, and a flutter of excitement rippled through the gay company, as the tennis-players took their stand.

"Diana and Adonis," whispered someone, in Thekla's ear. "But how is it that Miss Craig doesn't play with Mr. Ames? I thought they were—"

"They are antagonists," Thekla answered, shortly.

She was somewhat nervous about Diana. After all, had her friend been wise, on such a momentous occasion, to risk her laurels by pitting herself against the best player in Dartmouth?

It would be foolish to attempt to describe this exciting game, with its spirited returns and swift service. Diana had a twist of the wrist that sent the balls skimming just over the top of the net with hardly force enough to bound out of the opposite court.

"Where did you learn that?" cried Eyre, admiringly, as he took his turn at service.

"I taught myself," she said, gayly, for she and Eyre were winning, and the look of aston-

ishment on Oscar Ames's face was something to revel in.

It was a long game, with some brilliant returns on both sides, but Diana's service carried the day. Ames was not prepared for it. He did not know how to take it. She had a new twist for every ball, and he knew he was beaten before they called forty odd.

Huzzas and applause went up for the victors, but there were two more games, and a test between each two antagonists. Ames and his partner won one game, but they were beaten on the third, and then Diana returned Ames's ball alone. That made some brilliant sorties. Ames was quick and agile, but Diana played with a wild determination, as she had never played before. Once, when Ames sent a ball just inside the court, but high in the air, she jumped for it and sent it off the edge of the racquet in a way that elicited wild applause.

"Place aux dames!" cried Eyre, enthusiastically. "Oscar, my boy, you are beaten!"

This was toward the last. There were a few more returns, and then Diana served a ball which struck the court, but, instead of bounding, skimmed off at a tangent, out of the ground entirely, and lay forgotten in the grass, in the midst of wild cheers of victory.

"Di, you dear old thing!" exclaimed Thekla. "I had no idea you would beat him."

"Dartmouth retires," said Adon Eyre, pleasantly. "You have used Ames up completely."

"Oh, no," said Oscar, magnanimously. "I have sufficient breath left to congratulate the fair victor. I am hardly ashamed to be beaten by Miss Craig."

"Even if she is a woman," said Diana, darting at him a triumphant look that must be forgiven her.

"Because she is one," said Ames, bowing profoundly.

There was a general chat and congratulation then; refreshments came around in pretty little basket-trays, and Ames himself begged the privilege of presenting Miss Craig with the prize she had won, a superb vase of Japanese bronze.

"If I had to be beaten," he said, in a low tone, "I am glad it was by you."

"I don't think that it was a nice thing that you said a little while ago," Diana answered, sharply.

"What?"

"You implied that you hadn't played your best. I think it is unworthy of you to pretend you gave away the game."

"I never pretended anything of the sort," cried Ames, indignantly.

"You said you were not ashamed to be beaten, 'because I was a woman.' I don't know what that means, unless it is that you wouldn't attempt to beat me. I am sure Miss Dwight thought you meant that."

"Indeed, I did not. You beat me fairly. Everybody who knows anything about tennis knew that."

"Anyhow," she persisted, "you said a shabby thing about me the other day."

"What did I say?" cried Oscar, desperately.

"You said I—that is, you said girls couldn't play tennis, anyhow. You weren't afraid of any of them."

"I—"

"Don't deny it! I heard you say it to Mr. Eyre, when you were walking by the lake."

"I should not have accused you of listening," he said, hotly, driven to the wall.

"I didn't listen. I couldn't help hearing. You passed by where I was sitting."

"Well, I did say it," he said, doggedly. "I suppose that is a fearful crime."

"It was abominably mean of you," said Diana, emphatically, and she turned from him to speak to someone else.

Ames moved away. He saw her afterward, with Adon Eyre, and that sent him off the tennis-court altogether. From that hour, it became apparent to everybody that Diana had transferred her interest from Ames to Eyre. It was Adon with whom she walked, flirted, danced, rowed, and drove.

"I suppose Adon has told you he is engaged?" Ames said, one day, when chance threw him tête-à-tête with Diana.

"Engaged?" echoed Diana, vaguely. "That means—he is amused, I suppose. You speak as though that were the end of hope."

"I say he has no business to flirt with you as he does," said Ames, warmly.

"Because you'd like to yourself," said Diana, with a twinkle in her eye.

"He is engaged to my cousin. I won't let him make a fool of her."

"Ah!"

"And you ought not to encourage him. I have always relied on Adon as a man of honor, and—"

"Can your cousin play lawn-tennis?" Diana interrupted, in a bland way.

"I don't know," Ames replied, shortly.

"But you admit she may, even though she is a girl."

"You know very well that I have taken back all I said about girls not playing lawn-tennis. Confound it—"

"Why, Mr. Ames!"

"Well," he burst forth, "you shan't grind me in this way any longer. I've said I was sorry, and what more do you want?"

"Revenge!" Diana said, quickly.

"Well, you've got that. If you wanted to make me suffer for my conceit, you've gone the right way about it. If you keep on in this fashion, you'll make me quarrel with my best friend."

"If you could only make it a duel," Diana said, wistfully, "I could almost forgive you."

"You are a heartless coquette!" said Ames, bitterly, and he left her with indignation burning in his heart.

Thekla came, the next day, to bring a tremendous secret. She was nervous and frightened.

"You don't know what has happened," she said, anxiously. "Di, I am afraid you have gone too far with Mr. Eyre. Phil says they have quarreled about you, and—and they are going to fight a duel."

"What?" cried Diana, sharply, forgetting her romantic preference for such an episode.

"Did you ever hear of such insanity? I want Phil to have them arrested. But he won't, you know. None of the men will."

"But they are not going to fight with—with—to kill each other?" Diana exclaimed. "Oh, Thekla! When is it to be? I—I— This mustn't take place. It would be too dreadful."

"Well," said Thekla, "you are the only one who can stop it."

"I?"

"Yes; you must interfere, Diana. It would be dreadful if you were to have anything like that on your conscience."

"What can I do?" she cried, nervously.

"Write to Mr. Ames to come and see you."

"I will write to Mr. Eyre."

"But he is the challenged party. He can't withdraw. You must write to Mr. Ames."

"I am afraid he won't come," Diana said, deprecatingly. But she did not know her man. Ames answered her note in person.

"I—I—have heard very distressing news of you," she said, awkwardly. "Is it true you are going to fight a duel with Mr. Eyre about me?"

"You said you would like that," he answered, evasively.

"But—I—I—told a story," she went on, rapidly. "I want you to withdraw your challenge. I—I shall be very angry—very much hurt, if you don't."

"I would do anything to please you," he said, hesitatingly, "but—"

"Oh, please!" she said, laying one hand on his arm, while her eyes filled with tears. "For my sake!"

"Diana!" he cried, "do you really care? Would it make the least difference in the world, to you, if I were killed?"

Diana burst into tears, and somehow she fell to crying on Ames's shoulder.

"Darling," he whispered, putting both arms around her in a proprietary fashion, "if you will only tell me that you care, I will do anything you wish."

"I—do—care," Diana sobbed. "I was only fooling with Adon Eyre—and oh, Oscar, I do love you with all my heart."

Several days later, he said to her:

"Diana, I have something on my conscience. I have made up my mind to confess. It is a sin against you, my darling, but, before I tell you, I would like to feel sure of forgiveness."

"I could forgive you anything," she said.

"Well," said Oscar, with a mental shiver, "I want to tell you that—that that duel between Eyre and me was a sham, gotten up in the hope that—well, in the hope that you'd do just what you did do."

"I knew it all along," she said, serenely. "and I quite admired you for your cleverness. It let us both down so gracefully, and I had been wondering how we could manage it. It was a sort of lawn-tennis tournament between us, of a different kind from the other."

A SILHOUETTE.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

Now, let us take his picture, if we can.

Dame nature had a most penurious mood,
Else she had never hit upon a plan

That promised, from such small amount of good,
A creature with the semblance of a man;
But not a man, alas! 'tis but a dude.
A scientist, how'er well versed in art
Would need a microscope to find a heart.

Five feet in height, an average breadth of chest;

A large mustache, a weak and wavering will;
An ornamental chain across his vest;

A pointed boot his foot can more than fill;
A fancy cane, that seems of him possessed;
Head small, brain less, soul infinitesimal.

O shade of Darwin! with this chance to move,
Your theory seems less difficult to prove.

SAMANTHA CALLS ON THE PRESIDENT.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

My niece, Cicely, was payin' us a visit, and had brought her boy with her, "little Paul," as we called him. He was a smart child, as you'll see from what I tell you.

The Sunday after he came, Elder Minkly preached. It was a powerful sermon, about the creation of the world, and how man was made, and the fall of Adam, and about Noah and the ark, and how the wicked was destroyed. It was a middlin' powerful sermon; and the boy, on our way home, asked us a powerful lot of questions about it. Yes, four thousand was the estimate Josiah and me calculated, on our pillows that night, was the number he asked.

"Did they drive 2 of all the animals in the world in that house," he said, "Uncle Josiah?"

"Yes," says Josiah.

"2 elephants, and rinosterhorses, and snakes, and snakes, and bears, and tigers, and cows, and camels, and hens?"

"Yes, yes."

"And flies, Uncle Josiah?—did they drive in two flies? and mud-turtles? and bumble-bees? and muskeeters? Say, Uncle Josiah, did they drive in muskeeters?"

"I s'pose so."

"How could they drive in two muskeeters?"

"Oh! less stop talkin' for a spell—shut up your little mouth," says Josiah, in a winnin' tone, pattin' him on his head.

"I can shut up my mouth, Uncle Josiah, but I can't shut up my thinker."

Josiah sithed; and, right while he was a sithin', the boy commenced agin on a new tack; and so kept on. He was wonderful.

Cicely was out of health: she was peaky, and had no appetite; poor thing, she had had trouble enough to be only skin and bones. The air of Jonesville didn't seem to agree with her. So I said to Josiah, one day: "How would it do to make a tower to Washington with her? The sights she'll see, maybe, will cheer her up. And I'd like to call on President Arthur—for it was years ago, in President Arthur's time—and show him what a smart little chap Paul is."

And Josiah, he thought it was a good idee. And so it was planned.

To prepare myself for going, I studied deep and mused. I mused on our 4 fathers, and our 4 mothers, and on Liberty, and Independence,

and Truth, and the Eagle. And, thinkin' I might jest as well be to work while I was a musin', I had a dress made for the occasion. It was bran new, and the color was Bismark Brown. Josiah wanted me to have Ashes of Moses color. But I said no. With my mind in the heroic state it was then, I couldn't curb it down onto Ashes of Moses, or roses, or anything else peaceable. I felt that this color, remindin' me of two grand heroes—Bismark, John Brown—suited me to a T.

There was two wimmen who stood ready to make it—Jane Bently and Martha Snyder. I chose Martha, because Martha was the name of the wife of Washington.

It was made with a bask.

When the news got out that I was goin' to Washington on a tower, the neighbors all wanted to send errands by me.

Betsey Bobbet wanted me to go to the Patent Office, and get her two Patent-Office books, for scrap-books for poetry.

Uncle Jarvis Bently wanted me to go to the Agricultural Bureau, and get him a paper of lettis seed. And Solomon Cypher wanted me to get him a new kind of string-beans, if I could, and some cowoumber seeds.

Zebulon Corn wanted me to carry a new hen-coop of hisen to get it patented. And I thought to myself, I wonder if they'll ask me to carry a cow. And, sure enough, Josiah wanted me to dicker, if I could, for a calf from Mount Vernon—swap one of our yearlin's for it, if I couldn't do no better. But I told him, right out-and-out, that I couldn't go into a calf-trade, with my mind wrought up as it would be, when I came to where G. W. was entombed.

Josiah took us to the train about an hour and a half too early. But I was glad we was on time, because it would have worked Josiah up dretfully if we hadn't been. For he had spent the most of the latter part of the night in gettin' up and walkin' out to the clock, to see if it was approachin' train-time: the train left at a quarter to ten.

When we got to Washington, the shades of twilight was a shadin' the earth gently, and we got a man to take us to the boardin'-house where we was to stay, the Widder Smith's: she was second cousin, once removed, to Josiah's

great-aunt's first husband, and that is how we cum to know of her.

The next day, Cicely was so beat out she could not get up at all. She wusn't sick, only jest tired out. So the boy and I sot out alone, to go to the White House. And Widder Smith's son went with us. Bub Smith was well acquainted with the President's hired man, he said, and could get us in without parley.

I was in good spirits, and quite a number of 'em. The boy was feelin' well, too. He had a little black velvet suit and a deep lace collar, and his gold curls was a hangin' down under his little black velvet cap. They made him look more babyish; but I believe Cicely kept 'em so to make him look young, she felt so dubersome about his future. But he looked sweet enough to kiss right there in the street.

I too looked well, very. I had on that new dress, Bismark Brown, the color remindin' me of 2 noble patriots. And made by a Martha. I thought of that proudly, as I looked at George's benign face on the top of the monument, and wondered what he'd say if he see it and hefted my emotions I had when causin' it to be made for my tower. I realized, as I meandered along, that patriotism was enwrappin' me from head to foot; for my polynay was long, and my head was completely full of Starks'es "Life of Washington."

On the outside of my head I had a good honorable shirred silk bunnet, the color of my dress, a good solid brown—that same color, B. B. And my usial long green veil, with a lute-string ribbon run in, hung down on one side of my bunnet in its wonted way.

It hung gracefully, and yet it seemed to me there wus both dignity and principle in its hang. It gieve me a sort of a dressy look, but none too dressy.

I don't believe in talkin' big, as a general thing, but, when I got to the White House, thinks'es I, Here I be, a holdin' up the dignity of Jonesville: and here I be, on a deep heart-searchin' errent to the Nation. So I said, in words and axents a good deal like them I have read of in "Children of the Abbey" and "Charlotte Temple":

"Is the President of the United States within?"

The hired man, that cum to the door, said he was, but said sunthin' about his not receiving calls in the mornings.

But I says, in a very polite way—for I like to put folks at their ease, presidents or peddlers or anything:

"It hain't no matter at all if he hain't

dressd up—of course he wusn't expectin' company. Josiah don't dress up mornin's."

And then he says something about "he didn't know but he was engaged."

Says I: "That hain't no news to me, nor the Nation. We have been a hearin' that, all the time, right along. And, if he is engaged, it hain't no good reason why he shouldn't speak to other wimmen—good honorable married ones, too."

"Wal," says he, finally, "I will take up your card."

"No, you won't!" says I, firmly. "I am a Methodist! I guess I can start off on a short tower, without takin' a pack of cards with me. And, if I had 'em right here in my pocket, or a set of dominoes, I shouldn't expect to take up the time of the President of the United States a playin' games at this time of the day."

He blushed up red; he was ashamed; and he said "he would see if I could be admitted."

And he led the way along, and I follered, and the boy. And he took us into a room, walkin' sort of slow out of courtesy. What a lovely room it was. The walls was perfectly beautiful, and so wus the ceilin' and floors. There wusn't a house in Jonesville that could compare with it, though we had painted our meetin'-house over at a cost of upwards of 28 dollars. But it didn't come up to this, not half. The President has got good taste, I thought to myself; and I says to the hired man, as I looked round and see the soft richness and quiet beauty and grandeur of the surroundings:

"I had just as lives have him pick me out a calico dress as to pick it out myself. And that is sayin' a great deal," says I. "I am always very putickuler in calico: richness and beauty is what I look out for, and wear."

Jest as I wus sayin' this, the hired man opened a door into another room, even more beautiful; and says he:

"Step in here, madam, into the antick room, and I'll see if the President can see you." And he started off sudden, bein' called. And I jest turned round and looked after him, for I wanted to inquire into it. I had heard of their cuttin' up anticks at Washington: I had come prepared for it; but I didn't know as they was bold enough to come right out, and have rooms devoted to that purpose. And I looked all round the room before I ventured in. But it looked neat as a pin, and not a soul in there; and thinks'es I: "It probable hain't their day for cuttin' up anticks. I guess I'll venture." So I went in.

But I sot pretty near the edge of the chair,

ready to jump at the first thing I didn't like. The room was full of all sorts of old-fashioned things; the kind of things sensible folks send away to their garrets. And I kep' a cloose holt of the boy. But it wusn't long before the hired man came back, and said:

"The President would receive me."

"Wal," says I, calmly, "I am ready to be received."

So I follered him; and he led the way into another beautiful room. Oh, such beautiful rooms as they all are at the White House, to say nothing of the conservatory, where they have miles and miles of orchards, that grow in the air—and this room was kinder round, and red-colored, with lots of elegant pictures and lookin'-glasses and books.

President Arthur sot before a table covered with books and papers: and, good land! he no need to have been afraid and hung back; he was dressed up slick, slick enough for meetin', or a parin'-bee, or anything. He had on a sort of a gray suit, and a flower in his buttonhole, one of them very orchards.

He is a good-lookin' man, though he had a middlin' tired look in his eyes as he looked up. He shook hands with me, and I with him. And then he drewed up a chair for me with his own hands (hands that grip holt of the same hellum that G. W. had gripped holt of. O soul! be calm when I think on't), and asked me to set down; and consequently I sot.

I leaned my umberell in a easy careless position against a adjacent chair, adjusted my green veil in long graceful folds—I hain't vain, but I like to look well—and then I turned to Paul, and introduced the boy.

And I told the President how smart he wus; and how we had cum all the way from Jonesville to see him; and how Paul might live to be President himself; stupider men, I said, had cum to be President: who could tell?

At this, the President smiled, and, good laws! all at once I saw how unperlite I had been. But, before I could apologize, or tell him I didn't mean him, the President took the boy on his knees and began to talk to him. And he says, jest to make himself pleasant to the boy:

"Wal, my little man, are you a Republican or Democrat?"

"I am a Episopcal."

He said it so well, so like a little man, that I could see the President was impressed. But the boy branched off quick—for he seemed fairly burstin' with questions—and felt quite at home.

"Say: what is this house called the 'White House' for? Is it because it is to help white

folks, and not help the black ones and Injins?" For, you see, he heard us talk about sich things up at Jonesville.

The President said, smiling: "No, it wasn't for that."

"Wal, is it called white, like the gate of the city is? Mammy said that was white—a pearl, you know—because everything was pure and white inside the city. Is it because the laws that are made here are all white and good? And, say—"

Here, his eyes looked dark and big with excitement.

"What is George Washington up on top of that big white piller for?"

"He was a great man."

"How much did he weigh? How many yards did it take for his vest—forty?"

"He did great and noble deeds: he fought and bled."

"If fightin' makes folks great, why did mammy punish me when I fought with Jim Gowdey? He stole my jackknife, and knocked me down, and set down on me, and took my chewin'-gum away from me and chewed it himself. And I rose against him, and we fought and bled: my nose bled, and so did his. But I got it away from him, and chewed it myself. But mammy punished me, and said 'God wouldn't love me if I quarreled so; and, if we couldn't agree, we must get somebody to settle our trouble for us.' Why didn't she stand me up on a big white piller out in the doorway, and be proud of me, and not shut me up in a dark closet?"

"He fought for liberty."

"Did he get it?"

"He fought that the United States might be free."

President Arthur seemed more and more impressed. I could see he thought Paul a remarkable child. He looked at the boy again and again, smiling and listening. But, after awhile, the tired look which I had seen in his eyes when I first came in returned. I guess he was thinking of the day's work before him. Once or twice, he sithed. So I told the boy we must go. And then I says to the President: "That I knew he wus quite a traveler, and of course he wouldn't want to die without seein' Jonesville." And says I: "Be sure to come to our house to supper, when you come." Says I: "I can't recommend the huntin' so much—there ain't nothin' more excitin' to shoot than red squirrels and chipmunks—but there is quite good fishin' in the creek. They ketched four horned Asas there, last week, and lots of chubs."

He smiled real agreeable, and said "when he visited Jonesville, he wouldn't fail to take tea with me."

Says I: "So do; and, if you get lost, you jest inquire at the corners, of old Grout Nickleson, and he will set you right."

He smiled again, and said "he wouldn't fail to inquire, if he got lost."

And then I shook hands with him, thinkin' it would be expected of me. And then I removed the boy by voyalence: for he was a-askin' questions agin, faster than ever; and he poured out over his shoulder a partin' dribble of questions, that lasted till we got outside. And then he

tackled me, and he asked me somewhere in the neighborhood of a thousand questions on the way back to Miss Smith's.

Oh, dear me suz! He asked me over forty questions to a lamp-post—for I counted 'em—and there was eighteen posts between the White House and Miss Smith's.

Good land! I ruther wash than try to answer him; but he looked so sweet and good-natured and confidin', his eyes danced so, and he was so awfully pretty, that I felt I could kiss him, right there in the street, if it wusn't for the looks of it. He is a beautiful child, and very deep.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

WHY, here's a clear sky, the last cloud
Melting in high blue space of air;
Soft little West-winds freshly blow;
Far off, the thunder mutters low;
The birds for gladness sing aloud,
To greet a sunset fair.

The fields, this morn, all sere with drought,
Look green already, and the streams,
Brimful and laughing, haste away;
Our world, all sick with feverish day,
In promised sweetness budding out,
With odorous moisture steams.

Our roses lift their heads again,
All diademed with raindrops bright;
The pansies brighter tints unfold;
Bright the syringa's hearts of gold,
Washed free from dusty speck and stain,
Flash bravely in the light.

But here—oh, pitifulest sight!—
On the wet pathway, drenched and torn,
With little broken wing outspread,
A bird, by storm-wind buffeted
And done to death—beat down in flight,
All quivering and outworn.

Cold, dead—quite dead. And what's to him
This purer air and clearer heaven,
This peaceful end of thunderous strife?
Can these bring back his little life,
Or wake his song at even?

So you, my friend, your anger o'er—
That, storm-like, all our sky bespread—
Come back with smiles, and smiles are sweet.
Sweet, these fresh airs of peace: we'll meet
Kind words with kind, but love's no more;
Love's like the bird—stone-dead.

MY HAUNTED HEART.

BY KATE AULD.

My heart is haunted, dearest—
A spirit bright is there:
An image dear I treasure,
A face so sweet and fair.
My heart is sadly bleeding,
Pierced through by Cupid's dart;
And 'tis thine image, darling,
That fills my haunted heart.

My heart is haunted, dearest;
At early morn I rise
And, seeking then the "spirit,"
I look into thine eyes.
At eve, my heart is aching—
'Tis very hard to part;
But thy face I carry always
Within my haunted heart.

My heart is haunted, dearest,
Thy face is ever there;
And always, in my bosom,
Thine image will I bear.
And though, at close of evening,
A few short hours we part,
Thy face is brightly mirrored
Safe in my haunted heart.

My heart is haunted, dearest—
Thy spirit pure is there;
And I deem myself most happy
Thine image bright to bear.
Oh, heal the spot where Cupid
Has pierced his cruel dart!
But always still thine image
Will crown my haunted heart.

ALONG THE BAYOU.

BY A. BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "ORIOLE BLOSSOMS," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60.

CHAPTER VII.

THE sun had passed the zenith, and already long rays slanted eastward over palmetto roof and walls, casting on the banks of the bayou a dwarfed shadow of the fisher's home.

Within, all the gay company was gathered, and light laughter, tinkling about palmetto spikes, died among the rafters of the low roof.

Without, sat the fisherman on that old cypress knee, under that swamp-willow, which was his first memory of life.

To his table and his roof and all the poor contents of his home, he had made these strangers welcome, and then had withdrawn, saying his seine needed repair, and he must arrange for the late fishing with old Dominique. But, from the bank where he sat, he could see within. He could see the table all covered festively with moss and fern, the strange faces gathered around, and the beautiful Mary bending now and then her lovely head to gaze through the open doorway on the scene without.

Bornito's thoughts were not on his work. Nevertheless, he plied his great net-needle assiduously. About him, the trailing moss waved sleepily; little yellow butterflies played over the iris; grasshoppers, brilliant in many hues, jumped among the rushes; near by, from the embers of a smoldering fire, where these stranger men had broiled the fish they had caught, a faint blue smoke rolled lightly and lazily upon the sunny air. It was a picture painted in the softest and dreamiest of sun-tints.

But Bornito saw naught, heeded naught, of all this.

Within his red shirt, he had stuffed the gold, the savings of his hard life. It was how best to lay this treasure before the beautiful Mary that he was debating. Gladly he would have placed it amid the rushes, where, in passing toward the boat, her foot might strike against and clink the golden coins. But such a sum! Surely, she would say: "It is not mine." Surely, she would seek the owner, and lay the treasure aside, and hold it as sacred trust, perhaps forever. Moreover—and, as he thought thus, Bornito's face grew dark—perhaps some other foot might strike against and find his treasure. Find it,

only to lose it, as that other had been lost, in those gay card-revels, of which Bornito sometimes had caught faint glimpses, in those bright rooms on the lake-shore below.

Back and forth, back and forth, the wooden needle passed.

The sun-rays grew longer.

They stole under the moss-trails, and touched the young fisherman's long beard.

He did not heed. Like a solemn fate weaving the woof of a life, he sat, the great twine-meshes spread around, the wooden needle diving in and out, in and out, eastward and westward, northward and southward.

After awhile, the water of the bayou splashed with broad-spreading beating sound, the cane rustled oddly, and the net was drawn as by a heavy weight. Then indeed the wooden needle was dropped, and Bornito, as one wearied, stretched forth his hand, laying it fondly over the broad head of a long alligator which had crept to his side.

"Thou canst not help me, Bisqua," he said, looking down on the green head. "So—still, still—thou wilt make me more work. See: behold now, wicked one, thou art caught. Here: give me thy paw."

"'Tis a fine specimen," said a voice beside him: "a specimen well developed and well adapted for scientific preservation. Can you certify, Leon Bornito, that the animal has evinced intelligence or affection?"

Bornito looked up, still holding Bisqua's claw. A puzzled expression was in his dark eyes.

"I mean," said the professor, bending eagerly forward, and scanning the great reptile with interest, "is this creature capable of being instructed? Does he comprehend human vocalization? Does he make any demonstration of attachment? For I presume, Leon Bornito, that you have withdrawn him from savage life, and have brought him within the boundary of civilization, wild and savage though it may be."

"Uncle means, does he love, and does he understand what you say?" called Miss Gaillard.

Bornito looked around.

"Oh, we are all here," she continued, seeing his eye sweep over the gay group gathered in a

bright knot at some little distance; "we are all here, and we are all afraid."

"What a disgusting creature! How can the fellow hold that paw in his hand?"

"Mrs. Vanderlich desires to know how you can hold that ugly claw in your hand," called Mademoiselle Rita, the brunette, translating the speech into French.

Bornito looked down, and, opening his hand, disclosed the end of the forelimb. It was but a stump.

"He is maimed," he said, in a tender voice and using his own language; "he is maimed. Thus I found him, three years ago—sick and bleeding. I took him into my house. If he loves—that I cannot tell; but we two live together—Bisqua and I."

"Does he stay with you always? Does he eat at your table?"

"Does he stay with me always? No, mademoiselle; sometimes Bisqua is away many days. Does he eat at my table? No, mademoiselle; but he lies on the ground at my side, and he is never hungry."

"You must have a tender heart," said Miss Gaillard, drawing a little nearer, and letting the glory of her lovely starry eyes fall full into his, looking upward.

"But, yaiasse," said the fisherman, slowly, and he laid his great hand over his bosom, "my 'art ees deep—deep an' true."

"Take care, mademoiselle," whispered De Villenaret, with a quizzical grimace, "the fellow looks ready to lay that heart at your feet."

"He seems utterly incapable of comprehending my interrogatories," interrupted the professor.

"De Villenaret, will you question this Leon Bornito regarding the habits of this amphibious creature? It is the first specimen I have had the privilege of examining under such interesting surrounding, and the history will be of incalculable value for unfolding knowledge regarding capacity of brain, etc."

Very patiently, the fisherman, disentangling the net from Bisqua, answered all the professor's questions, entering into the life and habits of his singular companion. Rita, interrupting De Villenaret's cold translation, took up the position of interpreter, and with graceful gesture told the story of Bisqua's life, oddly woven into the life of the young fisherman.

"And that is all, mademoiselle," said Bornito, at last. "If I have done for him, he has done for me. He takes the solitude from my hearth. Go now, we are tired of thee, Bisqua; go, go." And, as the lumbering creature dragged itself away over the rushes, disappearing with heavy

plunge into the dark bayou, Bornito glanced heavenward, then toward Miss Gaillard.

The feverish light had gone from her eyes, the burning glow from her cheek. The story of the fisher's lonely life had left a tender shade on the fair face.

Bornito again glanced above, despair filling his heart. The sun was low, and he had not yet spoken; he had not yet laid his gold in her keeping; and, before them all, he could not speak.

De Villenaret—had he asked? Was she already plighted? Had she already given away her life? Bornito's face grew dark. He stooped, and, gathering up the great seine, tossed it angrily into the bottom of his pirogue. When he looked around, Miss Gaillard stood beside him.

"Do you go out to draw your seine now?" she said.

"But no, mademoiselle; de heure ees not harreevé."

She cast, over her shoulder, an odd little hurried glance toward De Villenaret.

Her uncle, holding him by the lappel of his boating-shirt, was discussing Bisqua.

"I have never been in a pirogue," she said, turning toward Bornito. "Would you row me a little way? Just round that point?"

Bornito could scarcely believe that he heard aright. He trembled with eagerness. He did not know what he answered. But, as he took her little hand and helped seat her in the light craft, the world became a beautiful dream, and the swamp was heaven, and the bayou a stream of silvery water.

CHAPTER VIII.

He had told her, in his simple broken words, that the pirogue was scarcely fitted for two: that any sudden motion might upset it, and throw them both into the deep bayou. In answer, she had straightened her willowy figure, folded her white hands, and now sat quiet before him.

Here and there, a long red beam, breaking through the curtains of moss, and trailing through the rattling cane, flooded her with its glory. She was gazing forward. Her glance had gone far beyond her companion, as if she were lost in thought. Was she watching the little opening vistas of the bayou? he said to himself. Or was she looking down the vista of those long years to be lived with one unloved?

They had now passed the little point, around which she had asked to be rowed, Bornito all the while studying how best to offer his treasure.

The swamp was filled with prie-Dieux. Their lovely cry was heard through all the yellow stretch of cane, and from the darker recesses of the wood.

Miss Gaillard sighed, and then spoke.

"I think that song the sweetest I have ever heard," she said, wistfully. "They are little missionaries, little priests; and the temple—it is a grand temple," she added, quite as to herself, and turning her graceful head to look around. "Ah, but I did not notice—you have brought me too far. We must return."

Return? His gold not yet offered?

His heart sank. He paused on his ears, and, pointing over his shoulder, exclaimed:

"Dere—dere ees a meel, an hold meel, habove—not far, non. Eet ees—yaisse—jolie; an', eef mademoiselle weel cainte, we may go. Dere ees but ceepress-log, an'—an' eet ees nobodie kno' fo' w'at med, an' hov w'at people, non."

Miss Gaillard glanced above and then around. It was not very late. Nevertheless, a sudden fear apparently seized her heart, as if she remembered who awaited her on the bank below.

"Dere ees palmette beeg—beeg comme ça," added Bornito, pointing to a bush some eight feet high; "an' eet ees hout hov dat w'at I mek my 'ouse—yaisse."

"It is not far?" asked Miss Gaillard.

"Far? Non, mademoiselle; you see dat tree w'at ben' low, low, like one back hall broke? Bien, eet ees dere."

"Well, let us go," she said, quietly.

Just beyond the tree, the narrow bayou widened into quite a broad pool, and, on the eastern bank, the ruins could be seen of which Bornito had spoken. Nature, the wild rich luxuriant nature of the land, had done her best to efface all marks of man's hand. The ruin was almost a wilderness of flowers. A few cypress-pillars were yet standing, the pale-lilac blossoms of a swamp-creeper draping them with the exquisite beauty of a new April bloom.

"How lovely!" cried Miss Gaillard, as the little boat shot up into the bank. "How lovely! It is a dream."

The fisherman leaped ashore, and stood gathering the blossoming creeper. Above his head, the vine had woven an arch. He stood as one framed in it. Miss Gaillard's eye lingered, well pleased, his figure was so picturesque and graceful. It added just the touch of life needed to make perfect the fair scene, she thought. All about, the red sun-glow touched the ruin into rich light and shadow.

When Bornito had gathered a great bunch of the delicate bloom, he came forward and held

his offering toward Miss Gaillard. She took it, smiling her thanks, and then sat watching while he cut a young palmetto, trimming the spikes deftly into fan-shape with his great knife. This also she took.

"I shall keep it always, as a souvenir of this lovely spot," she said, looking up at him and smiling.

"An'—an' dere ees yet more dat I would geef to mademoiselle," said Bornito.

He was standing on the bank. He had taken off his great hat, and a soft evening-breeze blew the long dark hair gently about his broad brow. His face was strangely serious.

She sat looking up, expectant, wondering. He was so earnest. A little tremor—a little fear, perhaps—touched her heart, remembering what had been forgotten: that she was alone, alone in the swamp with this rough fisherman.

"I think you have given me enough—quite enough," she answered, lifting the flowers and the fan; "not only these, but that—the memory of that," she added, waving her hand toward the vine-draped ruin.

"But eet—eet ees a 'appiness dat I would geef mademoiselle," said the fisherman, thrusting his hand within his shirt and drawing forth his gold, tied in a blue bandana. "Eet ees dees w'at I would geef, an' eet ees my hown, an' eet ees fo' mademoiselle: gole, hall gole, voyez." And he knelt on the bank and untied the old kerchief, and spread the coins in the red sunlight.

"For me?" cried Miss Gaillard, aghast.

Bornito nodded solemnly.

"Dere ees more nor t'ree 'ondred dollaire," he proceeded, lifting several of the yellow coins in his broad palm and letting them fall, clinking, into the pile below, "more nor t'ree 'ondred dollaire, an' eet ees fo' mademoiselle. I no wan' eet—me."

"But what shall I do with it?" exclaimed Miss Gaillard, all amaze.

"Do wid eet?" repeated the fisherman, looking earnestly into her face, and pausing a moment, as if thinking what words to use. "Buy you'se'f haway."

"Buy myself away? Buy myself away?" ejaculated Miss Gaillard, more in amaze than ever.

"Eet ees dat w'at I say—dat w'at you muss do," said Bornito, proceeding to tie together the ends of the blue kerchief. "Tenez," and he laid his hand on the side of the boat, and looked down, and then looked into her face, and then down again, and then again into her face. "Dat I 'erd—de faul' was not mine, non. Bhelo," and here

he pointed down toward the lake-shore, "bhelo eet was, dat I 'erd dat w'at madame say hov Monsieur Gerton Vanderlich. Non, you muss not be hafraid," for Miss Gaillard had started, and then, her lovely eyes suddenly growing large with horror, she gazed at him as one terrified. "Tenez, she wan' saille you—yaisse, like I saille my feesh—ah, an' you so—so like la Vièrge Marie—like w'at I see een dream hov 'eav'n. Eet ees one gret creeme," said Bornito, doubling his fist. "You no love Monsieur de Villenaret. You no mairrie'eem. Tenez—you tek dees gole, hall w'at I 'ave, an' you say to madame: 'Voyez, geef to you' sonne dees t'ree 'ondred dollaire. Eet mek me free hov Monsieur de Villenaret.' Ah, I can no spick has I wan' spick," cried poor Bornito, pressing his great hand, all trembling, over his heart, "mais eet ees yere, mademoiselle, eet ees dat I wan' mek fo' you a 'appiness," and then he lifted the little hoard and laid it among the flowers on her lap.

Miss Gaillard looked down. She passed her hand once or twice over her temple, as if striving to recall her thoughts, then, clutching the fisherman's offering, tossed it among the rushes.

"This is terrible—terrible. Surely, I was miserable enough before," she murmured. "How dare you listen? How dare you repeat, to me, what you heard?" She turned almost fiercely toward Bornito.

"'Ow I dare?" said the fisherman, rising with great dignity. "'Ow I dare rheapit? To sev you—to mek you a 'appiness. Dat I leesten—de faul' was not fo' mo, non. Ah, mademoiselle, a gret seempateo come een my 'art, w'en I see—w'en I t'ink—ah—an' you weel not tek, you weel not rhesiv, w'at I geef? Voyez done—I ham beeg, yaisse," here he stretched himself to his full height, "an' I 'ave not no need hov dees," here he touched the pile with his foot, "an' I go far—far hout eento de gret worl', an' heven een sheep to de 'ome hov mademoiselle some day; an' I geef to haire w'at I no wan', an' w'at weel mek fo' haire a 'appiness—an'—an'—certainement, pour l'amour de Dieu, pour l'amour de la Vièrge, pour l'amour de son Fils, mademoiselle weel tek de leel w'at I 'ave?" and Bornito, stooping, again lifted the rejected gold.

He was tenderly earnest, gently respectful, as he spoke. He had wrapped his deed in all the sacredness of his religious faith. Yet fright, amaze, despair: these only could the poor fisherman see, in that white uplifted face. Meantime, she made no reply.

The splash of oars, near by, suddenly broke the silence. Then a loud voice rang over the still water.

"Are you deaf?" called Gerton Vanderlich.

Bornito thrust the gold within his shirt.

Miss Gaillard covered her face, for one instant, with her hands. When she withdrew them, the face was calm, but very pale.

"I say, are you deaf?" shouted Vanderlich, angrily.

"No," said Miss Gaillard, looking toward the bank, and beyond Bornito, "but I have been admiring this ruin. See, Gerton—see, Mr. de Villenaret—is it not beautiful?"

"I don't care for the beauty," answered her cousin, roughly, and deigning scarce a glance toward the fair scene. "I want to know what you mean by going off, in this way, into the swamp. Mother is furious, and uncle not at all pleased. De Villenaret would have been after you long ago, but that confounded alligator—"

"I have been very pleasantly entertained," interrupted Miss Gaillard, still regarding the ruin. "I have never seen anything—"

"Oh, nonsense, Mary," interposed her cousin. "You know very well that you ought not—"

"Hush," said Miss Gaillard. "Hush, you have said enough. Monsieur de Villenaret, were you aware that the bayou held such a beautiful picture?"

"No," he answered, gravely, regarding Bornito, who still stood on the green bank. "But it grows late, mademoiselle. Will you come into our boat, and let us row you back?"

"I prefer the pirogue, thank you. It is something," she answered, lightly, "it is something novel, to be rowed by a real dweller in the swamp, on a real swamp-bayou, and in a real swamp-pirogue."

Bornito stepped into the light craft, seized the oars, pushed off, and pulled down-stream. De Villenaret and Vanderlich followed. They talked back and forth. Miss Gaillard even laughed. Bornito, wondering, covertly watched her flushed face and sparkling eyes. She did not speak to him till they had turned the point and his lonely home came in view.

"You—you were dishonorable enough to listen. Will you be dishonorable enough to repeat?" she asked, in a low voice, looking coldly into his face.

Bornito was silent, but his eyes spoke the scorn he felt.

"I—I shall have to trust you," she added, a slight embarrassment creeping into her manner, "although—although you did what you ought not to have done."

"Some day," said the fisherman, "some day, I weel say to mademoiselle 'ow I 'erd. Made-

moiselle may have peace: I weel not rheapit, non."

Here, the pirogue touched land, and they all gathered around, and she told them gayly of the beauty she had seen; and the aunt scolded and the uncle looked grave.

After awhile, they made their farewell to Bornito. The three boats, with De Villenaret and Vanderlich singing, slipped away down toward the lake-shore.

The fisherman followed.

When he had reached the white shell-banks and the little settlement below, Dominique called: "Thou art late."

But Bornito did not heed. He was looking out over the lake. The sky was red, and the water was red, and the sun was sinking, a blazing ball, into the red water. Over the glowing beautiful waste, three boats, like three specks, were fast disappearing through that dreamy sunset-light. In his rough untutored way, the fisherman wondered: "Does she thus pass from my life?"

Under his heavy beard, a hard firm line stole round the young lips. He said naught, only sent the frail craft forward with long strong pulls, so that old Dominique cried out in anger.

And, when Bornito came home that night, and Bisqua met him by the bank, and the owls hooted as they had hooted all the long nights of his life, and a mocking-bird near sang as it often sang from the bending bough of the swamp-willow, he looked around as one in a strange land. Truly, she had left the bloom of her presence on all: the world was a new world.

Long he sat by the dark water; and, when at last he entered his home and lit the torch on his rough hearth, gently he stole toward the altar where she had stood. Slowly, even as one dreaming, he reached forth his hand to touch the urn she had touched.

It was gone.

With a low cry of surprise, he scanned hastily the altar-shelves, stirred the fire on his hearth till bright flame lit every corner, and searched even the rafters of the low roof.

Useless—quite useless.

He opened his door and looked without. A light fog rested upon bayou and swamp, and its chill crept over him.

He came within and sat by the fire, and, as he sat, he saw amid its glow a picture. He saw his relics as he had last seen them, in the slender hands of that stranger professor; saw the eager face bent thoughtfully over the old urn; saw the thin lips framing the words of that old college-song.

Later, when Bornito slept, there was in his dreams much pleasure, also much pain. Without, the swamp-fog grew denser, wrapping that lonely hut as in the mystery of an unsolved future.

CHAPTER IX.

Two days had passed. The third day broke with golden sky.

Forth from the edge of the swamp, and into the open stretch of the canefields, stepped Bornito. He had come from his home, through the tedious tangle of the swamp; he had threaded its mazes, guided by stars, even as the mariner of old guided his boat through unknown water; he had sped over the bit of trembling prairie, and over the high land of the ridge, and down through tangle again; and now, coming forth into the open land, with all the swamp-mystery hanging about him like a mantle, he lifted his head and sniffed the sweet morning-air as it came fitting over the dewy cane.

Far beyond, in front, he could see the broad roof and tall chimney of the great sugar-house, smokeless now in its spring idleness. Near this, stretched rows of negro-quarters, scantily shaded. Beyond these, a great grove of trees, concealing, with their rich foliage, the home of the Villenarets. Seen across the pale-green of the young cane, they lifted themselves dark against the blue sky.

It was by appointment with the professor that Bornito thus for the first time visited the patrimony of the Villenaret family.

At this moment, a party of equestrians, ladies and gentlemen, was seen, following the level road which stretched through the canefields. He was near enough to recognize most of them. As they approached, he stood aside among the cane, holding his great hat in his hand and bending his head with graceful deference.

"How are you? And how is Bisqua?" cried Mademoiselle Rita.

"My *rara avis*," exclaimed the professor, stopping his horse. "I had not expected your appearance, upon the very verge of the dawn."

"Professor," called De Villenaret, who had galloped ahead, but now came back, with a heavy scowl between his black eyes, "do you persist in this foolish arrangement?"

"Foolish? Call you it foolish, young man?" responded the professor, eagerly pointing to a palmetto basket, filled with roots and mosses, which hung on the fisherman's arm. "Call you it foolish, when I behold such specimens as those? You do not possess your uncle's scholarship, young man."

De Villenaret dug his heels into his horse's side. The animal reared suddenly. As he drew him in with strong hand and rein, he came nearer to the professor.

"Sir," he protested, in a lower voice, "I think your niece's feelings ought to be considered. She objects—bitterly objects to—"

"Mary is a charming young woman," interrupted the uncle, "but, after the fashion of her sex, somewhat changeable. When first we entered this El Dorado—eh, Mary, is not my assertion correct?—you were all anxiety I should expound and theorize on the growth of this wonderful land, and give forth a book to mankind, which—"

"I rather think, professor, it is to the individual she objects," interrupted De Villenaret.

"Objection is immaterial," said the professor, with a somewhat testy wave of the hand. "Hie you hither, Leon Bornito. I regret—I regret exceedingly, that an engagement will detain me some two hours; but you may await me in the study, which Monsieur de Villenaret has accorded me—or, if you prefer, on the verandah."

Here the professor gave rein to his horse and joined the others of the party, who had cantered ahead.

Poor Bornito! She had not even looked at him, after one slight bow. Only the rose on her cheek had deepened as she sat waiting, patting the pony's head, conscious that he was looking at her all the time. Especially while De Villenaret spoke, that flush had spread; and Bornito looked and listened; looked till she had quite turned away her face, and he could see only the little car, rosy-red, nestling amid the gold of her hair. He had not quite understood the talk, which had been carried on in English: only enough to make a bitterness in his heart; only enough to know that, of this engagement which he had made with her uncle, she disapproved now.

"It is because of me," he thought, sadly. "I have tried to help her, and I have angered her." And then the gold which he had brought with him, hoping for a chance to offer it to her again, and which rested in the basket beneath the ferns, and had seemed so light, became all at once a heavy load, so that he would fain have put it back in its old place under the palmetto thatch of his home.

He was in no humor to talk with strangers, and he took his way across the fields, and so to the house, which was a large old building—like most plantation-mansions, two stories in height, with verandahs running entirely around.

As he drew near, the birds were singing in the trees, just as they sang at his own home. The shadows were dancing, and the early sunlight flickering in little flocks of gold over the gray floor of the verandah and the gray wall of the house, just as they flickered over his own palmetto hut on the bank of the bayou. The shutters all about here were closed.

A solemnity entered his heart. Silence in the swamp—yes, one expected that; but here, where men lived, it seemed strange, passing strange.

A cock crew. A faint sound of distant voices came to him. The birds sang, and the priest-Dieu sent forth its sweet plaintive cry, like a greeting from his swamp-home. He began thinking of the little hut where he had passed all his life, and he compared it with the great house rising before him, and wondered how men felt in such a place, with its spacious rooms, with lofty ceilings above them. It was here she lived now, that violet-eyed Mary: who was unhappy, and who was angered because he had tried to help her. He wondered what her life was, what her surrounding.

He had been told to wait. So he seated himself on the edge of the piazza, resting the basket on the floor, and looked around. There were long French windows, opening low, and leading into the rooms behind. The one near Bornito was bowed; all the rest were tightly closed. Even as he looked, a sudden gust of wind caught the bowed shutters, blew one close into its fastening, and the other wide open, disclosing faintly the rooms beyond.

Something white and tall caught his eye. It was like the figures he had seen above the vaults of the old cemeteries of Saint Louis, in the city below. A sudden curiosity seized him—rather, a sudden longing to see the homes of the great world in which she lived. He got up and peered within. Quite unconsciously, he crossed the low sill. With wonder, he gazed on the statue whose white gleam had attracted him—a Venus—the rounded limbs showing soft in the twilight. He stretched forth his hand, touched the cold marble, and looked up into the face—warm, despite its pallid whiteness, warm with the expression and intensity of love.

Near by, was a picture: an Eastern scene, where, on crimson pillows, reclined a dark-eyed houri, fanned by slaves. A fountain, near, fell with splash so real that Bornito thought he almost heard the noise of dripping water.

He drew himself away. Suddenly, before him, dimly as it seemed, was another picture. It was that of a tall powerful figure, roughly clad; a long beard hanging over a red shirt;

long dark locks surmounted by a palmetto hat; two eyes, richly lustrous, looking into his; on the arm, a basket filled with green and blue iris; in one hand, a stick. Bornito started. Then, all at once, he recognized his own reflection, as seen in a great mirror. He had seen it before, often, looking up at him from the surface of still water. It had never then struck him as it did now, when it seemed to tell him of the roughness of his laboring life. He turned away, feeling how out-of-place he was amid the luxury of this rich room. Yet, even as he turned, he lingered a moment, caught by the beauty of a picture hanging against the rose-tinted wall.

It was the face of a girl, of the rarest and richest loveliness. There were diamonds gleaming in her ears, and diamonds on her throat; but they were not brighter than the lustre of her beautiful eyes. As he looked, the face seemed almost breaking into life: the eyes glowed; and the scarlet lips, soft as rose-leaves, seemed dimpling into tender smiles. He looked, and looked, and looked again. Strangely familiar it grew. He thought of all the girls he knew on the bayou; of all the pictures of saints he had seen in the homes of these girls; of the fair ladies who had graced his palmetto hut with their presence, only the other day; of the brilliant brunette and her languid sister; and last, he thought of that heaven-tinted Mary. Surely, none of them was like this.

Again a strong gust of wind blew, lifting the faded curtains that hung about the window. The silence was broken now. There came the sound of voices. Then trills of laughter, mingling with the song of the birds and the rustling of wind-tossed boughs. He hastened toward the window.

At that moment, the half-closed shutter was opened, the rich faded curtain drawn back, and Mary Gaillard entered. She still wore her riding-habit. Her face was brightly flushed, and her manner betokened haste. Even Bornito, all unused to the ways of men and women, could see agitation expressed in the half-fearful glance which she cast over her shoulder, could see the nervous moving of the little whip held in her gloved hand, and the quick-coming breath, which almost impeded speech.

"Wait—do not go; I—I thought I should find you here," she said, quickly.

Bornito stood quite still. He had taken off his hat, and his dark head was bowed with that wild natural grace which came partly from heritage, partly from the languid beauty of his life's surrounding.

"Uncle told me to look for you on the verandah, and—and—I saw iris; you had dropped iris."

She glanced through the open window.

Bornito also looked, and saw, lying on the floor of the verandah, several blue flowers, which had fallen from his brimming basket.

"And, as the window was open—" She hesitated here.

"I 'ad not de rlight to hentaire dees rhoom," exclaimed Bornito, interrupting. "But—but—eet ees w'at I see een de cimetaire, an' eet med fo' me one gret marvel." He pointed, as he spoke, to the white Venus. "An' après—I would say, aftairewards—mademoiselle, I deed bheold encore ces tableaux. Can mademoiselle not tell to me, habout ce tableau là, noateeng?"

He turned as he spoke, and fixed his eyes on the dark beauty looking down with her soft brilliant eyes.

"It is a picture brought from France—a French picture, by a French artist. Yes, it is beautiful," and she let her blue eyes, for an instant, meet the dark ones looking down. Then she exclaimed, hastily: "But my uncle will grow impatient."

"I ham rheddy, mademoiselle," he said.

"Wait—wait one moment, Monsieur Bornito," she cried. "My uncle bade me say that he has had his desk taken under the first big oak, down the avenue, and he will talk with you there—he thinks it pleasanter than a close room, and—and—he will be with you directly. He is taking off his riding-boots. He does not care for breakfast. He drank milk at the plantation where we rode this morning."

But she was evidently thinking of other matter, as she spoke.

"Den, hat once I weel go to 'eem, mademoiselle." But she arrested him.

"Before you go to my uncle," she said, speaking very fast and lifting her deep soft eyes to his, "I must ask that you will be careful not to say to him one word about—that conversation." Here her eyes fell; she hesitated; frowned a little impatiently; then, again uplifting them, looked fairly into his face. "About that conversation with my aunt, Mrs. Vanderlich." As she spoke, she drew her whip restlessly back and forth through her left hand.

A great flush of pain and anger rose to Bornito's dark brow.

"Ah, Dieu, 'ave I not to mademoiselle halrheddy med promeese? An' I weel not rhepit me. One time, I say non—eet ees non, non, toujours, toujours. Ah, mademoiselle does not know—mademoiselle does not haccord to me confidence.

Voyez donc, w'ere I leere, hask Dominique, hask Gaston, hask Barbara, hask Mère Corbi—hask hall de pe'ple wid 'oom I 'ave hacquentance, dey weel say: 'Ee ees thrue, Leon Bornito, thrue.' I weel not rheapit me, non." And he stood looking upon her, quite grand in his wrath.

"I—yes, I believe you," she replied, after an instant of hesitation. "I believe you; but—but it is a terrible secret which you hold—you, a stranger." Then, hearing footsteps, she abruptly quitted the room.

CHAPTER X.

A WEEK had passed, since the morning spent with Professor Gaillard on the De Villenaret plantation, and yet no messenger had been sent to Bornito, no word arranging for the journey in the swamp, of which the professor had spoken.

A great change had come over the fisherman's life. He, who had ever been so industrious, was now the idlest among his mates. Dominique, gray and bent, would glide up the bayou in his pirogue, and, seeing Bornito seated gazing into the water or moodily treading the rushy bank, his boat drawn high, his nets dry, would shake his head, send a greeting as he passed beyond, and a greeting as he passed homeward, and then again shake his head, and mutter under his breath.

One day, the old man ran his boat up into the grass, crept ashore, and sat down beside Bornito.

"What ails thee?" he asked, peering shrewdly into the fisherman's face. "Art sick? Or did the strangers cast evil eye on thee and thy home? Art content?"

"Content? Not so, Dominique. The heart within me says: 'Go—go see the wide world—take thy place among men.'"

"Thy place among men?" answered Dominique. "Thy place among men? Truly, Leon, hast thou not thy place among men? Thou art a brave fisher. The world has need of fishers, as it has need of rulers. And thou wouldst leave the old home—the graves of thy grandfather and thy mother—I say, again, 'tis an evil eye which these strangers have cast upon thee.'"

Bornito shook his head.

"I like not that stubborn spirit," said the old man, somewhat testily. "'Tis a lonely life here. Thou shouldst come to the settlement, and talk to the demoiselles, and take thee a mate. There is my grandchild—my little Barbara—a pretty child, and good. She would make thee—"

"Stop there—stop, Dominique. Thou meanest well; but thy words do not touch my heart. I tell thee, a cry in my breast says: 'Go see the world.' And I shall go," continued the young man, rising hastily. "After awhile, I shall go."

"'Tis those stranger people who have cast this evil eye upon thee," muttered Dominique, angrily. "Dieu! before, thou wast well content."

"Content? Never. Come: follow me, then. I will show thee, Dominique, what I have hitherto concealed."

The old man got up wearily. Following Bornito, he entered the low door of the dwelling. As his eyes fell on the rough altar, heedless of Bornito's pause by the cypress chest, he quickly stepped forward, gazed searchingly on each shelf, and, turning, asked suddenly:

"But thine urn, Leon, and the bit of cross within. What hast thou done with thine urn?"

The young fisherman bent yet lower over the opened chest. If Dominique had been near, he would have seen a deep flush staining throat and forehead. How tell Dominique the truth—that the urn had been missing since one week? How tell that he, Bornito, held suspicion in his heart, having seen his sacred possession last in the slender hands of Miss Gaillard's uncle? All search about the palmetto hut had been fruitless; and surely, if, in the confusion of departure, these strangers had thrust his treasure among the baskets, ere this some word of return would have come. During all that long morning spent with the professor, he had waited, hoping, yet scarce daring, to ask. Twice he had tried, and twice the words had died in his throat. Would not his questioning seem rude? Would it not seem as if he were casting suspicion on the guests to whom he had thrown open his humble home? Thinking of all this, without lifting his head, he answered:

"'Tis not of the urn I would speak. Come hither, Dominique, and look within."

The old fisherman mechanically obeyed.

"Thou sayest," continued Bornito, "thou sayest the desire to pass forth into the world is new. Behold these books. All these, which thou seest, I have read. They tell of wonders in foreign lands. Each book, when I have read, I have said: 'What the words tell, that will I see.' Now, sayest thou the strangers have cast on me an evil eye?"

The old man, for a moment, was dumb with surprise. Then, suddenly recovering himself, he cried angrily:

"Yes, a thousand times yes. These," touching the books with one horny finger, "these, bah, they are dreams—paper, print—and thou

diddst read, perhaps, and journey here from thy hearth, and work at thy net and gather sustenance. But never a word wouldst thou have said, never a step forth wouldst thou have taken, if—"

The younger fisherman moved, and impatiently closed the lid.

"What use to talk? I go, some day. I tell thee, Dominique, some day thou wilt see me slip down this bayou, and out into the broad lake, and over toward the gulf-water, and forth over the ocean, over the ocean, like the petrels on our lake. Thou hast oft called me a sea-gull, Dominique. In good truth, I will be one. Wilt fill thy pipe, and sit here and smoke?"

"The urn—the urn, Leon," muttered the old man, looking around and frowning: "the urn and the sacred relic within."

"'Tis not of the urn we will talk," said the younger, with quiet determination. "Rather, we will talk of the past. Tell me of my mother. What canst thou remember of her life?"

The old fisherman mused for an instant.

"Have I not told thee, again and again," he then said, "that she was fair, her eyes like deep water, her form straight like the mast, her cheek red like the sun-glow, her teeth no oyster-pearls whiter?"

"And she loved Antonio, thy son?" persisted Bornito, as the other paused.

"Aye, and she killed him," said the old man, calmly.

"And how was that?"

"Others have told thee. Thou art over-bold to ask it of me," said Dominique, looking sternly on the young fisherman. "But, mayhap, the sin of the mother may teach thee that thy life and thy duty lie here. Many a day I have seen her—the pretty swamp-flower—stand before the mirror yonder, that same mirror above her altar, and wind the water-vines in her hair, Antonio looking on, his black eyes all bright with joy in her beauty. Eh! 'twas a pretty picture. But 'tis not of that I would speak." suddenly breaking off and passing his hand over his eyes, as wiping away a vision. "One morn—it was April, as it is April now, and in May she was to marry Antonio—your grandfather came down from his hammock—eh! no daughter was in the bed yonder. The big palmetto screen was folded against the wall—she was gone."

"Gone with Crezoni," said Bornito.

"Yes, with Crezoni. With the man who was my boy's friend," replied Dominique, quietly. "Thy grandfather, Pedro, came, with white face, to tell Antonio and me. There was just a bit of paper she had left behind. It said she was well and happy, and would come back some

day, with the one who loved her, and bring gold to the father. Antonio—holy saints!—he suffered. He hunted, but he could not find. He waited six months, and he heard naught, and he grew thin, and white, and cold, and like a dead man in his life. He was not my Antonio. And, one day, a big storm crept over the lake yonder, and he got into his boat, and went out, and, while the tempest was yet raging, he was cast mid the rushes at our door—and he was dead."

"And then you went on living just as you lived before?" asked Bornito.

"But yes," answered Dominique, only the grip on his pipe-stem telling of the pain within. "What else could one do? I, in the settlement, with my daughter Testa and her husband, 'till both died." Here he crossed himself. "And Pedro in this hut alone."

"Till one day," suggested Bornito.

"Till one day," said Dominique, taking up the words, "till one day, Pedro was called. A sailor, from the lake yonder, brought him a letter; and the letter was from his daughter, and she bade him come to her. Then Pedro said to me 'adieu,' but to no one else; and he left the hut with me, till he return. Eh, it was a long while—three years. And, when he came back, we did not know thy mother—she who was to have been my Antonio's wife. Thou wast but a babe of two years. Thou wast but a little one then, Leon. I can see the boat now, in which Pedro and thy mother and thou slipped past us all, and up here to the willow and the old home. But I had kept the roof whole, and the day after that coming, Pedro built for thy mother that altar; and now again I say to thee: Where is the urn, Leon, and the sacred relic within? Where is it?"

"I will tell thee, Dominique, when thou hast answered all my demands," was the reply. "Where did my mother go, when she left her home? Where was I born? Where did my grandfather bide, the three long years of his absence? Why do I not bear my father's name? And why—"

"Hush," cried Dominique, harshly. "Thy mother told me naught. I but lifted my eyes and looked on her face, and she read 'Thou hast killed Antonio.' 'Twas the vendetta between us, sharper than if I had struck the knife through her heart. She went forth on her travels, even as thou wouldst go, and she came back with her heart torn. Bide here, Leon. Rest tranquil here. Take my little Barbara; catch thy fish and mend thy nets; drink in the quiet of the night and the songs of the morning; and, if thou must need be the sea-gull, go

forth into the storm when it beats over thy home-lake."

Bornito shook his head. Then, suddenly, he got up and took a net hanging against the wall.

"It grows late, Dominique, yet is there time enough," he said.

"Thou hast not answered my question," said the old fisherman.

"Thou hast not answered mine," replied Bornito, pausing in the doorway.

"Because I cannot," said Dominique.

"Because I cannot!" repeated Bornito.

He cast his net into his pirogue, pushed forth into the still water, and waited for Dominique. The old man followed silently.

The two boats slipped along into the shadow, and disappeared like spectres.

CHAPTER XI.

DARKNESS was spreading over the far-stretching water of the lake.

Dominique lifted his withered face, and looked aloft and around.

Sign of a coming storm was in the still air. Black the bayou-woods rested against the pallid sky. Great cypress-trees, standing alone and muffled in tatters of moss, were outlined against the drab sky, an army of warriors ready to meet and battle with the wild storm-king.

"'Twas on such a night," muttered Dominique, "on such a night." And his thoughts traveled to the dead son.

As for Bornito, he did not think. Only the restless motion of his soul stole forth over that still water and led him forward.

There was a white sail against the distant horizon. It had caught the light of the setting sun, and shone forth red-tinted in the gloom.

"Those people yonder are mad," called Edwa Corbon, a wrinkled and seamed yellow creature, who was with Bornito and Dominique, fishing. "See them—they will be squall-struck."

"Who, then, are they?" asked Bornito.

"Some messieurs from the city, and some gay ladies."

Bornito's heart gave a great bound.

Like a dream, there came to him the memory of certain words which had been spoken by some of the party who had entered his home. There was to be a sail, far out over the lake, and a return by moonlight. This he remembered—this, and nothing more. Suppose—aye, suppose—the boat held that same party, and, among them, the blue-eyed Northern maiden who had touched his heart with thoughts of heaven.

Suddenly, out on the leaden waste, a white wave rolled up, and broke foaming.

Bornito looked around. Dominique, in his boat, had disappeared. There were only a few boats left, and these were swiftly speeding into the silence of the bayou. The big swamp-frogs were croaking a bass chorus. Presently, the rushes near the shell-banks shivered, the water broke into foam white as ermine, the cypress-trees shook their tatters.

Again there was calmness. The last fisher's-boat had scuttled into the bayou. The gloom deepened. The leaden flat beyond was torn into white shreds. Out upon the horizon, far distant, Bornito could see a schooner scudding along under reefed canvas. Ah, what a gray world—gray—only those white foam-wreaths, and the lurid sun-glow, and that yet gold-tinted sail to break the deadness of death's coloring.

Again the wind came, tossing the fisherman's long hair. A gleam of lightning shot over the neutral tints of the lake, and a mutter of thunder rumbled far off. The storm-petrels fluttered about Bornito, and, like a petrel, his little boat shot forth into the mad water. He could hear the waves roaring against the breakwater on the shore, two miles beyond.

Now, indeed, Bornito became the sea-gull. His boat flashed like a winged creature over those heaving waves. His dark eyes grew like tense sparkles of will. The wind had caught his hat, and the spray dashed over his bare head.

He could see that the gold light was passing from that distant sail. He could see the craft was turned landward, that it was dancing and rocking and bending as if guided by unskillful hands. All about him, the swelling water lifted itself into mounds and towering waves, and deepened into great caverns. Gentle Pontchartrain was now a fury. The sun died among the clouds in a burst of lurid splendor. The wind wailed and the lightning flashed—green, red, yellow—spectral tints, touching the scene into awful brightness, then dying suddenly, while thunder, like the awful voice of an angered Jehovah, broke and rolled above. In all the long years, Bornito had seen nothing to equal this.

He remembered the great sandbar stretching its length between boat and shore. He noted that the wind, blowing landward, had deepened the water, so that here, where shallows ordinarily extended, now a deep flood raged. Remembering the danger of the sandbar and the danger of this deepening water, he shuddered. Yet that shudder only shot through his frame a sense of keener strength, a thrill of deeper life. All about him, the gulls flew. Otherwise, he was alone on that wide waste.

Would he be in time to warn those coming, of the long bar stretching its deadly length before them?

He raised his voice and shouted.

As well have whispered. The wind carried his shout landward.

A sickening feeling crept over his heart. With stronger will, he bent to his oars.

The sailboat was being rapidly driven forward. Driven faster, faster, as the wind grew more boisterous. If only that wind would lift it over the long bar!

He was near the sail now. When the lightning played, he could see figures moving. If he had dared to stop rowing, he would have raised his hand and waved them backward. He reckoned he was now passing over the long bar, but he could not calculate, for the mad storm had wiped out distance. He gazed anxiously forward. He was near them, and they had seen him. Yes! And De Villenaret stood, holding to the mast, while the boat dashed wildly on. A wave lifted Bornito, so that he could look down into the bottom of the sailboat, and gleams of lightning revealed a group huddled there together. Those same gleams showed him a woman's figure near De Villenaret, seated, and, like him, clasping the slender mast for support. The head was uncovered, and the lightning touched with a weird glory the golden hair of Mary Gaillard.

How save her?

How save all those who were rushing on to destruction?

He drew in his oars and rapidly waved his arms toward the lighthouse below. De Villenaret and two others he could see were regarding him, yet the boat went on. Evidently they did not understand.

Frantic with despair, he leaped overboard, to swim to them. Perhaps they would throw him a rope. His little pirogue floated off like a bubble. That was nothing. If only he could reach them!

Too late—too late! Through the foam and the spray, Bornito saw the boat suddenly shiver and then disappear. A wild cry rang over the water.

When he rose again on the waves, there was only a hulk to be seen, to which figures were clinging. The water was breaking over them. Clouds of spray were dashed up into the darkened air.

Around and around he swam, diving in and out. Something floated near him, then sank—a pale still face, resting, one moment, pillowed on the black water. The strength of iron entered

the young fisherman's frame. He dived. He felt over the white sand and the shells below.

Vain—vain!

Under the water he raged. There was slimy sea-grass growing here. He fairly crawled over the slippery bed, crawled till he touched her.

But how still she rested!

He passed one strong arm about the quiet form and moved upward, not speedily, but as one burdened.

He was some distance from the hulk. Could they see him? He thought so. But he did not care. Out on that wild waste, with only his strong arm to fight the storm and to fight death. Death? Had not death already claimed her? Truly, the glare of that lightning was horrible. She was so still: that beautiful face was so marble-white. A great terror entered his heart.

It was so dark. Only the lightning showed the black of that yet distant shore. The wind helped, throwing him forward from crest to crest. And now he thought he could hear the waves beating against the bank. Another moment, and the lightning showed the black line of the shore nearer and more near. Twice the still burden in his arms had almost slipped from them. He thought he felt raindrops, but was not sure. But, after awhile, there came the sound of grass and cane rattling and wind wailing about the boughs of trees.

Thank God, he had found the mouth of the bayou. There were no shell-banks there, however; they were all covered with water. But the trees and the cane lifted themselves from beds of water. How dark it was! How the wind moaned here among the tree-boughs! How black the woods when the lightning flashed!

He could see gleams of fire now, shining through some half-closed shutters, in the settlement beyond. If only he could reach land! But all was water. For the lake had backed up into the swamp and the bayou, and the houses stood dry only because they were lifted on piles; and the waves were beating loudly against these piles.

The rain poured down all this while, in torrents. Bornito looked forward. If only he dared, how gladly he would pass on to his home.

At whose door should he enter?

He had almost unconsciously stopped near a boat. He was startled, on hearing a voice call: "Is it thou, Leon?"

Whose the voice was, he did not at the time know. But he found footing among the water-swept rushes, and tenderly bore Mary Gaillard,

in his arms, ashore. Her long hair had come uncoiled, and hung dripping over her white dress. Bornito pressed her instinctively to his heart, as if longing to give the warmth and life to her motionless form.

"She is dead," he cried, in a voice of anguish. "Dead—I was too late."

"Who is dead?" called the same voice, and a young girl, standing in the portico of the fisher-hut before him, bent her head forward into the falling rain.

"Quick, Barbara, quick," he cried. "Go in, and get thy bed ready."

"Oh, Holy Virgin! What, then, hast thou, Leon?"

But Bornito did not wait to answer. Climbing the ladder-like steps, and pushing past, he entered the hut.

There was no one within. A bright fire burned on the clay hearth.

The young fisherman stepped forward, and laid his dripping burden before the fire, on the rough floor.

"Haste, Barbara, haste," he cried. "Call Mère Corbi. Ah, Dieu! There is blood—blood. See, she is wounded."

And blood indeed there was, trickling over the white neck.

"'Tis but a little wound—but a very little wound, Leon," said Barbara, kneeling and smoothing back the hair gently with her small dark hands. "Dieu, but she is white."

"Eh! What is this we have here?" cried another voice. "Did I not say 'Santa Anna help those on the lake this night'?"

Bornito looked up.

"More work for me—more work for me," muttered Mère Corbi, who, hearing voices, had hastened from the inner room.

At this moment, a great gust of wind shook the little hut, so that the floor trembled and a cloud of smoke was blown out from the chimney.

"Blessed Mary, it is the return," cried the old woman, lifting her wrinkled hand. "Yet once before, a night like this, and he was brought—

the one thy mother killed, Leon—and laid here, just here. He was beautiful—she also is beautiful," continued the crone, suddenly kneeling and laying her hand over the heart of the motionless figure. "But his heart was dead, and hers beats. Go forth, Leon. Leave her with Barbara and me. No, my son, have no fear. I like not the shroud."

Bornito hesitated.

"Is it not that there are those without who need thee?" asked Mère Corbi, suddenly lifting her dark wrinkled face.

The young fisherman started guiltily.

Aye, those others, they were indeed forgotten, so completely had his whole being been absorbed in the rescue of Mary Gaillard.

"The boat was stranded on the sandbar," he said, rapidly. "The others were clinging to the hull; but she—I found her—she had sunk to the seaweed. She is wounded. She must have been struck. Mère Corbi, save her—and—"

"Silence," cried the crone. "I have made promise. Go!" She lifted her hand here, and, rapidly crossing herself, cried: "Santa Anna protect thee."

Bornito turned to leave the room, but stopped at the doorway, for an instant, to look back. The firelight played over the little dark chamber; over the seine and the hanging hammock; over Barbara's small bed in the corner, hung with its coarse mosquito-net; over Barbara herself, the pretty face bending anxiously above the fair form that rested on the rough floor; and over Mère Corbi, touching the lines and wrinkles of the withered countenance into strange shading of black and red.

It was with this picture in his heart that Bornito went forth through the gloom and the rain, wading from house to house, rousing the fishermen to go forth with him over the leaden water, to rescue the rest of the party.

Fortunately, the wind, out upon the bosom of the lake, had lost much of its violence; the rain now fell lightly; boats could venture out in comparative safety.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A POSE.

BY BRAINERD P. EMERY.

My dear, please hold your head just so,
Your red lips parted. So much? No.
Though posed and parted well for kissing,
You must not so, or I'll be missing

My picture, and upon my heart
Will paint my crowning work of art,
Instead of on the canvas here:
So close your rosy lips, my dear.

SO VERY SUITABLE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

DOROTHEA became conscious that she had swum beyond her strength, and that there was neither boat nor human creature within her range of vision.

Voices came ringing across the water from the other side of the jutting point which she had rounded and far passed, and the laughing tones smote dismally and mockingly enough on her ear, in this paralyzing sense of danger.

She turned toward the beach; an abrupt rise of ground, covered with scrubby cedars, concealed the bathing-houses and the people on the sand—the white, white sand—which gleamed so far off to her suddenly-tired eyes. She was as much alone, where mortal aid was concerned, as if the low-lying shore had been the beach of some desert island in the middle of the Indian Ocean.

She realized that, if she lost her presence of mind, she must inevitably drown; yet this very necessity for controlling herself unstrung her nerves like a sensation of actual fear.

The sea had been very calm all the morning; but, within the last quarter of an hour, a breeze had sprung up, and the surf began to beat with a force which she had no strength to resist. The waves buffeted and flung her about at will, and her effort to direct her course, so as to avoid their violence, only exhausted her the more.

She was an excellent swimmer, and versed in all the art of husbanding her power. She ceased her fatiguing strokes, turned on her back, and allowed herself to float passively; but, in a few instants, she perceived that the undertow was bearing her swiftly outward.

She resolutely checked the wild impulse to shriek; with equal resolution, held her body supine to the mercy of the water till she might get back energy enough for resistance. The force of will required was terrible, exhausting her more at first than physical fatigue had done; but she succeeded.

There she lay—floating on, on—each wave carrying her further out; she, the while, staring up at the turquoise-blue of the sky, which looked so cruel and regardless, while the merry notes of mingled voices rang across the sunshine; and neither on earth nor in heaven did there seem to be help or thought for her strait.

What would the last moments be like? Was she afraid to die? A score of questions started

up; her terror yielded to a numbing passivity, in which it seemed to her that she uttered these queries and watched her own peril as she might have done that of another.

Suddenly, she heard a voice call, loud and clear:

“Lie quite still; I shall reach you presently.”

Then she heard the rapid dip of oars; but they came from behind, and the quick sense of safety left her so utterly without strength that she could not lift her head; her eyes closed—she floated slowly on, on.

Nearer and nearer, the strokes sounded; then the deep full baritone voice called cheerfully:

“It is all right now. Just give me your hand.”

Dorothea Vernon glanced about; the boat was quite close. She saw a gentleman leaning over the side, and knew that she tried to obey his command. But the skiff danced wildly, and she, so far from being able to second his effort to aid her, felt herself growing fainter and fainter.

She realized that she was seized in a strong grasp and lifted into the boat; then, for a little, partial insensibility locked her faculties, during which, though she could neither stir nor speak, she felt some woollen garment folded about her, while her head was carefully raised and supported; and then a strong whiff of ammonia stung her senses into renewed action.

Presently, she could open her eyes and sit up; a face she had never seen was gazing into her own; but, kindly and handsome as it looked, the returning ability to think and comprehend the mixture of the ridiculous which mingled with the situation, now the danger was over, made her almost wish he had left her to her fate.

“You are better,” the young man said, a smile of relief crossing the anxiety depicted on his features.

“Yes,” she answered, though by scarcely more than a movement of her lips; for an odd sickness had suddenly seized her.

“Just drink this,” he said, holding to her mouth a little pocket-cup half filled with sherry. She drank the wine, and soon felt relieved and strengthened. “I’ll make you a place in the stern,” he continued. And, in another moment, she was half carried and placed comfortably against a pile of rugs and shawls.

"Thanks," she said, remembering that she had not yet uttered a single expression of gratitude; "thank you so much!"

"But, if I let you drift out to sea, after all, you will have slight cause to," he replied, laughing a little. "I must attend to the craft now. Be quite easy: I'll soon take her in."

The boat had veered about; he swung it back with a vigorous stroke, and began to pull rapidly in to shore; but the distance was considerable, and the surf rendered the rowing hard enough to consume nearly a quarter of an hour. Dorothea drew the long ulster in which she was wrapped close about her, leaning back against the rugs, and neither spoke till the keel grated on the sand.

He helped her out, opened a camp-stool which had been lying at the bottom of the boat, and made her sit down, saying:

"You must still rest a little."

"I can't attempt to thank you," she answered, shivering slightly.

"I wish you would try a few more drops of sherry, instead," he rejoined. "And I've the ammonia here, if you feel at all faint."

"No, no; I don't need either, I assure you," she said, trying to smile. "I am quite right again."

"I seem to have a regular pharmacopeia," he went on, to give her time to repose. "A friend asked me to bring some butterflies—so, as I had no chloroform, I took the ammonia. I rowed over to Throg's, to sketch, and staid all night. The landlord wanted to send these rugs home by me—so, you see, I was able to come out quite in the character of general utility."

Dorothea smiled, comprehending his motive in this light talk, but preoccupied now by the thought of getting back to the swimming-beach and the bathing-houses. Glancing at her, he interpreted her trouble as if he had been clairvoyant.

"I might have taken the boat to the beach," he said, "but it was nearer to land here, and I was thinking of that."

"I am very glad you did," she replied; "I should have disliked—"

"I know," he rejoined, as she paused; "one does so hate to have a scene made over one, and of course all the people of your acquaintance would, if you had appeared in my boat. But you must have swum a long way."

"Not further, I think, than I have often done. I can't tell what came over me," said Dorothea; "all of a sudden, I felt exhausted—"

"Don't think about it," he broke in, as she again stopped.

"No, I won't—you are very good," she answered, her growing agitation quieted by his manner. "I am quite strong now. There is a path along the shore—"

"Let me propose something better. We will go in the boat round the point, and land there. I know a short-cut that will bring you out at the back of the bathing-houses, and so you can get in, dress comfortably, and nobody be the wiser."

He perceived that she was one of the rare human beings who dread the éclat of an adventure, and admired her therefor. Presently they got into the boat again, and Max Hayward rowed swiftly to the landing he had mentioned. Scarcely a word had been exchanged between the pair; his delicate intuition warned him that this nervous sensitive-looking girl—perhaps never more beautiful than now, in her pallor and dishabille—would thank him most for leaving her in peace with her thoughts.

"I know where I am," she said, when he helped her on shore; "it is only a walk of a few minutes."

"I am doctor," he rejoined, as calmly as if he had been fifty, instead of twentyeight, "and you must permit me to decide. I shall just walk with you to the turn near the houses."

She did not dispute the quiet authority of his tone, and they passed on, side by side, the ulster completely covering Dorothea, so that she had not the consciousness of looking absurd; still, the situation came sufficiently near that to be annoying.

Five minutes, during which both kept silence, brought them to the top of the little sandy ascent, at the foot of which the back of the bath-houses stretched in an ugly row.

Just then they heard voices, and Max said, quickly, in response to an annoyed expression on the young lady's face:

"There are people coming; I'm sure you'd rather meet them alone, so I'll vanish."

And vanish he did, before she had even space to utter a grateful word, an omission which she recollected in a second, with considerable remorse; besides feeling ashamed that her dislike to having her adventure known had prevented her wishing him seen. Alone, on this path, anybody she encountered might suppose that she had chosen the north beach for her swimming-exercise, and was simply returning by the nearest route.

In another instant, Dorothea recognized the voices as those of Arnot Lyle and his servant. Mr. Lyle was reproving the servant in an exasperating fashion, in which nobody ever

ought to address an inferior, doomed to return respectful answers, and Arnot Lyle was Miss Vernon's betrothed husband.

The two men emerged from the nearest of the sheds, as Dorothea was descending the path. Mr. Lyle abruptly dismissed his domestic, having caught sight of the lady, and hurried forward to meet her. Meanwhile, Max Hayward had paused behind the friendly shelter of a sand-hill, for the pleasure of having another glance at the beautiful woman.

"Dorothea!" exclaimed Mr. Lyle, an extremely decorous and rigid-looking man of thirty, though at the same time rather handsome, and even stylish. "Is it possible? I have been hunting you everywhere. I went to the cottage, and your mother said you were at the beach, but I could not find you—nobody had seen you for a couple of hours. Why—"

He stopped short, and stared at her; in an effort to arrange the ulster, she had let it fall open, displaying her wet bathing-dress.

"Pray don't look so horrified," said she, quietly; "I have not been out for a promenade in this costume."

"Really, dear Dorothea, you say and do the most eccentric things," he rejoined, with an insufferably patronizing air of patience.

"So you have often told me lately," she said. "Well, this morning, I went swimming by myself. I must beg you not to alarm mamma. I overtaxed my strength, and a gentleman kindly took me into his boat—he lent me this ulster."

"Great heavens!" groaned Mr. Lyle. "A stranger! What predicaments you place yourself in, Dorothea."

"At least I am not drowned," said she, in the same quiet tone.

"No, of course, there's no talk of that; but the idea of swimming so far that you were obliged to let a stranger assist you, and—and lend you his ulster," concluded Mr. Lyle, as if that put the crowning point to her misdemeanor.

From where he stood, Max Hayward could see both their faces, and hear every word they spoke; yet he could not move, at the risk of being perceived the instant he deserted his opportune shelter, and that would be more annoying to the lady, he felt certain.

Dorothea stood still, looking at her betrothed with an odd smile, as he fumed and fretted.

"To swim till you were so tired you had to get into a stranger's boat and accept an ulster—oh, Dorothea! Well, let that go. I wanted to tell you I have received a telegram calling me to New York."

"You rather expected to," Dorothea said.

"Yes. Well, I must start by the afternoon train," he answered. "Now, before I go, there are so many things for us to arrange—"

"My dress, the first," she interrupted. "If you do not object, I will go on to the bath-house, as I begin to feel a little chilly in these wet things."

The pair walked forward, and Max Hayward stood staring after them. "What a glorious creature!" he thought. "So that is Miss Vernon, and engaged to Arnot Lyle! Ugh!—that stiff bundle of propriety, etiquette, and attempts at being English! Upon my word, I'm sorry for her—why, if she were of my mind at least, she'd have thought drowning a preferable fate to marrying that wooden image of a man!"

He lighted a cigar and strolled away, and the engagement he had been animadverting upon reminded him of his own to his cousin, Laura Trent, who was almost as rigid and correct as Arnot Lyle, thought Max, but softened the verdict by adding:

"No; that's a shame, to compare her to him! She's full of prejudice and bound down to routine, but at least she has a heart."

That engagement between the cousins had for years been the ardent desire of the mutual relatives, and during the previous winter it had come about. Max was fond of Laura Trent—not enthusiastic in regard to her; but then, as he told himself, marriage must be prose anyhow. Their union would settle a long-continued suit in regard to an estate; they were both rich, and the relations declared that such a consummation would make the happiness of the two families, gently hinting that it would insure Laura's, too. So Max had proposed to her, and she had answered in decorous phrases, and the matter was settled. Of course, he was fond of her, and no doubt they would get on as happily as people in general. That he told himself also, more frequently perhaps than an expectant bridegroom ought, viewing the matter from a romantic side.

Max's reflections having drawn me into a statement of his affairs, I may as well, at this point, make clear everything in regard to Dorothea Vernon.

She was nearly two-and-twenty, and, I think, an unusually clever woman, though with an odd distrust of her own powers and a certain humility arising therefrom, which one would scarcely have expected in a girl of her beauty and seemingly somewhat proud manner. She was an only child, and her parents, now quite elderly, adored her, though they had not much

more in common than there would be between a pair of quiet old doves that had, by accident, hatched out an eagle's egg. They were both invalids, and rather selfishly occupied by their ailments, as people insensibly grow to be, and were a good deal ruled—as was Dorothea herself—by a bustling managing half-sister of Mr. Vernon's, who, being a childless widow with a large fortune, had plenty of leisure to devote to their concerns.

It was she who had directed Dorothea's schooling; taken her to Europe for a year; presented her in society; and finally, during the past spring, in New York, brought about the engagement between her niece and Arnot Lyle. That gentleman had known Mrs. Merrick ever since his boyhood, and, though he firmly believed that no human being could ever influence his decisions, she frequently managed him as successfully as she did most of her friends and relations.

It was time he married; Dorothea was handsome, her property good; where could he find a more fitting mate? These considerations gradually grew on him, thanks to Mrs. Merrick's counsel, and he fancied himself in love—probably was as much so as his nature could admit.

He offered himself, and Dorothea accepted him; partly because he seemed so much in earnest she could not bear to give the pain of a refusal; partly because her aunt—and therefore her parents—was urgent that she should; and a little because—since she liked no other man, and his stately attention was agreeable to her shyness—she concluded that she must be fond of him.

But, during the months which had elapsed, Dorothea lived more, in many ways, than she had done in all her previous life; and, in these last six weeks spent at Warneck, a quiet watering-place on the New England coast, that new habit of introspection and keen observation had rapidly increased.

Soon after the beginning of their engagement, Lyle's autocratic temper and quiet obstinate persistency made themselves apparent, and, since he had come down to join them at Warneck, appeared in their full vigor. Mrs. Merrick was not there to adjust matters, and really sometimes Dorothea felt as if she were in the hands of a schoolmaster, instead of a lover. She had been very patient; it was like her to think that no doubt she was in the wrong, and merited her betrothed's strictures on any and every subject; but, of late, she had begun to question whether this engagement had been wise. Once or twice, she had been tempted to tell Lyle so, but it

happened that on each occasion he suddenly grew tender and admiring, and she warned herself that, since he loved her, it was her duty, instead of rebelling against his creed, to try and grow worthy of his high standard for women.

Mr. Lyle started on his journey that evening, and, the next morning, Dorothea rose with an unaccustomed sense of freedom, though she would have been shocked had she let herself admit the fact. Up to the last moment, Lyle had lectured and laid down rules for her behavior, and gone back over the subject of her naughty conduct in swimming too far and having to be put in a stranger's boat and wrapped in his ulster. Mr. Lyle never could make an end of any matter, however trivial; he nagged rather than scolded, and, to my mind, a fiendish murderer would be a preferable companion to the man or woman who does that.

Dorothea passed a quiet day; a letter came from her aunt, saying that she must still defer her visit, which had already been so much delayed; this, with a walk and a call from pretty Mrs. Anneston, interspersed with intervals of setting her mother's crochet-work to rights and reading to her father, made up its tale of hours.

The next was spent in a very similar routine; but, in the evening, she went to a dance at the hotel, under Mrs. Anneston's chaperonage, which she had promised to accept.

She attracted a great deal of attention, as she always did; but she was not devoted to dancing, and, as a rule, young men, even while admiring, did not get on with her over-well in conversation.

She was standing near old Mrs. Thomas, waiting for her chaperone to finish a frantic galop in which Dorothea herself had declined several partners, and had somehow fallen into a reverie so deep that she quite started when Mrs. Anneston touched her arm and whispered gayly: "Come back to reality, enchanted princess. I want to introduce one of my prime favorites." Then she added, aloud: "Miss Vernon, let me present my chief enemy—the most ungallant man in the world—Mr. Max Hayward."

Dorothea had started a little at being so suddenly addressed. She looked up, and, in the gentleman bowing before her, recognized the stranger to whom she owed, perhaps, her life.

"It is fearfully embarrassing, Miss Vernon, to have one's character taken away in this fashion," said Max, not looking at all embarrassed.

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Anneston. "You'd be very thankful to lose your character. Anyway, you needn't mind—Miss Vernon will like you all the better for the qualities I condemn. Dorothea, he'll not bore you to dance, because he hates it from sheer laziness. Oh, here comes my partner. I'll find you in the tea-room, presently."

Away she floated, on the arm of her cavalier, and left the two young people standing alone, a little outside the crowd, near an open window which looked on the sea.

"Would you really rather not dance?" Max asked.

"Much rather," she replied, simply. "But you mustn't lose your waltz; for, of course, Mrs. Anneston was only jesting."

"No, indeed; I seldom dance," he said, wondering the while what that odd far-off look in her eyes meant. He had never seen such an expression in any woman's eyes, and his next thought was: "She looks as if her soul had refused to come here with her, and she were hunting for it."

Then he recollected that he was behaving like an idiot and began to talk polished nothings, as any man would have done under the circumstances, though he possessed the rare faculty of rendering even banality agreeable.

And Dorothea came down out of her vague reverie and behaved as a properly-regulated young lady should, in a ball-room; and, after all, they danced and enjoyed themselves as any other youthful pair would have done.

Max called, the next morning, and Dorothea managed to express her thanks, and to do it in a fashion with which she felt tolerably satisfied, before her father and mother appeared. Just as Max was ready to leave, Mrs. Anneston rushed in—as usual, in frantic haste, and crying:

"Oh, Dorothea, we are going to Fog Hill, for a picnic—just a little lot of my special friends. Do hurry! Oh, is that you, Sir Max? Well, I have sent three different people in search of you: so now resign yourself, for you are caught and can't escape."

That impromptu expedition—the most delightful, Max thought, that he had ever taken part in, or ever could—proved the beginning of several entire weeks of intimate intercourse between him and Dorothea. They had insensibly grown great friends; and, beside the fact of the somewhat romantic manner in which their acquaintance had begun, her knowledge that, like herself, he was engaged, rendered Dorothea perfectly at ease. So she was not startled to perceive how thoroughly they had learned to

know each other. A year of ordinary meeting in society could not have given them such opportunity for forming a real acquaintance—that is, one which included a thorough comprehension of each other's taste and character.

Mr. Lyle's business detained him longer than he supposed it would, and, after that, the illness of his sister called him to Newport; so that, altogether, six weeks elapsed before Dorothea received a letter announcing that he might be expected in a couple of days.

The news came on a Tuesday. Toward sunset, Mrs. Anneston strolled in, accompanied by Max.

"Dorothea!" she cried. "Now that our trip on donkeys to Broom Corner is fixed for to-morrow—I can't put it off, even for Mr. Lyle."

"Very well," Dorothea said, quite collected: "you know Mr. Lyle does not care much for such expeditions."

The next day, the donkey-expedition came off with great success—as Mrs. Anneston's projects always did—undignified as the mode of locomotion was. The decree had gone forth that everybody under forty-five, male or female, must ride a donkey to the place where the picnic-luncheon was arranged; those over that age were at liberty to go in the carriages which the hostesses supplied. As a matter of course, unless hindered by utter physical inability, most people—especially the men—chose the donkeys.

If Dorothea had stopped to think, she might have wondered what ailed her during the gayety of that day. She was like an escaped prisoner who knew he must be recaptured on the following morning, but meant to enjoy these last hours of liberty to the full.

Be you sure, she admitted nothing of this sort to herself. If she had caught the most distant hint of the true state of her mind, she would have gone straight home, in spite of everybody, and sat, metaphorically, in sackcloth and ashes, until the arrival of the next day and her future husband should enable her to offer ample confession.

But, if she had been so minded, she would not have needed to wait. In the middle of the joyous luncheon, while Dorothea was eating cold chicken and drinking claret-cup—Max Hayward seated beside her, their backs against the same pine-tree, and they in consequence brought so close together that their elbows touched: while Dorothea's laugh was ringing out with that new joyousness which it had caught during the past weeks—the whole group was roused by the rattle of wheels.

"It must be old Mrs. Wallsford!" exclaimed Mrs. Anneston. "The poor soul was so bad with

the gout—she calls it neuralgia—that she declined coming. But I suppose at the last moment she could not resist the thought of all the eatables.”

And, while people were trying to suppress their laughter, round the base of the hill appeared Arnot Lyle, almost as gloomy and forbidding as the skeleton-knight of the legend, who came to trouble the peace of a false young woman in the olden time.

“You blessed creature—I am so glad to see you!” cried Mrs. Anneston, rushing forward to meet him, and shaking his hands with unfashionable fervor. She was equal to the occasion; Dorothea and Max should have time to recover from the shock. As for herself, she enjoyed tormenting her sworn foe, and kept him full five minutes, interrupting his explanation that, having arrived unexpectedly, he had ventured to follow them, before he could finish a single sentence.

“Of course; I’d never have forgiven you!” cried the widow, and, when he tried to get past, she detained him, and he was forced to undergo the gauntlet of several introductions, besides being obliged to greet people he knew, before he could reach Dorothea.

Neither she nor Max had stirred; at first, she was too much startled to do so, and Max had no inclination. When Mr. Lyle at length succeeded in approaching her, she rose, held out her hand, and welcomed him pleasantly, without confusion.

“I am so sorry I was away,” she observed; “but you said to-morrow. After all, you are the gainer, Mr. Lyle. This is the last of our pleasant expeditions, for almost everybody leaves shortly.”

“I was very much surprised,” began Mr. Lyle, then changed his phrase: “I thought I might venture to come—”

“Yes, indeed!” interrupted Mrs. Anneston, coming up opportunely; “if you had dared to slight my feast! You know Mr. Hayward, I think—oh, to be sure.”

“I have met Mr. Hayward,” said Lyle, stiffly, as he bowed like a man who had only one joint in his body.

“I am very glad to renew our acquaintance, Mr. Lyle,” said Max, easy and tranquil, and then the two shook hands.

But, try as people might, the gayety of the party was gone, and Mrs. Anneston gave the signal for return a full hour before she had intended.

Dorothea perceived that she was in disgrace—sorry at her lover’s displeasure, but unable to feel that she had done wrong. She submitted

to driving back with him, as seemed a natural enough thing for her to do, but she was not prepared for the storm which burst upon her as soon as the carriage had started.

Still, she bore patiently his irate strictures against the impropriety of the donkey-expedition—bore a great many other hard speeches, besides; but her submission only rendered Mr. Lyle more imperious. Then she began, not to defend herself, but to express her opinion.

“I cannot allow you,” she said, “to call any action of mine improper—and I will not.”

“What do you call your conduct during these weeks?” cried he, growing livid in his effort to restrain his anger. “Do you know why I hurried back—”

“I was not aware that you had hurried,” interrupted Dorothea, not meaning to be sarcastic, but just stating a fact.

“How could I help it?” he exclaimed. “Why, everybody is talking about you and that dandy of a Max Hayward!”

“Nobody has talked of us,” said Dorothea, “and Mr. Hayward is a clever accomplished man.”

“Not talking of you?” retorted Lyle. “Why, Miss Trent is at Newport—she has been written to. She sent for me because she was so shocked and indignant at the report of your intimacy.”

“Precisely because we were both engaged, and to people who so greatly admired each other, I felt that we might be on the most friendly terms,” Dorothea said, still eager to clear up any misunderstanding.

But, the more she seemed in his eyes to try to palliate her conduct, the more arrogant he waxed, and, by the time they reached the cottage, he had gone so far that Dorothea’s spirit was fully roused. That once done, she was not easily subdued.

“I have borne enough,” she said; “Mr. Lyle, you have never been satisfied with me; you have at last shown plainly that I can never content you—it will be better that our engagement should end.”

Of course, like any man of that temperament, the moment he was thus met, Mr. Lyle realized what he was losing, and could not endure the thought.

But Dorothea held firm, and, beyond certain conditions, no influence or argument could persuade her.

“I will take three months to decide,” she said, “and Mr. Lyle shall have the same privilege.” She saw him grow rigid at the word, but merely repeated: “The same privilege.

If, at the end of that time, I feel that I can consent to a continuance of our engagement, I will let him know: till then, I insist on being left in peace."

An opportune and pressing invitation reached her the next day, to visit a dear friend at Lenox; and she set out at once, easy in regard to her parents, because Aunt Merrick proposed to remain until the season ended.

In spite of all that she had to trouble her, Dorothea spent two pleasant months with her old schoolmate; but time only confirmed the resolution which had been forming in her mind when she left Warneck. She could not marry Mr. Lyle, and she was only waiting for the expiration of the term she had herself set, in order to write and tell him so. There had been no correspondence between them—she had insisted on that—and she only heard of his whereabouts or doing from bits of information given by her aunt, in that worthy lady's epistles of mingled adoration and reproof.

A short time before she was to leave Lenox, however, she did receive a letter from Mr. Lyle, in which, after much circumlocution, he said:

"You have convinced me that I was mistaken in supposing I could make your happiness, and I accept your verdict."

Dorothea did not, in the least, mind this species of jilting; and, though the last weeks had taught her that she probably could not be a very happy woman, at least a solitary life, in which she might at will indulge the retrospect of that little summer-episode, whose importance she had learned fully to realize, was far preferable to becoming the wife of Arnot Lyle.

And only the next evening, at an amateur-theatrical representation, she saw Max Hayward. He was seated in the opposite aisle; but, though quite near, could not get close to her. Just behind her, sat two ladies, one of whom said to the other:

"There's Max Hayward. When did he come?"

Do you know, his cousin has broken off her engagement with him. You remember her—that Laura Trent we saw at Newport."

During an intermission, there was a movement in the crowd, and Dorothea found Max beside her, holding out his hand.

"I heard what that woman said," he half whispered, "and it is quite true. You needn't condole with me, though."

There was no opportunity for conversation; but he asked permission to call, the next day. However, the pair met before the hour for visits; each had taken a fancy to go to the village post-office, to inquire for letters.

"I'll get yours, if there are any," Max said, after they had exchanged greeting. Dorothea waited in the doorway till he came out. "Three for your share," said he, "and two for me. Oh, let's go down that pretty path—I see a seat. We can read there in peace. I'm always impatient about letters—I've already looked at one of mine."

If Dorothea had glanced at him, she would have seen an odd smile on his face; but she was preoccupied by noticing that one of her letters was directed in Mr. Lyle's hand. Why should he write?

She soon found out: it was to inform her of his approaching marriage. She glanced up at Max, as she finished reading: he was still looking at her, with that peculiar smile.

"Did you know— Had you heard—" she began, and stopped.

"I fancy I understand," said he. "My cousin Laura is engaged to Mr. Lyle. No two persons were ever better matched, and—and I hope you congratulate them as heartily as I do."

The pair sat there, in the quiet garden, for a long while; and, as they rose to go, the world in that time having grown wondrously bright to their eyes, Max said laughingly:

"After all, we were both jilted—you can't deny that—so I suppose everybody will admit our right to console each other."

N O W !

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

Wait not till the leaves are scattered
Ere you seek the woodland's gloom;
Wait not till the rose is shattered
Ere you gather its perfume.

Wait not till the house is emptied
Ere you call and knock for peace;
Wait not till the heart's exempted
From its cares, and welcomes cease.

Speak your word of loving kindness
Ere the ears are shut and barred;
Look with love before death's blindness
Hath that glance of duty marred.

Do all deeds humane and tender,
Now some darkened life to cheer;
Flowers but mock the tardy sower
When, too late, laid on the bier.

JESSIE'S LESSON.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THE little maid in the kitchen heard Mr. Carleton come in, and ran up to ring the supper-bell before Tom could even get his overcoat off. At the same moment, Mrs. Jessie tripped downstairs from the nursery.

When Tom and Jessie were married, not quite two years ago, she was the prettiest girl in her set. But she did not look very pretty just now. Her golden hair was all bunched up and tucked carelessly back with a comb, her wrapper was unbelted, she wore no collar, and her small slippers were not at all tidy.

If there was anything Tom Carleton couldn't bear, it was an untidy woman. A shade passed over his handsome face, as he looked at Jessie and remembered how trim and neat she had always been until the baby came.

But the shadow vanished as quickly as it appeared, and he greeted her with his usual smile and a half-careless half-affectionate

"Hallo, Jess! Busy to-day?"

"Yes," answered Jessie. "Hush, Tom, don't speak so loud; you'll wake baby."

"Oh, bother the baby! He's always asleep or just going, so a fellow never dares more than whisper. I'm glad supper is ready; I'm as hungry as a hunter."

Jessie led the way into the cozy little dining-room, and they sat down at the neat table.

As she handed him his cup of fragrant coffee, Tom said:

"I've got a treat for you, Jessie."

"Have you? What is it?" asked Jessie.

Tom drew two squares of pink pasteboard from his pocket, and showed them to her.

"What are they, Tom? Concert-tickets? The Kellogg concert? Oh, Tom, you know I can't go!"

Tom's bright face fell at once.

"I don't see what's to hinder you, Jessie. I meant to give you a pleasant surprise. You used to like music so much."

"Oh, yes, I am fond of music. But I can't leave the baby, Tom."

Tom frowned, and felt like saying a bad word. But the baby was half his, so he kept it back, and only answered:

"Jessie, don't you think Sarah could rock that blessed infant for two or three hours, as well as you could—for once, at least?"

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"But, Tom, the little darling might be taken sick, or something, and then I should never get over it."

"Nonsense, Jessie! Come, do go with me, just this once."

"No, indeed, Tom, I can't think of it. Don't ask me."

Tom sighed. "Well, I'm sorry, Jess. It's a disappointment to me, besides the three dollars wasted for tickets."

"But you can go, I'm sure, Tom."

"No, I'll stay with you, and we'll have some home-music. We used to have nice times, with the violin and piano. You never play for me nowadays, and I shall enjoy hearing you."

Jessie hesitated, colored, and said: "But, Tom, dear, I shall have to stay upstairs with Willie. I never trust him to Sarah, evenings."

Tom's face clouded again. "Oh, well, then," said he, "I don't see why I shouldn't go out and enjoy the evening as well as I can."

"Certainly, Tom, I want you to go," said Jessie. But, as Tom went out and she ascended the stairs, she was conscious of feeling lonely, and wishing she had gone, after all.

As for Tom, he went off, feeling half angry.

"Of course, it is all right to be a devoted mother," he thought; "but I wish the mother had not quite so entirely displaced the wife. I suppose it will be better when Willie gets bigger; but it's confoundingly hard on a lonesome fellow now. Hallo, Joe! Excuse me."

He hadn't noticed anyone coming, until he almost ran over his brother-in-law, Joe White.

"Oh, no harm done," said Joe, laughingly. "I was coming up for you and Jess, to go to the Kellogg concert with us. Cousin Kate Wilder is at our house, and we'll all go together."

"Is Kate here?" said Tom. "Well, it's no use to go for Jessie. I've got two tickets, and I've just been trying to persuade her to go; but she won't leave the baby."

"Why? Is he sick?"

"Oh, no; he's well enough. But she thinks nobody save herself good enough to wait on that wonderful child."

"Well, I'm sorry. Lil had quite set her heart on a family-party, to-night. But I know Jess: if she won't, she won't. You can go, though; so come along."

They hurried over to Joe's, where Lil—Tom's sister—and Cousin Kate were waiting, already dressed. Of course, as Tom had two tickets, it wasn't worth while to let Joe get one for Kate; so it fell out that Tom escorted his pretty cousin to the concert. And if, in the flash of her sparkling black eyes and brilliant wit, he forgot for a moment to think of Jessie, sitting with the baby at home, there was no one to blame except Jessie herself for leaving her rightful place to be filled by another.

Jessie was in bed when Tom got home, and he would not disturb her. But, at breakfast, next morning, he told her that Cousin Kate had come, and they had all gone to hear Kellogg together, from Joe's house.

"As you are so busy," he said, "she has consented to waive ceremony and come over with Lil, to call, to-day. And we must invite her to spend part of her visit with us, Jessie," he continued. "If you can't spare time to entertain her, why, I will, and we'll make it as pleasant as we can."

"Ye-es," answered Jessie, not quite fancying the idea of that gay dashing girl for a visitor, just now, when she had so much care.

"You can invite her when she comes to call," said Tom. "And, Jess, dear, do please fix up a little—won't you? I like my wife to look nice, you know."

"Well!" returned Jessie, slowly. But she colored at his words, and felt uneasy as she went up to the baby, thinking that, as Miss Kate was Tom's own cousin, she could not very well help inviting her there, yet wishing she need not do it.

"Why can't folks stay at home, as I do?" she reflected. But, as Miss Kate had neither husband nor baby to keep her at home, it was hardly to be expected that she would refuse to go where any amusement offered itself.

In the course of the day, Miss Wilder called—pretty, charmingly dressed, chatty, and entertaining—laughing at Jessie for settling down to be an old woman so soon. From her, Jessie learned that Tom had been her escort to the concert, and that he had invited her to take a ride, that afternoon.

"I told him he ought to take you," said Miss Kate, "but he said you wouldn't go."

Somehow Jessie's usual "I can't leave the baby" stopped on her tongue, and she only said: "I couldn't, to-day. Some other time, I will."

"Well, you mustn't give me too good a chance, or I shall cut you out yet," said Kate, jestingly.

"No danger," returned Jessie. Then she gave the invitation Tom had suggested, and Kate consented to pass a week with them. Jessie would not ask her to stay to dinner that day. But, after she was gone, ashamed of the old wrapper and untidy hair with which her visitor had caught her—she had not yet dressed as Tom asked her to—and fretted with an uneasiness which she would not own to herself, Jessie sat down in the parlor and took a good cry.

It chanced that dear old Aunt Hannah Boltow dropped in, just then, and found Jessie crying. And, in a few minutes, Aunt Hannah had coaxed her to tell the cause.

"Well, my dear," said Aunt Hannah, gently, "thee mustn't be vexed," she was a Friend, and used Quaker language, "if I tell thee, I think thee is to blame, thyself. It is good to take care of thy baby, but thee shouldn't let him make thee forget his father."

"Oh, aunty, I haven't forgotten Tom!" sobbed Jessie.

"Well, dear, I'll only drop thee a word of counsel. Catharine Wilder is a coquette, and Tom was a favorite of hers once. If I were thee, I would try to be as attractive as she; and, trust me, Tom will not be in any danger then."

"No, he shall not be!" cried Jessie. "I have been to blame, aunty; I see it now. But I'll be so no longer; I have had my lesson."

"We all of us must have our lessons. Only let us profit by them," said Aunt Hannah, very gently.

When she was gone, Jessie ran up to the nursery, with a flushed face, and took Willie up from his nap.

"No, she shall not have my husband's heart!" said the poor child, firmly. "I know her for the very worst of flirts. Who can tell what she may take a fancy to do now? And I was giving her a chance to work her spells over him. But I'll do it no more. And now, Mr. Baby, you must be very good, for you'll have to divide your empire with papa, after this."

When Tom came home to supper, after his ride with his cousin, it was the old Jessie, with nicely-crimped hair and faultless dress, who met him in the hall. He had not seen her so for months past, and his face kindled at once.

"Why, Jess," he cried, "have we company?"

"I have—the best of company, my husband," answered Jessie, slipping her hand through his arm.

"But—are you going out, then?" asked Tom, looking down on her, with a new interest.

"Yes, I thought, if you liked, we might run round to Joe's, for an hour, this evening."

"But—the baby?" doubtfully.

"Will be left to Sarah's care a little more than he has been," said Jessie, firmly, yet blushing crimson.

"Hallelujah!" cried Tom, catching her close to him. "Jessie, darling, I'm the happiest fellow in town, just now."

"Then I'll take good care to keep you so," returned Jessie, blushing again.

The pair were received with great rejoicing by Lil and her husband, though that provoking fellow could not help teasing Jessie a little.

"However did you make up your mind to leave that baby?" he asked. "Don't you feel anxious about him? Are you sure you can trust Sarah? Why, it was only this morning that I was reading the most dreadful account of the way a nurse-girl treated a small—"

"Now, Joe, hold your tongue!" Lil interrupted. And Tom looked somewhat anxious lest Jessie should feel annoyance at the unmerciful raillery.

But the little woman was a very sensible little woman at bottom, and she meant to profit by dear old Aunt Hannah's advice in every way possible. So far from being vexed or hurt, she laughed merrily, and said, with the prettiest possible air of humility:

"You needn't scold your husband, Lil: I deserve to be teased. I'm no fonder of owning my faults than other people; but you've all seen this one so clearly, that I may as well be frank. You needn't be afraid I shall ever again put baby before Tom. Baby is the prince-royal, but Tom is king."

Kate Wilder appeared, just in time to catch the last words. A glance at Tom's happy face showed her that no wile would be of any avail: Jessie's lesson had taught the young wife how to win her husband back.

SOMETHING MISSED.

BY NORMAN GREY.

At break of day, when nature seems
To woo me from my morning-dreams,
I take my way by hawthorn-hedge
Or stroll along the water's-edge.

I know my heart should be full light
Surrounded by all things so bright;
But, as by wind my cheek is kissed,
A longing wild comes for what I've missed.

I listen as the brown thrush sings,
No thrill of joy her music brings:
Her sweetest notes, alas! are gone—
'Twere better had I missed the song.

The flowers, too, along the way,
Are bright and fresh, and seem to say:
"Oh, for the days you stooped to kiss
Each as you passed—they've something missed!"

The daisies, nestled in the grass,
Smile at my tears. Alas! alas!
Too well they know I'll keep love's tryst
With them, though all the world be missed.

I wander by the water's-edge,
Below the beauteous hawthorn-hedge,
And, as I look far out to sea,
A longing wild comes over me.

I wonder if, beneath those waves
Should I find, ah! an early grave—
If, when death's lips my cheek had kissed,
There'd be in heaven what here I've missed.

Are other hearts so sad, to-day,
Weary in traveling life's lone way?
If so, my prayer for them is this:
God give them what on earth they've missed.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY FRED. C. CROCKER.

To my vision comes a valley,
Rank with flowers wild and sweet,
Where a brooklet, loth to dally,
Bent the rushes near my feet.

Where the trees, with blossoms laden,
Mantled white the ground beneath,
All was peaceful, fair—an Aldenn—
Fit to banish thoughts of death.

Far below me, onward tending,
Comes a restless din and roar,
From the countless footsteps wending,
Likened to a sea-swept shore.

In our cities, toiling mortals,
'Mid the ever-standing walls,
Enter daily through their portals—
Here, a blossom never falls.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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XXVIII. PLANNING THE RESCUE.

MEANWHILE, her trial and condemnation had been viewed with different feelings, by different persons, even among the French party. Those who, like the bigoted Archbishop of Rheims, regarded her as under demoniacal influence, and who had therefore always opposed her being employed, welcomed it as a fortunate deliverance from a Christian king. Others, like the grizzled old captain who had been present at her first appearance at court, viewed her military success with jealousy, as interfering with their own prerogatives. A large number, on the other hand, bishops and noblemen, considered that the king owed much to her, and that no effort should be spared to obtain her release. The great body of the people, meantime, were her enthusiastic partisans, and clamored for an expedition against Rouen, in order to recapture her.

Personally, Charles was acutely sensible of the service she had rendered, and was as desirous as anyone to rescue her; but he was surrounded with difficulty, such as can hardly be understood without some explanation. Parties were so divided, and were so bitter against each other, that he dared not openly offend any one of them. To do so might even endanger his throne. But, nevertheless, as a man, as well as a king, he felt he must save Jeanne, if possible. In this emergency, he resorted to secret diplomacy.

The English in France, at first, had been under the sole leadership of the Duke of Bedford. But, when the tide turned against them after the fall of Orleans, the duke was compelled, though unwillingly, to summon Cardinal Beaufort to his aid: and that wily prelate very soon practically supplanted Bedford in the control of French affairs, as he had already supplanted the Duke of Gloucester in England.

Of all the statesmen of his day, outside of Italy, Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, was perhaps the most astute. His principal defect was his vast avarice. He was the greatest pluralist of his age, and, though in receipt of

enormous revenue, was always grasping for more. It was this love of money on which Charles relied, to effect his purpose. To ransom prisoners was the universal practice in that age, and many a gallant knight, like Cobham, had made his fortune in this way; nor was it considered disreputable. To have attempted to bribe Beaufort, however, in any ordinary manner, would have been impossible; for, avaricious as he was, he was still patriotic, still a man of honor, as honor was understood in his age. But the acceptance of ransom for a prisoner—and Jeanne was a prisoner of war, after all—he would not, perhaps, consider derogatory to him, either as a man of birth or even as a Christian prelate. Only the negotiation, as the king knew, must be carried on secretly.

Among those who had been most prominent in urging an expedition against Rouen, had been young Armoise. He had already spent largely of his means on the courtiers, and taxed his influence to the utmost, to reach the ear of the king. For this purpose he had recently left the camp, and come up to court with his attendant men-at-arms, a goodly company, all stout soldiers and true. He had never, however, been able to gain the presence of Charles, and was now almost in despair, when, one day, his majesty unexpectedly sent for him.

It was a private messenger that brought the summons, not an ordinary court-official.

Armoise hastened at once to the palace. He was there ushered, with great caution, into the cabinet of the king. It was early morning, and very few persons were astir. He saw, from this, that something very serious was on foot, involving especial secrecy.

Charles looked up, when the young knight entered, and, dismissing the attendant with a motion of the hand, said to Armoise:

"See, first, that the door is fastened. Lift the arras. Yes, no one is behind it, the door is not ajar. Alas, that a Christian king should be so surrounded by spies of different factions, that he has to resort to this precaution." He wiped his brow, as he spoke, for great drops of

perspiration stood there. "Now, young sir, before we proceed further, swear, on your knees, that what is said at this interview shall never be revealed."

When Armoise had duly taken the oath, and stood again respectfully before his sovereign, the latter resumed.

"I have heard," he said, "of the interest you take in my faithful servant, Jeanne d'Arc, as they call her, though she should be called Jeanne de Lys, for it is by that name I have ennobled her and her family. I have sent for you especially on account of this interest you take in her. There were once, if I have not been misinformed, some love-passages even, between you and her."

"There were, my liege."

"And they came to nothing, as was very proper under the then circumstances, because she was peasant-born, and you were noble, your family utterly refusing to listen to any proposal of betrothal between you and her."

"It was so, my liege."

"And it was after this, that the voices which she had heard, and the visions which she had seen, became more frequent, so that she thought finally that she was chosen of God," and here the king devoutly crossed himself, "to redeem this poor distracted realm."

"I have been told that, my lord king, by herself. No doubt it was true. She, at least, believed she heard such voices."

The king hesitated a moment, as if slightly embarrassed. Then he looked up suddenly and said:

"Do you still love her? Would you be willing to wed her, if she were free? She is noble now, and a fit mate for you or anyone."

"My liege, I have never ceased to love her. Now, I worship her as a saint. If she were free, and would condescend to my poor estate, I would marry her to-morrow—yes, to-day, at a minute's notice."

"Good. But are you willing to risk your life in an effort to free her? But I need not ask that," he added, observing the flush that rose to the face of Armoise. "You are a knight, and a Frenchman, and such never fear death."

"I am ready to lay down my life for her," cried the youth. "Oh! my liege, only show me the way."

"It is this. Though, first, I must tell you that an expedition has been arranged, to start secretly, under the command of Count Saint-raffles, and, by a rapid march on Rouen, effect its surprise and capture. You must accompany that expedition. If it succeed, there is nothing

more to be done; but, should it fail, then you are to go to Rouen as my envoy. Do you think you can manage a secret mission of this kind, at the risk of being perhaps hung as a spy?"

"Try me, my liege."

"The Cardinal Beaufort, sometimes called Winchester from his principal bishopric, is now, as is well known, the real ruler among the English here in France, my lord duke of Bedford playing but a secondary part. You must gain secret access to the cardinal. He is crafty and ambitious, but not naturally cruel, I am advised; and he would be quite willing to have Jeanne escape, if it jeopardized neither his personal popularity nor what he thinks the interest of his lord king demands, the young usurper Henry. He is also avaricious beyond most nobles or even prelates, and, for my part," and the monarch laughed cynically, "I find them all more or less so, the fathers of the church especially. He will not, therefore, be opposed to receiving a large ransom, provided it can be paid surreptitiously. But he thinks it necessary that the girl should die. Warwick and the other young nobles, as well as the mob, clamor for her blood. They say that, so long as she lives, she will fire the hearts of the peasantry, and that the war will be but a repetition of the raising the siege of Orleans. Would it could be so! Would she were free, and at the head of my troops, with the oriflamme blazing in the van." The eyes of the king kindled, as he spoke, and he looked, for once, the hero. "But alas, that is impossible. They have her in their toils. They have contrived that she should be condemned as a sorceress, and a fouler libel never was, and so have fancied they have destroyed her influence. Even in my own court here, I find prelates who talk that way. Would you believe it?" He paused, as if his anger choked him, and again wiped his clammy brow.

"My liege," the young man replied, eagerly, "she is no sorceress. Never was one purer. A sorceress? Sire, she is a saint."

"No, she is no sorceress," said the king, with much agitation. "But knowing that she is not one will not free her. Now," and he composed himself and went on more quietly, "there is but one resource left. I have written a letter, an autograph letter, not even trusting my secretary, for this negotiation, whether it fail or not, must be kept secret between you and me, a letter to my lord cardinal, in which I pledge myself that, if he will release Jeanne, she shall never appear in arms again. I engage, on the honor of a king,

that, if he wish it, she shall be considered as dead. He may, if he think it necessary to his interest, make it appear that she died at the stake, for that, as I understand, is the mode of death they have chosen. Only let her life be saved! Bitter as it is for me, a crowned king, to seem thus to desert one who has done so much for my realm, there is no other course left, if the expedition of Saintrailles fail. To go down to history as having basely deserted her, oh! it is a terrible alternative. But anything, anything to save her life from these wild beasts, Bedford and Warwick."

The monarch buried his face in his hands, overcame by his emotion, and it was some moments before he recovered himself. Armoise stood in respectful silence, awed by the spectacle of a monarch thus shaken. At last, the king looked up. He rose to his feet, too, to show that the interview was over.

"I have chosen you for this mission," he said, "because it may be necessary for you to see Jeanne, and get from her, also, a pledge similar to mine. The cardinal may insist on this. If she escape, remember, she must remain dead to the world at large. This she must promise. Of course, you are the person most proper to speak with her: to no other one, perhaps, would she listen at all; for the poor child, I hear, is so bestead, that she fears she is being betrayed constantly. And it is just possible," he added, passing his hand wearily over his forehead, "that the negotiation may fail, after all. Prepare yourself for the worst. There is nothing you wish to ask? Nothing, you say. Then, God speed you, for I can give you no further instruction; you must depend on your own craft to get audience of the cardinal; and partly, too, on your own power of persuasion, to bring about a negotiation."

History records the starting of the expedition of Saintrailles, and its failure. A Gascon peasant was trusted to act as guide, but he led the little army wrong, whether intentionally or not was never known, so that much time was lost, and the surprise became impossible. But, of the secret embassy with which Armoise was entrusted, history says nothing, and naturally; the reason, that has appeared in the conversation of the king, rendering it impossible.

Armoise, however, succeeded in effecting an entrance into Rouen. This he did in disguise. He also found his way, though not without great difficulty and heavy bribes, to the presence of the cardinal. Considerable time, however, was lost in this endeavor, and it was not until the morning preceding that fixed for the execu-

tion that he found himself in the presence of Beaufort. The result of that interview will be related in the next chapter.

XXIX. DEBATING THE PROPOSAL.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT sat in his private room, surrounded by all that elegant luxury which distinguished the great prelates of the Middle Ages. The walls were hung with the richest arras, beautiful carved cabinets stood about, and on the floor were several Persian rugs, articles rarely seen even in France, and never in England in that day.

The cardinal himself was a type of a class that has been sometimes too severely judged. He was, in matters of statecraft, a disciple of the Machiavellian school, as it came afterward to be called: that is, he regarded everything as right, in politics, which conduced to success, and everything as wrong which did not. "In the governing of men," he was wont to say, "there is no such thing as what we call morals. Circumstances are stronger than conscience. Tell me what are the prejudices and passions of a people, and I will manage to rule, when your doctrinaire," we use a modern phrase to express his meaning, though he used a long periphrasis, "will utterly fail."

In pursuance of this theory, he was accustomed to consult, on doubtful questions, those dependent on him, whom he regarded as sure to work in his interest, but each different of his kind, and representing a distinct type. One was his chaplain, a German, who was an ascetic in his mode of life, a natural-born dreamer, and, in religion, a mystic. The other was his confessor, a Spanish monk, superstitious even to bigotry. The third was his physician, a man who, if he had lived in the nineteenth century, would have been called a materialist, for his whole life had been devoted to the study of physics, such as it was then understood, and his favorite phrase, in private with the cardinal, who had tolerance for him, was: "The supernatural—yes, there may be such a thing, but we have no proof of it: we must, as you say, accept the dogma of mother church on that point; but human reason fails to master it."

It was the habit of the cardinal to consult these personages, as we have said, especially on subjects in which he was in doubt, as Louis the Eleventh, later, consulted his barber, saying he could get a sounder opinion from him than from his interested nobles. His own mind was by nature subtle, and this had been increased by his ecclesiastical education. He wished to hear all sides of a question before deciding, he said. On

the present occasion, he began by addressing the chaplain. He was prepared to have Jeanne escape, if it could be managed, for the ransom was a great temptation; but he did not, as yet, see his way clear, and he was unwilling to do anything dishonorable or unpatriotic, in the sense of his time; for in this King Charles had gauged his character rightly.

"This matter of the Maid of Orleans, as they call her," he remarked, intertwining his fingers on the front of his courtly person, "rather puzzles me. She has been tried and condemned by mother church as a sorceress, and of course I have not a word to say against the judges. But you well know that, except in matters of dogma, mother church is not infallible; and this is not a matter of dogma, but of practical administration. It would be a pity to let the poor girl die, if she is really innocent—the more so, because King Charles, as he calls himself, is willing to agree to almost anything, to secure her release. A private messenger from him is even now at Rouen—I saw him only an hour ago; and he is to have another audience, this evening. What say you?"

The chaplain, thus addressed, answered without hesitation, showing that his own mind, at least, was fully made up.

"Though the girl," he said, "has been such a powerful aid to the Pretender, and has done such damage to our liege-lord Henry, yet, for my part, I must say that I see no reason to doubt the sincerity of her belief that she has seen visions. Such things do happen, have happened, and will happen. God has often revealed to virgins—for instance, to the sybils—what he has concealed from men. The age of miracles is not over."

"But that," replied the cardinal, dryly, "appears, to me, to beg the question, as we would say in logic. It presupposes that her cause is just, and ours unjust, and that therefore God is on her side. What do you think, Father Anselmo?" He turned to the monk, as he spoke.

"That is just it, your eminence—you have hit the nail on the head, as they would say in the vulgar," he answered. "And, for that reason, I believe that, if she knows the future—and she did say she would take Orleans, and that finally the English would be driven from France—she must have it from the devil." He glanced over his shoulder, as he spoke, with a half-frightened air, and began to tell his beads. "Avaunt, Sathanus!" he cried, his deep-set eyes almost starting from his head. "Get thee behind me, Satan."

The cardinal smiled, and turned to the physician, who was an Italian, as most of the more intellectual and cultivated men of that day were.

"What is your opinion," he asked, "most learned doctor of Padua? 'Doctor doctissimus, et magister—' You know the rest of the quotation."

"What I think, your eminence, might startle one less well informed, one more narrow in mind, than yourself; and I should, therefore, hesitate to say it anywhere else, as I do not wish to be misjudged. But we who devote our lives to the ailments of the human body, and who follow the method of the great Roger Bacon in our research, never take anything for granted, but examine all things, 'de novo'; and, moreover, never refer anything to a supernatural cause if we can find a natural one for it. Now, in the case of this young girl, her seeing visions, and all that, may be merely the outcome of an excited imagination."

"Heresy—rank heresy," ejaculated the monk, lifting up his eyes and hands in horror.

"Nay," interposed the cardinal, shaking his finger authoritatively at the monk; "not so fast, good father. The doctor does not say positively that these visions are delusions—he only supposes a case. There is no heresy in that."

The Spaniard was silent; but he glared at the physician, as if he would be only too glad to see the bold speculator roasting at the stake.

"I have often seen young girls," went on the doctor, unmoved, "and even married women, the victims of the most extraordinary delusions. The women in question are always those of highly-strung nervous organization. And there is as much difference in nerves, good father," he said, turning to the monk courteously, "as there is between the finest cobweb, which a breath will shatter, and your girdle of rope, which a strong man could not break. Now, often, when young girls have nothing much to think of, their imagination runs away with them: they fancy they see visions, they hear angels talk, they receive messages from on high: all delusion, all delusion, and yet as real to them as your eminence, sitting there, seems to my visual organs now."

"Heresy—rank heresy," muttered the monk, rapidly running his beads through his fingers. "The world is given over, in these latter days, to Satan."

Even the meek spiritually-minded chaplain was shocked at the physician's bold words, and shook his head and spread out his hands in deprecation, saying to himself: "Ah, too much

learning has turned his head. If he only had a little faith. If he did not trust so much to reason. But we are all weak and self-sufficient. 'Ora pro nobis.'

"You mean," said the cardinal, "that such persons, half diseased mentally, dream—if I may put it in that way—unconsciously, with their eyes open, and think they see reality?"

"Yes," replied the doctor: who, though using a different phraseology from that of to-day, was only guessing, as it were, at some of those strange mental diseases which are still but obscurely understood, and which, though not insanity, often trespass on its boundary, and sometimes finally run into it: "yes, dream wide-awake. In a dream, we see people, and talk with people; we perform deeds of derring-do, even; and all is as real, for the time, as when we are awake. Can you resolve me the philosophy of that, good father? And is it any more strange that, under certain abnormal conditions, people may do the same thing when seeming to be wide-awake? Now, I do not mean to say that this girl is the victim of this kind of hallucination; but I do say that I have seen girls that were so deluded—and a good many, too—in my experience as a physician. And, what is more, whenever some active interest comes into their life, this capacity for seeing visions weakens or entirely disappears. Now, this is just what has happened in the case of the prisoner, as I am told. Since her military life began, she has almost wholly ceased to see visions. It is a great grief to her, they say; and she even begins to doubt, in consequence, whether she is or was inspired, as she believed at first. All this looks, to me, like a case for my science, and not like sorcery, or even inspiration."

"That is true," said the cardinal. "Men call me cruel; but I really am not. Unless state-necessity compels it, I am the very reverse. In this matter, I would spare the girl if I could see my way to doing it. But, of course, she cannot be allowed to go on kindling the enthusiasm of the peasants against us, and, every few months, cooking for us such dishes as she made us eat at Orleans."

"I think I see a way out of the difficulty, if your eminence really wishes to find one," said the doctor.

"How?"

"You say that Charles offers, secretly, to pledge his princely word that she shall never bear arms again. On our part, state-necessity compels us to put her to death, or to make it seem that we have put her to death, in order to

destroy her influence with the peasants. That is the problem, isn't it?"

The cardinal nodded assent. "Then, in that case, I would have a mock-execution. Personally, she is known to but few here, and they could be kept out of the way. There is a vile woman in prison here for parricide and other crimes—one who will be burned, in ordinary course of law, very soon—and she is about the height of this Jeanne, and even comparatively young. Besides, a thick cordon of soldiers around the scaffold would keep spectators at a distance; so that she could not be recognized even if anyone in the crowd did happen to know her. Make the scaffold high, so as to put her still further beyond ordinary eyesight, while seeming to make her, as the condemned sorceress, the more conspicuous. If the detail were left to me, I am quite sure I could manage it."

"But," cried the conscientious chaplain, "what a fraud it would be. History would say that we British had burned the girl at the stake, yet the whole affair would be the foulest of foul fabrication."

The cardinal waved his jeweled hand deprecatingly at this unnecessary indignation on the part of the speaker.

"Your notions, sir chaplain," he said, somewhat severely, "are too fine-spun—at least, for practical politics. What is history? It is a lie, as we read it in the chronicles—a lie from beginning to end. I, who have helped to make history, know this. The scribes will write anything for us that we wish—poor creatures, they nearly starve at best. What will they not do, for a little money? Who knows the real truth about the death of King Rufus, or even Edward the Second? As for that, I could get apparently trustworthy writers, even monks," turning to his confessor, "to leave behind narratives of the burning of this Jeanne that would deceive the world for centuries."

"And that, as I understand it," said the physician, "is what your eminence wishes."

"Yes," was the reply. "Given that our ends be gained, I would gladly spare her life. Poor thing, she is too young to die. I will think seriously of your scheme."

"Your eminence," answered the other, "exhibits, in this, your usual clemency. To send this hapless girl to the stake, be she inspired or only deluded, would be, you see, an unnecessary act of cruelty. For that Satan has anything to do with it, I don't believe, our good father here to the contrary notwithstanding. She is either really inspired, in which case her execution

would be a crime, or she is deceived, in which case it would be a cruelty."

But his cowed listener only shook his head for answer, and, muttering "Avaunt, Sathanus," slipped the beads through his fingers more rapidly and fervently than ever.

XXX. THE PLEDGE GIVEN.

WHEN the cardinal had said he would think of it, he had really made up his mind, and the physician, who knew him thoroughly, was not surprised, an hour later, to be sent for to another audience. But this time there was no one present except Beaufort and himself. Nor was he surprised at the orders he received.

"I sent for you," said the cardinal, "to tell you to carry out your scheme, if you find it possible. Every aid that you require, and which I can give, shall be forthcoming. As to-morrow is fixed for the execution, not a moment is to be lost."

Later in the day—indeed, just as the sun was setting, and the towers and steeples of Rouen were reddening in the fading light—the physician returned to the archiepiscopal palace and sought the presence of the great English prelate again. The conference between Beaufort and him lasted for full half an hour, at the end of which he left, the cardinal's last words to him being:

"Then all is arranged, except the part to be played by Armoise. Him I will see myself, and at once." And he rang the little silver bell on his table.

"Summon the strange knight," he said to the servant who entered, "who was here this morning. And let me be alone with him. See that no one enters even the antechamber."

When Armoise entered, the prelate, without preface, began.

"I have carefully considered," he said, "what your master, King Charles, as he calls himself, has proposed. We are enemies, à l'outrance, in matters of war and state. But he is a prince, long-descended, nevertheless; and one whom I would wish to oblige, if I could. At first, I thought it impossible. But my good physician, who is a man fertile of resource, and who tells me, as I know myself, that mercy is an attribute of the church, and therefore of myself, of course, as one of the humblest of its servants, my good physician, I say, tells me that he has conceived a scheme by which this poor girl may be saved, and yet all purposes of state-necessity be effected. I leave the details to be imparted to you by him, and he will meet you to-night, at your inn. But, meantime, it is necessary that

you should see the prisoner, and no time is to be lost. She must give the pledge we require of her, or the affair ends here." He waved his jeweled hand in dismissal; rang his bell; and, a servant appearing, Armoise was conducted from the palace, by the same secret staircase by which he had entered.

Jeanne was sitting in a corner of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, when the door opened. The jailer beckoned to the two guards, who remained with her day and night, to come forth, and with some surprise the men obeyed; for never before, in all the twelve months of her captivity, had she been allowed to see anyone alone. She heard their receding footsteps, but still did not look up, until the bolts of the great lock, grating as the door was fastened, reached her ears. Then, at this unwonted occurrence, she raised her weary face.

Many months had now passed since Armoise had seen her, and the alteration in her was terrible. Physical suffering, for she had been sick at Easter almost to death, as well as the mental agony of her trial, had sunk her eyes in her head and worn away the once rich roundness of the cheek. But her dark hair was still there in all its glory, and her eyes, though encircled by black rings, were as brilliant as ever: in fact, just now, they had a feverishness that made them glow like diamonds.

The twilight had set in, and the cell was partially dark, so that Jeanne, for a moment, only saw a dim figure by the door, without recognizing it. But it was only for a moment. Suddenly, she started to her feet, and, pushing back her hair from her brow with trembling hands, gazed as if horror-struck, at what she thought an apparition.

"The visions," she cried, "the visions, that have so long failed me, they have come back. Jesu! Maria! he is dead—it is his spirit I see."

"No, Jeanne," said Armoise, his voice choking, for her sad condition was more than he could bear, "I am no apparition. I am alive. See, touch me." He went up to her, and took one hand, and laid it on his arm. "Dear, I have come to save you. Listen. They will give me only a few minutes. Do you understand?" For she was still gazing at him, with a half-affrighted half-dazed air. "I have come to attempt your escape."

"Then it is really you? Oh, Robert! And you do not despise me, in these habiliments?" For her cruel jailers had forced her, now against her will, to resume man's-attire. "You do not shrink from me, as they have told me the whole

world will now? You do not think me a wicked sorceress?"

"I never thought you such. I always knew you were the best and noblest of your sex." He spoke with a breaking voice. "And I have come now to save you from a horrible death."

"A horrible death?" She clutched his arm wildly, as she spoke, for, after all, she was but a weak girl, and, up to this moment, she had not believed that she would be put to death, much less by fire, and her nerves shrank from the ordeal. "Do you mean that I am to die, and by the stake, as sorceresses do? Oh, mother of God," throwing out her arms imploringly, and raising her eyes to heaven, "spare me, at least, this!"

Armoise choked down a sob.

"Yes," he said. "They are inexorable. If you will confess that you acted under Satanic influence, they may perhaps pardon you. If you will not, you are to die to-morrow—"

She did not allow him to finish. She broke in with passionate emotion.

"Oh, Rouen, Rouen," she cried, as if apostrophizing the stately city, stained already with so many crimes, "and have I come here to die?" Then she buried her face in her hands, while sobs shook her worn exhausted frame. Directly she looked up.

"Confess?" The words came with stinging scorn, and she raised her head proudly. "Confess? Never! It would be a lie; and I should, in so doing, disown my Christ. I have seen visions. I have heard voices. And they all pointed one way. They told me I was chosen to redeem my France, to drive out the English, that it was a holy work. Oh, there was no sorcery in it. You believe me, don't you?"

The beseeching look, the eager pleading voice, the trembling girlish figure, quivering with excitement, brought the tears into the young man's eyes.

"Believe you?" He spoke with passionate emotion. "As I believe in my Saviour. As I believe in the mother of God. Were the whole world to disbelieve, I at least would not."

"And yet," cried the girl, piteously, again pushing the hair wildly from her brow, and gazing, not at Armoise, but into vacancy, with a wild stare that made him think, for the instant, that her brain was giving way, "and yet there have been times, in these weary months, when I myself began almost to believe that I was mistaken. You see," and she turned to him with a look that he never forgot, "that I have been so alone, with not a friend to stand by me, a

poor weak girl, after all. The priests, and the monks, and the learned doctors in theology, and the bishops, told me I was deceiving myself, that it was Satan who came to me in the guise of the visions, and that I was a sorceress accursed on earth, and doomed to eternal fire hereafter. Is it a wonder I began to doubt myself, to say they were right, and that I was wrong, especially as the visions deserted me, that I should have supposed would have comforted me? I was alone, all alone, all alone. Oh! many a night, I have cried 'My God, my God, why hast Thou deserted me?' And why did He leave me friendless so long? And why is it that I am to die to-morrow? What have I done to deserve death?"

"You have done nothing," said Armoise, in a broken voice, "and I have come to save you."

"To save me?" She looked doubtfully around.

"But that is impossible. The walls are so thick. The guards are always here."

Then it was, that, by gradual degrees, Armoise imparted to her the arrangement with the prelate. When he spoke of the pledge she was to give, she at first shook her head in the negative.

"No," she said. "Better death than that, for it would be to disavow my mission."

"Nay, Jeanne," said the other, "I think not, I am sure not. You know, yourself, that, at first, you said that the mission was only to relieve Orleans, and see the king crowned at Rheims. After those two things were effected, you wished to retire to private life. You joined reluctantly in the expeditions that followed. And that your first conviction was correct, I have the opinion of the good Father Pierre, your old confessor at home; because, since that, he says, your advice has often led to defeat, and you have been made prisoner, neither of which could have happened if your mission had not been fulfilled."

"And does Father Pierre really think so? Oh, I am so bestead, I am so pulled hither and thither, that I hardly know what to do. If I could only have the visions again, or in any other way find certainty."

"Then commit yourself to Father Pierre. Your mission, he declares, was to rouse France, and that you have done; but not permanently to lead her armies, for that belongs to Dunois and others like him: God, says the dear old priest, works by single miracles, not by continuous ones; and the miracle in your case was to deliver Orleans, and set all France aflame. You neglect no duty in making the pledge. Your work as the Pucelle is already over."

"Do not call me by that name," she cried, "I have always hated it. Call me simple Jeanne. For simple Jeanne," she added, as if speaking to herself, "is all that I shall ever be hereafter, if I take this advice."

"Jeanne then, Jeanne dear," said Armoise, entreatingly, "listen to that advice. Your old confessor cannot be wrong. He would tell you, if he were here, that your life is not your own, to throw away, even in martyrdom, unless some great and certain gain were to be the result. If you remain to your death, to-morrow, from a mistaken sense of duty, what benefit will it be to France or anyone? If you consent to escape, France will be no worse off."

"I consent," said Jeanne. "Father Pierre and the rest of you must be wiser than I, a poor weak half-crazed girl. God forgive me, if I have decided wrong."

"There is no wrong, as you will live to see, dear," cried the young knight. "But the jailer is opening the door. I hear the noise of the bolts. I must go. How your escape is to be managed, I do not as yet know, but trust to me. I shall hear all to-night, and will be at hand at the crisis."

"Yes, I will trust you—and God," she added, raising her eyes reverently to heaven. "If He wills that I shall escape, it will be right. I will trust Him, whatever shall happen."

XXXI. THE RESCUE.

It was toward midnight before the physician made his appearance at the inn, where Armoise had been awaiting him for hours, tormented by suspense, and fearing that the plan had fallen through.

"The affair has been more difficult to manage than I expected," said the physician, when they were alone in Armoise's room, with the door securely locked. "I had hoped that there would be no preliminaries before the execution, and that the substitution could be managed from the jail here direct. But the judges and others, thinking more of their importance than of anything else, determined to submit the poor girl to another public examination. My fear is that her nerves will break down. However, even that torture must come to an end at last. We may yet be too much for them. Doctor Antonio—that is what I am called at Padua—was never yet foiled by any man, when he had once set his heart on a thing."

"Tell me what to do," interposed Armoise, all impatience, his blood tingling to his fingers' ends with eagerness, "and I will do it, or die in the attempt."

"There is, in the market-square, a house with a low arched doorway; and by this the procession must pass, before reaching the scaffold. In the door is a small latticed window, where a man on the watch can see everything going on outside, yet hardly be discernible himself. You are to be stationed inside the house, and to watch at that doorway; while half a dozen tried soldiers, ready to obey your commands, will wait with you. The house opens on a back street, hardly more than a lane, where horses will be in readiness. Eight hundred soldiers will comprise the guard of the prisoner. There will be so much delay in the formal proceedings, that it will be nearly noon before the procession can reach the doorway. I have arranged, with trusty members of this guard, that a tumult shall break out among the soldiers as they approach your window, the excuse being that they have been kept all day without food, and that they must have their noon-day meal. That will be your opportunity. Fling open the door, seize the prisoner, and carry her inside. The substitute will be at hand, partially drugged in mercy to the painful death before her, though well has she earned it by her crimes; and, in the confusion, she will be thrust on the soldiers, as if she were the prisoner recaptured, and easily mistaken for her. It is a delicate operation, but quickness and energy will carry us through. The horses in the back lane will bear you swiftly from Rouen, and unnoticed, for the whole population will be in the great square, and you will not meet a soul probably until you arrive at the gates. The password there will be 'Beaufort.' Once in the open country, you are safe. I think we shall succeed, but I am not certain. If I were a good Catholic, as I suppose, I should say 'God speed you.' As I am not, I say 'Trust in yourself alone.' Good-bye. The best thing I can wish you is that I may never see you again."

The prediction of the physician was fulfilled. The prisoner was subjected to an examination so long, that the hands on the famous dial on the great clock-tower over the archway, which may still be seen at Rouen, were pointing to twelve when the procession reached the darkened doorway where Armoise was waiting. Here a sudden tumult arose, the soldiers demanding their midday meal, and the crowd swaying back and forth, as it howled for its victim, and cried out that the execution must proceed forthwith. After that, all was confusion until an apparently nearly senseless figure was lifted up high on the great pile, the executioner proceeding instantly to apply the torch

from below. The crowd, pushed far back, so that the victim was only vaguely seen, heard faint cries for water, now and then, from the sufferer. These soon ceased; all was over.

In distant Lorraine, years after, might have been seen a middle-aged yet still beautiful matron, who paced the castle-terrace of her husband, or went on Sunday to the neighboring little church, but who never joined in any neighboring festivity, and whom very few even of the surrounding gentry knew. Twice a year, the Lady of Baudricourt came on a visit to her; but these visits were never returned. More than one person, indeed, suspected who this retired châteline really was; but they kept their own counsel, for the Sieur d'Armoise, her husband, was not a man to offend; and it was understood that there were secrets in the past life of his lady—great sorrows and greater sacrifices, in which even the redemption of a realm had been involved. Such persons would cross themselves, if they saw the lady promenading on the terrace, or met her going to church, and would take off their hats, with a prayer, as if a saint went by.

Children grew up about her, sons and

daughters, and in superintending their education she was happy, happy as even few mothers are, for her whole soul was in the work, and she was one who, in everything she undertook, never spared herself. Her aims, too, were higher and nobler than those common to most. Her husband literally worshiped her. To him, she was a saint on earth, holding communion with heaven, "as she has held it from her childhood," he said, crossing himself. When at last she died, he tottered, broken-hearted, after the coffin, and within a few months was laid to rest beside her.

But his and her children lived on; lived to see fair France once more free; lived to know her the first of nations; lived down, brave sons and beautiful daughters, almost to our own time. For generations they kept the secret of their house faithfully. But at last, in the muniment-chest of the family, a contract of marriage was unearthed, which, for the first time, revealed the secret of their saintly ancestress: it was a contract between Robert Armoise and Jeanne d'Arc, as faded letters on the yellow parchment declared, otherwise known as MAID OF ORLEANS.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The view taken in this story, that Jeanne of Arc was not really burned at the stake, is far from being a new one. There was a widespread popular belief, at the time, that someone had been executed in her place. At last, in the seventeenth century, a Father Vignier, while prosecuting some historical study at Metz, accidentally found, among the archives there, a paper giving an account of the arrival at Metz, on May 20th, 1436, of the "Maid Jeanne," who was at once recognized by her two brothers. This paper was written, as was evident, at the time, and by a spectator of the occurrence. Jeanne was married at the time, the same document said, her husband being the Sieur d'Armoise. This discovery stimulated Vignier to further research. He found, as the result of it, that the family of Armoise still existed in Lorraine, and, on being allowed to inspect their muniment-chest, discovered the contract in marriage itself. This, as

its words went, was between "Robert Armoise, knight, and Jeanne d'Arc, surnamed the Maid of Orleans." In addition to this, there was found, in 1740, or nearly a century later, among the archives of the Maison de Ville, at Orleans, under the dates 1435 and 1436, a record of certain payments to a messenger bringing letters from Jeanne the Maid, and also to her brother, John de Lys, "de Lys" being the name by which the family had been ennobled by Charles the Seventh. This, it will be seen, was several years after her supposed execution. A subsequent entry records a gift, on the part of the council of the city, for services rendered by her at the siege. In 1855, M. Delapierre published, for private circulation, at Paris, his *Doute Historique*, in which he discussed this problem, and gave various other facts tending to the conclusion that Jeanne was not executed, but that her life was spared, and substantially in the way and for the reason given in this novelet.

CRINOIDS. 'STONE LILIES.'

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

Did you think, oh beautiful lilies!
In that old Silurian age,
That your life was only a letter,
Like we see on a printed page?

Only a letter to tell us
A story of days gone by;
Which nature wrote on barren rocks,
In a language that never can die.

Yes, only one little letter
In the wonderful tale of the past;
Only those gray "stone lilies,"
But their value is strangely vast.

In the "great stone book of nature,"
Written with wondrous skill,
Those beautiful lilies are lying,
Repeating their lesson still.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking or house dress, of plain and figured sateen. The underskirt is edged by two narrow knife-plaited ruffles, above which are

up high on both hips. The back-drapery falls in irregular puffs. Coat-sleeves slightly full on the shoulders. Cuffs and standing collar of velvet. Eight yards of figured sateen and six yards of plain, with half a yard of velvet, cut on the bias, for vest and collar, will be required. The fullness at the waist may be fastened under long loops-and-ends of velvet ribbon, if preferred.

No. 2—Is a country-costume, of dotted cambric or sateen. The underskirt is kilted on to a



No. 1.

four two-inch-wide tucks. The underskirt is of the plain material. The overdress and bodice are cut together, forming a simple polonaise. In front, the fullness begins at the throat, and is arranged in fine plaits to the waist, opening over a narrow pointed vest of velvet to match. At the waist-line, it is fastened by an oxydized clasp. The tablier is long and full, and plaited (178)



No. 2.

foundation of plain cambric, or into a deep yoke of the material. The overdress is cut a trifle longer than the underskirt, plain and full,



No. 2.



No. 4.

gathered into the waist. The draping of the overdress is done by catching up the fullness under loops-and-ends of velvet or gros-grain ribbon in different places. Two bows on the left side, and one on the right. The bodice is a simple little basque with postillion-back. In front, it buttons down to a sharp point. Coatsleeves, high standing collar. A small flat bow of velvet ribbon ornaments the collar and cuffs. From ten to twelve yards of material will be required, eight to ten yards of velvet ribbon.

No. 8—Is a new blouse-polonaise, for a young



No. 5.

girl of slight figure. It will be a good model for a gingham, nun's-veiling, or flannel. Back and front of the bodice are laid in side-plaits or tucks, and stitched. The tucks or plaits run under the waistband. The fullness of the skirt is looped high on the left side, under long loops-and-ends of velvet or watered ribbon or wide worsted braid. Waistband, cuffs, shoulderstraps, and strap in front may be of velvet, watered silk, or worsted braid, if the polonaise is of woolen material. For gingham or satcen,

they may be made of plain or figured goods to match.

No. 4.—Sailor-costume, for either girl or boy of six years. The skirt is of white tennis-



No. 4.

flannel, with a border of marine-blue above the edge. The skirt is box-plaited on to a petticoat-body. The jacket, of marine-blue, opens in front over a white flannel simulated shirt, which is made upon the petticoat-body. The jacket is slashed on the side-seams of the back, the front to correspond, and trimmed with small jersey-buttons. Collar and cuffs of white flannel, embroidered in blue wash-silk, in design of anchor.

No. 5.—Is a sailor-suit, for a boy of four years, made of navy-blue flannel or serge. The trousers are loose at the knee. The blouse-waist has a deep sailor-collar. Cuffs, collar, and side of pants trimmed with a narrow white worsted

braid. An anchor may be embroidered on the cuffs and collar, in white silk.

No. 6.—Is a seaside or mountain frock, for a little girl, of blue linen or Chambray gingham. Like a sailor-suit, the skirt is plaited on to a petticoat-waist, and trimmed with two rows of cream cotton braid. The blouse-waist is finished with an elastic at the waist, to keep it in place. All the trimming is of the cotton braid. Tam-O'Shanter cap, crocheted in white or dark-blue knitting-cotton.

No. 7.—Embroidered dress, with cape or deep collar, for a boy or girl of two or three years. This dress may be made of a deep flounce of English embroidery or colored embroidery on



No. 7.

colored gingham. Skirt and waist are in one, confined at the waist by a girdle of plaited worsted braid. The collar is simply gathered to fit the neck. Cuffs to match.

DESIGN FOR SLIPPER, IN BRAIDING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Our colored pattern is for a gentleman's slipper, and can be done on any colored cloth—or on heavy linen, if preferred. The braid may also be of any color desired, though the coral-color suits best with the design. Gold braid on black cloth is very handsome.

SEASIDE JACKET, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement-pattern, a Seaside Jacket, for a little girl of eight to nine years. It consists of six pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
4. SLEEVE.
5. HALF OF SAILOR-COLLAR.
6. HALF OF STANDING COLLAR.

The letters show how the pieces are joined. The jacket is of navy-blue serge, trimmed with mother-of-pearl buttons, and worn over a red jersey. The jersey shows at the throat. The skirt is of the blue serge and laid in narrow kilts.



CROSS-STITCH BORDER.

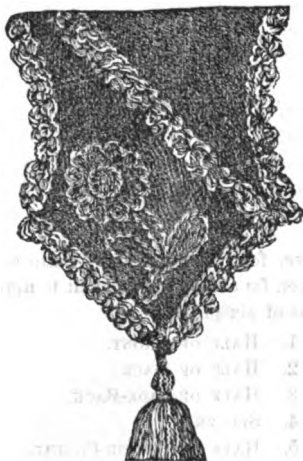
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a cross-stitch border for the top of a piano-cover. The foundation may be of éceru canvas or cloth—indeed, any material suitable to the room it is to decorate. Our model is done in cross-stitch with Turkey-red cotton on éceru canvas. Canvas ought to be tacked over the foundation—provided satin, velvet, or cloth is used. The threads of the canvas are pulled away when the work is completed. In working on satin, cloth, or velvet, use silk for the embroidery. As this is a repeat-pattern, no difficulty will be found in working any required length. This model will be useful for a lunch-cloth or table-cover. Blue working-cotton looks well combined with Turkey-red.

EMBROIDERED NEEDLE-BOOK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For this banner-shaped needle-book, pieces of plush eight inches long by three and a half inches wide are used for the outside. The design is worked in colored silk. The edge of the design is done in gold cord, which is sewed down with silk to match. After the work is done, the plush is shaped at the ends, and then pasted on stiff cardboard and lined with satin. The edge is crocheted on with gold-colored knitting-silk, in a shell-pattern. Some notched layers of white flannel are fastened inside. The point of the book is finished by a tassel of silk. The flap fastens at the corner by a button-and-loop. Satin or cloth will make a book quite as pretty as plush.



FISH-D'OYLEY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

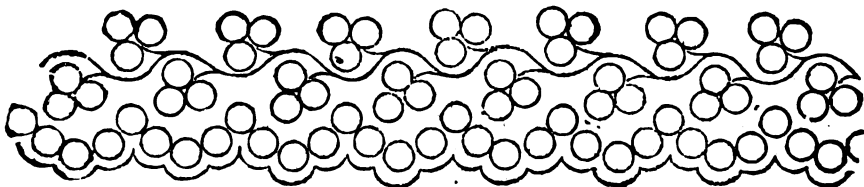
This design for a fish-d'oyley, found on our Supplement, is to be worked on coarse white linen, in either wash-silk or wash-linen floss. The work is done in outline-stitch. The edge of the d'oyley is to be fringed out an inch deep all around. Make the size given, or put the design upon a larger d'oyley, but in the centre only.

SPRAY FOR EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a design of a spray for embroidering in outline. It may be used either for a sofa-pillow, a corner of an afghan, or table-cover. Work on linen, cloth, or silk, in wash-silk or wash-crewel, so that the article may be scoured when needed, without injuring the work. This spray can also be done in Kensington-stitch.

DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.



LAMP-SHADE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This shade, which is intended to cover a globe, is of Japanese silk, the design being outlined in colored silk. It is in a square, like a handkerchief, and the edge may be finished by a narrow lace, or scalloped in silk. A piece is cut out of the centre, for the chimney; and, at intervals, the handkerchief is gathered to fit the globe. Thin silk or one of the paper Japanese handkerchiefs will make a pretty shade.



INK STAND.

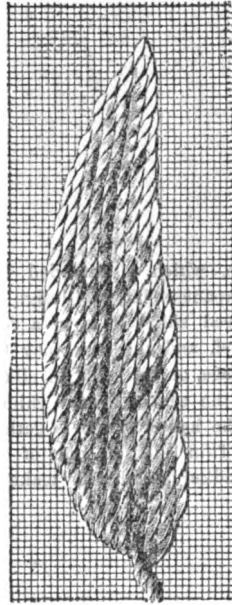
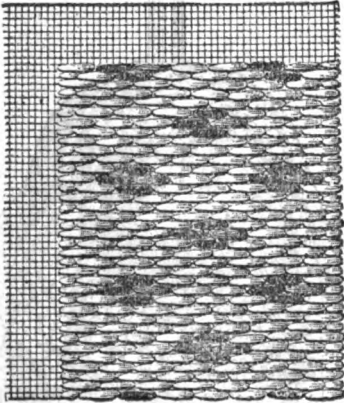
BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the number, we give a new design for an inkstand. This unique little affair forms an inkstand, pen-rack, and cleaner, and is certainly worthy of one's notice. A child's wooden dumb-bell is the foundation for this useful combination of writing-utensils. A small glass inkstand is first secured, an opening is made in the top of one of the balls, large enough for the ink-well to fit snugly in. An opening of similar size in the opposite ball is filled with a bristle penwiper or cleaner—this can be found at a stationery-store—or a small glass cup may be substituted to hold a sponge. The dumb-bell is then painted black. Four round brass-headed tacks are placed in each ball, for it to rest. A couple of brass hooks are screwed on the front and back, for the penholders to lay on. It is decorated with a few sprays of flowers, painted on the back and front. Where one could not paint, some dainty scrap-pictures could be applied, to give a very pretty effect. If possible, they should be varnished afterward.

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DESIGNS FOR WORKING IN WORSTED AND CHENILLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This new stitch is called "Point d'Hermine." It is worked with double zephyr, the ground-work in one color, the diamonds in chenille of a contrasting color. It is useful for a sofa-pillow, footstool, etc. Canvas is used for the foundation. This same stitch is worked into designs for leaves and flowers, also on canvas, and done in wool and chenille, or entirely in chenille.

TOBACCO-POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a tobacco-pouch, made of chamois-leather, and embroidered in multicolored silk in any simple pattern. Four pieces form the pouch. The top is lined with silk or satin of any bright color. The tassel of the colors in the embroidery.

WORK-TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a small pine table, square, with top and one shelf covered with crimson plush, also the legs. A silk fringe is tacked on the edge, over which is a band of guipure embroidery. An insertion of the same crosses the top. Brass nails ornament the legs, and a bit of the fringe is also put around each foot.

ARRANGEMENT FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Four pieces of thin cardboard are cut in shape of half-circles, of graduated sizes, then covered with plush or velvet, and edged with gold cord, and fastened together with a screw-button of brass, so as to form a fan. A pretty and useful ornament for a bed-room or sitting-room mantel-shelf. If one has many photographs, it will be pleasant to change them.

WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Make the bag of satin or plush. Holbein green, ruby, or dark-blue will show off the embroidery to the best advantage. The spray of daisies is worked in crewel or filoselle. Line the bag with satin, the same color as that used for the strings and bow. Old-gold or bright-yellow will tone well with almost any color that may be used for the bag. Such a bag is ornamental to a room, if hung on a chair or in any corner, even if it is not used.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HINTS ON PRESERVING WILD-FLOWERS, FERN, AND MOSS.

—Gather the flowers only on dry sunny days, when as free from atmospheric moisture as possible. As most wild-flowers and all delicate fern droop and wither if carried in the hand, the best plan is to place them one by one between the leaves of a book as soon as gathered. If a book has not been provided for the purpose, place the flowers between layers of moss, damp round the stems, but dry round the blossoms. Carried thus in a basket or botanical case, they will keep fresh for some hours; but, as soon as possible, they should be placed in water, and allowed to stand in a moderately warm room for an hour or two before being pressed, in order to dry off any moisture they may have contracted amongst the moss. The reason for being particularly careful as to their dryness is that upon that largely depends their retaining their color. If pressed when damp, they almost invariably become discolored or have a faded appearance. Those in the book may be left there for an hour or two, if not convenient to attend to them at once; but the sooner they are put into blotting-paper, the better. Arrange carefully, and regulate the pressure according to color and texture. Fern cannot be too firmly pressed, and yellow and purple flowers also stand great pressure; but red or yellow tinted leaves, such as those of the wild-geranium, and all flowers of succulent texture, require to be more lightly pressed, otherwise they lose their color.

Most flowers and fern are the better for having the blotting-paper changed at least twice during the eight or ten days required for pressing them perfectly. This is best done by placing a dry sheet above them, taking hold of it and the sheet upon which they are lying, turning over quickly the two thus held, so bringing the damp sheet uppermost, then carefully removing that. Should any leaf or blossom be inclined to adhere to the paper, a slight tap on the back will generally suffice to loosen it; if not, it must be removed with the fingers. Then place two dry sheets above and one underneath that upon which the flowers are. On changing a second time, one over and one under will suffice. Primroses, violets, wood-sorrel, and several other delicate flowers, and all very fragile fern, such as the young fronds of the oak and beech, form an exception to this rule, and must not be removed from the first sheet upon which they are laid down until perfectly dry; otherwise, they will curl up, and it will be found impossible to lay them flat again. Two dry sheets may, however, be laid above and one underneath the sheet they are on.

Moss, if pressed immediately in the moist state it usually is in when gathered, need not be changed from the paper in which it is first laid. But, if allowed to dry, and then re-wet for pressing, it must be put into dry paper next day. Any thickish paper will do to press it in. The press consists of two pieces of hard wood, two or three dozen pieces of millboard cut to the same size or a fraction less, and an unlimited supply of white blotting-paper. There is no appreciable advantage gained by using botanical paper, and blotting-paper is more readily obtained. Before using, the paper ought to be carefully dried in the sun or before a fire, but not used whilst still hot. Each layer of flowers or leaves ought to have from four to six thicknesses of paper, and then be placed between two pieces of millboard.

Two strong leather straps, connected for convenience's sake by a handle, like rug-straps, give the necessary pressure. If a still greater degree than they give when drawn as tightly as possible is desired, two wedges may be inserted between the strap and the wood. When removed from the press, the flowers and leaves should be kept in a book for awhile before being exposed to the air.

—**DON'T GIVE YOUR CHILDREN** all the cake, pie, candy, and nuts they can eat, even if it be Christmas, New-Year, or their birthday. They will be just as happy without so much of such things, and with less liability to disease or peevishness, which is certain to follow soon after such indulgence. Hours of pain and suffering to the children and much anxiety in the loving parent's heart might be spared by a little thought and firmness in this matter. Many an indulgent parent plants the seed of disease and life-long misery for his children by gratifying their morbid appetite with rich food and dainties that their stomachs ought never to know; and wonders, too, why they are so cross and irritable when they get everything they want and are not sick; while they, poor things, are not able to tell of the pain and numerous discomforts they endure for their "stomachs' make."

—**PROTECT THE EARS WHILE BATHING.**—Under ordinary conditions, the healthy ear does not need to be protected from cold; only during extremely cold or stormy or rainy weather ought cotton-wool to be inserted, into children's ears especially. The same precaution must be taken in the case of every ear predisposed to inflammation. The entrance of cold fluid into any ear must always be prevented; and so, while bathing or diving, the ear ought to be plugged. Patients with perforation of the membrane ought to be very careful in this respect, as violent inflammation may be caused by the entrance of cold water.

—**SEAWEED.**—At this season, when seaweed is so plentifully gathered, a hint as to its preparation is in place. Having thoroughly cleaned the seaweed in clear cold water, dry the pieces by the fire, so that they do not shrivel and are not pressed too flat. They ought to be chosen feathery, and of as many tints as possible. The more rapid the drying-process, the better the result. The pieces are generally arranged in shells. Blue satin is a good foundation on which to place them.

—**ADDISON SAYS:** "There is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable." But the art of receiving it gracefully seems even harder to acquire. The truth is that most people, when they think they want advice, want nothing of the sort: they wish to have their own opinion confirmed, to be encouraged in the course they desire to pursue, and take keen offense when they fail to receive support from the unfortunate counselor.

—**THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER SAYS:** "'Peterson's Magazine' is still, as it has been for so many years, a favorite magazine for the family-circle. Without pretending to make the display that the 'great monthlies' do, it contains an abundance of entertaining reading-matter, most of it in the line of fiction, besides giving a full record of current fashions."

FRANÇOISE BERNARDINE, the accomplished Mrs. General in "Little Boreas," and the eloquent counsel in regard to etiquette, manner, correct deportment of every description, which she gave the young ladies under her charge. She not only impressed on them the necessity of learning how to walk and sit with grace, but insisted that a habit ought to be acquired of putting the mouth into its most agreeable shape before appearing in company. She advised her pupils, just as they entered a ball-room, to say "prunes" or "prisms," though she thought that "potatoes" was perhaps a word which left the lips in even a sweeter curve. These examples are doubtless excellent; but there is an entire sentence, arranged with the same intention, which Mrs. General would certainly have added to her list, had it ever come under her observation: "Fanny Finch fried five floundering fish for Frances Fowler's father." Its length is also greatly in its favor, for a young lady repeating it would be obliged to enter a ball-room so late, as to be obliged to have time to remember the rules for graceful carriage as well.

HOUSE-EDUCATION OF GIRLS.—The mother of a family of daughters can do much to make her girls useful women, with some little trouble to herself at first, but with lessening care as time goes on. It is an excellent plan to allow each one, in turn, to assume the charge of housekeeping for a certain time. It does not hurt girls to be made to take a share of responsibility in household-tasks—it does them immense good. Let each in succession have, a week at a time, charge of the chamberwork, the mending, the cooking, even the buying for the family—all, of course, under proper supervision—and their faculties of reason, perception, and judgment will be more developed in one month than in six months of ordinary schooling.

A COSTLY WINDOW-CAP has been sent to the Queen, as a Jubilee-gift from the Queen-Regent of Spain. It is made of priceless old Spanish lace, with an embroidered veil at the back, hanging almost to the ground, and a pearl diadem in front, the jewels being embroidered on the lace. By Queen Christina herself, who is an accomplished needlewoman. This cap is copied from an old portrait which Queen Christina found in the palace at Madrid, representing a widow of the Spanish royal house in the gale-costume of three centuries ago.

HOUSE-COMFORT.—An old-fashioned receipt for a little home-comfort: Take of thought for self, one part, two parts of thought for family, equal parts of common-sense and broad intelligence, a large modicum of the sense of fitness of things, a heaping measure of living above what your neighbors think of you, twice the quantity of keeping within your income, a sprinkling of what tends to refinement and esthetic beauty, stirred thick with Christian principle of the true brand, and set it to rise.

HERE IN AMERICA, we have long been aware that, in the matter of tales and sketches, our magazines are far superior to the English. They seem to have discovered the fact on the other side of the water, since that most conservative of weeklies, the London Spectator, admitted, not long since, that "American authors are greater proficient in their English rivals in the art of writing short-stories—much more original in theme, and more artistic in treatment."

THE ROUND BODICE.—The great demand for cotton and other shift material has caused a revival of the round-waisted full bodices, which are finished by a waistband and buckle. This pretty style is suited to most figures—except, perhaps, the very stout—and is more particularly suited for the toilette of young ladies.

VOL. XVII.—11.

SOME CRUEL DREAMS that, of all useless discussion possible, the most utterly useless is that of whether a bride should be required to add the word "obey" to the other pledges exacted in the marriage-ceremony. As a reason for regarding the matter not worth discussion, he boldly avows that, whether she repeat the word or not, no married woman can ever be induced to carry the promise into practice.

SAYS THE DUB MOON (IOWA) TRAVELER: "'Peterson' is only eighteen cents a number, yet has more that, in the sheet, would cost fifty cents, literature that would cost in novel-form a dollar, and notions so fresh and beautiful that the wonder is that any lady can do without the magazine."

AS WE EXPECTED, our July number has proved a great success. Our exchanges give us glowing notices; we have had hosts of private letters of admiration; and, most satisfactory of all, are receiving a list of new subscribers which, for this season of year, is almost unprecedented.

NEW SARENS.—French modistes are making full bishop-sleeves, of transparent material of various sorts, encasing them into a velvet band at the elbow, with lace ruffles beyond.

NOTIONS OF NEW BOOKS.

Behind the Blue Ridge. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Miss Baylor's first novel, "On Both Sides," though dealing with a hackneyed subject, possessed so much vigor and originality that the promise of a new book by her was a pleasurable announcement to the numerous admirers she had gained by her former effort. The present work is entirely unlike the other, both in motive and treatment, but is fully its equal, to say the least. The action is confined to the mountain-region of Virginia which gives the tale its name, and the description of the beautiful scenery is faithfully and remarkably well drawn. No reader familiar with that section of country can fail to admit that her characters have been conceived and developed by one thoroughly acquainted with the daily life of its inhabitants. Altogether, "Behind the Blue Ridge" deserves to take high rank among the stories of Southern life and the Southwestern mountain-narratives which have become so popular during the last few years. The same publishers have recently issued three other American novels, though they deal with social phases widely different from those depicted by Miss Baylor. These are:

One of the Dances. By Alice Hamilton King. A bright fresh story, most of the incidents of which pass at a Florida military post, where the heroine goes to spend the winter. The conversation is sparkling and witty, and divers of the earlier incidents amusing and humorous, yet there is a strong dramatic element in the book—a pathetically tragic one, too, though everything ends happily for the charming heroine and her soldierly lover.

Madison Park. By Herbert C. Dick, is the history of a wedded pair who go through a great amount of misery, a good deal of which they might have spared themselves by a little plain-speaking on both sides, but reach a happy goal at last. The story is well told, and, what is rather unusual in a novel of that sort, the hero is a much more interesting person than the heroine.

Wallingford: a Novel of American Life is by an anonymous author. It possesses plenty of incident, shows considerable skill in character-drawing, and is likely, we think, to prove popular enough to encourage its writer to renewed effort in the field of fiction.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE *Lo. Kayville* (Pa.) Advertiser says of "Peterson": "It is always fresh and brilliant, and its steel and fashion plates are always reliable. It is like a good sewing-machine—when once got into a family, it will always be found there." The *Whitman* (Mass.) Times goes even more into detail: "The stories for this popular publication are by well-known writers, and are all interesting, poetry, charming, and fashions reliable." That is the word for ladies to remember—"reliable" is our motto through every department. This present volume offers fresh inducement to new subscribers, from the fact that they can have it for one dollar. No better time to subscribe could be found; Miss Bowman's serial alone, "Along the Bayou," would make it worth while. The story is having a great success—better buy it in the magazine, and so have hosts of other good things thrown in, than wait till it appears in book-form, and pay double the price. More than one paper has declared, as does the *Lexington* (Tenn.) Progress, that: "So far, 'Peterson' for 1887 has surpassed itself." Another Tennessee journal, the *Kingston East Tennessee*, said some months ago: "If 'Peterson' goes on as it has begun, this will be its jubilee year in point of merit." Our readers will admit that we are fulfilling this prophecy, and we have already secured so many new attractions for the coming year that we can safely promise a continuation of the jubilee.

No magazine offers such fine premiums for getting up clubs. For example:

Three copies for \$4.50, with the large engraving, "Angel of Paradise," or "Forget-Me-Not." Alum, for premium.

Four copies for \$6.50, with an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium.

Five copies for \$8.00, with both an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium, and either "The Angel of Paradise" or "Forget-Me-Not."

ANALYSING THE BAKING-POWDERS.—Under the direction of the New York State Board of Health, eighty-four different kinds of baking-powder, embracing all the brands that could be found for sale in the State, were submitted to examination and analysis by Prof. C. F. Chandler, a member of the State Board and President of the New York City Board of Health, assisted by Prof. Edward G. Love, the well-known United States Government chemist.

The official report shows that a large number of the powders examined were found to contain alum or lime; many of them to such an extent as to render them seriously objectionable for use in the preparation of human food.

Alum was found in twenty-nine samples. This drug is employed in baking-powders to cheapen their cost. The presence of lime is attributed to the impure cream-tartar of commerce used in their manufacture. Such cream-tartar was also analyzed, and found to contain lime and other impurities, in some samples to the extent of ninety-three per cent. of their entire weight.

All the baking-powders of the market, with the single exception of "Royal" (not including the alum and phosphate powders, which were long since discarded as unsafe or inefficient by prudent housekeepers), are made from the impure cream-tartar of commerce, and consequently contain lime to a corresponding extent.

The only baking-powder yet found by chemical analysis to be entirely free from lime and absolutely pure is the "Royal." This perfect purity results from the exclusive use of cream-tartar specially refined and prepared by patent processes which totally remove the tartrate of lime and other impurities. The cost of this chemically pure cream-tartar is much greater than any other, and on account of this greater cost is used in no baking-powder but the "Royal."

Prof. Love, who made the analysis of baking-powders for

the New York State Board of Health, as well as for the Government, says of the purity and wholesomeness of the "Royal":

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking-Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream-tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphate or any injurious substance."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

PRESERVES, JELLIES, PICKLES, ETC.

Siberian Crabs (to Preserve).—Gather them just before they are fully ripe. Put a quantity of them into a pan of boiling water and barely scald them. As soon as one of the skins begins to crack, remove them from the fire and strain them through an earthenware colander; they may then be very easily peeled. In the meantime, make a thin syrup, and, having peeled the apples, place them in jars and pour the syrup over them quite hot. As they rise to the surface, they must be pushed back, so as to keep them all under the syrup. Let them remain uncovered till the following day, when they must again all be poured out into the colander, placing the syrup in the stewpan with more sugar, to insure its being thick. Boil and skim it well, return the fruit to the jars, and again pour the hot syrup over it. Let them still remain open; the next day, if the fruit seems soft enough and the syrup sufficiently thick and clear, they may be considered finished, and they may be tied down with bladder; if not, repeat the process a third time and keep for another day. About a week after they have been tied down, it is well to examine them, and, should they show any sign of fermentation or mold, the syrup must again be boiled down as before. The core is never removed from Siberian crabs; it has in itself a most delicate flavor, which improves the whole preserve.

Another way.—Siberian crabs may also be preserved whole, with the peel on. Flavor a pint of water by boiling in it a small piece of cinnamon, another of ginger, and three or four cloves. Strain these off and make into a syrup by boiling in it, for a quarter of an hour, half a pound of loaf-sugar. Let it remain until cold. Take a pint of the crabs, wipe them well with a cloth, prick them with a needle near the stalks, and put them in a stewpan with the syrup, to get hot together. Remove it from the fire, pour it off into a basin, let it stand to get cold; repeat this process three times. When the fruit looks clear, take it out, put it into jars, and pour the syrup over it. It will do no harm if a day pass between each of the boilings.

Red Cabbage is one of the most wholesome, as it is one of the commonest, of pickles. Old housekeepers say that the cabbage should not be taken until the frost has touched it. If the cabbage is firm and sound and freshly cut, excellent pickle may be made of it without any consideration of frost. Remove the outer leaves from the vegetable and slice it across as thinly and evenly as possible. Put it into a dish or bowl and sprinkle it plentifully with powdered salt. Let it lie for forty-eight hours, then squeeze the salt as thoroughly as possible from it, and nearly fill jars or glasses with it. Intermix with each pound of cabbage twelve peppercorns and one bay-leaf, or, if preferred, an ounce of black peppercorns and an ounce of whole ginger may be used. Fill up the jars with good vinegar; to cover the cabbage entirely, tie down with bladder, and keep in a cool place. The excellence of the color in this pickle depends upon the thoroughness with which the salt liquor is squeezed out. Some cooks add a few slices of half-boiled beetroot to it, in order to improve the appearance.

Quince Marmalade.—Peel and core some quinces, slice them very finely, put the cores containing the seeds in the preserving-pan, lampy cover them with hot water, simmer for twenty minutes, strain through a jelly-bag, and put the juice back in the preserving-pan. Allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar to a pound of fruit; put the sugar and fruit into the juice; boil rapidly for an hour, very frequently stirring it, as it bubbles easily; skim in the usual way, and, when it looks clear and jellies quickly when dropped on a plate, it is done. Put into jars, and cover when cold. Some people add a few drops of cochineal when taken off the fire, to make it a deeper red; but, if quickly boiled and well skimmed, it is pretty enough without any additional color. If possible, quinces should be peeled and cored with a silver or plated knife, as it keeps them a better color.

Quince Jelly.—Cut very ripe quinces into thin slices; do not peel, core, or remove the seeds; press them down in a preserving-pan and cover them with water; stew gently until quite soft and pulpy; turn them into a jelly-bag and let the juice trickle through, without any pressure. If the juice does not look clear enough, pass it through the jelly-bag again, after the pulp is removed and the bag rinsed. Measure the juice, and to every pint allow twelve ounces of crushed loaf-sugar; put it into the pan and boil it rapidly for twenty minutes, skimming it well. Drop a spoonful on a plate to see if it jellies, and, when done, pour it into glasses or jars.

Fruit Jelly.—Two quarts of good cranberries will make one good-sized mold. Put them on the fire, and cover with water. Stew them until soft; sufficiently so to put through a bag. To two quarts of juice put half a pound of loaf-sugar. Let it boil, skimming it all the time. While boiling, throw in a very scant quarter of a pound of fine pearl sugar, and as much vanilla as you think will give it a good flavor. Cook it until the sugar is perfectly transparent. Make it very cold, and eat it with cream and sugar. Cranberries will require more than half a pound of sugar. Sweeten to your taste.

To Preserve Cherries for Dessert.—Get all the largest bunches, and see that no blanches are on them, set them aside, then pick plenty of inferior ones from their stalks; boil them till quite soft, allowing a quart of water to every pound of fruit. When done, strain through a sieve and to every pint of juice add one and a half pounds of loaf-sugar, boil, and skim till clear, then put in the bunches of cherries, allowing a pound to every pint of syrup; let them boil till they look fine and transparent, then take up very carefully and put into glasses, pouring the syrup over. Tie down as jam.

Grape Jelly.—Strip from the stalks some fine ripe black grapes; stir them with a wooden spoon over a gentle fire until all have burst and the juice flows freely from them; strain off, being on your guard that no pressure is applied to the bag; pass it through and through the bag until quite clear; simmer gently for twenty minutes, when draw it from the fire and stir it until well dissolved fourteen ounces of extra refined sugar, roughly powdered; boil the jelly quickly for fifteen minutes longer, taking care constantly to stir and skim.

Preserved Melon.—Pare the melon and cut into thick slices, soak a syrup with one pound of sugar to every pint of water; boil and skim this till clear, then put in the melon and boil for ten minutes; take up the slices carefully and set away till the next day, when again boil and skim off all impurities from the syrup; put in the melon again and simmer till it looks clear, then carefully pour up into glass jars. The action of the light is said to affect all fruit exposed in glass jars; therefore, when storing, it is well to cover.

Apple Cheese.—Put any amount of apples, and to every pound of pulp add a pound of powdered sugar, the grated

and juice of four small lemons and some well-beaten eggs. When the ingredients are well mixed, put them in a stewpan in which butter is melted in the proportion of one ounce to every pound of the mixture. Stir it over a moderate fire until all the butter is thoroughly absorbed, then pour into putter molds. If dried down like jam and kept in a dry, but not a hot place, it will keep for many weeks.

Cucumber Catsup.—Peel and chop three dozen full-grown large cucumbers; chop eight large onions as fine as possible; put these with the cucumbers and mix with them three quarters of a pound of fine salt, place on a stove and simmer twelve hours; then add three ounces of mustard-seed and half a teaspoonful of ground black pepper; stir all well together and pack the mixture in jars, covering with strong older vinegar. This pickle will be ready for use in three weeks.

Green Tomato Pickle.—Slice a peck of tomatoes and put them in layers in a broad-mouthed jar; sprinkle a little salt between each layer. Let them stand twenty-four hours, then drain off the liquor; put the tomatoes into a saucepan with ground ginger, cloves, mace, cinnamon, allspice, and scraped horseradish, a teaspoonful of each; also, three large capsicums, three sliced onions, and a teaspoonful of brown sugar. Cover with vinegar and simmer three hours. Tie down when cold.

Cucumber for Preserved Use.—When more are in the house than are actually wanted at the time, split them, take out the seeds and parboil in vinegar and water, equal quantities, to which is added a fourth of salt. Properly done, they will be a beautiful green, and kept cool they will keep for some time and come in for salad, etc.

Tomato Catsup.—Let the tomatoes be firm and fine; put them into a pipkin with salt, grains of pepper, thyme, and two onions, and let it stew for a day; then strain it and let it boil until it becomes of a good thickness; pour it off, and when cold bottle it up with a little sweet oil on top; rub it up to keep the air off.

Barberries Pickled for Sauce.—Get the barberries before they are quite ripe, pick out all decayed matter and put them into jars with a strong brine; look at them every few days, and, when a scum has risen, put them into fresh salt and water. Wash in clear water before using.

Apple Pickle.—A peculiar, but by no means disagreeable, pickle or relish to eat with cold meat may be made by mixing some apple grated with the bulk in finely-chopped onion, to which are added a little red chili cut up small, salt, and vinegar to moisten the whole.

Raspberry Syrup.—To four quarts of red raspberries, put enough vinegar to cover, let it stand twenty-four hours, wash, and strain it; add one pound of sugar to every pint of juice, boil it twenty minutes, skim well, and bottle when cold.

Cherry-White.—One bucket of cherries to two buckets of water. Wash all the juice from the cherries, strain it, and to every gallon of juice put three pounds of brown sugar. Put it into a cask, and, after it has fermented, rack it off.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO MAKE TEA WELL.—The first essential for making tea is boiling water, and not only boiling, but boiling the first time; water which has boiled and is reboiled is not fit to make tea. Warm the teapot first with a little water, put in then one teaspoonful of tea for each person, and one for the pot; then pour over it fresh previously unboiled water, which had quite reached the boiling-point. Do not put in too much water at first; let it stand for a few minutes, and then add more. Tea should not stand too long, or it becomes injurious; about seven minutes is generally long enough. Some people say ten, but that must be only for the most delicate kinds of tea. Never drain the

tempot; add water before the first is all exhausted, and keep the longest hot.

THE FEEDING OF INFANTS.—Infants should be fed at regular intervals, and, if they vomit after their milk, they should be fed on smaller quantities given at shorter intervals. As a rule, for the first month the bottle should be given every two hours, gradually increasing the interval to three, and eventually to four hours. As time goes on, less and less water should be added to the milk. Too often infants are fed simply because they cry. Though it is true that baby has no language but a cry, still the cry frequently means that the stomach is already overloaded.

TO TRANSFER VELVET DRESSING TO SILK, SATIN, OR CLOTH.—Back the pieces of velvet with brown holland, which paste evenly on them. Lay a paper design of the right size over these pieces; and, when dry, carefully cut them to the right shape. Back also the material with linen or other fabric, and frame it when dry. Arrange the velvet designs on it, and tack them down. Overcast the edges on to the foundation, and conceal them by a couching of beads, or filonets, or gold braid.

A CHOICE IN DRESS.—The days are past when everyone was dressed in the same fashion. Then the only difference was in the material, the style of trimming remaining always the same. Now, on the contrary, one seldom sees two well-dressed women attired alike. Everyone seeks to be distinguished for tasteful originality in dress.

CULTURE.

THIS SHORT WORD contains in itself so much, that its definition cannot well be compressed into a few lines. Taken in its broadest sense, it is, we suppose, gentleman, refinement of thought and speech, and an appreciation of all that is artistic, based on a liberal education, or given on a good intellect alone. A genius is not always a man or woman of culture. Culture and the very highest mental attainment are not necessarily—nay, very often are far from being—coincident.

A woman possessed of unusual intellect, which she has strengthened and developed by a long course of careful and well-defined study, may not be nearly so cultivated as her neighbor—who, with less brain, would, at first sight be acknowledged a very cultivated woman.

Perhaps possessed of real culture, betray it directly in themselves, their manner of speaking, their surrounding, even their dress. There is an unmistakable air of refinement about everything that appertains to them which instantly gives a clue to their minds.

To describe a cultivated woman would be very difficult, but to draw an outline-sketch of a clever and highly-educated gentleman who is quite innocent of culture can soon be done; for, and to say, in these days of hard competition and high pressure, many seem to think that the time spent in acquiring culture of any kind would be wasted or lost. To begin with, her sitting-room is not a model of neatness or artistic taste, though certainly it contains many interesting things; but they are all huddled together anyhow, so that one loses half the pleasure in seeing them. Books innumerable there are, all of them such as would be chosen by a reader of catholic taste—history, biography, works on political economy, botany, astronomy, and every "ology" under the sun, in almost every known language—but there is an air of discomfort pervading everything which oppresses you. The books in particular occupy places which are inappropriate to them, and render one a little embarrassed, as we scarcely like to

turn out a fat volume and take its place in one of the few comfortable chairs in the room.

Then the owner of this uncomfortably learned "den" evidently considers that dress is one of the necessary evils of life. Her clothes are not becoming in either color or shape, and do not seem to belong to her. She is clothed upon, but not dressed, and there is a generally untidy unkempt look about her. Now, a woman of culture, however poor she is, will, as a rule, be neatly and becomingly, and therefore well, dressed. She cannot help being so; it is part of the working of her mind and taste. The manners of our uncultivated friend are not particularly refined, and her voice and speech coincide with them. I have seen her yawn continually without attempting to disguise the fact; she crosses her legs outrageously; and stands with her arms akimbo many times and oft. Yet, for all this, she is not only a woman gifted with many and various talents, but her knowledge of the subjects she takes up is thorough, and I know as a fact that she has spent hours in imparting that knowledge to others from the most truly kind unselfish motives. I know her, too, as a true-hearted loyal friend, with an unfathomable well of pure affection hidden beneath a reserved and uncompromising exterior. Yet, for all this, the faculty which not only admires the true, the beautiful, and the good, but which delights in surrounding—and, as far as possible, assimilating—herself with them, and which would, if cultivated, influence the every-day life, thereby refining the outward form and manner, is absolutely wanting in her. Culture rounds off people's angles, and tones down those peculiarities which, if left to themselves, are liable to become obtrusive, and detract from inherent merit. At the same time, it is no way destroys personal individuality of character, and one friend would still be herself, yet more refined in manner, thought, and speech, if she added the charm of culture to her learning.

We believe that it adds greatly to personal influence; for, may what one will, it must be owned that "manner" carries weight and goes a long way in gaining a point. There is, as a rule, a quiet dignity about a highly-cultivated man or woman which cannot fail to be felt by all who come in contact with it, and is a power in itself. In all social and educational questions, it is simply invaluable from the very fact that, by its nature, it is opposed to everything prejudicial or narrow-minded. It exercises an elevating and refining influence on all who come near it—doing its work quietly and slowly, perhaps, but nevertheless very surely.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

VARIETY IN HATS.—There is certainly no reason to complain of the uniformity of the millinery this year, for, side by side with huge hats, over which not half a dozen ostrich-tips, and those swathed in three yards of tulle, were to be seen the tiniest, prettiest little bonnets, peaked in the crown, and with the smallest closest fitting brims. They are worn without strings, and are so small that an inch of hair at least is visible above the ear. On the other hand, strings are applied to a few of the medium-sized hats of the calzelet form, enclosing the face in a halo of some delicate hue, and trimmed with upright loops of the faded tints dear to esthetes. And what a contrast between these and the perky turban or Creole hats composed of puffed surah, of a single brilliant hue or a combination of two or more bright tints in checks or plaids, and a narrow rolled brim of coarse-colored straw.

As for the costumes, they were equally various, no one color taking preëminence over the others.

REMEMBER that the new volume, from July to December, will be sent for one dollar.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN SURAH, PLAIN AND PLAIDED. The front and sides of the skirt are laid in wide side-plaits. The back is much puffed over the tournure, then falls in straight folds. The back-drapery and the scarf crossing the front of the skirt are of the plaid surah. The corsage is pointed, back and front, very short on the hips. In front, it fastens with hooks-and-eyes concealed under the flap, which afterward is again fastened by small hooks-and-loops. High standing collar of the plaid, and a scarf-like *Schu* tips from the shoulder-seams in front over the bust. Long coat-sleeves, slightly full into the shoulders, with tiny cuffs of the plaid. Brown straw hat, the brim lined with a puffing of surah. The hat is trimmed with picot-edge velvet ribbon in brown, with ostrich-tips and aigrette in *écru*.

FIG. II.—WALKING OR SEASIDE AFTERNOON-DRESS, OF STRIPED SURAH AND PLAIN NUN'S-VEILING. The underskirt of this toilette is of striped surah. Cream ground, with pin-stripes of blue, red, green, and brown. The underskirt is perfectly plain. The overdress of dark-blue nun's-veiling forms a long point in front. At the back, it also forms a point, with the sides arranged in a cascade. The bodice, which is of the dark-blue, has a wide pointed plastron of the striped surah, which is arranged to conceal the fastening of the blue bodice underneath. High standing collar of blue velvet to match. Coat-sleeves full at the shoulders, with turnover cuffs of the striped surah. High pointed hat of mixed straw, trimmed and faced with dark blue and green velvet in high standing loops. A tiny bow, of the same green velvet on the hat, ornaments the left side of the collar of the dress.

FIG. III.—COSTUME OF STRAWBERRY-COLORED SATIN. The underskirt is laid in wide box-plaits all round. The overdress is very full, both back and front. On the right side, the length of the overskirt is caught up high on the hip, under long loops-and-ends of the satin made double. The waist is a simple round waist, gathered in front from the neck to the waist under a wide belt of the material. The back of the bodice may be either full, like the front, or plain—it depends upon the figure and individual taste. The sleeves are full at the armhole, and again full into the cuff just below the elbow. Wide collar and cuffs of cream-colored piqué or pongee. Hat of Milan straw, trimmed with loops of narrow strawberry-red ribbon intermixed with green-green. The brim of the hat is lined with surah to match.

FIG. IV.—COSTUME OF DOTTED BLUE SATIN. The underskirt of this dress is likewise laid in wide box-plaits. Across the front is a short drapery, forming small paniers. The back is full and bouffant. The bodice is pointed, back and front, very short at the hips. It opens over a chemise of plaited muslin, with high standing collar of the same. A small scarf of the satin is fitted over the shoulders, and is drawn down to the pointed bodice, where it is tied by long loops of the satin. Sleeves full into cuffs. The hat is made of brown straw, with a full crown of the satin. The brim turns up with a small blue wing and some white daisies with green stems and leaves.

FIG. V.—SEASIDE OR WALKING COSTUME, OF *ÉCRU* CANVAS-CLOTH.—The canvas-cloth is striped, and the material is used crosswise for the underskirt, which is perfectly plain and edged with a tiny knife-plaiting. The overskirt is cut full and long, also on the crosswise of the material. On the sides, it is looped up high, far back on to the tournure, then it falls in irregular puffs on the back. The bodice forms a long point in front, short postillion-back. The front is finished with *écru* worsted lace to match, put on in a plastron. High standing collar. Long coat-sleeves, full on the shoulders. Cuffs of lace. *Écru* straw hat, trimmed and faced with brown velvet, intermixed with wild-rose.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAIN SURAH-COLORED

LIMOUSINE, combined with a striped fabric, in which one has stripes of dark-blue, Havana, and dark-red over a *Suède* foundation. The petticoat is made of the stripes, arranged horizontally; while the drapery is of the plain, lined in front with the striped fabric, and turned over to form a pointed overskirt. The drapery opens very high on the right side, to display the petticoat, while on the left it falls in long straight plaits. The bodice is plain, with a striped vest, plaited in front, and held in place by a horsehoe-clip. Hat of black straw, trimmed with a foulard scarf, in which all the colors of the gown are repeated.

FIG. VII.—GIRL'S JACKET, OF CLOTH. The front is double-breasted. The waistband from the side-seams fastens by two large buttons at the back. Tam-O-Shanter hat of cloth, with band of velvet ribbon. Pompon of silk to match, for the top.

FIG. VIII.—FRONT, OF VELVET AND DOTTED LACE. The edges of the collar and velvet reverse are finished by a narrow jet trimming.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAIN AND DOTTED CHINA SILK, IN HELIOTROPOL-COLOR. The underskirt is of the plain material, with bands of the dotted arranged horizontally. The overdress of the dotted has a band of the plain, is long in front, and simply draped at the back. The pointed bodice opens over a full Federal vest of the plain silk. Sleeves of the plain. Collar and cuffs of the dotted. Hat of straw, faced with velvet. Ostrich-tips of heliotropol-color, tied with a bow of striped ribbon to match, form the trimming.

FIG. X.—EMBOSSERED FICUT, OF WHITE MULL-MUSLIN. It is square, folded in a point, and the ends tie in front.

FIG. XI.—BATHING-SUIT, OF NAVY-BLUE FLANNEL. The pants are fastened to a petticoat-body of the flannel, which is trimmed at the neck with three rows of braid, to show where the blouse opens. The entire suit is trimmed with white cotton braid, put on in the pattern shown in the illustration.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF FIGURED DELAINE OR CHINA SILK, dark-blue upon a pale-blue ground. The skirt is composed of two deep lifted flounces, the upper one plaited into the waist. The bodice is plaited, back and front, into a plain yoke. Full bishop-sleeves, gathered into bands at the wrists under a ribbon-and-bow. Waistband and girdle-mesh of groe-grain or satin ribbon, of the darker shade of the dress-material. High standing collar of the same.

FIGS. XIII AND XIV.—BACK AND FRONT OF OUNCE MUSLIN DRESS, for a little girl. The yoke is made of English embroidery. Waistband shirred in front, ties at the back. Puffed sleeves.

FIG. XV.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF WHITE FLOUNCE AND PLAIN MULL-MUSLIN OR CHINA SILK. The underskirt is plain, the overdress full and much draped, the edge trimmed with wide Valenciennes lace. The bodice is trimmed to form a crossed surplice, made of folds of the material. Girdle-mesh of watered ribbon, the ends of which are finished by drop-ornaments in crystal or iridescent beads. Garden-hat of white shirred lace, trimmed with field-flowers and loops of ribbon.

FIGS. XVI AND XVII.—BACK AND FRONT OF BOY'S RATION-COSTUME, made of white flannel or piqué. Collar and cuffs of dark-blue velvet.

FIG. XVIII.—TOQUE, OF SILK AND VELVET, ornamented on left side by head, breast, and wings of bird.

FIG. XIX.—GARDEN-PARTY OR SHADE HAT, FOR SUMMER. The hat is of straw, trimmed all-over with puffings of lace, white or *écru*. A tuft of oats, tied in a bunch with crimson satin ribbon, ornaments the left side.

FIG. XX.—Moss-CROWNED HAT, IN NAVY-BLUE STRAW, with turned-up brim in red waxydyed straw. In front, a fan of embroidered lace, with bunch of forget-me-not, snowdrop, and grass; on the side, a bow of blue ribbon, striped with gray, designed, and so on.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES FERRIES CHAMPS.

The renewed popularity of silk materials for ladies' walking-costumes has been one of the marked features of the present season. Driven from the field by the greater durability and superior grace in draping, as well as of perfection in fitting, of the fine cashmeres and vigognes, silks and satins were relegated to the realm of full-dress altogether. This year, the new fabrics, such as *peau de soie* and French faille, have achieved a decided success. The traditional black silk dress is in progress of full revival, and very pretty toilettes in the new materials, as well as in ordinary faille or in pèkin and satin, are now in process of preparation. A very handsome costume in black faille has the undershirt made perfectly plain, except for a large pointed ornament in jet placed at the left side as the very edge of the skirt. The long draped overskirt, falling in full curved folds also to the edge of the undershirt, parts at the left side so as to show this jet ornament. Two others of a long narrow shape are placed on the folds that border this opening, the points starting from the waist. The corsage is short and pointed in front and at the back. Ornaments of jet *parapenteur* are set up the front and on the sleeves at the wrists. The lighter silks of the season are shown in large square blocks, in two shades of the same color, garnet and marine-blue combined with telegram-blue being the favorites. The foulards of this season are rather too showy for perfect elegance. Very large spots of white or dark-red on a marine-blue ground, or of marine-blue on a red ground, are a good deal worn. But, with the addition of a sun-umbrella to match, these dresses are entirely too "loud" to possess the quiet elegance of perfect Parisian taste. Plain black foulards in very excellent quality are now shown for walking-dresses, and have the merit of being at once cool and durable, but the richness of the fabric makes them proportionally expensive. They are trimmed with black lace and with satin ribbon.

The prettiest of the worsted materials now worn is a heavy twisted vigogne which drapes charmingly. For very dressy street-costumes it is made up with a vest and side-panel in white cloth richly braided with gold, the vigogne being in a light beige or bleached-color. The vest is made pointed at the throat and waist, and widens over the bust. The cloth panel is set at the left side of the undershirt, which is laid in broad flat plaits, and the undershirt is draped in full curved folds in front. These gold-braided panels and vests in white cloth are also used on suits in marine-blue vigogne, but are less tasteful and appropriate than when combined with the lighter-colored material. More elegant dresses for street-wear have the undershirt in watered silk and the overdress and corsage in *seilienne*, the second-named opening up one side and caught together with sigsags of satin ribbon confined to the opening at either side with large rosettes. Everything about these dresses must be in precisely the same shade. They are exceedingly tasteful in steel-gray and in dark-garnet, and may be advantageously reproduced in black. Large rosettes formed of loops of satin ribbon are worn on all sorts of dressy toilettes, whether for street or house or evening wear. They must always match exactly the shade of the costume which they are destined to adorn.

Silk gauze is a good deal employed in combination with satin or with the rich solid-colored pèkins formed of very wide stripes in faille and satin, in making dinner or evening dresses. A very superb toilette in this style had the corsage and train in cream-white pèkin, and the skirt-front in full draperies of *jaune* over satin, with large rosettes in satin ribbon set at intervals on the juncture of the skirt-front and train. The sleeves were composed of gauze without lining, and were caught up in two puffs at the shoulders. They were made full, and reached a little below

the elbows. The V-shaped opening of the corsage was bordered with a *ficelle* of gauze, confined at the waist with two bands of satin, at either end of which was placed a large Louis XV button in Rhine-stones. In black, this very charming toilette would be sufficiently severe for an elderly married lady. But, of whatever color it is composed, every detail about it must be of the same hue. The gauze sleeves are an innovation, and a most welcome one, as they afford relief from much of the oppressive warmth endured by lady-guests who do not wish to wear low-necked and short-sleeved corsets at dinner-parties or soirées. But low-necked dresses are a good deal more worn in Paris than in past seasons. In fact, some of the French society-leaders push this fashion not only to the verge, but beyond the verge, of decency. The corsage cut open in a V-shape or shawl-point is, however, still popular, and is not only more modest, but lends itself more to the adornment of flowers or of jewels than the low-necked corsage cut round over the shoulders.

Handkerchiefs in fine blue, or pink, or lilac cambric, cut in scallops bordered with a buttonhole-stitch in white thread and edged with a very narrow valenciennes, are much in vogue. So, too, are handkerchiefs striped with fine lines in scarlet or in blue, and having a hem of the same color as the stripes. This last style is very convenient for mourning handkerchiefs, the stripes and the hem being in black. The newest style of silk stocking has a branch of flowers—forget-me-nots, lilies-of-the-valley, or marguerites—embroidered in colored silks on the instep, and extending up the front of the ankle. Stockings in colored thread are worked in silk in a contrasting hue, with little dots. With these are worn low shoes with narrow straps across the instep, or else the Charles IX shoe with a single strap midway between the ankle and the edge of the shoe. Evening-dress slippers are cut very low, and are embroidered with a profusion of small cut beads. Sun-umbrellas in cream-white or pale-colored gauze, adorned with flowers, are carried on all very full-dress occasions. It is considered the height of elegance to have the small capote bonnet and the sun-umbrella made of the same gauze or tulle, and trimmed with the same flowers. This pretty if fantastic fashion was inaugurated by the Princess Murat at one of the latest of the great Parisian races.

LOUIS H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

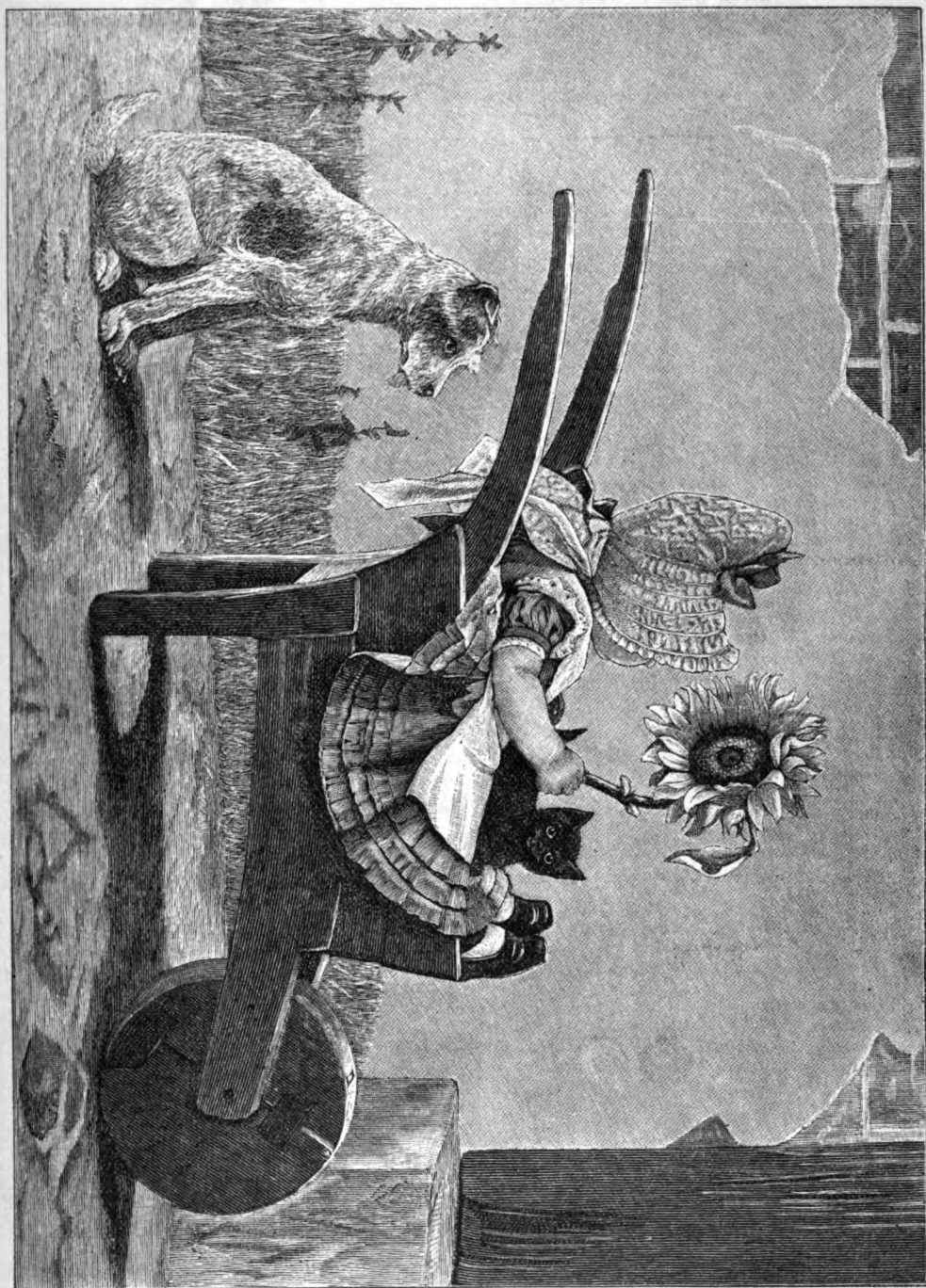
FIG. I.—BOY'S SEASIDE-COSTUME, OF NAVY-BLUE SERGE. Knickerbocker pants, blouse-shirt of striped tennis-flannel, jacket of navy-blue. Wide linen collar, stitched with blue. Straw sailor-hat, trimmed with navy-blue ribbon, sailor-fashion.

FIG. II.—THE MAUD COSTUME, for a girl of sixteen years, is made of gingham, in red and chestnut-brown stripes. The skirt is plain, with pointed tunic in front, the back simply draped. The jacket opens over a plaited waistcoat of brown gingham or velvet. Pointed waistband of the stripe. Hat in multicolored straw, faced with brown velvet and trimmed with striped ribbon to match.

FIG. III.—SAILOR-FROCK, FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS, in blue serge, with bone buttons to match. The full skirt is attached to an underjersey of blue to match. The hood on the blouse-waist is lined with red surah. Full sleeves, gathered into bands at the wrists.

FIG. IV.—STRAW HAT, IN HELIOTROPE AND STONE-GRAY, faced with gray velvet, and trimmed with a cluster of laburnum and loops of heliotrope ribbon, checked with stone-color.

FIG. V.—SAILOR-HAT, OF FINE OR DARK-BLUE STRAW, trimmed with loops of contrasting-colored velvet ribbon, with a gilt ornament in centre of bow.





CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.



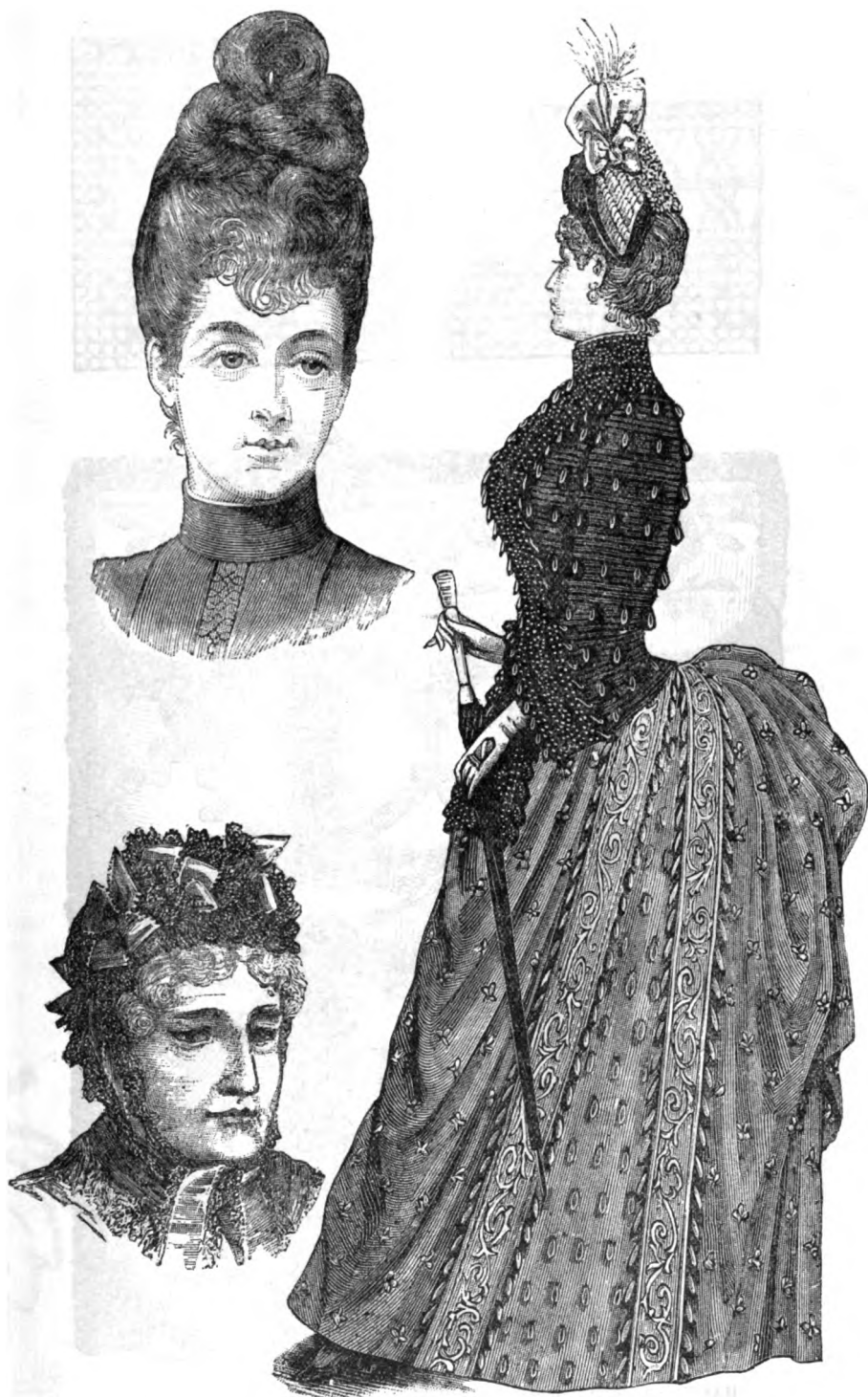
WALKING-DRESS. HOUSE-DRESS.



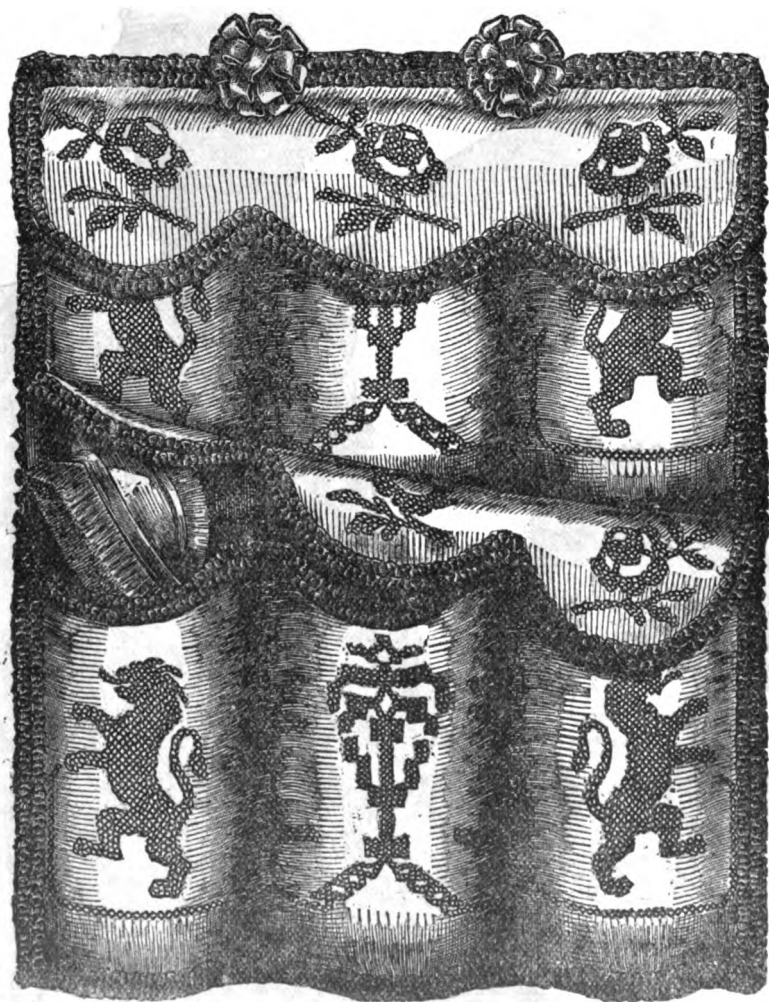
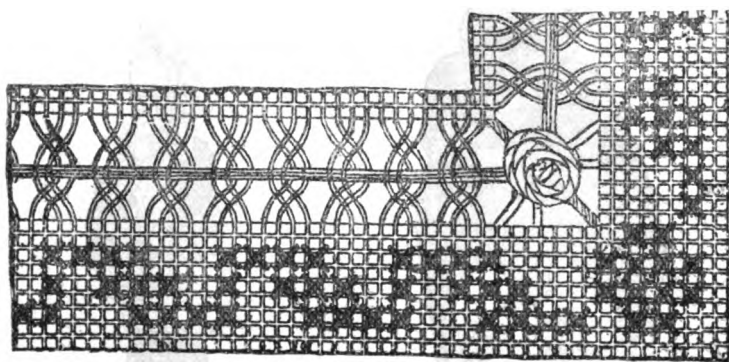
WALKING-COSTUME. HOUSE-DRESS. COMB.



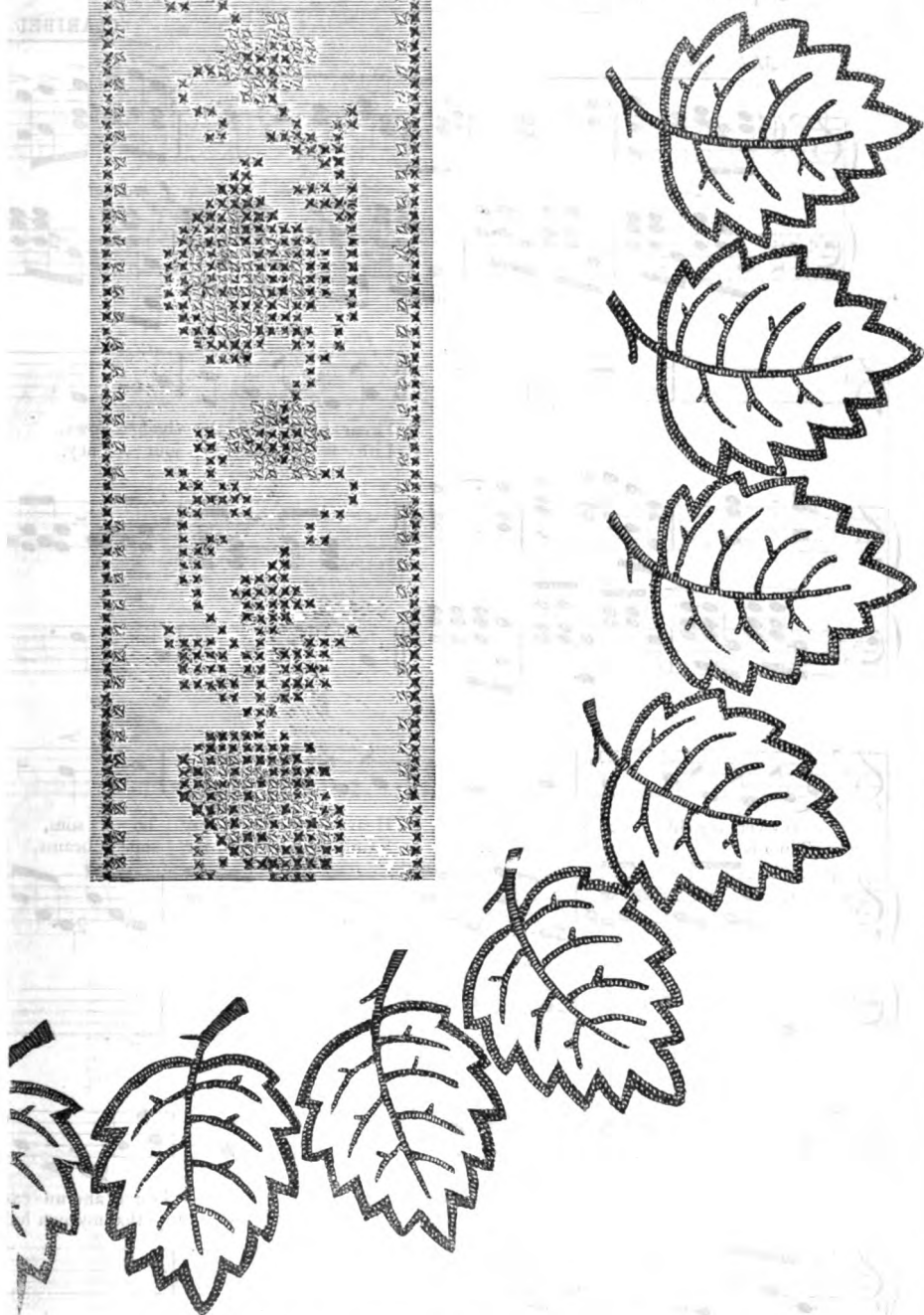
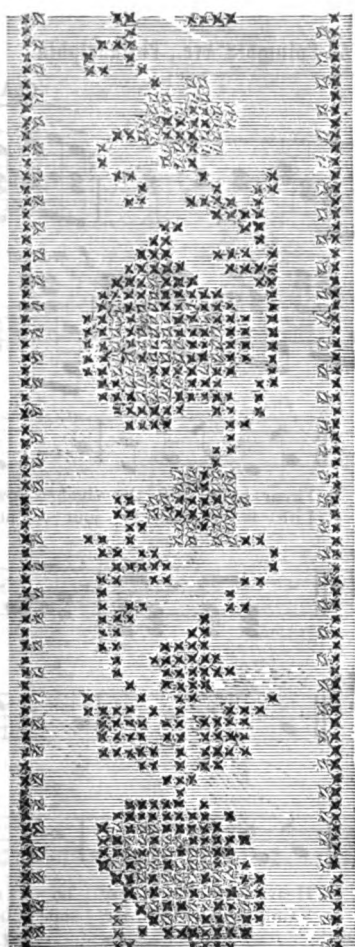
HOUSE-DRESS. LAWN-TENNIS DRESS. NEW-STYLE SLEEVE.



CARRIAGE-DRESS NEW STYLE OF DRESSING HAIR. BONNET.



HANGING-BAG FOR BOOTS OR BRUSHES. CORNER FOR ANY CLOTH.



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF. CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

DRIFTING.

As published by J. GIB. WINNER, 1736 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.

CLARIBEL.

Molto espress.

f marcato.



1. Drear-i - ly drift the shad - ows,
2. Life is a wea - ry jour - ney,

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment from the introduction.

o - ver my life a - gain Heav-i - ly in my bo - som,
Time is so dark and cold..... Vainly I've grasp'd for sun - beams,

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part remains consistent with the eighth-note accompaniment.

Throbs the migh - ty pain..... O-ver earth's dreary des - ert, Lonely and un - ca -
Shadows are all I hold..... Hearts that I've loved are faith-less, Lips that my own have

The third system concludes the song. The vocal melody ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment provides a concluding cadence.

DRIFTING.

ress'd..... Roams my wea - ry spir - it, Vain - ly seek - ing
 press'd..... Lie in the tomb's sad si - lence, Where I, too, long to

rest..... Fear-ful - ly here I'm tread - ing, Wea - ri - ly here I wait.....
 rest..... Fear-ful - ly here I'm tread - ing, Wea - ri - ly here I wait.....

Beau - ti - ful an - gel war - dens, o - pen the pearl - y gate.....



DRESSES FOR GARDEN PARTY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCII.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1887.

No. 3.

A GROUP OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.



MARIE DE MEDICIS, 1620.

THE old castle of Blois stands near the banks of the Loire, below the town of Orleans. Architecturally, it is less noteworthy than certain others of the historic chateaux of France, but so many of those romantic incidents which make the poetry of history are connected with it that a visit there is always full of interest to the traveler.

In one of the flanking wings, the guide points out a window nearly fifty feet above the ground, through which a woman who had been queen of France made her escape from those walls that her son had appointed as her place of retreat—a graceful euphemism which did not hide from Marie de Medicis the fact of its being her prison.

Perhaps in the whole list of those crowned and uncrowned queens with whose lives so much of romance is linked, and which, in spite of royal greatness or the sovereignty gained by beauty and talent, proved usually so sad, there is not one whose career more dismally exemplifies the emptiness of human grandeur than hers whose portrait heads this page.

It was in 1599 that Marie entered France as the bride of Henry IV. A descendant of the famous family which so long held tyrannical sway

over its native Florence, she inherited the imperious character and violent temper of her ancestors, without the strength of will which enabled Lorenzo and Catharine to overcome those defects.

Yet, after all, it is rather the foibles than the great gifts of historical personages which bring them close to us ordinary mortals, and enable us to feel that they were once mere human beings like ourselves. One cannot but smile to think how for eleven long years Marie tormented her kind-hearted husband to permit her to be crowned—and he, full of cares, busy with internal dissensions and outside wars, trying to coax her into patience, and always ending his entreaties with the commonplace though truthful plea that his lack of means put the expense out of the question.

But she conquered at last, and, in 1610, just as he was on the eve of departure for a war against Austria, he consented to her wish, deferring his journey on that account. Two days after her coronation, Marie was to make a triumphal entry into Paris; but, before that morning's sun rose, the king had been assassinated. So Marie became regent and guardian of her son, Louis XIII, then a boy of only nine years.

The story of her reign is one of mismanagement and errors; she showed mental strength only by the energy which she put into her weaknesses. Bigoted, violent, completely under the domination of two Florentine adventurers, the Concinis, she speedily made for herself numerous enemies and completely alienated the affection of her son, who was scarcely more capable than she of comprehending either reason or justice.

He was only sixteen when the influence of a powerful courtier induced him to break loose from her yoke—Concini was murdered, his wife put to death, and Marie exiled to



LA VALLIÈRE, 1660.

Blois. The reconciliation which later took place between the mother and son did not last, and in 1630 a final breach occurred, and, by the advice of Cardinal Richelieu, then all-powerful, she was banished from France. Elderly and heart-broken, Marie de Medicis wandered from court to court, only to find the story of her wrongs unheeded, and finally died at Cologne in 1642, so utterly friendless and neglected that one faithful attendant alone stood beside her when she closed her weary eyes on life.

Nearly a quarter of a century after Marie de Medicis passed away, that old castle of Blois became connected with the life of a young girl destined later to be for a time as powerful as any crowned queen.

Louise de la Vallière left a record written in her own hand, which tells us how, one bright spring morning, every soul in the chateau was driven wild by some wonderful news, brought as she sat placidly at her embroidery in the apartments of the Duchess of Orleans, to whom she held the place of maid of honor.

It was May, 1660; young Louis XIV was on his way to Bayonne to meet his Spanish bride, and unexpectedly sent messengers to say that he would stop at Blois to visit his uncle, that gloomy vacuous son of Henry IV, who could never forgive destiny for having deferred his entrance into the world until the throne already possessed an inheritor.

The king's visit was very brief; he and his brilliant court flashed only like meteors past the vision of the young girl, and she had no expectation that another glimpse would ever be granted her. But, a twelvemonth later, the influence of relatives placed the orphaned daughter of a poor marquis as one of the attendants of the Princess Henrietta, when that gay, capricious, ill-starred sister of Charles II became the wife of Louis's brother. Our illustration is from a picture painted in the year previous to that which saw the beginning

of her grandeur and her sorrows. In spite of the errors into which her heart led her, Louise de la Vallière always claims our sympathy by her sweetness, her generosity, her sincere repentance, and lasting remorse.

She certainly possessed a firm hold on the affection of Louis XIV, while that much-extolled monarch was at an age when the charm of youth still veiled his despotic will and cruel recklessness of all but self. Yet the day overtook her when she who had been queen in all save name was glad to seek refuge from the world within the portals of a cloister.

It was the man she had loved, not the king, and, when humiliation, neglect, torture of every sort, had fully proved that his heart had completely gone from her, she left the court in spite of every persuasion, even from the monarch himself, saying only: "Since my devotion can no longer serve the king, let me try what my prayers can do for his happiness and my own soul."

And at last the years of sacrifice, so steadily carried out and so usefully employed, brought her at least such a haven of peace, that she could inscribe on the door of her convent-cell—"not happy, but content."

The years went relentlessly on which carried Louis XIV from a brilliant youth and triumphant maturity to a disappointed age, to martial reverses, and, bitterest of all, the grief of out-living the nearest inheritors of his throne. And now we look at the portrait of the woman in whose society and affection he found his chief solace during all that later period of his life.

Françoise, Marchioness D'Aubigné, was born in 1635, in the prison of Niort, where her father



MADAME DE MAINTENON, 1680.

had been confined for political offenses, but was granted the society of his wife and family.

After his liberation and death, she spent several years under the care of a devout aunt, then, while still a mere girl, was reduced to straits which forced her to accept the hand of the satirical French poet, Scarron—a terribly deformed and hopeless invalid.

He used to say that all the dower he received with his wife consisted of "two large eyes, full of mischief, a fine shape, a pair of beautiful hands, a great deal of wit, and a rental of four louis." She must have had a heavy burden to bear, but she supported it bravely, and, by her personal charms, her talents, and her conversational gifts, speedily became the idol among Scarron's distinguished intimates.

Her husband died in 1660, and through extensive influence she obtained a reversion of his pension. Later, she was chosen governess to the children of the powerful Madame de Montespan, and was thus brought within the notice of Louis XIV. A preliminary dislike on the monarch's part was succeeded by an admiration so strong that he bestowed upon her an estate, of which she took the name—Maintenon.

Twenty-five years after Scarron's death, she was secretly married to the king, and, though the marriage was never openly acknowledged, all the courtiers and the people at large recognized the fact.

From that period, her life grew more and more retired, and she waxed austerer and severer as time went on. Little wonder, either, if we stop to think what her existence must have been when she could write to a friend: "Why can I not give you all my experience? Why can I not make you see the ennui which devours the great?" And sadder still is her pathetic complaint of the weariness of being "destined to amuse an unamusable king."

She passed her days in charitable and religious duties; her evenings were spent with the king, and, while he conversed with his ministers, she sat busy at her knitting, seldom speaking unless he asked her advice; then she gave it without

hesitation, but with great modesty, and there is no doubt he was often guided by her counsel.

In spite of seclusion and the austerity which displeased so many, her example had its effect on a dissolute court; her influence over Louis seems to have been beneficial, and she was warmly liked by the younger members of his family.

At the king's death, she retired to the convent of St. Cyr, which she had founded for the education of poor girls of good birth, and died there in 1719.

The next portrait—Madame Récamier—brings us to the days of the Directory and the First Empire.

In 1805, we see her in the fullness of her social success: Napoleon himself one of her warmest admirers, and the literary world of Paris at her feet. But, only a year afterward, the failure of her husband—a wealthy banker—taught her the cynical lessons which adversity unavoidably teaches, and she accompanied her friend, Madame de Stäel, to the latter's residence of Coppet, on the banks of Lake Geneva.

In 1811, that restless spirit which conceived "Corinne" was a second time banished from France by the despotic emperor, and Madame Récamier had so displeased him by her devotion to the famous woman that she shared the sentence of exile.

A later intimacy with Chateaubriand kept her away from Paris for years; but, after his death, she took up her residence at St. Abbaye-aux-Bois, and her salon became the centre for the most brilliant intellects of France.

Talleyrand ranked among her friends, somewhat to the dissatisfaction of Madame de Stäel, to judge by the sharp return she made to an unlucky speech of his—one, by the way, which does not say much for the diplomatist's loudly-vaunted tact.

He was placed, one evening, between the two ladies, and suddenly exclaimed: "I am a happy man—behold me seated between genius and beauty!"

"Yes," retorted De Stäel, always morbidly



MADAME RÉCAMIER.



ELIZABETH GUNNING.

sensitive in regard to her personal appearance, "and it is lucky for you, since you possess neither the one nor the other."

Sweetness, delicacy, and a subtle appreciation of character seem to have been among Madame Récamier's chief gifts. Superior even to her beauty, her peculiar fascination must have lain in her conversation and her earnest sympathy, since it is certain that her wide circle of friends adored her, and that it held many of the most brilliant and noted personages of her time.

Yet another step brings us to the middle of the last century, and the portrait of the youngest and most beautiful of the famous Gunning sisters.

"Those goddesses," as Lady Mary Montagu calls them, made their appearance at the English court when Maria was in her nineteenth year, and Elizabeth little more than a twelvemonth younger.

These two portionless daughters of an obscure Irish gentleman at once took the fashionable world of London by storm, initiating that queen-like sovereignty and unenviable publicity which belong to those whom in our day we term "professional beauties."

Before they had been many weeks at court, Horace Walpole wrote to a friend that the Gunnings were more talked of than the downfall of the Premier and the astounding changes in the ministry. When they walked in the park, they were beset by such crowds that they were frequently forced to make their escape, and the report that they were to be seen at any place of amusement was certain to fill the house. When Elizabeth, soon after her marriage, was on her way to one of her husband's country-seats,

such crowds flocked at every point along the route where she made a halt, that at a village in Yorkshire no less than seven hundred people sat up all night about the inn where she lodged, in order to have the satisfaction of seeing her get into her post-chaise the next morning.

After all, the only romantic incident in the career of either was Elizabeth's marriage. The Duke of Hamilton fell wildly in love with her at a masquerade, and, one evening, when at her house, insisted on being wedded without delay; and they were married at midnight, in such haste that a ring off a bed-curtain had to do duty for the nuptial circlet.

Only three weeks later, Maria—with more pomp and ceremony—became the wife of the Earl of Coventry, who had been from the first among the most importunate of her admirers.

But poor Maria only enjoyed her greatness a few years; for she died young, and her husband's jealousy and exacting disposition must sometimes have rendered her countess's coronet a heavy burden. Still, the pair appear to have been warmly attached, and it is to be said that she lacked either the mental acuteness or sensitiveness which, under similar circumstances, would have caused a more delicately organized woman extreme suffering.

Somebody relates that once, when the couple were in Paris, Maria appeared at a dinner with rouge on her cheeks—a very general practice at that time. Now, Coventry detested paint, and had not noticed her infraction of his orders until the party was at table. He wet a napkin, started up, chased his beautiful wife round and round the room, and, when he caught her, rubbed her cheeks till they required no paint, crying: "You have disobeyed me, and shall go straight back to England." And he took her the next day. Parsimonious, too, he must have been: for when, during that same visit, she gave a fan to some great lady who had admired it, he forced her to reclaim the gift, on the plea that it had been a present from him before marriage, and, what was worse, obliged her to send an old fan in its place.

She never hesitated to complain loudly of his treatment, yet she appeared to find comfort in the assertion that he would die for her, and was never weary of talking about his goodness in having married her when she "had not a shilling"—a species of humility which an American woman would scarcely appreciate.

Personal beauty was the only claim through which the sisters found their way to distinction. They were meagre in mental endowment and defective in education, but Elizabeth has at least

left fewer silly speeches on record than her elder, who was as celebrated for her want of tact as for her loveliness.

Still, one must admit that it would have required strong heads to withstand the flood of adulation which greeted their entrance into the fashionable world, and one cannot be surprised that their vanity should have been fostered to the ridiculous excess which has resulted in so many amusing anecdotes, beginning with their first excursion to Hampton Court.

As they were crossing a gallery, they met a party under the charge of the housekeeper, who said :

“This way, please—here are the beauties; just step this way.”

She meant to point out the famous Lely portraits of the court-ladies of Charles II: but the Gunnings supposed themselves heralded, and flew into a passion, calling loudly that “they had come to visit the palace, not to be made a show of.”

Even better than that is a story which some gossiping letter-writer chronicles, though it is less well known: The sisters had just reached a seaside-place unrecognized, and had retired to their rooms. Shortly afterward, a popular political personage arrived, and was enthusiastically welcomed by a hastily-assembled crowd.

The beauties, busy at their toilets, heard the outcries and summoned the landlord—who, on his appearance, was greeted by the younger with “How did the people so soon discover we were here?”

“No matter,” put in the elder, before the embarrassed landlord could explain. “Tell them they must wait—we cannot appear until we have changed our dress.”

Elizabeth’s prolonged life—she lived till 1790—held more of worldly grandeur than her sister’s, though one can hardly fancy it especially happy. Hamilton was absurd in his fondness for etiquette and his exactions where rank was concerned. Even at dinners in his own house, he used to lead his wife out before their guests, seated her beside him at the head of the table, ate off the same plate, and drank the health of nobody less than an earl. One hardly knows which to wonder at most—how the impulsive Irish girl endured it, or how he could find visitors who would submit to his insolence and ill-breeding.

However, he died before many years, and Elizabeth married Colonel John Campbell, who afterward became the Duke of Argyll: so she attained the glory of being the wife of two dukes and the mother of four, which doubtless satisfied her highest ambition.

“UNFULFILLED.”

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

THE foam-capped waves washed idly
Against the sandy shore,
And, borne on the breath of a zephyr,
Came the ocean’s far-off roar;
The sky bent blue above us,
And the sun kissed the rippling tide
Till a path of sparkling jewels
Gleamed afar o’er the billows wide.

BUT, away off, over the water,
A dark cloud spread its wings,
Like the shadow that falls upon us
When death his summons brings;
And soon the golden sunlight
Had died from the sky away,
And the wind grew damp and dreary,
As it caught on its breath the spray;

And, ere night spread its mantle o’er us,
The sky was one dreary gray,
While the water, black and angry,
Spread out from the shore away.
The golden glow of the morning
Was drowned in the storm and gloom,
And the promise of beauteous sunset
Was lost in the ocean’s boom.

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We had stood, in the golden morning,
On the ocean’s sandy shore,
And I listened to fond assurance:
“I will love you forevermore.”
And my life, like the ocean’s wavelets,
Seemed kissed by the light of love,
Till a path spread out in the future,
Filled with glory from above;

And it seemed that our love must grow stronger
With every passing year,
And the glory would be but the brighter
As the end of our way drew near:
That, at last, when our life was all over
And the last look on earth had been given,
Like a chain, with its links all unbroken,
Our love would still bind us in heaven.

BUT alas! for the promise of morning—
Unfulfilled, turned from sunshine to gloom;
The sea has grown mournful and dreary,
And the heart reads in that its own doom.
’Tis the fate of the beautiful morning
To end in dark storm-clouds at last,
And the heart that has faith in a promise
Must write “Unfulfilled” o’er its past.

MISS AZUBA.

BY PATIENCE THORNTON STAPLETON.

I.

MR. JOSHUA HOPPER heaved a deep sigh, knocked over the chair, and, for the first time in his eventless life, kicked the cat. Sixty-five years had he lived in peaceful inoffensive bachelorhood, and never before had he treated a creature of the tender sex so rudely.

He walked up to the window and looked out on the fields white with snow. He saw a stretch of land up to a pine forest; between the house and line of dark-green pines was a row of stunted apple-trees. Everything was stunted in that bleak cold country. The window-panes were so small that the landscape appeared through each like a little picture neatly finished in a frame. Mr. Hopper thought of this, and smiled meditatively.

"At a quarter apiece; le's see—never was smart in figgers—three—thar, six—a dozen, I swow; must a cost conseder'ble, conseder'ble; feyther was a smart man, right smart an' fore-handed."

The last word seemed to trouble him. He clasped his hands loosely, working his fingers as if he were washing them. Just then the cat rubbed up against his leg with a pitiful mew.

"Poor kit, I declar'. Never thought your old marster would a kicked ye. He never meant ter. Old Josh ain't so bad as that yit, kit."

The cat replied with a friendly "pr-rutt," and purred loudly.

He crossed the floor and threw some branches and boughs in the big brick chimney, whose mantel reached nearly to the ceiling.

"Watch the fire, kit, till I come back, an' we'll hev a supper here, you an' me, fur the larst time."

But the cat persisted in following him, and he let her out of the door. He crossed a little hall and a tiny inner room with a huge fireplace; both hall and room were perfectly bare. The faded dirty paper hung in strips, the woodwork was black with age and dirt, the floors warped and sunken. He went on, the cat at his heels, through another room—empty too—into a small bed-room, bleak and silent. He stepped softly and reverently now, as if there were someone dead there. Even the cat, with fur half up-raised and dilating pupils, glided gently over the boards. It grew dusk outside; deep black under

the pines, dark-gray beneath the apple-trees. How deathly still the air: not a far-off crow of sheltered rooster or sound of human voice. Inside the house, a ceaseless tramp, tramp, of heavy boots over a bare floor. Up and down, down and up, the little bed-room. The cat grew weary and sat in the doorway, watching her master with solemn hungry eyes. If a passer-by had looked in, he would have seen a fat old gentleman in shabby clothes of home manufacture, a worn overcoat, a comforter twisted around his neck, in his hand a mangy fur cap. A pleasant-looking old gentleman with smooth face, round blue eyes, a pug nose, a jovial mouth, and white hair, now somewhat long and rumpled. Not a rosy old gentleman, as he might have been, but pale and sad-eyed; his nose blue with the cold, his eyelids red with tears he was not ashamed to shed. That passer-by, in sympathy or curiosity, perhaps both, might have stopped awhile to listen, for the old gentleman unconsciously began speaking his thoughts aloud:

"She died thar', right in that spot. The bed headin' that wise. She were ninety year too, a green old age. She wa' a piunnere in this regun too, 'n berried up 'side o' feyther, an' a stun for both on 'em. Me the larst link in the chain, the only one left ter giv' 'em respect an' hev things right. She hed twelve chilrun two, me the youngest, an' them all dyin' off in other parts, seven drowned. I doan deny ez folks 'bout here didn' look down on me when I stayed ter hum an' lived a single life, but 'twas fur her. 'Tain't no use talkin': she'd never put up with no gal ter bother with, which wan't her own; 'sides, I never was no han' fur wimmen. I'm glad on't now. I'm soft-hearted, folks say; mebbe it is so. I never let nuthin' suffer I could help, an' I never will. She said I was a good son; that was the pay I wanted for all the things I'd done tryin' ter please her." He stopped in his walk, and, facing an imaginary bed and person, said doubtfully:

"I wonder now if ye know. I dote gracious. P'raps not, seein' ez nuthin' onpleasant's expected up thar; still, mebbe ye do. Ye know feyther went an' mortgaged the farm, an' died owin' uv it, an' left us ter run the farm, wich is wored out, an' keep it. I wan't smart, but I

did try hard; we was gittin' on so well, you an' me, a payin' a little an' savin' a little; an' then ye got bed-rid, an' I was left with help ter hire. I went under then; but you, when ye was alive, never knowed it—never even knowed that the farm was sold an' we only tenants. Thar was a paper signed by you, wich ye thort a part of the payin' ov the mortgage. I kep up, an', when ye came ter go, mother, ye blessed me an' said I'd bin a good son—good son—wal, that's all I have been. I wan't forehanded like feyther, an' I sold the stock an' bought ye the finest coffin this town ever see, an' I sold the furnitoor at what it ud bring, an' got ye an' feyther tombstuns ez good ez I could, an' they set ter yer heds tellin' in plain langwidge whar ye was born an' yer age an' a werse on each. A werse came more, but I minded me of the old hymn-book wich yers usen ter read, an' I thort ye'd like suthin' outer that. On yers is 'yer noble soul's fled above an' left us sorrerin' here,' wich 'us' is me, but that bein' the way the werse run. Feyther's was more martial. Thar wa' a sound o' trumpets on't, an' about the larst day, ef I recollect. Feyther was a great han' fur a martial toon."

He was carried away by his earnestness, the color flamed in his face, his eyes sparkled. Then the dreary emptiness of the room struck him. He turned away with a sob in his throat, and resumed his walk.

"So I'm goin'," he said, in a hurried jerky way. "with nuthin'; leavin' the cat ter Miss Blinn's, an' the old house will be left by all uv us. The man what owns it is goin' ter sell the lumber, an' plough up the field; an' all ov us, our lives, an' the mem'ries of the good times of when we chil'run was little uns will be ploughed up too. Our frens bein' uv our day, soon ter the village no un will know who lived here, an' what was our names. The stuns'll stan' in the graveyard though, an' them'll tell of ye an' feyther."

It troubled him sorely, that he and the old home would be so soon forgotten, and he talked no more. It grew darker; the cat, her patience exhausted, gave a pitiful mew.

"Why, kit, I furgot ye, an' ye an' me was ter eat tergether fur the larst time, too," he said. He opened the door, and they went out in the room where the fire was. He gave the cat her milk in a cracked saucer, warmed his coffee in a tin pail on the hearth, and, sitting on the floor near the fire, ate his last meal in the house where he was born, and where he had lived sixtyfive years. He sat there until a bright beam of silver light streamed through the little

panes. Then he arose stiffly and stamped out the dying embers of the fire, wound the comforter about his neck, drew his fur cap down over his ears, and put on a pair of coarse mittens. Then taking the empty pail, he lifted the cat to his breast and wrapped his coat about her, and, stumbling and tumbling in the deep snow of the lane, that had not been cleared that winter, he passed into the woods, and the old house stood tenantless, silent, in ghostly quiet.

Mrs. Blinn, at nine, was preparing for bed. Eight was her usual hour, and the men-folks were already asleep and musically somniferous. A knock came at the door: with the bravery that comes from the possession of a big husband and four strapping sons, she threw it open—only old Josh Hopper.

"Sorry I come so late, marm," he muttered, "but was put back by snow. Here's yer pail; much obliged ter ye fur the wittles, an' here's the cat ye said ye'd take. She's a good mouser, marm, an' well taught, but a little afeered o' rough treating. Mother an' me made a sight of her. We hed her six year."

"Wal, wal, Josh, ye ain't off ter-night?"

"Yeah."

"Whar' ter?"

"I hed ter the west'urd. I've relashuns in Warwick. I'm on the tramp now."

"I wish ye'd stay here ter-night, an' that we was able ter do fur yer; but ye know how 'tis. It's bad times an' poor crops, an' Jim goin' ter bring a wife hum, come Chris'mus. Dearie me," she went on, wistfully, "ef I was a man like yer, an' free from relashuns, I'd travel too, an' see what world that was outsider here. I'll be good ter the cat, Josh; we hain't none, an' we're all great cat-lovers, an' that cat is a fine un. Here's a basket, Josh, please; only a few things. Take it fur the days of the old red skulehouse, when ye an' me was allus foot o' the class, an' never fit when ye was lowest nor me. It's only pie, an' bread, an' cold beans."

He took it and thanked her falteringly. They shook hands, and he went out again.

"Ye hev bin a good son, Josh Hopper," she said after him, "an' the Lord'll remember yer fur it. Ye'll do well, God bless ye."

With this hopeful cheery farewell ringing in his ears, he went on his way, under the glistening stars, over the icy crisping road, a solitary figure, pathetic in its humble loneliness.

II.

In the village of Lyons, in a New England State, the Skedgel family had flourished for a hundred years, ever since the deftly-wielded

axe of the first settler resounded through the forest: which first settler, by the way, was Gideon Skedgel, from Holland. The Skedgels married and multiplied, dispersed, separated, and died; dwindling through time and consumption—death's busy New England agent—till of the race and name but two were left, Hezekiah Skedgel and his sister Azuba. The peculiarities of a long line of peculiar ancestors centered in them. From old young people, they soon grew to very old middle-aged people, with a prospect of becoming Methuselan aged people. The villagers said: "They was sot in their ways, and not either of 'em jest right." This was doubtless prompted by envy, for there was money in the Skedgel coffer, and the handsome square white house they occupied was the finest in the village. Left orphans at an early age, the brother and sister remained at the old homestead, where an aunt, Love Richards, came and took care of them. Love was gaunt and angular, of skimpy skirts and pumpkin hoods and yellow greens. Her voice was sharp, her manners bitter and sour. She never knew the meaning of the word love, or the apt irony of her baptismal appellation. She was faithful to the children, and, when she died, she leaned on the pillow with one pointed elbow, and solemnly said to the visiting clergyman:

"I've done my dooty, Parsen Taylor. Them childrun'll thank me sum day. Thar ain't one grain of fandango nor nonsense about 'em, an' I've sot 'em on the he'venly road."

She was right about the lack of nonsense, for they were plain serious young people, who, looking with disgust and dislike on participants, included quiltings, picnics, huskings, appleparings, church sociables—in fact, all village gayeties—in the one comprehensive word, "fandangoes." Incomprehensible perhaps to others, that term was as plain to them as to the aunt who had taught it. So time sped on, and they, like russet apples in a dry cellar, already matured, quietly dried and withered with a flabby wrinkledness that knew no mellowness nor decay.

One winter, when Hezekiah was fiftyfive and Azuba half a century, the latter fell ill of the rheumatism, and Hezekiah went forth into the highways to seek help of the female persuasion. He was sorely put out, nigh starved, and desperate; so, the first house he came to, he bolted in and cried incoherently:

"Mrs. White, Azuba's sick. We haven't a victual in the house. Tell me where I'll find someone. Tell me of a woman—anything that will take her place."

"Molly might do," Mrs. White said, dubiously. She was a thin worried woman, with a shiftless husband, a large family, and a mortgage on the farm.

"Come on, then," said Mr. Skedgel, addressing a mite of ten, who was playing with a kitten by the stove. "Team's at the door; I've got to hurry right off."

"Lawful sakes, Mr. Skedgel, that ain't Molly. That's Ann 'Lizer; she don't know no more 'bout cookin' then a colt. Here's Molly."

Hezekiah saw a rosy-faced blue-eyed beauty, with fair curls and dimples. She had her hat on, and was chewing one long ringlet. She seemed an angel straight from Paradise, to the hungry man, and, hardly allowing her time to make up a modest bundle, he hurried her into the wagon and took her home with him. Miss Azuba had to admit Molly was deft and handy, a tender nurse, and a good girl. She won her way into the withered female heart, but alas! she took possession of the heart of the brother, and, at his age, love was fatal. One day, when she was in the kitchen, rolling dough with bare white arms and dimpled hands, Hezekiah offered her his name and fortune. He admitted he was not so young as some, but was rich. She should be a lady, and wear silks, and gold jewelry, and all the fine things she wanted, besides having a girl to do the work and to order around. If she did not like Azuba, Azuba should go, for she did not own one brick in the house.

Azuba, creeping along the upper hall in rheumatic decrepitude, heard the declaration.

"The artful minx," she hissed; "I've never had girl, nor silks, nor jewelry; work was good enough for me. We'll see who'll go, Miss Molly White—'Black' ought to be your name, you mass of ingratitude and deceit. As for you, old fool in your dotage"—she addressed an imaginary Hezekiah in close proximity, and shook vengefully her thin fist—"you'll see what's what, if I have life enough left in me to follow this up. 'It's a long lane that has no turn.'"

From an acidulated elderly spinster, Miss Azuba became a Machiavelli in craft and strategy. Molly wanted time to ask her mother and consider. Miss Azuba feigned ignorance of the elephantine attempts at love-passages volunteered by her brother to her servant, and waited. One day, Hezekiah said he "wished—he supposed it was his duty to communicate—to tell her he proposed to take a partner."

"Tell nothing, take nothing," snapped his sister. "I've eyes in my head, Hez Skedgel, though you may think I'm blind as a bat."

I knew all along what ailed you. Read this letter through, before you make yourself the laughing-stock for the town."

She handed him a fresh-looking paper; the torn envelope was in her hand.

"You needn't fear to read it. I took it from her in the hall. She was going to put it in the post-office. I think she was glad to have it seen; for, if you wasn't as blind as a horned toad, you'd have seen she was just worrying her life out at the idea of marrying an old creature like you."

The letter was only a few tear-stained blotted words:

"FREN JED BROWN

Ma sez I've got ter marry horid old hez skedgil I dont wanten but we are por fathers drinkin agin. it wil be to long fore you are rich he aint cros nor mean but he is old. i pitty him But if he maries me I wil hate Him good By Jed

your fren MOLLY WHITE"

Hezekiah turned ghastly pale, but said never a word to his sister. He went quietly to the kitchen, where a woe-begone figure sat weeping in a dark corner.

"Did you write this letter, Molly?"

"Yessir." (Sob.)

"Why didn't you tell me this? Why deceive me?"

"I dassent, Mr. Skedgel."

"Well, well; no doubt it was your folks. Here, Molly: here's five hundred dollars. Pay the mortgage on the farm—your home. Here's five hundred more—go marry Jed. They will pay you money for the paper, at the bank. It's much to give; but I'm old, shan't need money long, and you are the only thing, human or animal, I ever cared for. Go home now."

"Oh, Mr. Skedgel!" cried the grateful girl, rushing to him with outstretched arms; but he put her gently aside.

"Good-bye: be a good wife. God bless you."

He laid his hand softly on the fair curls, then silently left the dearest hope of his loveless life.

The next day, near stage-time, he stood ready for traveling. "Azuba! Azuba!" he called; and she, unsuspecting of his purpose, came to the head of the winding staircase. "The stage will call for me. I'm going away to California. I've made over the house to you, and left you enough to live on. As the money was all given to me as the son, I've done more than the law requires. Don't trouble your head about me: I shan't, about you. Don't stir—I have no handshake for you. I hate farewells. Be a pupil

of your aunt, and die as she died, in self-righteous peace."

The door slammed, the stage rattled down the dusty road, and Miss Azuba never saw her brother again.

Ten years passed, with no word of his whereabouts. Miss Azuba took up the burden of life with pathetic sameness, the monotony of her days only disturbed when Molly—whose Jed had turned out abusive, besides drunken and shiftless—came home to her parents' crowded house: where, despite the payment of the mortgage, long years before, she found a cold welcome. Then Miss Azuba took Molly and the baby-girl to the Skedgel homestead; and Molly, as simple and ignorant as in the days of her pretty girlhood, loved the grim stern woman as fondly as she dared, and thought Miss Azuba could, if she so desired, govern the world and all the planetary system, she knew so much. Miss Azuba was not marvelous to Molly's baby, Bessie Brown. She kissed and hugged Miss Azuba, and cared for her with a human affection that had its origin in gifts of cakes, jam, dollies, and kittens.

III.

ONE June afternoon—"at five, or thereabouts, marm," as Molly said afterward, in describing the scene—a tramp called at the rear door of the Skedgel mansion and politely asked for food.

"Mis' Skedgel's out," said Molly, through a crack in the door, with very apparent reluctance to converse further.

"The wittles is in, I suppose," said the tramp, pleasantly.

"I dunno," said Molly, slowly; but a curly yellow head pushed the door open, and a child's voice said authoritatively: "Tum in." Bessie early learned the shallowness of her mother's mind and purpose. The tramp was not forbidding: he was a short fat man, with white hair, a smooth face, and big round blue eyes. Wind and weather had not tanned the infantile fairness of his skin nor removed the youthful cast from his features. He was the reddest-cheeked, youngest old man ever seen. He sat at the kitchen-table, and ate with the cooking knife and fork—the silver might prove too tempting—on a broken plate, such appetizing viands as cold-ham, pie, cheese, coffee, and soda-biscuit. Bessie stood beside him, plying him with childish questions, which he cheerfully answered, and Molly craned her neck out the window, watching in fear and trembling for Miss Azuba. Just then, "drum, drum, drum," up the street came a band-wagon full of blacked-up minstrels, who

were to perform in the town-hall that night. Away rushed Molly to the front-gate, and Bessie at her heels; and now the tramp, left alone, went through various maneuvers. He seemed to struggle between a desire to stay and a desire to depart. He stood irresolute. The music grew fainter; the woman and child would soon return. He whisked open the back-door and vanished into the unexplored heights above. He ran along a narrow dark entry and bolted into a big room with flowered paper, gay carpet and chintz-covered chairs, an ancient mahogany dresser and washstand. The walls were adorned with silhouettes of the defunct Skedgels—a sharp-nosed race with peaked chins. In one corner stood a huge four-post bedstead, with a canopy above, and a wide Spanish flounce of the chintz concealing the legs. This offered a refuge, and the tramp shot under the frill with the same alacrity as he had started on his voyage of discovery.

"Wal," he mused, "I can git a rest at larst. These six months, I've tramped. Folks hez bin good ter me—p'raps 'cause, when I was offered a job, I done it an' was sober and stiddy-like, an' the childrun tuk ter me. Actilly, ef I hedn't a-fell sick, I'd hed money ahead. Then I was sick ter a widder woman's, an' blessed ef she'd take a cent fur a month's care o' me, but actilly offered ter marry me. It skairt me, I swow. I thought she was looney, sure enough; so I done what I thought best, an' left all my money, an' skin out one night she was to a prayer-meetin'. Little fat woman, she was, an' comfer'ble off; but I didn't take no shine to her. That were the sixth as wanted ter marry me. So I jest tramped ahead, for I didn't want no sich accident ter happen to me. But, in this part of the country, they are skeary. I hain't bin fit for much sence my sick-spell, an' it takes a sight o' work ter git enough, ter these folks's way o' thinkin', ter arn a meal. They won't let me sleep in their barns, even though I show 'em I don't smoke nor carry no matches. This sleepin' in the damp is enough ter kill a man. I made up my mind to have a comfer'ble sleep to-night, an' I'm bound to git it. I hearn, in the village, thar warn't nobody in the house 'cept old-maid Skedgel, t'other woman, an' tne little gal, an' lots o' rooms never used—an' this is one on 'em, I conclude; but I'll keep under the bed till it'll be safe ter git into it."

So ruminating, Mr. Hopper fell asleep; and, when he woke, a clock was striking nine. He heard steps below, doors opening, then voices—the woman's, the child's, and a new voice pitched in a somewhat nasal key. Somehow,

he fancied that voice. He was a meek little man, always under the dominion of the opposite sex, and it seemed right and proper, to him, that a woman should possess a high commanding tone.

"The door fastened?"

"Yessum."

"Sure, Molly?"

"Yessum."

"Bessie asleep?"

"Yessum."

"Covered up?"

"Yessum."

"Fires out?"

"Yessum." (Weary, impatient, and interrupted by a yawn.)

The usual nightly catechism over, Miss Azuba went upstairs, and, instead of going to her room, entered the best chamber to put away her old-fashioned bonnet and shawl.

Then she sat down wearily in one of the chintz chairs. Her back was to the bed, so she did not see a round cherubic head peering out from under the bed-flounce.

"So this is his spite," Miss Azuba spoke aloud, and her words sounded ghostly and hollow in the silence. "Men never forgive ridicule. When their vanity is hurt, they are fiends. This is what I got for saving him from being a fool and marrying a fool and being miserable. I'd better have let them be. After ten years of silence, to hear of his death, and the will that insults me, insults his own blood, a Skedgel, and his sister." She tapped one foot slowly on the carpet. "Let me see if I am sure. No: I can't forget. Lawyer Joy said it too plain. He leaves me a hundred thousand dollars if I am married in one month from the time of his death, one hundred if I am not. If not, the money goes to the Kehoes. The only relations we have got, too—miserable set. They are not Skedgels just because their father married my father's cousin. Hez hated them, too. Oh, this is spite, bitter mean spite. I wouldn't care so much, but I have them on my hands, Molly and Bess. Oh, if I had that money back that Hez left me. Fool that I was, to think I could buy stock like men. I could buy—poor idiot, but who could sell them? Nothing left but the house: that won't keep three, won't feed and warm and clothe them. He knew how long it took for mail to come; he knew there might be delay—so there was. I got the papers this morning, and whom could I hire to marry me now—to-night? They would call me crazy! There isn't a single man in town I know of, but silly

Jake at the poor-house, and that marriage wouldn't stand law. Joy says he found out that the Kehoes got the copy of the will a week ago. They must have kept mine. They could get it from the post-office, pretending they would carry it to me. Joy says they have got one of the smartest lawyers in the county."

She got up, walked to the window, and threw wide open the blinds, pushing aside the chintz curtain with nervous trembling hand. It was black, silent, dead, outside. Heavy sweet air, but damp and clinging. The flowers in the yard lent their fragrance, and the blossoms in the orchard and garden vied with them to give perfume. It boded a storm, this velvety moist darkness.

"I shall stifle," cried Miss Azuba; "it seems as if I would go mad. It's like holding a cup of water to a man dying of thirst, and drawing it away before he drank. It's worse than mean; it's cruel, wicked. I am old, too old to work. I have always lived in ease. What can I do, I who have never learned self-support?"

Mechanically she unloosed her hair, and shook the long gray mass about her like a mane. She pulled the strands through her fingers and stood looking into the night. After a long time she sighed:

"There is no use fretting, no use in complaining; it is too late. There is only left me regret and sorrow at the insult of a brother, now dead and unforgiving."

She picked up the lamp, looked carefully in the closet, and went toward the curtained bed. "I've done that," she said, half laughing, "ever since I was a young one, and I've never found anything yet. I believe all women are born with the idea that some wretch may be hid under a bed. I never knew one that did not look."

Then carelessly, confidingly, unsuspectingly, she lifted the founce. It was dark there, but she saw—yes, saw plainly—the soles of two hob-nailed shoes stretched out before her vision. Two wide short soles, much worn. The moment she had pictured and planned for, the time, the terrible second when her worst fears would be realized, had come! Her quest had been successful; the man—the long-looked-for, fear-inspiring, dreaded man—was under the bed! Miss Azuba neither screamed nor fainted. As for the "wretch," he seemed paralyzed; the soles remained immovable. Miss Azuba held the lamp lower.

"Come out, sir," she said, firmly.

A rustle, a groan, a stiff creaking of elderly joints, and first appeared the short boots, abbreviated legs, and torn pantaloons; then a worn

coat, two fat grimy hands; lastly, a round fat face, cherubic in expression, innocent big blue eyes, and soft white hair. Slowly gathering himself up on his feet, with a mixture of fear and bashfulness, the man stood before her.

"How long have you been there?"

"Since half-past four," he answered, like a schoolboy.

"You sneaked up when Molly went out to look at the show-folks?"

"Yessum."

"What are you doing here? You'd better tell the truth," severely.

In brief earnest words, he told his sad story: of the deserted home, his dead mother, the long weary tramp, and the need of rest which had impelled him to steal the night's refuge which he feared would have been denied had he asked for it.

Miss Azuba was no poor judge of character; she listened, and believed him, and, into the bargain, was seized by a sudden inspiration. Her reverie was interrupted by Mr. Hopper's saying dolefully:

"It's all true, what I've told you. I never stole, and I couldn't burgle, I'm sure. I wunt try ter run. Git a rope and tie me, I wunt stop ye. The jail will be a home enyway, an' I kin work fur a ruff ter cover me, an' enough ter eat."

"You're a bachelor?" said Miss Azuba.

"Yessum, I never b'lieved mother 'ud like me ter take a partner, an', bein' old when she died, I got outer the notion."

"Do you know," said Miss Azuba, "what I'm going to do to you?"

"I don't, indeed, mum," he answered, trembling.

"It's worse than jail."

"Lord, mum, ef it's shootin' yer thinkin' ef, don't maul me. Hit a wital, mum, for pity's sake, hit a wital. I've never heerd wimmen was eny shots, but b'lieve, mum, yer good at enythin' yer try yer han' at."

She smiled sardonically.

"This is worse than that. You heard me talk—I always did talk to myself, having no one else to tell things to. You know the state I'm in. I'd give my life to pay those Kehoes for this, and to get the best of the dead man who meant to make me the laughing-stock of the town. You're mine; you're caught like a rat in a trap. I've a revolver—see it? I can shoot, too. Now do you know what I am going to do?"

She locked the door, and stood facing him. His expression was pitiful.

"I can't help but think yer goin' ter marry me, mum," he said.

"Just that," she snapped. "I'll pay you well, too; and, after the ceremony, you can clear out, for I never want to see your face again. It's only ten now—the day don't end till twelve: there's time."

She walked with decision to the glass, arranged her hair, took the bonnet and shawl out of the bureau-drawer, and put them on. Miss Azuba was not ugly: she had fine brown eyes, abundant gray hair, good teeth of her own, and her expression might have been sweet and pleasant, had life been kinder to her.

"Yer a fine-lookin' woman!" cried Mr. Hopper, enthusiastically. He was so genuine and honest in his admiration, that Miss Azuba only said good-naturedly:

"Get out."

"It's hard ter be married in these clothes," Joshua said, with startling bravery. "Folks ter hum slicked up allus, sich times. The parson'll take me for some tramp you've picked up."

"So you are," she said, crushingly. Then, seeing his face crimson and the big blue eyes grow wounded, she opened the closet and brought out a pair of yellow knee-breeches, a gay-flowered vest, a swallow-tailed blue coat with brass buttons, a ruffled shirt, patent-leather shoes, silk stockings, and a tall hat of the fashion of fifty years past. "My father was a short man; these are his wedding-clothes. He was about your size. Put them on. Here's the lamp. I'll wait outside."

She waited in the dark. Soon he called: "I'm fixed, mum." She looked at him critically.

"Now come." She turned the lamp low. It was dark in the hall, and he stumbled.

"I don't know the way," he whispered.

"May I take your hand?"

Hardly knowing what she did, she clasped his soft hand in her bony one, and they went out together through the silent sleeping town. The drowsy dogs barked at the unwonted stir, that was all. They reached the parson's gate.

"I'm all of a tremble," sighed Miss Azuba.

"It's too bad," he said, softly, clasping the hard hand closer; "but we'll spite them Kehoes."

"Who on earth is it?" said the parson, opening the door in response to their vigorous knocking. He had on his trousers and dressing-gown, and his hair was tousled.

"Marry us!" gasped Miss Azuba. "Now! quick! 'tis half-past eleven: the day's most gone. Brother Hez's will. This is an old friend, just come to-night—California."

"Thank God!" cried the parson, comprehending. "I couldn't sleep, knowing what your brother had done to you. Here, John!" he yelled, in a stentorian accent: "go across the road, quick, to Lawyer Joy's. Tell him to come over, not to lose a moment. Go in your night-gown."

John heard, and, boy-like, enjoyed the unwonted excitement and memorable eccentricity of marauding in his night-clothes. So a white figure shot out of the house. In a few moments, the door of the house across the road slammed, and the amateur ghost returned with a dark object that appeared to be completing a hasty toilet on the way.

"Hurrah!" cried Lawyer Joy. "We've beat the Kehoes."

"What name?" asked the parson.

"Joshua Hopper, of Cornville," the little man answered, promptly. He took their staring at his attire for admiration, and began to feel at ease, being well dressed for once in his life.

The strange couple were married in the dingy parsonage parlor. A candle threw a flickering light on the scene. The parson, en deshabille, performed the ceremony; the lawyer, more irregular in toilet, was the witness. The parson's wife, in a flannel wrapper and carpet slippers on bare feet, sat in the darkest corner. John, in his night-gown, peered in from the kitchen-door. It was soon over: Miss Azuba Skedgel was Mrs. Joshua Hopper, and it still lacked fifteen minutes of twelve.

Documents certifying the same were drawn up, and then the happy couple went back to the Skedgel mansion.

"Be careful of the Kehoes," warned the lawyer. "I'm afraid they will trouble you early."

"I'll see ter 'em," said Mr. Hopper, bravely. "It wasn't so bad," he said, consolingly, to Azuba, as they opened the hall-door. "I'll never give yer no trouble," he went on, gently. "I'll go off to-morrer, and never come back. You go ter bed now. I'll set here and watch fur them Kehoes."

After some demur, she left him in the hall and went upstairs. All was silent, until early dawn: then she heard a tramp of feet, and the brass knocker rang a thundering peal. She heard hurried steps on the stairs, and the window above the door was thrown open.

"What d'ye want?" rang out a fierce voice—certainly, never that of the cherub-faced man she had married. Kehoe and his two big sons were below.

"We want the furnitoor in the house; it was

left ter us by Hez's will. He giv the house ter 'Zube; but he niver giv her the things in 't."

"Git off the place, ye tramps!" yelled the defender. "Quit rappin' that knocker! Bust the door, will yer?" Then "bang, bang," went a revolver—Miss Azuba's, that she had given him for protection. How they echoed, those two shots. The terrified Kehoes, unwounded, retreated a reasonable distance.

"Tell 'Zube Skedgel ter show herself—durn her!" yelled Kehoe père. "She knows who we air. We don't want no crazy Jakes in blue coat an' monkey buttons ter sass us. Git!"

"Git yerselves, yer loafers. There ain't no Azuba Skedgel. Yer call her 'Zube agin, an' I'll blow yer ter finders. She's my wife—Mrs. Josh Hopper. Hulloo! hulloo! come quick!" he yelled, as a crowd of villagers attracted by the shots, approached on the run. "These Kehoes is tryin' ter git in an' steal our furnitoor. Hulloo, Joy! tell 'em—tell 'em, the little man shouted, waving frantically the revolver. "Tell 'em I'm Josh Hopper an' we're married. Show 'em the papers. Hulloo, parson: yer tell 'em."

At the top of his lungs, though somewhat incoherently—for he was stout and short of breath—Lawyer Joy explained. The parson, who had rushed up in unclerical haste, added his corroboration to the statement. The Kehoes slunk off. Miss Azuba appearing at the window, the villagers gave her three rousing cheers and returned to their homes.

"Oh, you dear good little man!" cried Azuba, gratefully, rushing out into the hall and wringing his hand. "I never can half repay you. You are just as brave as a lion."

Molly and Bess were introduced; and, though Bess's sharp eyes detected the tramp, her mother failed to. But they spent a happy day together, despite their short acquaintance.

Miss Azuba spoke of the farm and house as "ours." Of the future, she said: "'We' will, and 'we' will not." It puzzled the silent happy-faced little man; but he said nothing. He thought she had made a mistake; but it was such a pleasant

one, that he eagerly listened. After supper, Miss Azuba took him out in the flower-garden, where she picked two roses—sweet old-fashioned pink-roses—added a sprig or two of mignonette, and, with a shy grace that made her young and lovable, pinned them in his buttonhole. He sighed—it was half a sob—and held her hand. They were now at the side-gate, and his way lay over the meadow.

"God bless ye, marm," he said, simply and tenderly. "I've bin so happy, ter-day. I'm glad I brought yer good. I've give yer my honest old father's name. I don't want yer money, none of it. I'll go up an' git my old clothes on, though I don't deny I've got attached sorter ter these—which is, no doubt, sinful vainness—an' then I'll set out 'cross the medder, an' I'll never come back nor trouble yer. Sence yer give me 'em free-like, I'll keep the posies—which, bein' old an' trampin'-weary, I'll soon die, an' which posies I'll make sure ter be berried with, as a remembrance o' yer, an'—"

"Oh," cried Azuba, "don't talk so. Is it hateful here? Am I old and ugly? Do you dislike me?"

"No," he said, soberly and gently, holding her hand in both of his. "I think yer a splendid woman. I like yer more'n any other woman I ever see."

The eyes that looked so reverently into her face were honest and loving. The heart under the flowered vest was faithful and true. His pathetic story—the good son and the simple and guileless yet chivalrous nature—stirred Azuba's heart. There came a new feeling—an awakening, a thrill of the best, the dearest thing in life—love, stronger and greater to her from her starved and loveless past, her dark lonely future.

"Oh, stay," she cried. "We will live the rest of our lives together. You have filled my empty heart: cheer my empty and dreary life."

He read her meaning then. He loved her, too. He put his arm about her neck, shyly yet determinedly: she did not resist. It was alarming but blissful for both. Then he kissed her, and she kissed him.

BE PATIENT, HEART.

BY MRS. M. E. K. DEARBORN.

Be patient, heart! a few more years of yearning,
A few sad years, will see the turmoil cease;
A few more lagging years of anxious hoping,
And then, O heart, there cometh blessed peace—
Sweet blessed peace.

Be patient, heart! with hope we'll bide the dawning
Of days when life's stern pangs will all be o'er,
And every bitter tear of disappointment
Shall swift be banished from us evermore—
Yes, evermore.

‘‘LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.’’

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

IT was a warm summer afternoon, and Lora Harrison was swinging lazily in the hammock, almost asleep, when a small voice at her back said: ‘‘Here’s a note, miss, and I’m to wait for an answer.’’

She yawned, rubbed her eyes, and made an effort to turn to the boy, who dropped the note over her shoulder into her lap.

Slowly crossing the lawn, she opened the note and read:

‘‘MISS HARRISON:

It would give me great pleasure to accompany you to Miss Ayre’s musicale this evening.

May I call for you?

Yours truly,

ELMER WILSON.’’

Her languor was quickly replaced by a pleased surprise, and, after a moment of smiling astonishment, she wrote an acceptance.

It was three years since she came to Lowell, a music-teacher, graduated from the B—— Conservatory of Music. She was also the soprano-soloist in one of the churches, and it was there she first saw Elmer Wilson. One morning, while singing, she lifted her eyes to a side-gallery, and saw there a face that was distinct from all others: a proud pale face, with firm strong lips; a face that was saved from supreme haughtiness only by the perfect eyes: dark, sad, so beautiful and tender, they were.

Her eyes, after once resting upon his face, returned there again and again, drawn by the intentness of the look which he bent upon her.

In the afternoon, she saw him in the next yard, with Mrs. Wilson, and surmised correctly that he was Elmer Wilson, just returned from Europe, where he had been for four years in a medical college.

After that morning, he was always in the same place. She learned to look for him. It seemed to her that he came just to hear her sing, and that she sang for him only. Once, when he was absent, her singing lacked inspiration, and the director meekly suggested ‘‘more animation, more expression, please.’’ He seemed to like her solos best, for, when she sang duets, such lovely ones, too, with the tenor, Joe Dale, he always turned his face from her and looked across at the opposite gallery. They frequently

met, at her gate and on the street. Each time, the color came surging into her cheek, but she had not the courage to lift her eyes to meet the anxious ones bent upon her.

Her west windows looked out upon the Wilsons’ flower-garden, and, one morning, when no one was in sight but the gardener, she leaned out to rest her tired head and eyes by drinking in the beauty before her. The man was cutting some of the choicest flowers, and, when he had filled a small basket, he carried them into the house.

In a short time, Elmer appeared on the verandah, carrying a lovely bouquet. She drew back quickly, but he came straight across the lawn to her window.

‘‘My mother sends this with her compliments,’’ he said, handing her the bouquet, ‘‘and says she hopes you will come and sing to her, as she is an invalid, and so ought to be humored occasionally.’’

He smiled into her eyes, and seemed not to notice her glowing confusion when she took the flowers and expressed pleasure at receiving them.

This was their introduction. And, as time passed on, the formal bow grew into pleasant words of greeting; and now had come this note, which was to bring them yet nearer together.

When Lora was dressed for the musicale, she went to the mirror for a final survey, to assure herself that the tell-tale color was not creeping into her cheek. But the clear pale face was relieved only by the rich red of the lips and the blackness of the lashes of the great luminous eyes, whose radiance was the only evidence of her excitement.

As she passed into her pretty parlor, Mr. Dale stepped in from the verandah, where he had been waiting for her. He was one of the few musical gentlemen she received. He always brought with him his betrothed, Miss Johnson, who could not sing or play, but would listen with pride and great enjoyment to his singing. To-night he was alone.

As he came to her, Lora said:

‘‘You are unexpected.’’

‘‘Yet not unwelcome, I trust,’’ he replied. ‘‘Since I see how lovely you are looking to-night, I am delighted that I have come to take you to Miss Ayre’s musicale.’’

“To take me? Where is Miss Johnson?” questioned Lora, in astonishment.

“She has gone to Colorado, and will be away for some time. Pity my solitude,” he rejoined, in comic despair.

Lora felt the color creeping into her face, as she replied, laughingly:

“However I may pity your desolation, I am powerless to comfort you. I am going to the musicale with Mr. Wilson.”

His only answer was a few hasty words of regret and a profound bow, as he stepped out into the night.

A month later, as Lora was coming home in the dusk, Elmer joined her. Without asking permission, he took her music-roll, unfolded the shawl she had on her arm, and wrapped it around her. Then placing her hand on his arm, he said: “You should not be out alone so late as this; it is quite dark, and, besides, you are not strong enough to work so many hours in the day.”

“I have my work to do, and my strength will prove sufficient, I think,” was her quiet answer. Yet she felt a thrill of exultant gladness at his authoritative tone and manner, as though his was the right to decide what was best for her.

When they reached her door, he did not leave her, as she feared he might, but came in, lighted the gas, and rolled an easy-chair up to the grate for her. He then stood near, leaning on the mantel.

“Are you too tired to play chess with me?” he asked, after several moments of perfect silence, during which she sat with her hands lying in her lap, and her eyes downcast.

“I shall be glad to have you stay. I am not at all tired,” she answered.

“A strong man would tire with such work as yours—nothing but noise for hours. Do you not realize you are killing yourself? You grow paler and thinner each day.” His voice seemed almost angry.

She lifted her eyes to his at last, and answered gently: “My life is not the drudgery it seems to you. I love music: it is a part of my existence; to me, my work is very pleasant. Shall we play chess now?”

But the game had no interest for him. When it was finished, he came to his old place at the mantel, near her chair. The silence came then as at first, and was again broken by him.

“Lora,” abruptly. “Is Mr. Dale to be my rival in winning you?”

Her face flushed from brow to chin, then the color fled, leaving her pale to the lips. This masterful man had never spoken of love to her,

but what else could his question imply? At last, by a great effort, she answered:

“Mr. Dale can be no one’s rival. He has a dear little woman waiting for him, whom he loves devotedly.”

“Yet Mr. Dale loves you,” said her companion. “I know that his heart is not given to Miss Johnson. He has loved you from the hour he saw you. He would have spoken but for his entanglement with his fiancée. Your mutual love for music may have been the first attraction; but it has long since grown to something stronger with him, and I feared it had with you. Has it? Answer me, for I must know.”

She tried to become indignant at his words. No other man would have demanded an answer from her, without first giving her the right to think he loved her; but, all the while, she felt his overpowering will, and knew that she would answer as he desired.

“Mr. Dale is nothing to me—will never be.”

It seemed to her that an age passed before either moved, and that he would surely hear her heart beating. But, before he could answer, the door opened, and her mother entered.

“Lora,” he whispered, hurriedly, “I must go now, but I will come again to-morrow. Good-bye till then.”

Late into the night she sat in her room, with her hands tightly clasped.

“To-morrow,” she said. “What will to-morrow bring?”

To-morrow came, and, with it, Mr. Dale. It was early twilight. Lora was sitting on a hassock by the window, looking straight into Elmer’s library, where the lamps were lighted, and where he sat reading. He was so near that, if she had opened her window and spoken to him, he would have almost heard her.

As Mr. Dale entered unannounced, she sprang up quickly, and turned to him; but he crossed the room to her side, and, as he took her hand, looked over her head, out of the window, and saw Elmer.

“Lora,” he said, very harshly for him, “you were watching Wilson.”

“And may I not, if I like?” she replied, archly. “He is my neighbor, you know, and we are told to ‘love our neighbor.’”

Yet, for all of her smiling audacity, she trembled; for she felt, from his present manner, that Elmer might have been right. She drew away her hand, which Dale had retained, and motioned him to a chair.

“I am so sorry to disappoint you,” she said, “but I cannot sing with you this evening. I—have another engagement.”

She had lighted the lamps while speaking, and now turned to her visitor a little uneasily. Dale had not taken the chair she had wheeled up for him, but was standing near the window, with folded arms and bent head.

She hoped he would move from that place, so there would be no danger of Elmer's seeing him, as would be the case if her neighbor came to his window.

"Your engagement is with Wilson," Dale asserted, without questioning. "Lora, am I to be entirely forgotten for him?"

Without answering, she moved to the window, and raised her arm to draw the curtain; but, before she could touch it, Dale had caught her hand, had taken both her hands, and was telling her of the love that was a greater burden than he could bear in silence.

She snatched her hands from him, and buried her face in them, trembling violently, feeling that the worst had come and she must meet it. In an instant, she remembered where they were standing, and put out her hand again to draw the curtain. As she did so, she saw Elmer standing at his window, and knew that he must have seen them. She was scarcely aware what she said after that, but it was to tell her visitor firmly that she could never love him, and to remind him of his vows to Miss Johnson.

When he was gone, she could not be quiet, but impatiently walked the floor while waiting for Elmer. How much had he seen, she wondered, and would he censure her for it? She had no need to question, for he did not come.

The night was far gone when she put out the lights and drew back the curtain, to look once again at his window. Elmer still held a book, but, as no leaves were turned, she knew his thoughts were elsewhere. At last, he too put out the lights, and all was dark.

She hardly knew what to do. She felt Mr. Dale's coming had kept Elmer away; she feared they had been seen, and her conduct misunderstood; and, after long thought, on the next afternoon, she wrote:

"MR. WILSON:

You may come at 8, this P. M.

LORA HARRISON."

The note was imperative and not extremely cordial; but she felt that, if he cared to come at all, it would bring him: and it did.

Promptly at the time designated, Elmer came. If she thought he would be angry with her, she was most certainly mistaken. He simply ignored the past. She felt herself growing very indignant at this cool self-possessed man, who might,

from his present manner, be but a mere acquaintance.

Why should he irritate her by his perfect indifference, unless he desired what had lately passed between them to be forgotten?

She sat there, struggling with herself, angry that she could not resist the power which compelled her love.

"I came near missing the extreme pleasure I am now enjoying," he said; "I intended to start East to-night; but, when your request came, all else was set aside to come to you." His voice was so cruelly cold, that she could not but feel the insincerity of the words.

She raised her flashing eyes to his.

"You wondered at my imperative note?" she said.

"I wonder at nothing you do," was the reply.

"I simply submit, without questioning."

She forced herself to answer him calmly:

"You may submit, as you say, but it is not without questioning. On the contrary, within yourself you put some very unjust questions to me, which you answer in a manner to suit your own previously-formed opinions."

He understood her readily, and thought best to answer, since he had roused her to something like a display of feeling.

"You are doubtless thinking of the touching scene I viewed from my window, last evening. Something for my benefit, doubtless. At least, I understood it so, and did not come, as I had intended. But perhaps I misjudge you. You may have forgotten my very existence within a few hours after I left you the last time—the time which meant so much to me, so little to you."

She made no effort to answer him. Her lips were trembling; and, that he might not see, she raised her hand to them; but her hand was trembling, too.

Elmer's keen eye saw her weakness. He went to her chair, and took her hand from her lips.

"You are deeply moved. Is it because you love me, and think I am unjust, or is it that you are false to me, and you fear I know it?"

"Why should I be true to one," she answered, with spirit, "who at the faintest evidence loses all faith in me?"

"Do you call it nothing, what I witnessed last night? I saw that man holding your hands, and bending over you. Then you closed the blinds, and I could see no more; could only imagine the rest—the kisses you gave to him."

Her face was in her hands now, and she made no answer.

"Lora," he said, moved by her manner. "I want to trust you, but I must know that I am

the only one of your choice. I want no rival. Love me, me only, and I will serve you with my life."

He gently drew her hands from her face, and was shocked at its pallor.

"How can I love you?" she cried, passionately: "you who are so hard, so cruel, so unjust to me! Don't touch me," snatching her hands from his clasp, "for you do not trust me."

He went to the window, but soon came back to where she was lying in her chair, her head resting on the garnet velvet in utter weariness. She lifted her eyes heavily to his face as he stood near her. When he spoke, she put up her hands instinctively, as though to ward off the blow she dreaded his words might bring her. But he said, so tenderly now:

"I trust you. In spite of all I may see or hear, I trust you, believe you, fully. You do not love Mr. Dale. You never have. You gave him no caresses. You never will. You are mine, mine forever."

He lifted the drooping figure in his strong arms, and laid the tired head on his breast.

"Is it not so, dear one?" he cried. "Will you give yourself to me? I need you; my life is incomplete without you. Lora, answer me yes."

His words filled her with a sweet pleasure that was almost ecstasy. But her heart, as well as her pride, was unsatisfied, because he had not said, even yet: "I love you."

She lifted her head and looked searchingly into his face.

"My whole life calls for you," he said, as he smiled down into the questioning eyes.

"You trust me now, fully, you say," she replied. "Trust me yet more, and be content to wait for your answer, will you not? For to-night I cannot tell you 'yes,' neither can I send you from me forever."

She stood before him with her hands, as she spoke.

into his eyes, and he

"It is a little while," he rejoined, bitterly, "but I must wait, who must wait, and yet not know why you ask this delay. Lora," gently the words came now, and his voice was the dearest in the world to her, "why must I wait? There can be no just reason. Perhaps you think I need this punishment for my distrust of you. But have I not sincerely repented? My faith in you is restored, without a word of explanation from you. I have only to be near you, to look in your dear eyes, and all doubts vanish. Oh, my love, answer me now. If ever man loved, I love you."

She could resist no longer, but suffered him to hold her close to his heart, and press kisses on her hands, brow, and lips.

"Oh, my darling," he said, "you do love me, though you have not yet said so. I love you with my heart, soul, mind, strength, whole being. I love you, you only. Darling, do you hear me? I love you, always, forever."

She was clinging to him now, thrilled with the perfect joy that came surging over her soul at his words. He let her rest quietly in his arms, waiting till she should speak. When she lifted her eyes to his, he was awed at the glorious light which shone in them. Her face was brilliant with the happiness that had come to her.

Now, of her own sweet will, she drew the kingly head down, that had seemed so stern before, till his lips were near her own; then kissed him, with the perfect right that she knew was hers.

"You say I have not yet said that I love you," were her words. "I do love you. I love you better than my life. My love is yours for all eternity."

MORNING BY THE SEA.

BY SIDNEY M'LEAN.

In the night's soft hush of departure,
Ere the sun from his chamber has stepped,
But a soft rosy flush nature brightens,
As doth cheek of a maiden, blush-swept.

In the cool sweet breath of the morning,
I stand by old ocean's grim side;
In my ears, the twitter of song-birds,
Intermixed with the moan of the tide.

The feverish cares of the daytime,
The sparkle and passion of night,

The baubles of fame and of riches:
These vanish before my cleared sight.

And I see a vision celestial—
A dream of what life might contain,
If men would absorb of life's morning
Enough for the after-days' pain,

Enough of the pure thoughts and wishes
Of childhood to last all the way,
From the soft quiet hush of the morning
To the last fading glow of the day.

DORA'S ALLIGATOR-MAN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE alligator was dead, and Dora's heart was broken.

I am afraid that, among the entire household, not a soul could be found prepared to share or even appreciate her terrible grief. The poets tell us that overweening woes must usually be borne alone.

It is true, Aunt Isabel, always tender-hearted and ready to sympathize with affliction, endeavored hastily to improvise a few suitable expressions of condolence; but she was conscious of their being less earnest than the occasion demanded, and Dora showed that she was conscious of it, too.

She checked her sobs, dried her eyes on her morsel of an apron, and, looking gravely at her pretty young relative, said sadly:

"You are very kind, Auntie Bel, but somehow I think even you don't feel Ally's death as I should have thought you might."

Between a sensation of guilt, and the difficulty she had to restrain her laughter, Miss Bel was speechless, inventing in haste an errand which took her straight out of the room where Dora sat lamenting her lost treasure.

As for the other members of the family, from the servants up, Dora neither expected nor desired sympathy.

"Not one of them ever appreciated Ally," she observed, when Aunt Bel came back, after having composed her features to a degree of sobriety suitable to the circumstances. "As for Aunt Debbie, she positively hated the poor dear! I hope I am not hard-hearted, and what I say to you is in confidential; but I feel there's a gulf dug between Aunt Debbie and me. I shan't seem to notice it, but there's a gulf."

Dora laid a flower on the alligator's brown scales, as she spoke, and shook her seven-years-old head with the air of a person at once a martyr and philosopher.

Miss Bel said all she could in her sister's defense, but Dora still shook her head and insisted on the gulf; then her feelings overpowered her, and she lifted up her voice afresh in bitter wailing.

"He was just a foot and a half long," she sobbed. "and I thought I should live to see him grow up. I was saving my money to buy him a new tub when this one got too small, and

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now he'll never want it. And he ate bits of meat so beautifully off a stick. And how anybody could pretend to be afraid of him, 'cause he liked to use his little teeth now and then, as Aunt Debbie and Nurse Betty did, was re-dedic'lous!"

Gentle Miss Bel's arguments, for which she drew more on her imagination than her conscience could well justify, did not convince Dora that her doubts were groundless, though she consented to find some comfort in her favorite relative's sympathy.

But, before the day ended, the small maid's suspicions were rendered certainties, and her sensibilities lacerated beyond endurance, by words which she chanced to overhear between the pair whom she had always felt were the enemies of her pet.

"Hadn't I better take the thing away, ma'am, after she goes to bed?" Betty asked the elder Miss Faulkner.

"Why, of course; throw it into the ash-barrel," rejoined the spinster, who prided herself on her strength of mind. "I have no patience with the way Miss Bel spoils that child—crying over a dead alligator! Just get rid of the beast the first chance you find."

Dora dashed out upon them as they stood in the hall, quite frantic between rage and grief.

"Betty shan't dare to touch him!" she shrieked. "You're a cruel wicked woman, Aunt Debbie, and Betty is just as bad—just exactly! If she puts Ally in the ash-barrel, I'll be buried there too. I can't bear any more—my heart's broken. I shouldn't wonder if I went out of my senses, between you!"

She rushed upstairs to make sure that her dead treasure was still safe, leaving her aunt divided between a desire to shake her vigorously, and a fear that her nervous, excitable little body would render herself really ill by her nonsensical grief. When Miss Bel came home from paying some visits, neither Dora nor the alligator could be found, and, by the time they were discovered, hidden in the darkest corner of the attic, even Aunt Debbie had grown frightened.

Bel would not let her scold the child; she endured a good deal herself very patiently from her elder sister, who belonged to the genus tyrant,

but she never permitted her to torment Dora to any great extent, and the two old-bachelor brothers were on Dora's side also, though personally they stood rather in awe of the female head of the household.

Somebody proposed, in jest, that the alligator should be sent to a taxidermist, and properly stuffed. Dora eagerly seized upon the idea, and, in spite of Aunt Debbie's indignant remonstrances, a servant was dispatched to find out the cost. Five dollars were cruelly demanded, and Miss Deb vowed that no such wickedness should be indulged in for any live child or dead alligator.

"Think what five dollars would do for the poor little heathen your Sunday-school teacher told you about, Dora, only last week," she said.

"I don't care," retorted Dora; "my Ally was a great deal nicer than any little heathen, and he's got to be stuffed; I won't lose him altogether!"

Miss Debbie compromised; the next morning, Dora and Betty might institute a search. If a man could be found willing to undertake the job for two dollars and a half, well and good; if not, the alligator must be buried in the garden, without delay—even her bold spirit lacked courage to venture to the length of again proposing the ash-barrel as a temporary place of sepulture.

"I should like to put a lot of lighted candles about him, as the Roman Catholics do," Dora said to Aunt Bel, as she took her good-night look at her deceased favorite. She was persuaded to leave that ceremony unperformed, and went to bed, declining even the attractions of a fairy-story to soothe her to slumber. "You're very good," she declared, "but I should be ashamed to forget poor Ally for a single minute. I'll just cry myself to sleep, if you please, Aunt Bel, and then I shall be more comfortable."

She was up bright and early the next morning, making inquiry of every tradesman who came to the house, whether it was in his power to afford information in regard to a taxidermist with more reasonable ideas than the one of whom she had heard, and it was very comical to hear her slowly pronounce the long-syllabled word.

She was told of a man who had lately established himself in a street not very far distant; and, already prepared for any heroic or desperate act, Dora speedily made up her mind what to do. Miss Bel was occupied writing important letters, Miss Debbie was harrowing the souls of the maids in the kitchen, the bachelor-uncles had gone to their offices, and Betty was not

only busy, but excessively cross—the effect of a little contest between Miss Faulkner and herself concerning some domestic matter, as to which Betty, like any old servant, considered herself a better judge than her mistress.

Dora put on her hat and jacket, carefully enveloped her dead in a gorgeous scarlet mantle, the property of her largest French doll, and managed, while the forenoon was still young, to leave the house unperceived, bent on her mission of sacred duty.

She knew her way quite well about the neighboring streets and squares; and though, of course, little accustomed to going out unaccompanied, she was not at all timid; and, even if she had paused to remember Betty's lugubrious stories of naughty children who ran off and got lost, she was too deeply impressed by the necessity of her errand to have indulged in any fear.

But she did take a wrong turning, in spite of her care: and, instead of finding herself in Jay Street, as she expected, the name on the sign-board at the corner was one quite unknown to her. As she stopped, puzzled what to do—half frightened at the idea of going on, yet fully determined not to return home till she accomplished her task—she attracted the notice of a young gentleman who chanced to approach the crossing from the opposite direction.

He was in somewhat of a hurry; but, having a weakness for children, he could not help halting to glance at the pretty little creature in her dainty blue costume, with the scarlet bundle hugged close in her arms, her long hair fluttering in the autumn wind, her great brown eyes wandering eagerly about, and such an odd mixture of alarm and determination on her small features that it rendered her prettier than ever.

"Have you lost your way, my dear?" he asked, gently.

Dora looked quickly up into the handsome face, and knew instinctively that the speaker was worthy of his full confidence.

"Tisn't exactly that," said she; "it's only that I haven't found it."

The quaint, unchildlike answer amused him immensely, and he burst out laughing. Dora echoed his merriment; then, shocked at herself, exclaimed dismally:

"Oh, please don't laugh—Ally's dead!"

"Good gracious! what does the child mean?" cried the gentleman. "What are you doing here by yourself? Who is Ally?"

"I want to find the—the—" Dora could not remember the word, so paused; then added: "It's like 'Axminster,' I know—because it

reminded me of the bed-room carpet; but 'tisn't that."

"What do you want of him?" the puzzled stranger questioned.

"I want him to stuff Ally, and set him up," she answered. "Oh, dear—Jay Street, that's where the shop is. Do please show me. If Aunt Debbie finds I'm gone, she'll have the whole house out—and Ally shan't be put in the ash-barrel."

The rosebud lips began to quiver, the brown eyes to glitter with rising tears, and the gentleman said encouragingly:

"No, no; he shan't be. What's that in your arms—your doll?"

"No—my alligator: this is Ally. He died yesterday, and I won't have him ill-treated. And the Axminster wanted five dollars, and Aunt Debbie declared she'd only let me pay half that—so I didn't wait for Betty—and the vegetable-boy said Jay Street. Oh, where is it, please?"

She poured out the words in great haste, between hardly-repressed sobs, and, suddenly drawing back the scarlet mantle, held the grinning little alligator directly in the gentleman's face.

"So this is Ally," he said, carefully restraining both surprise and amusement: being a man of fine intuition, who recognized a delicately-organized child when he saw one, and knew how such should be treated.

"Yes," replied Dora. "Isn't he handsome? That's just the way he smiled when I handed him meat on a stick. And don't you think Aunt Debbie was cruel, and Betty? Oh, I wouldn't have believed it of her! And nobody cared except Auntie Bel. I wish you knew Auntie Bel—she's so pretty. And oh, if they should miss me! Jay Street, the vegetables said—boy; if you'll only show me."

In two minutes more, the handsome young man, Dora, and the alligator were on the way to Jay Street, Dora's hand locked in her knight's, and her small tongue chattering at such a rate, that, before they found the desired shop, the stranger knew not only the whole history of the interesting corpse's brief career, but as much of her own, with that of her relatives, their personal peculiarities included, as Dora's knowledge on those matters enabled her to impart.

"Two dollars and a half—don't forget," she warned him, when they reached the shop. "I mustn't promise more, 'cause Aunt Debbie said so—and she's so dreadfully set."

"I'll remember," the gentleman replied, as he opened the door and led Dora into the most

delightful place she had ever entered. All the birds and beasts that even Noah's ark contained seemed to be collected there.

"Except the elephants and rhinocerations," Dora cried, slightly stumbling over the latter word, in her haste. "But I suppose there wasn't room for them. Oh, I wish Auntie Bel was here!"

The gentleman held a brief colloquy with the smiling tradesman, who presently offered to "set up" Dora's treasure in fine style, and with the utmost dispatch.

"Did you tell him two and a half?" she whispered to her friend.

"Oh, yes; it's all right. Mr. Tuffy quite understands."

"Quite," said that personage, and wrote down in his order-book the address, which Dora gave with the utmost accuracy.

The handsome gentleman—Dora told him he was so, having her mind now at liberty—conducted her home in safety, rang the bell, bade her an affectionate good-bye, and hurried off as soon as the servant opened the door, remembering that his good-natured weakness had left him late for an important engagement.

Dora's absence had not been remarked; but Aunt Debbie was crossing the hall as the child entered, and naturally she demanded an explanation of this unexpected appearance from the street.

"I have fulfilled my duty—Ally is safe," Dora replied, with flashing eyes. "Oh, you may do your worst now—shut me up, starve me, kill me by inches, as the wicked aunt killed her niece in Miss Oram's novel—but Ally is safe from your sac—sanc—from you!"

Dora wanted to say "sacrilegious," but could not manage it.

Miss Deb lifted her hands in horror; the colored servant had heard—and he was a new domestic; Miss Bel and a lady-visitor, almost a stranger, who had just come out of the library, had heard—it was enough to drive a staid spinster, conscious of always tormenting her relatives from conscientious motives, quite desperate.

"That child is mad!" she exclaimed; "as mad as a hatter!"

She swept upstairs without another word, forgetting even to bow to the guest, and Dora was left to relate her adventures, which mightily amused both the caller and Miss Bel.

Two days passed, and a hollow peace had been patched up between Aunt Deb and Dora—the energetic imperious lady being the more easy to subjugate because she elected to believe that the child was wrong in her head.

"I forgive you, Aunt Debbie," Dora said, "but I can't forget the gulf—it yawns as wide as ever." As for Betty, she received a contemptuous unconcern, as a reward for her overtures, which was even more exasperating. "You needn't say anything," Dora remarked; "Betty, my eyes are opened—I see you as you are—but I shall not talk about it. I only hope Ally won't haunt you in your sleep."

The conversations, and Dora's conduct generally, were discussed that night, after the small heroine was safe in bed. Miss Bel could not tell the story seriously, and the bachelor-brothers laughed themselves nearly into fits, while Aunt Debbie again elevated her digits, and cried: "You are ruining the child! She reads all the novels in the house—she gets more impossible every day. I wash my hands of the consequences—remember that!"

She left the room, rubbing her palms together as an ocular demonstration of her statement, and the rest exulted among themselves to think that the elder sister, whom they had feared all their lives, should have more than met her match in this mite of seven and a half years.

The Faulkners lived in a flourishing Western town, which their father had helped to found, and were among the most prominent people there. Father and mother had died some years before, but the family did not break up, and there was no reason why it should. Miss Debbie, who had ruled ever since the others could remember, was past forty, and the ages of the other three were distributed between that and Miss Bella's four-and-twenty years. There had been another brother who married young and died, soon followed by his pretty little wife, leaving their only child, Dora, a legacy to her uncles and aunts; but, as Dora would have a fortune of her own, she brought higher claims to consideration than youthful orphans usually possess.

They were all very fond of her, even Aunt Debbie; and, though her theories were stern, her practice of them was not sufficiently severe to serve as more than a reasonable counterbalance to the outrageous spoiling the child received from her other relatives.

Naturally, during the next few days, Dora talked incessantly of the handsome gentleman who had assisted her in her difficulty, and regretted that she had not thought to ask his name and beg him to come and see her.

Toward the end of the week, she was out walking, one morning, with her Aunt Bel, and, as they turned the corner of a busy street, she attracted the attention of all eyes, and covered

poor Miss Bel with confusion, by shouting, quite loud:

"Oh, stop—please stop! Dear Mr. Alligator-man, do please stop: I want to see you so, and Auntie Bel does, too!"

The gentleman in question was some distance in advance; he had chanced to turn his head, and Dora instantly recognized him.

As she called out, she dropped her aunt's hand, rushed forward in pursuit of the individual on whom, in her eagerness, she had conferred that somewhat astounding cognomen, and again loudly begged him to stop.

He heard her, and paused; she ran the faster, but, as she nearly reached his side, her foot slipped against a bit of orange-peel which some brutally-selfish person had flung on the pavement, and, before the gentleman could spring to her aid, she fell heavily to the ground.

By the time he picked her up, Miss Bel hurried forward, forgetting her late confusion in grave alarm. Dora gave one stifled scream, then sank back in her unknown friend's arms, sick and faint with pain.

He carried her into a pharmacy close at hand, and poor Miss Bel followed; and, while he sprinkled the child's face with water, he informed the young lady that he was a physician—indeed, he was recognized by the druggist, who addressed him as Doctor Westlock.

"My foot—oh, my foot!" moaned poor Dora.

He bore the child into a room at the back of the shop, pulled the little boot and stocking off in a trice, and, after a rapid examination of the ankle, asked the chemist for splints and bandages, while Miss Bel was trying to soothe Dora, herself terribly frightened and shaken.

"It is only a sprain; there is no bone broken," he said to the lady, and added kindly to Dora: "Now, my brave little maid, we'll presently have you relieved—I know you will bear it well."

"I'll try, I'll try!" she sobbed. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you. This is my Auntie Bel; please don't cry, auntie—I won't!"

The ankle was carefully bandaged, some restorative given to strengthen the small heroine's nerves, and, by the time the carriage, which had been sent for, arrived, Dora, in spite of pretty severe pain, was able to talk so fast that, whether they wished or not, Miss Bel and the young doctor were obliged to enter into conversation.

He accompanied them home, seeming to take it for granted that he ought to do so; and Miss Debbie was startled by their sudden entrance into the parlor, Dora borne in the physician's arms, and calling shrilly:

"Here's my dear alligator-man, Aunt Debbie, and I've sprained my ankle, and, if it hadn't been for him, I should have broken every bone in my body. Now you see how lucky it was I knew him, though you did scold me that day he was so kind in helping me find the Axminster for poor Ally."

Between Dora's remarkable explanations and Miss Debbie's horrified amazement, it was difficult for either Miss Bel or the young doctor to control their laughter; but they managed to give a somewhat more lucid account of the accident, and, by this time, the spinster was too much frightened either to scold or be indignant.

One of the bachelor-brothers came in while the stranger was still there, and, as he knew that Westlock had recently entered into partnership with a well-established physician, and had heard favorable reports of his skill, he heedlessly took it on himself, without consulting the family Mentor, to request the doctor to attend Dora, so long as medical assistance might be necessary.

"Why, of course he must," cried Dora. "The idea! as if I'd have anybody else. I never will again. I always did hate your old Doctor Ford; he smells so of snuff, he sets me sneezing as soon as he gets in at the door."

"Dora, Dora!" admonished Miss Debbie, though her stern eyes were still fixed indignantly upon her daring brother.

"Well, he does," Dora persisted, "and how you can have the heart to scold me when my ankle hurts so, I can't understand. I know my dear alligator-man thinks you're as cross as you can be."

"You must say Doctor Westlock, dear," Miss Bel suggested.

"Oh, yes, I forgot; but he doesn't mind—do you, dear Doctor Alli—Westlock, I mean?"

He assured her that he did not, but added that now she must let herself be taken up to her room, and be content to lie quietly on the sofa, else she would risk condemnation to bed for good and all, nobody could tell how long.

The doctor informed the elders that the child's ankle was badly sprained, and recommended, as he was a stranger, that their regular practitioner should be called in—perhaps induced to do this by an increased stiffness and coldness which had come over Miss Debbie, and certain chilly rebukes she bestowed on her brother and sister without any apparent reason.

Miss Debbie had recovered from her fright, and the truth was—though she did not know it—that she never could look favorably on any plan which she had not herself suggested. Had her brother kept silence, very likely she would

have requested Doctor Westlock to undertake the charge of Dora, but John's proposal did not please her.

As luck would have it, Doctor Ford had started unexpectedly for Chicago, to visit his dying father, and the physician left in charge of his patients was a man whom Miss Debbie detested, so of two evils she chose the lesser, and Doctor Westlock was summoned the next morning.

Dora had been quite ill in the night, and, when the physician arrived, he found her troubles complicated by the appearance of measles. Before he got there, Betty had declared the child breaking out with that rash, and Miss Debbie had pronounced her an idiot—it was not measles, whatever else it might be.

Naturally, it was exasperating to hear the doctor corroborate Betty's assertion, and still more so to have it done in the old woman's presence; therefore, Miss Debbie felt that she had strong grounds to cultivate her incipient dislike for the new physician. Nobody in the household, however, shared her sentiments, for, long before Dora was well—Aunt Debbie, in her determination to have plenty of air in the room, one night opened the window wide, forgot it, and the child caught a severe cold—Doctor Westlock was a great favorite with everybody, from the bachelor-brothers down to the servants, with old Betty at their head.

Ill and suffering as she was, Dora by no means forgot her alligator, and was constantly asking when he would be sent home. But the taxidermist was indulging in an illness as well as she, so it happened that several weeks passed without the recovery of her treasure.

Dora was able to be up, and had even been carried downstairs, looking somewhat pale and thin, but as full of high spirits as ever; so, one evening, Miss Debbie felt that she could invite a few congenial friends to spend a social hour with her. As these kindred spirits were learned spinsters and appalling males, who looked like abnormal fossils, Bel and the bachelor-brothers preferred to spend the evening in Dora's room.

It happened that a package came, addressed very legibly to Miss D. Faulkner; and the manservant carried it into the parlor, thinking it contained some pressed flowers which Miss Debbie had been anxiously expecting, as she wished to exhibit them to her visitors, and the family generally had been scolded, during dinner, because the plants had not arrived.

"At last!" cried Miss Debbie, as she eagerly began to untie the strings which bound the parcel. "The most wonderful specimens of the Mariposa that you ever saw, Mr. Burroughs."

And Mr. Burroughs put his spectacled nose as close to the box as he could, Miss Debbie raised the lid, and everybody shrieked. There was the little alligator, grinning at them as naturally as if he were alive; Miss Debbie's trembling fingers causing the box to shake, till the miniature monster looked as though he were just ready to jump at the surrounding group.

Heaven and earth combined would have failed to convince Miss Debbie that Doctor Westlock had not played a practical joke at her expense, and she so informed her sister and brothers before she went to bed; her conviction only deepened by the ridicule which her statement met from the trio.

Dora was rendered happy the next morning, by the presentation of her carefully-preserved pet, which she insisted on having placed in the library under a neat glass case.

Doctor Westlock called, that day, but he did not see Miss Debbie; and, as Dora had not been allowed to hear what had happened, of course he remained in blissful ignorance of the charge which lay at his door.

During the last eight weeks, he had grown intimate at the house, for the quiet old bachelors had taken to him in a wonderful fashion; he and Miss Bel had insensibly glided into terms of actual friendship, and Miss Debbie's frosty manner had not struck him as being at all personal, as he had speedily discovered that it was her general habit to be as nipping as a December morning.

Friendship was the name pretty Miss Bel would have bestowed on their relation, if she had been asked to define it; but Doctor Westlock was bolder, at least in his own thoughts, and knew already that in the gentle girl he had found the realization of his ideal—he loved her, and told himself so, and meant to tell her, too, before much further time should elapse.

Miss Bel might have been blind to his intentions, but the keen-eyed namesake of the ancient Hebrew prophets was not deceived.

What the doctor wanted was plain to Miss Debbie. Bel possessed seventyfive thousand dollars in her own right; it was the money that man had in view, and her set of particular friends agreed in her opinion.

With such efficient aid to her own acuteness, it was not wonderful that Miss Debbie learned first one suspicious circumstance, then another, in regard to Doctor Westlock's past, his present life—indeed, one might add, his future; for, with the spirit of prophecy strong upon her, the modern Deborah began freely to depict what that must inevitably be.

Autumn gave place to winter, and the change from the soft genial weather, which lasted late that year, to the chill and snow of Christmas-tide, was typical of the change that the handsome doctor found in Miss Bel. Annoyed and hurt, his visits, hitherto so frequent, began to grow fewer, and the brothers wondered thereat, but were too lazy to seek for any reason, and Bel kept to herself the little insidious poisonous tales which Deborah was constantly dropping into her ears without apparent design.

Debbie was not intentionally wicked and malicious; she convinced herself that she was doing right, and deemed it her bounden duty.

One of the faithful spinster-band had gone to Montreal, and from thence wrote her friend the most appalling intelligence in regard to the object of their mutual dislike.

Miss Debbie at once sought her sister.

"Now I hope you are convinced how thoroughly bad he is," she said; "you wouldn't believe when I told you of the billiard-playing, the doubtful associates; but here is proof plain enough, I trust, of the man's utter rascality."

There certainly was. The letter gave weighty authority for the writer's statement that Westlock had lived in Montreal two years previous; had been married, and behaved so ill to his wife that she forsook him and went off to her relations in England.

That evening, Miss Debbie recounted the damning story to the bachelor-brothers, but they were too inert to be roused to the pitch of excitement which she could have wished them to exhibit.

"After all, it is not our business," they said; "you'd better not meddle, Deborah; just leave people to find out for themselves."

"Not our business?" she exclaimed, in righteous wrath. "Of course I shall expose him; it is my duty."

"All you have to do is to avoid him," rejoined the elder brother, while the other nodded acquiescence. "You needn't receive him as a visitor, nor call him in professionally."

"Call him in?" echoed the spinster. "I'll order him out-of-doors, if he dare to show his face here. Alligator-man, indeed! The child named him better than she knew."

Dora was lying on the sofa in the library while the conversation took place. She had been asleep till roused by Miss Debbie's voice, and lay still, listening to the whole story—of course, not comprehending much beyond the fact that her friend had a wife, and that there had been something wrong in his making a secret of his valuable possession.

"I don't believe he's got one," she said to herself; "I'm just as sure as sure that he likes Auntie Bel, so how can he have?"

She was convinced that her beloved alligator-man had done nothing wrong, and equally certain that cross Aunt Debbie desired to do him a mischief. She was terribly troubled, but, with the odd reticence one so often sees imaginative children display, not a hint did she give, even to the beloved Aunt Bel.

Dora was wild to warn her dear doctor, but two days elapsed, and he neither called, nor, constantly as she watched, did she once have the good-fortune to see him pass the house. Miss Debbie was engrossed in preparations for a church-fair; Miss Bel was indulging in a protracted headache, which caused her to look ill and miserable enough; and Betty was absent on her annual week's-holiday; so a companion in a walk the child could not find, and, since her escapade in regard to the alligator, the street-door was kept so carefully bolted that she could not manage to open it.

But, on the third morning, a seamstress who was doing some needlework in the house had to go out to make purchase of certain necessary linings and silks, and Dora insisted upon accompanying her; and, as Miss Debbie was at the church, there was no one to say her nay.

She walked demurely into the shop with the seamstress, and, as soon as that person was fully occupied with her selection, Dora ran away, and went at the top of her speed to Doctor Westlock's office, which was lower down in the same street.

She burst in on the young physician as he sat in a disconsolate attitude at his table, and cried, without the slightest salutation or preamble:

"Aunt Debbie says you've got a wife. But it isn't true—is it? And she says everybody shall know it; and she told Auntie Bel, and Bel has had the headache ever since."

Certain vague rumors and odd hints from various quarters, which had come to the doctor only the day before, were now explained. He picked up his hat, put on his great-coat with an air of determination, and told Dora he would see her safely home.

"Come into the library," Dora said, as the servant opened the door. "I'll tell Auntie Bel."

For the doctor had signified to her that he desired particularly to speak with that young lady. She hurried him into the cheerful room: and there, crouched in a great armchair, with her back to the light, sat Miss Bel. "Oh," cried Dora, "he hasn't any wife. I knew he hadn't, and I'm going to tell Aunt Deb."

Away she flew, leaving the pair together.

"I never was in Montreal in my life," the doctor said. "Oh, how could you believe me a villain, when—when—"

His voice faltered, and Bel began to cry; it was quite as well that Dora left them alone for awhile.

Miss Debbie had just come in, having met the postman at the door; and, when Dora found her in the dining-room, the spinster was reading a letter which agitated her considerably. For two days past, she had been whispering right and left that Doctor Westlock was a base deceiver, and now the friend in Canada had written a second epistle, to explain that every statement in her first had been a mistake. The wicked Montreal Westlock was not a physician, and his Christian-name proved to be "Morton," instead of "Marmaduke."

And, before Miss Debbie had recovered from this shock, in rushed Dora with the pleasant news that she had told her dear alligator-man all those wicked things, and he said they were not true, and he was in the library now with Auntie Bel.

"And you always tell me to ask pardon when I've been naughty," pursued Dora, volubly; "so I think you'd better beg him to forgive you. Or, if you're ashamed, I'll do it."

Aunt Debbie was looking so miserable, that Dora, in her generosity, ran off to act upon this offer before the old maid could stop her. When she abruptly opened the library-door, there was the doctor, holding Miss Bell tight in his arms.

"Don't mind me," cried Dora: "I understand all about it. Oh, you dear, dear doctor! Now you'll be my uncle; and you'd better have a house for us three and the alligator, and leave the rest to live here."

The doctor thought so too; and, six months later, the scheme was carried out—Miss Debbie in the meantime, having veered straight about and become his warm friend and ardent admirer

THE DAY IS GONE.

BY ELISE COOPER.

THERE is an end to every lovely thing,
And so this sweetest day is gone forever;
Life is all cadenced, throbbing to the swing

Of some mysterious rhythm—hands clasp to sever,
Lives meet to part; the tide that brings the bark
Ebbes and then flows; the dawn succeeds the dark.

THE WEEK BEFORE THE WEDDING.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

I.

ELLEN turned up the wick of the lamp.

"My!" she said, "how this white stuff is hard on one's eyes." She smiled happily, threading her needle, and pulling her sewing up over her lap. "Why, how quiet you are, Dan! You've been quieter this week past than I ever saw you before." She laid the sewing aside and went close to him, as he rested his elbow on the table, his head on his hand. "Dan," she continued, in a low winning voice, and smoothing his hair, "I know what ails you: you're thinking of another time—ten years back, when a woman, other than I, got her wedding-things ready. Ain't you, now? Don't be afraid to tell me—I'm not jealous. You'd have been a poor sort of a man, not to love your wife, especially your first wife." Her eyes were brightly shining.

He stopped her caress and strode over to the fire.

"It's scorching the mantel," he said.

She returned to her chair, a little hurt, and took up her work.

Meantime, he stood beside the fire, a frown upon his face, and watched her. A pretty picture she made, with the lamplight falling on her soft cheek, this young creature whom he had befriended for five years, and whose cheeriness had won over his gloom. Yet he dared not look too much at her to-night, knowing that what she sewed nearly maddened him. For the wedding was set for next week. And there must be no wedding. He had not told her so; for six nights, he had tried to bring himself to the task, but as yet he had not succeeded. For what, then, would become of her?

She had relied on him for five years—ever since she had come to the mill, a mere slip of a girl, an orphan, friendless as the poor so often are, and with a frail chest. The great stern man had watched over her, shielded her from harm and temptation, until she trusted him entirely, and, with the trust, learned to love him. He it was who, when the doctor said she had better do something else than tend a loom, had suggested her keeping a few boarders gleaned from the women-weavers; he it was who had done much for her, until she was no longer helpless, but full of help to him, unconsciously brightening his life, and consciously endeavoring to do

more, when someone told her how, ten years ago, his wife had run off from him, and soon after died in a railway-accident; he it was—

And yet, standing by the fire, watching her and her nimble fingers, he knew all that he had done, all that she had done, and it was borne in upon him that he must tell her that it must all be as though it had not been, and that she must stop sewing the "long white seam" of a gown she could never wear as his bride. He must tell her now, this very night. Watching the making of the wedding-dress gave him the strength of desperation. He would tell her.

No: wait till she finished that seam. Somehow or other, it would seem cruel in him to stop it half-way. There, there: the seam was finishing—she was dragging the skirt over her knee, to begin on a new breadth.

"Ellen!"

She looked up and laughed. "Have you found your tongue at last, Dan?" she said. "I was wondering how long you'd keep quiet. Is anything wrong at the mill?"

"Ellen," he answered, almost hoarsely, "there is something I want to tell you—something I must tell you."

"The thing that must be told is usually the disagreeable thing. Don't tell it to-night—I want to be happy, to-night. Oh, yes, I know what it is, dear: it's about my not being careful enough of my lungs. Why, I'm stronger than I ever was."

"It's not about your lungs: it's about—"

"My eyes? Sewing here in the lamplight? Why—"

She turned her head toward the door. "Is anybody out there?" she called. "I thought the door moved. Come in."

Sperry faced the door also. It slowly opened, and a woman entered, her white haggard face a marvel of suffering.

Ellen sprang up and supported her to the fireplace and the chair there.

"Mrs. Morgan," she expostulated, "you ought not to come down the stairs alone; the first night you've been down, too. You really should not. You look as if it had been too much for you. Do you feel ill?"

The woman waved her hand.

"No," she said. "I'm all right. My heart

hasn't pained very much to-day. I heard you down here. I was rather lonely upstairs."

Sperry had not uttered a word. Ellen turned her eyes to him. How dark and glowering he looked! Now she understood what he was about to say, a little while back: he was out of humor because she had taken the sick woman in. She had not thought that Dan could be so hard-hearted, especially as he had done so much for her when she had been almost as much of a stranger as this woman.

The woman touched her arm.

"I'd be obliged if you'd do a little something for me," she said: "I want a letter posted."

She held out an envelope. Ellen expected Dan to take it and go with it to the post-office. He did not offer to touch the letter. Did he carry his illiberality so far as that? Looking back a week, Ellen could recall how out-of-sorts he had been when the poor woman had come, and, without first consulting him, she had taken her in. Ellen had always consulted him, before that, as to whom she should have in the house. At any rate, the suffering creature should not be neglected. Ellen took the letter.

"Of course I'll post it for you," she said, briskly. "Now."

She left the room. In the little dark entry she called: "Dan!"

He came slowly to her.

"I know what you mean by your frowning," she whispered, half resentfully; "you're angry because I did not refuse to board her, till I'd asked all about her and told you. But I am not quite heartless. And, while I am away at the post-office, don't let her see she is not welcome, for she is welcome, by me at least, and this is my house."

Never before had she spoken in this way to him, and her face burned as the words left her lips. She may have spoken the more harshly because he did not interrupt her; and a woman hates sullenness. She left him, with the words, closing the front-door after her as she went out into the night.

II.

SPERRY remained several minutes in the entry, after Ellen had gone. When he re-entered the room, his face was set and determined.

The woman still sat in front of the fire, holding out her transparent hands before the flame, her gaze directed to the table on which was Ellen's wedding-gown.

Sperry walked up to the fireplace, and looked down sternly at the woman.

A faint color crept into her cheeks.

"Dan," she said.

He sank into a chair, his hands going up over his eyes.

"Dan," said the woman, again, "I sent her out with the letter on purpose to get this opportunity. I see what's warring within you. I know you made up your mind, the very day I came here, to do what you're thinking to do now. Upstairs, to-night, I felt wild, as if you'd do it to-night; and I came down to hinder you. Why don't you ask whom my letter was for? It was for the chorus-leader of an opera-troupe; I've told him I'll never sing again, never again."

"No," he said, "you've come back to me instead."

"And how glad you ought to be I've come."

"Glad?"

"For Ellen's sake. The wedding's settled for next week; suppose I hadn't come, and the ceremony 'd gone on?"

He shrank from her.

"I must hurry," she said, "for she'll be back soon. I know you. I know what's in your mind to do: you want to tell Ellen who I am, and that the wedding can't go on. It will kill her! Yes, it will kill her! You will be her murderer! Will you tell her that, ten years ago, I was married to you; that I had a beautiful voice, that attracted you to me first of all; that my baby died before he was a month old; and that I was lost in the humdrum life, and wanted to join the chorus of an opera-troupe, that sang in the city where we lived; and that you forbade it; and that I had one of my old heart-attacks, and grew sullen and gloomy; that, one night, you came home and found your wife gone with the opera-troupe; and that, from that day till a week ago, you never set eyes on her? Will you tell her all this? And how you broke up your little home, cursing the wife you never could understand, and whose longings for something for which you had small sympathy you ignored with persistent dislike? And how you left familiar places, and drifted here—where, five years ago, a young girl came—well, you know the rest. Will you tell her all this?"

"I have told her," he answered.

She started.

"You have? Then what else is on your mind?" she asked, curiously.

"The death of Ellen."

"You mean you'll tell her, and that it will kill her?"

"Yes."

"But it won't. She'll hate me—loathe me; but she'll love you all the more. I know women."

"Caroline!"

"Oh, yes," she went on, excitedly, "I know women. She won't even give you up. The law's separated us; I deserted you for ten years; and that'll surely make you free, in the eyes of the law."

He caught her wrist.

"Woman," he said, "you don't know the girl I would marry. She's a lady—yes, a lady."

"Well?"

"She recognizes marriage differently from you; you, that had aspirations, as you called 'em; you, that ran off from your husband. She will never marry me as long as you live."

His hearer laughed feebly.

"Then you will break off with her? To break off with her is what I meant would kill her."

He dropped her arm, a look of despair in his face.

"Of course," she went on, "I am hardened, when I can argue in this way, am I not? But it's love that makes a marriage, and she loves you. And, if it's love that makes a marriage, you and I are not man and wife. For you don't love me, do you?"

She laughed, but looked keenly at him.

"Why don't you speak?" she demanded.

"You know our marriage is only in name—that I am nothing to you."

"Who destroyed my love for you?"

"That's no answer. Do you love me—ever so little?"

"No."

She laughed again.

"That's right," she said, "that's right. And I—Of course you know you are nothing to me?"

"You proved that, years ago."

"Yes, when I left you, with ideas of being educated, and getting out of the narrow rut my marriage had led me into. See what those ideas have brought me to." She held out her arms, that he might note how woefully thin she was.

"You were never strong; your heart always was weak."

"You remember how weak it was, do you? And how you used to carry me upstairs, when I had one of my spells, do you? And how you used to cook little messes for me? And how, when baby came, and I said 'He will be a great man,' you said 'Better make him a good one,' eh? And how, when the little dead thing lay on my breast, and I cried, and, like Rachel, would not be comforted, because he 'was not,' do you recollect how you cried, too, and twined

your arms about me, and we were like a pair of children?"

"God help me!" he groaned.

"God help you!" she took him up. "He has helped you. Ellen tells me you're foreman here; that, after she's married, she'll not work any more; that you've saved money enough to build a house. I've questioned her; I've got everything from her. She's a simple soul, just as men like women to be—no aspiration, no thought of conquering circumstances: and she's no more fit to go through the world alone than a baby—than our baby that died because the world was too hard for him. I'm glad she'll have such a strong protector as you are."

"Don't aggravate me," he said.

"Then don't you harm Ellen Jordan."

"Harm her?"

"You love her, do you not?"

"What a shameless woman you are."

"For asking the question? You will not answer it, therefore I know how much you love her. Well, as I say, it's love that makes a marriage. This is what I came down to say: that you must not tell Ellen who I am. There! Not a word! I mean it; you must not tell her who I am. I will not leave this room till you go to-night, and I defy you to tell her who I am while I am here."

She had risen to her feet, a look on her face that quelled him, reckless as he was.

"Why did you come here?" he asked, sadly.

"I came because—"

There was a sound in the entry. She dropped into her chair, as Ellen ran in.

"I was longer than I thought," she cried, all glowing. "I met Mary Green, and she would talk about the house here, and how she'll manage when it'll be hers. She is going to take everything off my hands. I posted the letter. You feel all right, Mrs. Morgan?"

"Yes."

"Do you think you'll have a good night?"

"Yes."

Ellen did not look at her lover. She was a little hurt to find him so uncharitable.

But, after awhile, during which she filled the kettle and put it on the hob, her skirts brushing him as she did so, and smoothing Mrs. Morgan's hair for a moment—she had a wonderful desire to smooth hair—she picked up her wedding-gown. With this in her hand, she came to the woman at the fire.

"Do you like it?" she asked, glancing at Dan to see if he noticed her intention to make up with him. He was gloomily watching a flickering stick in the fireplace.

Mrs. Morgan took hold of the white finery.

"You will look very sweet in this," she said. Still Dan would not glance at Ellen.

"Were you married in white?" asked Ellen, looking at Dan all the time. "Were you married in white?"

"No."

"You have been a widow a long time, haven't you?"

"For years."

"You don't mourn any more, do you?"

"No."

"Few men are worth mourning for, they say, at least for years," edging a little closer to Dan.

"I never grieved for my husband."

The startled Ellen looked at the widow.

"Surely, you loved him?" she asked.

"I think not," was the answer; "I think not."

Ellen's hand crept out till it touched Dan.

"Not love your husband when you married him?" she cried.

Sperry sprang to his feet.

"Ellen," he said, huskily, "I can't stand this. I have something to say to you."

"Only that I am in the way," said the woman in front of the fire.

Without a word, Sperry took up his hat and left the house.

Ellen was in tears.

"He never treated me so before," she sighed.

"It was my fault," said the other.

Ellen did not contradict her.

"You think a good deal of him, I suppose, Ellen?"

"I am not like some women," was the answer:

"I love the man I marry, and to be parted from him would be worse than death. Besides, hasn't he done everything for me? Oh, if you only knew his goodness! I was friendless, nearly; I might have drifted away into—I don't know what. He saw how things were, and he came to me. 'Little girl,' he says, sad as can be; and then he tells me about women's vanity, and how easy it is for vanity to lead a woman to do that which will wreck more than her own happiness and peace of mind. I knew, later, that he was telling me the story of his wife. Oh, she was a wicked woman—I'm sure of it, though he never blames her. All he says is only that they were not meant for each other. She ran away with an opera-chorus, and died, a little while later, in a railroad-accident. But Dan, he always speaks kindly of her. He says it was only her vanity. I'm sure he has a good deal of feeling for her, even yet. He was very low-spirited when I first knew him, and that was five years

or so after his wife had left him. But I've done all I could to cheer him up. I've always looked happy when he was by, even when I didn't feel happy myself: and so I helped to turn his thoughts from his wife, and make him reconciled. Oh, yes; Dan's everything to me now, and, when he acts like to-night, it hurts me. But," drying her eyes, "he'll be all right to-morrow—he'll have to be. And he'll feel sorry; for he can't get on without me, and I'm as much to him as he is to me."

The woman at the fire sat with her hands peaceably folded in her lap and her head bent; but she made no reply.

"And we'll be married next week," Ellen ran on, "and I'll do all I can to make his life just one brightness—I will, indeed. I'll try to make up for the misery he's had. Next week! Maybe you'll be here next week."

"I shall not be here."

"Going?" a little hope in her voice. For Dan's manner made her desirous of getting rid of her unwelcome boarder, if she could do so without being brutal. "Going?"

"Yes: before next week."

Ellen became cheerier.

"Maybe you could find a healthier place," she said. Then: "Oh, by the way, wouldn't you like to take this needle and run up this seam for me, while I see to the kitchen-fire?"

She held out the wedding-gown.

"I am ill," her boarder said, in a low voice.

"Help me to my room."

Ellen dropped the gown.

"Ill?"

"Yes. I shall be better in bed."

III.

WHEN Ellen had seen her upstairs, she came down to the parlor again. The gown must be finished. Why not stay up and sew on it? Besides, Dan's ill-humor would not let her sleep, if she went to bed. She wished she had not been cross to him. She wondered if he had understood when she touched him, while Mrs. Morgan so heartlessly spoke of never having loved her husband.

How long she sat there sewing, she knew not. The clock in the kitchen struck once, and she sewed. It struck twice. It was quiet all around her, and she could imagine the many stars in the night outside shining on Dan's home, on her home, on the narrow home of Dan's poor wife. Her head lowered over her sewing.

"Dear Lord!" she murmured, "Thou wast at the marriage in Cana, where Thou turnedst the water into wine. Turn the water into wine

at Dan's and my marriage: make it a true marriage, and me and him true wife and husband."

And then there came a strange whisper through the place, her name called as it had never been called before:

"Ellen! Ellen!" and again "Ellen! Ellen!"
"It's Mrs. Morgan!"

She flew up the stairs.

"Ellen, I told you that I should not be here at your wedding. I told you that I was going away, and I am, to-night; I am going on a stormy voyage—out to judgment."

Ellen had never been in the presence of death before this, and to be here alone! She might wake some of her boarders, but—

Her thought went out to Dan, strong Dan, her husband in a week.

"I'll go for the doctor," she said. "I'll stop for Dan on the way. I know the dear fellow will come back with me. I'm sorry I was cross."

She ran quickly out of doors and hurried toward her lover's house. She threw a pebble at the window of Sperry's room, and he came down to her. She threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, forgive me, Dan, forgive me. But you were a little hard. I'm going for the doctor. Mrs. Morgan is dying. I can't bear to look at death. You always have been kind to the sick. Go to her, for my sake, and let me go for the doctor. She's all alone."

IV.

WHEN Sperry reached the bedside, his wife lay with her eyes closed.

He stood and looked at her. All the past rose before him, all her young life and his.

"Caroline!"

She raised her lids.

"Dan!" She smiled dreamily. "It has come at last. Are you sorry?" She roused. "Sorry it was a mistake about that accident, where I was said to have died? I've been ill a long time. I had few friends. One day, I went to our old home, went to baby's grave. Then I began to ask about you. I heard you were here. I'd taken my maiden-name, and I was changed in appearance. I came here. I heard you'd soon be married. I knew it was wrong in me; I knew I'd destroyed every claim I once had on your regard, that even a legal claim might not be mine; but I rather wanted to be near you, to see her you'd marry. I came to this house one night a week ago, meaning to invent a question, and so see Ellen; she came to the door, and I fell, sick and weary. She called you out of the parlor, and you carried

me to this room. I hoped you would not know me. But I saw that you did, and how I regretted coming! But I was too weak to go, and I knew it wouldn't be long." She raised herself on her elbow. "The wedding must be next week; don't put it off." Then she sank back, crying: "Don't look at me that way! don't look at me that way!"

"I must tell Ellen," he said.

"Not now, not now; wait till I am placed out of sight—not before. She'd look on my cold white face in the coffin, even, and find something there to hate. For she hates me, as your wife, as much as you do."

"I?"

"Oh, yes, you hate me. There is nobody in the whole world that cares for me. Even in heaven, maybe, my mother and father will blame me. Only my little baby will not, for I loved him so, and I gave him his life. Yet to think of going to such a vast place as heaven, and having only a tiny child to love me there!"

"There is Christ."

She raised herself and threw her arms about him.

"You don't hate me," she sobbed, "or you would never think of Christ's love for me."

Did his arms wreath around her? Did he hold her to him as he had not held her for ten years?

When she was quiet, he laid her back upon the pillow.

"You don't believe that I never cared for you, Dan?"

"No, Caroline, no."

"You believe that I suffered, when I had done the cruel deed, and ran from you?"

"Yes, yes, if you say so."

"Dan, I wanted you to be higher in the world, in wealth; I thought I could bring it about, but you forbade me. I determined to do it against your will, and I failed. I was ashamed—nay, afraid—to come back to you then, and I could have sung if my heart had held out. I might have been a prima-donna; they said so, but—"

Her strength was ebbing, her voice trailing off into the unintelligible.

He leaned down over her.

"Caroline!" he whispered.

She shivered at the sound of his voice. Her eyes opened wide.

"Caroline, can you understand me?"

"Under— Yes—"

"My love for you made me gloomy and broken. I have always loved you."

"But—you must love Ellen. She loves you,

faithfully, truly. She must be your wife. Promise! Promise me! I have the right!"

"Ellen is much to me. She will be my wife."

"Dear Dan—baby—"

A hand was laid on his, that clasped hers. He looked around. Ellen stood there, white as the wedding-gown below-stairs. "The doctor will be here directly," she said. Then she broke down: "I heard you, Dan; I listened. Caroline!"

She put her arms about the form on the bed, and raised the drooping head to her breast.

"Poor woman! Poor wife and mother! She must not go to her little baby without a last kiss from them that love her here."

She put out a hand, and guided Sperry's face to his wife's. Then she let him go, and laid a kiss over his, upon Caroline's lips.

There was a flutter of the pale eyelids. A sweet smile came up over the face, like a sunrise over a ruin.

A step sounded in the room.

"I can do nothing here," said the doctor's voice; "she has gone to the Great Physician!"

POPPIES.

BY BELLE BREMER.

ONLY some drowsy poppies,
Fresh from their dewy bed,
With stamens drooping petals,
Purple and white and red.

Only some lazy poppies,
That make my senses teem
With many a vagrant fancy
Sweet as an Orient dream.

I see an old-time garden,
Where cinnamon-roses bloom
And lilac and honeysuckle
Diffuse their sweet perfume;

With clove-pinks in the border,
And the larkspur free and bold,
And gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That flaunt in their cloth-of-gold.

Purple-and-crimson poppies,
Heavy and languid-eyed,

Grow, with the bleeding-soldier,
Lovingly side by side,

With a sweet balsamic odor
From the "Balm in Gilead" trees,
While, in the yellow sunshine,
Busily hum the bees.

I lie on the scented border,
Stretched out on a bed of thyme,
And under my head, for a pillow,
A wonderful book of rhyme,

And lazily watch the cloudlets
Far off in the summer sky;
Like argosies leaving harbor,
The shadowy fleets go by.

What's this? My eyelids are heavy,
My poppies are withered—I seem
To have slept—the garden has vanished:
It was only a poppled dream.

KATY DID.

BY MINNA IRVING.

In the porch together, in the long ago,
Sat a stately father, crowned with locks of snow;
Sat a saintly mother, silver-haired and sweet,
All in Quaker garments, cap and kerchief neat.
Loudly piped the cricket by the wooden sill,
All along the valley wailed the whip-poor-will;
Though the dew was heavy, though the hour was late,
Katy with her lover lingered at the gate.

Through the vines about them, peered the ancient pair,
Seeing, in the moonlight, gleams of golden hair,
Milk-white arms uplifted, twining finger-tips,
And a silken mustache meeting rosebud lips.
"Katy did—she kissed him!" cried the sire, with shame.
"Katy? No, she didn't!" shrieked the startled dame.
So, while loud and louder grew the hot debate,
Katy and her lover left the garden-gate—

Left it wide behind them, left the angry strife,
Ban away together, hand-in-hand, for life.
Fell a sudden stillness, such as comes with death—
E'en the piping cricket seemed to hold its breath;
While the aged couple saw a glory fall
On the grasses lowly, on the lilies tall,
And beheld a spirit, standing still and straight,
In the solemn silence, by the garden-gate.

Spoke the spirit, sternly: "Man and woman gray,
Doomed art thou to argue forever and a day—
Doomed to vex the question, but to never know
Whether winsome Katy really kissed her beau."
So he quickly changed them, in their leafy screen,
Into little insects, gauzy-winged and green.
In the trees he set them, there to watch and wait
Many Katties kissing lovers at the gate.

“OUR SET” AT ROCKAWAY.

BY MISS LEE M'CREA.

ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I.,
August 13th, 1886.

DEAR LITTLE SISTER:

I imagine I see you curled up in your hammock, feeling unusually sentimental, and bewailing your years—or, rather, lack of years—which debar you from society and all accompanying frivolity. Then you sigh and say: “Even Josie forgets me and her promise to write all about everything that happens there.” But wait, dearie.

Nothing has happened that was worth the telling, and I hated to blast forever your bright dreams of a summer at Rockaway. I hate to confess it—I wouldn't to anyone but you, Meg, and don't you dare breathe the avowal in Hartford—but this season is an utter failure: at least, as far as flirting and beaux are concerned. And what else does a season at the beach mean?

People display their money and fine clothes in town; but remember, dear little unsophisticated, the girls come down to the shore as “fishers of men”: and then “life is real, and life is earnest,” sure enough. At home, you know, the young married ladies rather put us in the shade; but, at the beach, the primmest mamma's ugliest daughter can generally manage to captivate someone. But this summer! If it were not my very first season out, I would say: “Society is not what it used to be,” as old Miss Hopkins always asserts when matters don't suit her. For, though all things are propitious—the weather, the arbors, and the picnic-grounds—not a single eligible young man has loomed within this sad horizon. Now, you know very well that your sister does not bother her head over matrimony—considering “sufficient unto the day the evil thereof”—but that she enjoys nothing quite so much as a good flirtation.

So it is getting tiresome, this flocking by ourselves up and down the beach, trying to look awfully contented, and wondering at the same time if the next steamboat will bring “anybody nice”—which, of course, means anybody in bifurcate garments.

And, when the boat does come, we all gravitate to the wharf, on some threadbare pretext, to meet—a new bevy of girls! or, perhaps, a bridal party! Oh, it is heart-rending!

The only thing that has saved us from fatal

ennui is the perpetual warfare between our two cliques.

You will understand when I tell you Angie Somers is here, with all her style, sarcasm, and underhand scheming, that make her so universally loved (?) in Hartford, and she has gathered a set around her of just the kind of girls that follow in her train at home.

Of course, you heard, when Lill Hart and I were planning this summer's campaign, as she called it—it was sometime in January—that she was expecting her sister Leila to join us, and I sent for Cousin Ada. We four make quite a select clique, I assure you. Leila is tall and dignified—but nice, for all that—and has just graduated from Wellesley with a degree of knowledge appalling to think of. Ada is our beauty, and sweeter even than she used to be. What havoc she would make, were there any material to make havoc of!

Lill is the same jolly girl she is at home, and she and the feud are all that keep us alive.

Angie has set up Gertrude Cone—a pert little piece of vanity—as beauty, in opposition to Ada, and does all she can to cut us. We spare no pains in keeping “even.” But, Meg, you must be yawning, so I hasten to tell you of the party last night. Yes, we really had a ball, and we girls had laid out so many plans and hopes for the occasion that I almost weep to recount it. The invitations were out over a week, and some young men from Long Branch were expected to grace the occasion.

A week is not a long time, ordinarily speaking, but this one has seemed of India-rubber duration—stretching further and further into the future. And, when the night did come, it was with great blasts of wind and rain, that fairly made the piano wobble. Of course, no one could come from a distance, and we forlorn boarders of the Grande had to “ball” by ourselves. Don't overlook the pun! Meg; you are so fond of them, I remember.

When my blue silk and I appeared, the scene was pathetic indeed. Ada was waltzing with an old baldheaded man—the one, Lill says, who wears his bangs around the back of his head—and Leila with the proprietor's son, who is at least two sizes too small for her: while Lill, our merry Lill, sat alone in all the glory of her new pink

satin, twisting her gloves, and trying to look absorbed in the music.

A dudish bachelor—who might as well be labeled “small favors thankfully received”—stepped up and asked me to favor him with a waltz; but I declined abruptly, and flew to Lill’s rescue. I saw the Somers set smiling derisively on her, in her forsaken quarter; for they had actually cornered three masculinities, and were odious in their triumph.

I rallied our four, we had a waltz and some ice together, and then sailed to our rooms in haughty disdain. And that was the end of our ball.

When we were safely locked in my room, our indignant tongues broke loose, and we all talked at once—all but Ada, and she just sighed, and smoothed the feathers on her fan.

Said Lill, jerking loose a button of her shoe at each word: “Well, girls—I’m—not going—to—poke—here—any longer. Let’s—‘vamos’!” and she tossed the shoe itself under the table to emphasize her rebellion.

We all agreed, and—but I am “under oath” to keep the lodge-secrets, and can’t tell even you.

Rest assured, whatever we may or may not do, we will not be “at home” till the season is over, and we will come off with colors flying high above the Somers clique.

Keep all this to yourself, sister mine, and write me immediately.

With love in arithmetical progression, I am

Yours dolefully,

JOSE VAN ARSDALE.

ROCKAWAY, August 20th.

MEG, MY DEAR:

It is only a week since I wrote you that exhaustive (and exhausting?) letter, but ever so many things can happen in seven days. That night, in our council of war, we decided to get a telegram from Ada’s father—a fictitious one, of course, for the benefit of Miss Somers & Co.—calling her to come home for a ~~yehting~~ trip, and inviting us to make up the party. Then we would depart in triumph, leaving the dismal beach and bachelors to the tender mercies of the other girls.

But, the next morning, Leila was so ill we had to have the doctor, and she is scarcely able to sit up yet. So we are still here, perforce.

But several things have happened which have enlivened the days considerably. Firstly: On Monday, a Boston widower put in appearance. He is young, aristocratic, and would be a catch, only widowers are rather under par, this season.

He instantly became devotion itself to Lill, scarcely so much as bestowing a glance on Gertrude Cone, who took pains to remark in my hearing that, of all people, she disliked widowers the most.

On the same boat, came—what this resort has long lacked—an old maid. Her name is Jean McDougall, and she came direct from Edinburgh—so the register tells us. Ada says she is not so ugly, wrinkled, or crabbed-looking “as she might be”—“as we will be,” adds Lill, “when we’re past hope and thirty.”

Indeed, she is quite young—for an old maid—and her face is a history, rather than a prophecy, to me.

She dresses habitually in gray, and wears her hair in soft waves, away from her face.

Delia Denton—who, by the way, says all the spiteful things Angie can’t think of—said it was “high time the wrinkles dropped out of her hair and into her forehead,” and I just gave her my opinion of such remarks.

Indeed, we three—Leila was in bed—decided to like and defend her, and were succeeding admirably, until Ada overheard her tell Mrs. Price that American young ladies seemed “strangely deficient in manners, especially in their treatment of one another.”

We met, and agreed on the spot that, like the Chinese, she must “go.” However, I am wasting ink on nothing, so let me skip till Thursday. We were at dinner, and a doleful time we were having.

You know we four, with our dear old chaperone—who, by the by, is a mere figure-head—have a table to ourselves, and we generally have our best time at meals. But Leila was indisposed, Ada sleepy from having sat up late with her, Lill cross because she got no letters and her supply of candy had given out, and I feeling generally out-of-sorts and blue as an indigo-bag.

To crown all, it was raining. Lill and I sit with our backs to the entrance, so, when the door opens, it is Ada’s duty to announce the arrival, sotto voce.

In the midst of an intense, almost tangible, silence, that day, sounds of approaching footsteps were heard, and the head-waiter flew to the door. We looked at Ada, but she just drew a quick breath and gasped “Girls!”

I turned around, to see the handsomest young man my eyes ever beheld, and to hear the proprietor’s wife introduce him as her cousin, “Mr. Humphreysville, of Montreal.”

Then Lill and I remembered our manners and macaroni, and began a little quiet discussion

over our plates. It was all a ruse of Mrs. Curtis's, I told Lill, to keep her establishment going; for she saw plainly that we girls were so weary of the stupidity that we would all decamp in a week, and never—no, never—come back to Rockaway. Yes, she had just imported him as a curiosity—a bone of contention, as it were, to keep us interested. Lill looked solemn, and replied: "No, Josie, she had a higher and mightier motive than that. Look at our appetites! There being no young men around, none of us could very well be in love, and, therefore, subsist on pickles and ices. And, in lieu of other amusement, we have turned our attention to making havoc with her pies and puddings. One little dreams what a source of amusement eating is, until one tries it." And she looked so wise, I could not disagree.

Then we began to plan how to entangle this new arrival, at least to keep him away from the Somers clique.

"Ada is the one for him to fall in love with, but you and I must act the part of 'flying artillery,' and keep him within our circle."

"You are too sad a flirt, Jo, and I—well, I have the widower to look after, and don't suppose I could get him if I tried," Lill asserted, with a yawn; "and now," she concluded aloud, "I am going for oranges for Leila, and caramels—for myself, of course."

"Why, Miss Lilla, it is raining!" exclaimed our chaperone, in dismay.

"Oh, don't worry, Mrs. James, I'm fast colors!" and our headstrong Lill was gone. Ada and I hastened to our rooms, and began a discussion on our toilets for the soirée of the evening.

"I shall look my very best, and catch him, if he is catchable," Ada said, and added apologetically: "to get ahead of Gertrude, you know."

We were just beginning to put on our "war-paint," as Lill calls it, when that irrepressible creature burst into the room with her gossamer dripping and her arms full of bundles.

"Oh, girls, girls!" she gasped, waltzing over our cast-off raiment, and dropping a package on every chair: "what do you think? I had to stay at Ross's shop, it rained so, and there—I left my overshoes in the hall, Ada—I met the adorable cousin, and he—taste these creams, girls—and he carried the umbrella over me, coming home."

"I presume you came by the pike, and around by Stony Point, judging by the time the trip took," I remarked, sarcastically.

"Oh, Jo! you will evaporate, if you don't

quit looking so cloudy. No, we came straight, but had to stop in the arbor till the last shower was over. He is charming; but what a hole we made in that package of caramels!" she concluded, ruefully.

The soirée that night was a decided success, in spite of Leila's absence and the consequent spaces in the musical programme. Ada surpassed even herself, in looks, and made an evident impression on Mr. Hump., etc. Let me write it so to save time, Meg. That is what I call him, in our rooms.

He likes Lill, too, I observed, but he paid considerable attention to Angie, also.

I'm afraid he is a flirt, or that Mrs. Price has been gossiping to him about us girls, and he thinks he will make capital of the standing feud; but he is a veritable Prince Charming, so far as money and position are concerned.

I noticed that once he looked long and earnestly, right over Ada's pretty blonde head, at Miss McDougall, who was standing alone by a window, looking out, in her sad passive way. She is always at the window, it seems to me; and she can do nothing more gracefully than anyone I ever saw. He surely is not going to fall in love with our old maid? Pshaw, no! besides, Ada told me on our way upstairs that he asked her to ride with him to-day, to the Sound, and, even as I write, they are dashing out the gateway, casting dust into the eyes and dismay into the hearts of the Somers set on the tennis-ground.

Clap your hands, Meg, and say "Hurrah for our side!" I will keep you posted, and you may rest assured that success lies before Hart, Van Arsdale & Co.

Yours in love and Rockaway,

SISTER JOSIE.

ROCKAWAY, September 10th.

DEAR MEG:

We have had exciting days here at the Grande since I last wrote you, and now the season is over and we are all packed up, ready for the farewell scene.

It will be no heart-rending affair, you may be sure, after the miserable episodes of the past two weeks.

Dele Denton and Lill had a quarrel, Saturday. We found Angie had been trying to make the widower believe all sorts of things about Lill—she was doing it for Dele's benefit, who is dreadfully in love with him—and Dele herself was actually caught bribing a boy to eavesdrop when Lill and he were walking in the gardens.

You must not tell, Meg, but Lill and Mr.

Lawrence are just as good as engaged. It is a regulation case of love at first sight, and not a bad match for Lilla, either, for all we made fun of him at first.

But Mr. Hump., etc.—how we have rused and wrangled over him, and he seemed to delight in making matters worse by dividing his attentions pretty evenly, though lately Ada has had decidedly the majority. He has even taken Miss McDougall driving occasionally, though she stays pretty closely in her rooms.

Yesterday was the time set for the annual "parting picnic," and, it became instinctively understood among the girls, the grand closing contest over Mr. H. Ada and I had quite a time deciding on our suits. Leila had suddenly lost interest in the affair, since she received a letter from Ralph—Somebody, which seemed to contain, some thought, absorbing topics; and Lill said it didn't matter whether she wore her wrapper or not, Mr. L. would think her charming.

Ada decided on pale-blue muslin, and I wore that cream-colored batiste you like so much, though it is hardly appropriate for a picnic.

Well, everything went off charmingly, and Ada had Mr. H. at her elbow incessantly—though he seemed strangely abstracted, and only lively by spells—while I engrossed every other young man worth having, on the ground. The Somers set were defeated—routed utterly—and went home two hours before we did.

The day came to an end, as all days are in the habit of doing sooner or later; and, once in our room, I began to tell Leila of our triumph, and turned to congratulate Ada on her conquest. But I was astonished—struck speechless: a sure sign of amazement in me—to see her drop in a heap on the couch and begin to cry. "Don't, Josie," she wailed; "he didn't propose at all. In fact, he's going away to-night, and told me good-bye, and sent his regrets to you all." A long pause ensued; then I rallied, and began to soothe the dear little girl by telling her the other set would never know that, and that his going away so suddenly would only make them

think he had been refused, and thus add to our triumph. So she dried her eyes, and we spent the evening trying to pack our trunks unassisted.

Now we are all ready for the boat.

The Somers set left fifteen minutes ago, and Lill leaned perilously far over the verandah-railing, to shake her last empty paper sack after them; but they never deigned to look up.

Here Leila called us, to listen to the following startling announcement from the Rockaway Daily:

"MARRIED.—Last evening, September 9th, in the private parlor of the Grande, Rev. Dr. Hastings officiating, Mr. Percy Humphreysville, of Montreal, to Miss Jean McDougall, of Edinburgh."

The romance connected with this marriage is worthy of mention. We understand that Mr. H. met his bride, some two years ago, when traveling in Scotland: that an engagement ensued, which was subsequently dissolved by mutual consent—some misunderstanding, we presume. The lovers drifted apart, and were only brought together through strategy on the part of the groom's cousin—Mrs. Curtis, of the Grande.

The sequel is here unfolded, and the editors of the Rockaway press tender their congratulation to Mrs. Curtis on her successful effort in a worthy cause, and join all friends in bidding the happy pair God-speed to their home in Montreal.

Leila still stared at the paper, Ada smoothed out her ribbons, I looked out of the window, and Lill rattled the brushes on the dresser till she blurted out: "Oh, well, girls, we are off in five minutes: and, ten to one, the Somers set will never hear of it, anyway."

"Oh, you don't care: you came out ahead of them," piped Ada, plaintively.

"Married while we were packing!" was Leila's exclamation.

But they all acquiesced in my decision, viz: "We will not come to Rockaway next summer."

The boat is here: so good-bye, dearie, and love enough to last till I see you.

JOSIE VAN ARSDALE.

"GOD IS OUR STRENGTH."

BY REV. JAMES BRYAN.

WHERE'ER you are, what'e'er betides,
Still strive, still do your best.
Give strength and will and heart besides—
To God leave all the rest.

If fortune falls, if friends are cold,
'Twere cowardly to yield!
Hold fast your faith. Still as of old,
God is our strength and shield.

ALONG THE BAYOU.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "ORLEANS BLOSSOMS," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156.

CHAPTER XII.

THE doors of the fisher-huts stood open, showing their rough interiors, brightly lighted by fires burning in the clay chimneys.

Out upon the lake, the wind yet raged, and the water broke in long white ragged lines against the low shore, sweeping back into the growth of the swamp, and up along the deep bed of the bayou.

Not a life was lost. De Villenaret and his fourteen guests had all been brought hither, to the shelter of the fishermen's roofs.

Mère Corbi, well skilled in her craft, had passed from door to door, administering hot tisanes and directing the women how best to nurse their guests into warmer life.

The darkness of the tempest had passed, and the moon threw a pallid light over bayou and swamp. Far aloft, upon the sobbing wind, the cypress trees tossed their long moss-tatters.

In Dominique's hut were gathered several of the rescued party. Miss Gaillard sat in the old fisherman's great chair. She was pale, and rested her cheek wearily upon her hand, and her soft hair, braided, hung to the floor, drying in the heat of the fire, here and there catching light among its golden gleams.

Bornito looked through the opened window. She had on one of Barbara's dresses—a dark-blue cotton gown, with plaid bandana crossed over shoulders and bosom. The dress was too short, but Miss Gaillard's pretty feet were cased in Barbara's blue stockings and low shoes. Altogether, to the young fisherman, she had never appeared fairer—certainly, to him, she had never seemed nearer than now, in this garb, the costume he remembered as his mother's.

"Ciel," cried the irrepresable brunette, who had emerged, all brilliance, from the terror of the storm, "ciel, this is a masquerade. If only you were not quite so weak, so languid, Mary chère, we might dance a fancy dance."

"A fancy dance?" cried Gerton Vanderlich, who was cowering by the fire. "I think we have danced enough for to-night, mademoiselle. I don't know where you will find partners."

"I did not, for one moment, imagine that Monsieur Vanderlich could possibly do me that

honor," answered the girl, shrugging her shoulders and flashing on him a glance of ineffable contempt. "Evidently, he was rendered too unhappy by the storm. He might be called 'Le Misérable.'"

"Pray, then, whom would you take, mademoiselle?" retorted Vanderlich. "Certainly, my honored uncle would refuse even you."

"I would choose the fisherman who saved us all," interrupted Mademoiselle Rita, her face glowing with excitement. "He was like—like—a king, out there in that water; so calm, ah, Dieu! so tranquil, so strong."

She looked around and stopped, noting Barbara's face. The young girl, leaning against the chimney, bent forward, listening eagerly, striving, with her imperfect knowledge of English, to gather the sense of Mademoiselle Rita's words. Seeing herself observed, she drew back, blushing brightly.

"He is your fiancé, is he not?" cried the brunette, in French.

"No, mademoiselle, no—he is only my friend," said Barbara, hanging her head; "but I have known him all my life. There is no one more true and brave than Leon."

"Her friend, whom she has known all her life, and there is no one more true and brave than Leon," laughed the brunette, translating.

"Did I not declare, the day of our entrance into the domain of the swamp, that this individual showed himself a *rara avis*?" asked the professor, looking around benignly from the depth of a great sailor's-jacket.

"Yes," answered Mary Gaillard, lifting her drooping head and clasping her uncle's hand.

"And how do you feel now, Mary?"

"Much better—indeed, quite strong. That old woman is an excellent nurse. I don't know what she gave me, but I slept two hours. I think she must be Italian, uncle, her French is so odd. After all, Monsieur de Villenaret was right. These people seem of several nations."

"Have you seen De Villenaret, Gerton?" called the professor. "And do you know what prospect—"

"I have not seen him," interrupted the nephew, moodily.

"He is coming now, uncle. Be lenient," implored Mary Gaillard.

All looked toward the low doorway. De Villenaret entered alone. He was deathly pale, and the red flannel shirt which he had borrowed, coming close about his white throat, added a tinge of pallor to his ghastly face.

The professor looked stern, but was silent.

"I have nothing to say, nothing to say," cried De Villenaret, "except this: if you have suffered, I too have suffered. I thought Faudon a good amateur captain: I thought he understood the water herabout and the management of sails. Can you forgive me?" he asked, coming toward Mary Gaillard.

She raised her eyes and smiled faintly. Bornito marked the smile and the uplifted look, and wondered.

"You don't ask my forgiveness," cried Mademoiselle Rita: "but you have it. Only do, I pray you, learn how to swim before you again take a party of helpless ladies on the water. If I hadn't caught that—"

"Suppose," interrupted Mary Gaillard, "suppose, instead of talking about the past, we talk of the future. My aunt and your sister, dear Rita, are quite well, they tell me; I am better, and so are you. The storm is almost over. What prospect have we for the night, Mr. de Villenaret?"

"I have not waited to ask. As soon as they told me that all was well, and as soon as I was able, I hastened hither. I—you must believe that I have suffered torture," he added, in a low voice, as he bent toward Miss Gaillard.

"That I well believe," she replied, in the same tone.

"Ah, Dieu—when I counted our number and found that you were missing—"

"We will not speak of that," she interrupted. "Uncle saw who had taken me in charge. It is wonderful, the confidence he feels in that man—that fisherman—a confidence which I share, Mr. de Villenaret," she added, gravely.

"A confidence which, I fear, you will never feel in me, after this evening's experience," said De Villenaret, bitterly.

"More now than before," answered Miss Gaillard, gently. "This—this fire is rather bright. Monsieur, take my chair and talk with my uncle. I am going on the porch."

"Haven't you had enough of the water?" called Mademoiselle Rita, who was busy detailing her recent experience to Barbara.

But Miss Gaillard did not answer. A faintness, a giddiness, had stolen over her, and she staggered toward the doorway. De Villenaret,

eagerly beginning to plead his cause with the professor, did not look after her; Vanderlich, busy binding a scratch on his wrist, and the brunette, talking to Barbara, were equally unobservant; only Bornito, without, seeing her suddenly stretch forth her hands, marked the gesture, and, coming to the doorway, drew her gently forth into the cool air.

"Seet you'se'f, mademoiselle; you hare wick. Non, do not spick, mademoiselle; eet ees 'ot een dat rroom—yaisse. Eet ees mo' cool ici; de win' blow, an' de win' seeng. You 'ear 'ow sof' eet seeng, mademoiselle? An' de frogge seeng; an' de wataire, hall halong de sho', eet mek waite laice, an' eet seeng wid de frogge an' de win', an' eet rhun habout de rush, an' eet beat habout de 'ouse-pile. Eet ees hall, to me," said Bornito, "one swit chanson."

He had pulled forward old Dominique's bench, and she sank wearily on it, resting her head against the high back. As he spoke, she regarded the pale spectral scene: the water touched with a faint silver shading, the woods waving black, and the long streams of red light shooting forth into the darkness from opened doorways. The rhythm of the wind and the refrain of the water played a fitting accompaniment—a soft melody, suiting the dream-tinted surrounding.

At this moment, a loud unearthly shriek rang, echoing, into the darkness of the night.

Miss Gaillard started, and involuntarily laid her hand on the young fisherman's arm.

"'Ave not no fear," he said, bending toward her and with difficulty restraining a desire to clasp the little fingers in his brown palm. "De howl hov hour swamp, 'ee ees one w'at talk loud; but 'ee weel mek you no 'arm. Be not hafraid, mademoiselle."

The girl sighed, and removed her hand.

A faint homesick feeling had crept over her. There came, as by contrast to this pallid swamp-scene, memories of mountain-wind, of lovely views stretching below in clear crystal air, and grand forests widely opened and showing fair vistas of green, and water trickling over rocks.

"You hare sad, mademoiselle," said Bornito, noting the sigh. "Hall dees, eet mek you sad," he added, his deep voice mellowed to pathos.

"I came out here," said Mary Gaillard, lifting her lovely eyes, for, where she sat and he stood, a faint reflection from the light within touched them both, "I came out for a breath of cool air, and to thank you for—for what you have done. But, after all, what can I say? There are no words, Monsieur Bornito. The thanks are in my heart—they do not come to my lips."

"An' eet ees noateeng w'at I 'ave done me," said Bornito. "De wev—de storm—eet ees w'at I like. Fairie hofaine I go—dere ees not no need—non—I go hout—far hout—only because—because—eet mek fo' me a 'appinees een my 'art. I cannot say, mademoiselle, w'at I wan' say—mais, voyez donc—eet ees gret—eet ees beeg—ect ees not a life like w'at de peple leeve yere, wid a fight habout a foesh—an' a talk habout de peecayune w'at dey pay—ah, eet ees not possible, I cannot hexplen," cried the young fisherman, with a gesture of despair.

"I think I understand you," said Miss Gaillard, then added: "We all, at times, crave a higher life. But you must not say that you have done nothing—all these lives saved, and think, if one only had been lost—what pain—what suffering. After all, it is not so much for my life that I thank you—more, far more, I thank you for the pain which you have spared my uncle, and the pain which you have spared our host, Mr. de Villenaret."

Bornito moved slightly, and raised his bent head.

"Mademoiselle, dere ees a grace dat I hask hov you."

"A grace that you ask of me?" repeated Miss Gaillard, with embarrassment, her thoughts involuntarily turning toward the rejected gold.

"Rhepit not hugain to me de gratitude hov youre 'art. I 'ave done but w'at 'as med a joy to my soul—an'—an'—de oders—dey weel talk—hallow dem—eet ees noateeng; but fo' you, mademoiselle, eet ees a silence I demand. Mademoiselle weel haccord w'at I hask?" repeated the fisherman, again bending toward her.

"Since you wish it, yes," said Miss Gaillard. "After all," she mused, "what difference can it possibly make? Uncle will thank him and reward him, and perhaps give to him a dot for the pretty Barbara."

And then she fell to thinking again of her far-off home—everything here was strange, weird, and misty! The noise of the waves with which she had battled sang yet in her ears, and there was around her the sense of coming evil—the presence of something poisonous upon the air.

About sensitive natures, these premonitions often glide, with shadowy spirit-touch.

In-doors, Barbara was broiling fish, and Mademoiselle Rita, gay as a lark, had opened the dirty little cupboard, and was dragging forth pewter plates, odd cups, and beer-tumblers—setting them on the big box which served Dominique as table. Mère Corbi, crouched on a low stool by the hearth, sat with her hands

extended toward the warmth of the blaze—the ten fingers outspread like talons—the firelight playing over her golden earrings and the silver arrow which held the heavy braids of her iron-gray hair. She was smoking and thinking. The blue spirals from her pipe and the fumes of the cooking fish floated about the low room, where there was nothing very clean, except the white lace-trimmed slip which Barbara had hastily drawn over her little hard moss-pillow.

Near the door stood Bornito. He had been called in, to be questioned regarding the return home. With a pang of reproach, Mary Gaillard noted that he was still clothed in the wet flannel suit he had worn among the waves. De Villenaret stood confronting him.

Unconsciously, a rare student of nature, her eyes, passing back and forth, compared the two figures. Very grand, with the noise of the storm yet beating about the little hut, appeared the fisherman's strength and leonine grace, beside the almost effeminate refinement of De Villenaret. And a sigh, child of the restless trouble in her heart, floated over that heart, fluttering like the wing of a petrel above the restless water beyond.

She could hear De Villenaret say:

"There is no help for it. Faudron is in the next hut, professor. If anything happen through the night, he will be on hand, so the ladies can stay here with this pretty Mademoiselle Barbara and this woman, this Mère Corbi; but that Dominique is a testy old fellow, and refuses to give even the shelter of his portico."

"Where does this inhospitable individual remain concealed?" asked the professor.

"It will be useless, utterly useless, to speak with him. He is out in his boat—will not be back all night, perhaps. There's no help for it. Vanderlich and you and I, professor, must accept this Leon Bornito's invitation to the shelter of his roof, or float about on the water, like our host."

"But there are several houses," objected the professor.

"Sickness in two, and the others crowded. For my part, I rather prefer the trip. What say you, Vanderlich?"

"If we are going, let us go at once," the other answered, moodily.

"Oh, as soon as you wish."

"Not until you have eaten some of my supper," cried the brunette.

"Truly," said the professor, with a grim smile, and a glance toward his own attire, as he seated himself by the box-table, "truly, I

had not expected an opportunity for studying these swamp-people even to the extent of clothing myself in their garments."

"An opportunity with which I would gladly have dispensed," exclaimed Vanderlich, tugging discontentedly at his great blue shirt.

"I am only tired, I am not hungry," said Mary Gaillard, gently refusing Barbara's proffered hospitality.

And then she sat watching, while Bornito, in the moonlight, bailed water from a boat fastened to one of the gallery-posts.

After a while, she waved a good-night, as the boat disappeared with the four figures round a sharp curve of the bayou. Everything was so gray and soft, so silvery and solemn, the wind singing such weird symphonies amid the cane and the trees, she half wished she, too, might have floated forth upon that dreamy water, and up to that lonely palmetto home. She had quite drifted away along the silver-touched course of the bayou, and sat studying that pale scene. Here, by the eastern side of the hut, a dense tangle of vine and moss draped a bent cypress. In the uncertain moonlight, touched by the red glare of the fire streaming from an open side-window, this draped tree assumed the shape of a giant Laocoon and sons, strangled by sea-serpents. She could even trace the uplifted arms of the struggling children, and the coils of the great serpents, and the monstrous head of the Laocoon, thrown back in its paroxysm of raging despair. The wind had quickened all into life—the children's arms moved as struggling, and the head of the Laocoon was tossed back and forth, as in real agony. Presently a portion of the group, suddenly disengaging itself, dropped noiselessly into the water below.

Miss Gaillard gasped, but did not move, as she saw the dark object assuming the shape of a man—a living man. Involuntarily she thought of their host—the stern old fisherman, who had turned from under his roof all save the women of their party, and, not caring to attract his attention, drew yet further back into the shadow of the wall.

But she could see, very plainly she could see, that this man moved as if shunning observation, creeping beside the bushes, and lifting his feet softly, as he waded in the water, which reached his knees. When he had come quite close to the hut, he stood under the opened side-window, listening.

Mademoiselle Rita's pretty French and Barbara's soft patois came floating forth into the storming night-song, like the tinkle of castanets.

The brunette had quite adapted herself to the humble surroundings of the evening. She was a rare little gossip. She had talked about her own life, and now she was questioning the shy silent child of the swamp, drawing from her the history of her bayou-life and the history of Bornito's life. Very prettily the homely story fell from Barbara's lips; and, notwithstanding many words and sentences were lost through her limited knowledge of French, and notwithstanding the terror thrown over her heart by the presence of that crouching figure, Mary Gaillard was moved by its simple and pathetic beauty.

As for the man, he too seemed eagerly listening: his head was bent, and his arm, outstretched, rested against the wooden wall of the hut. Once or twice, Barbara's voice falling low, as she told in awe-stricken tones of that stormy night when Antonio had gone forth into the dark water, the listener drew a step nearer, bending his head even lower, as if anxious not to lose one word.

"And so, mademoiselle," Barbara said at last, "and so, you must not find it strange what my grandfather has done this night—turning those, your friends, from his poor house. See then, when a night comes like this, the evil spirit and the good fight within his heart, and he is cross even to me, whom he loves, and the only one left him now. He will go forth in his boat, and sit there sometimes by the steps—all the long night he will sit there, mademoiselle."

"Thou hast talked enough, child," said Mère Corbi, rising from her low seat, "thou hast talked enough. It is near midnight, and time for sleep. The demoiselle who was wounded—thou hast forgotten her, I think."

"No—oh, no," cried Barbara. "But—but she likes better to be alone, and I cannot talk with her. She may have my bed, Mère Corbi; and I wish it were softer."

"So, foolish one—did I not tell thee? But thou must needs give all thy feathers to old Gustave."

"And did he not need them? The next shall be for thee, Mère Corbi. There will be many ducks and geese when the new hunting begins."

"Ah, bah! keep them for thyself. I need but my hammock and blanket till I get into my last bed. Saint Michael grant the time come soon!"

"You are not afraid to swing in a hammock, mademoiselle?" asked Barbara.

"Afraid? I think it will be charming. Let me help you hang them, Barbara," cried the irrepressible, springing from her seat and hastening toward the inner room.

Meantime, Mère Corbi, lighting a lantern, came forth on the portico, and stood swinging it back and forth in the gray night.

"Teesa fo' Dominique," she called to Miss Gaillard, in Diego-English.

The bright gleam of the lantern shot back and forth, almost like a beacon-glare, over the yet-tossing Laocoon.

Mary Gaillard, bending forward, glanced toward the crouching figure. It had stooped low, pressing backward till its outline was lost against one of those cypress piles on which the hut was lifted above the breaking water. Even as she wondered why this Dominique did not respond, a pirogue came shooting over the gray dimness.

The old woman stood now quite still, the lantern hanging in her quiet hand, her head bent forth, listening, as the boatman, drawing near, uttered a few sharp words. The little pirogue had scarcely paused, when it again shot off over the gray dimness; the crone turned, muttering, and, opening the door of the lantern, let the wind blow out its glaring flame.

Astonished, Mary Gaillard now again glanced toward that crouching figure.

It had disappeared. There was only the hut-wall and the water beating about the hut-pile.

An indescribable terror filled her heart. She sprang from her seat, and, laying a detaining hand on Mère Corbi, asked tremblingly:

"Was—was he who spoke—the grandfather? Was he Dominique?"

"Eh?" cried the old woman, looking with surprise into her agitated face. "Eh? Dominique? Yaisse."

"And who, then, is that other—the man by the wall?" cried Mary Gaillard, pointing.

"Data odder? I noa seea noateeng, me," said Mère Corbi, leaning over the end of the porch and peering into the gloom.

"No, no; he is gone," answered Miss Gaillard, whispering. "But he was there; he stood—"

"Eh! 'teesa de tisane dat I mussa geeva," cried the old woman, catching her wrist and feeling the fluttering pulse. "'Teesa noateeng dat you 'ava seea—justa w'at la fièvre meka you seea. I meka you sleeps—yaisse. Dominique, 'ee eesa nota dere; 'ee eesa eena 'eesa boata.'"

The fire within was bright, the brunette radiant, Barbara gently hospitable, and Mère Corbi held to her lips a cupful of hot bitter liquid; but Miss Gaillard could not cast off the unaccountable terror with which she had been inspired, till, under the influence of the tisane, she passed at last into the land of dreams.

Here she wandered over acres of blue iris, floating on silvery water, the young fisherman of the swamp bending from the boat in which they sat, and gathering the blue blossoms, as their pirogue drifted through them.

When she opened her eyes and glanced out of the window beside her cot, the struggling Laocoon, touched with sunlight, had resolved itself into tree, vine, moss, and bramble; while, beneath and all about, blue iris did indeed rest myriad soft faces, floating on water not silvery, but golden in the gleam of a clear day.

CHAPTER XIII.

Four days passed. A land-wind blew, and the water of the lake receded from the swamp. Snow-white gleamed those low shell-banks, marking the mouth of the bayou. The air was touched with odor of seaweed, of root, blossom, leaf, and moss, drying beneath a brilliant sun.

"These individuals," said the professor, pointing forward from the little rowboat where he sat, and which at this moment was entering the bayou, "these individuals, De Villenaret, will doubtless accept our money as reward for services rendered during that tempest, but, from my *rara avis*, I prophesy refusal."

"And, if he does refuse," exclaimed De Villenaret, "it will be that he wishes to receive a yet higher reward, or because he wishes to disarm suspicion. It is, indeed, unfortunate that we are under obligation to these people."

"It strikes me that my young host is over-suspicious. I cannot think that this Leon Bornito plans a robbery; though, as your guest, I have accorded deference to your expressed wish, and will not again demand his presence on the plantation."

"Over-suspicious?" cried De Villenaret. "I could have told you, monsieur, the day we first entered his home, that I saw signs of dishonesty."

"Signs of dishonesty?" echoed the professor, an expression of incredulity spreading over his face. "Now I demand proof—proof after such an assertion."

"You shall have it, monsieur. Vanderlich, rest on your oars a minute—a little slower—so. I had not intended mentioning the affair," continued De Villenaret, apparently unwilling to go on, "but, since you command—"

"Proceed—proceed immediately in your relation," ordered the professor, looking gravely through his spectacled eyes.

"Eh, bien," commenced De Villenaret, shrugging his shoulders, "since you insist—that urn—that urn on the altar—do you remember saying that it reminded you—"

"Of my college-days and of your uncle," interrupted the professor.

"Well, and good reason why—I thought the fellow looked black, comme le diable, when you held it in your hand."

"The reason," again impatiently interrupted the professor.

"The reason? But I come to that. The pattern seemed familiar to me also—like, as one would say, the countenance of an old friend. So, when we go back to the plantation, I call Myrthe, and I bid her open the closet where we keep our old china, and I find there a piece of an urn, or a pitcher, mayhap—larger than the urn we saw, it must have been, but of that same design—shape, Egyptian—and then I remember there have been many robberies, and I ask her, and she tells me she does not know about the urn, but once in her mother's day—her mother, the old housekeeper—this closet was broken open by thieves."

"When my *rara avis* numbered, perhaps, some three summers or so," objected the professor.

"All the same," said De Villenaret, "it shows he comes of dishonest people."

"Do you assert that his mother would have allowed that urn to be placed as part of the service of her altar?"

"I assert nothing," said De Villenaret, "only I know that these people will steal gold to buy candles for the altars in the churches. However, my dear professor, from the expression of the fellow's face, I judge you will not again see that urn on his altar. It was clear, he feared that I would recognize and claim stolen property. If you had turned it over, you would have seen our initials and our coat-of-arms on the bottom."

"And I assert," said the professor, "whatever the antecedents of the race, my *rara avis* is honest. No. De Villenaret, I shall find that urn just where I before discovered it."

Here the professor cleared his throat, then went on gravely:

"I have planned to encourage this swamperman in the pursuit he has followed—the study of fauna and flora. His knowledge is wonderful, and, save that his scant acquaintance with the English language somewhat balks our endeavor, we shall together conceive a book of rare scientific value."

"Go on, Vanderlich!" exclaimed De Villenaret. "Let us get through with these people in the settlement, and then visit your uncle's protégé."

"Don't you intend to stay all night, as you proposed?" asked Vanderlich.

"Of course, if you have no objection to the swing of a hammock. I must say, you grumbled enough the last time we were here."

"Who wouldn't want a bed, after being half drowned?" returned Vanderlich.

"Certainly," said the professor, looking up suddenly from a thoughtful regard of the water, "certainly, I do not expect to accomplish much this spring; but I have planned to resign my position as active professor in the college, and, next fall, will return and proceed with my work. And, throughout the lengthy summer solstice, this Leon Bornito may be instructed—may become proficient in English, or, as he improperly designates our mother-tongue, American, so that he will be enabled to render me great assistance."

De Villenaret was for a moment silent, then responded:

"You surprise me beyond words. That a man of your intellect should adopt a low swamp-fisherman as an assistant in—"

"To discover one more eminently fitted for rendering the service I demand would not be possible," interrupted the professor. "Of what moment the individual's birth, if he is a faithful servant to science?"

"And," said De Villenaret, bending forward, "if you find that he is dishonest—if you find that he has taken away that urn—if you find—"

"The urn will be there, or the lad will account for its disappearance," retorted the professor, with warmth.

"Uncle," exclaimed Vanderlich, in a low voice, "our fine host who turned us out into the storm."

As he spoke, a little pirogue shot forth from the rushes before them. The occupant was old Dominique.

"What a weird looking individual," said the professor, turning his head to gaze after the swiftly-disappearing pirogue.

"They tell me he is the most intimate friend of your much-admired fisherman," explained De Villenaret. "Eh bien, here is the settlement. Run the boat inshore, Vanderlich."

And then they passed from hut to hut, leaving their gifts in the hands of the fishers' wives. Some clutched the gold eagerly; others, objecting at first, after awhile consented; in one hut only, firm refusal met them. Dominique's granddaughter, pretty Barbara, was stubborn. She would not yield.

"For Mère Corbi, she would take money, yes. It was part her business to nurse the sick, to shroud the dead, and to help with wedding-feasts; but for herself—no," and here she shook

her graceful head, "no, grandfather would be angered if she took their money or if she took their gifts."

And then she asked for "Mademoiselle Rita" and for "the beautiful lady, Mademoiselle Marie, who had been wounded."

They left her standing under the low roof of the portico, holding in her little hand the money for Mère Corbi, who "was off on the lake, fishing," she told them.

"A proud little beauty," exclaimed Vanderlich.

"She bears no resemblance to the grandfather, surely," ejaculated Professor Gaillard, a vision of Dominique rising before him, the form bent, the yellow face draped with long tangled gray hair and matted beard, the eyes quite venomous in the glance he had shot over them.

Meanwhile the professor had drawn forth his blank-book, and now commenced jotting down notes of foliage and flowers seen on the banks as they passed, while De Villenaret talked of the fishing—talked till the lonely home of Bornito came in sight, and they could see him sitting under the willow, plaiting palmetto, Bisqua lying at his feet.

He welcomed them all, with his grave courtesy—quietly refused the gold which De Villenaret offered, and, when the professor held his hand and gave thanks for the lives he had saved, very simply related his love for the storm, and his joy in breasting the crested waves, "so dat de peple w'at I know, dey call me—'ow you say een Américaine?—pétrel."

Here he suddenly changed the subject, showing the professor, in a basket hanging upon the boughs of the tree, various roots and mosses which he had gathered for their next meeting.

"You see w'at I 'ave, monsieur le professeur?"

Then the naturalist, forgetting all De Villenaret's charges, and almost trembling with delight, sat down beside the swampsman, talked of what was shown him, opened his plans for the future, and arranged for meetings on the bayou-banks and trips further back into the wilderness of the swamp.

"Are the mosquitoes very troublesome now, at night?" asked De Villenaret in French, stepping back from a point above, where he had been talking with Vanderlich.

"Sometimes, Monsieur de Villenaret. To-night I think not. But they are naught to me."

"Well, we have been thinking, the sun is low, and there is not much time for sport, if agreeable to you, it will be an excellent plan to stay here all night, and get the benefit of the early morning hours."

"But if the messieurs are content with what they have received before—" hesitated Bornito.

"Oh, yes—we know what to expect. Hadn't you better build a fire here? It may help drive away the mosquitoes."

Forthwith, the fisherman gathered logs, so that soon a great bonfire threw its gleam over the twilight, and a white glamor over the mysterious swamp-depth.

He had fish and salt, coffee and hard-tack, rice and sugar; and Vanderlich and De Villenaret, hunter-fashion, helped broil the fish, while Bornito made the coffee and poured it steaming into the tin cups which he had brought from the shelves within his hut.

The smoke puffed out from the chimney and lifted itself above the palmetto roof, and the smoke from the bonfire arose in light clouds, and the fire-gleam made the weird scene yet more weird, whitening the trees and the swamp-wall of undergrowth, touching the bayou with a death-hue. The moon had not yet risen, but the stars twinkled in a clear sky, and the four men gathered about the fire were shaded by its red glow.

Later, when they entered the hut, and Bornito had lit his lantern, and its gleam and the blaze of the hearth-fire pierced every corner, De Villenaret, coming near Professor Gaillard, pointed toward the cypress altar.

"I was right," he whispered, then, turning to the swampsman, asked suavely: "Mon ami, where then is the beautiful urn which monsieur the professor admired—the urn kept for holy water?"

Poor Bornito!

He stood a moment, awkward, embarrassed. He had thought, the day his treasure disappeared, the professor, probably—in his love for the curious, in his love for the association which this urn held for him—might have taken it. This suspicion, as he saw more of the simple honest nature, and learned to know the professor's clean heart, had died, and now only an indignant wonder over the disappearance of his treasure filled Bornito; but the very knowledge that he had once held the professor criminal gave to him a sense of shame, and he stood before his three guests—awkward, confused, the red blood dyeing his clear brow.

"I do not know, monsieur," he at last stammered.

"You do not know?" repeated De Villenaret, casting toward the professor, who was eagerly striving to understand the French words, a glance of triumph. "You do not know? Why, mon ami, that is rather odd."

"Yes," answered Bornito, somewhat recovering his equanimity, "it disappeared. Someone must have taken it. I have searched everywhere."

"So there are thieves in your swamp, it seems."

"They have never troubled me before," answered the fisherman. "Often I leave my door opened. The negroes—they fear us. They know we swamp-people easily trace them."

"What does he say?" asked Professor Gailard, anxiously.

De Villenaret translated.

"Leon Bornito," demanded the professor, somewhat sternly, "can you designate the hour and day of this disappearance?"

The fisherman hesitated. It seemed, remembering his unwarrantable suspicion, inhospitable to name the exact time, but his love of truth conquered.

"You—you kno' de day w'at you come yere, monsieur le professeur, de day w'at I see you furz? Bien! Dat night—w'en I come to my 'ouse—laite—laite—an' look on de haltaire," here he pointed forward, "dat bowl w'at I loave eet was gone, monsieur le professeur. You hask w'ere eet may be. Ah, dat I kno' not."

"And where and from whom did you first receive—" commenced the professor.

"Monsieur," interrupted De Villenaret, coming close and speaking low, "pardon, but I beg you will not question this fellow further. He is evidently guilty, and we who live on the coast do not care to get the ill-will of these people. Let the affair rest—it is of no consequence."

"But it is of incalculable consequence. I cannot discover guilt. His eyes are—"

De Villenaret laughed.

"Can you give us a hammock?" he asked of Bornito, who had been vainly endeavoring to understand the conversation, carried on in half-whispers.

Now, the fisherman's best hammock had been left under the tree without, where he had taken a noonday rest, and, as he stepped forth through his door, the glow of the dying bonfire touched, with a vivid glare, a tall figure passing toward the bayou. Bornito looked curiously. It was not often that strangers invaded the solitude of his domain, and this man was a stranger. The swampman had never seen, among any of his friends, that halting gait. He stood, as Bornito came toward the tree, and, deliberately facing him, bade good-evening in French.

The fisherman responded, and commenced untying the suspended hammock.

"You have guests to-night," said the stranger.

"Yes," Bornito made answer; then added, with the rough hospitality of his people: "But, if you have no better cover, there is room for yet another."

"Thanks," answered the stranger, carelessly.

"Some night, I may remember your invitation. But I stop now only to send message to the gentleman within called De Villenaret."

"Yes," said Bornito, standing to listen; while the hammock, half untied, hung like a curtain from the bough above.

"Palmetto walls are not very thick," said the stranger; "I heard words just now— Eh bien! tell this Monsieur de Villenaret," here his manner became more serious, "that he knows who holds the urn that has disappeared."

"How?" exclaimed Bornito.

The stranger repeated the message yet more impressively, and turned to go.

"Stay!" called Bornito. "Who are you, to send this word?"

But the man, shaking his head, with a short laugh, moved away.

Bornito, as one dazed, watched the figure halting along among the rushes, till it disappeared around a bend of the bayou. One moment longer he stood pondering—then, slowly untying the other cord of the hammock, returned to his house.

Vanderlich was already sleeping; the professor, in a rough armchair, sat gravely looking at the fire; while De Villenaret, humming an opera-aria, stood leaning lazily against the clay chimney, his black eyes sweeping all about palmetto roof and walls. When Bornito entered, still with the dazed look on his face, the hammock slung over his shoulder, he immediately accosted De Villenaret.

"A man—a stranger with a halt, on the bank yonder—bade me tell you, Monsieur de Villenaret, that you know who holds my urn."

De Villenaret did not move, did not speak.

Bornito repeated the message.

"Pardon me, my friend," he then exclaimed, starting: "I did not at once reply—amazement struck me dumb. But, since you repeat this astounding assertion, allow me to say that I do not know the whereabouts of your missing property. The De Villenarcts have always been accounted an honorable family, and my word, I think, may be matched against that of a wandering vagabond."

"What is the matter?" asked the professor.

De Villenaret translated.

"We do not often see strangers here," said Bornito, gravely; "but this man spoke as if he expected to return."

"I don't think you will see him again, mon ami," said De Villenaret.

Bornito commenced hanging the hammock.

"I assert that my *rara avis* is honest, and that there is mystery connected with the disappearance of this urn which we have not fathomed," said the professor, whispering.

"And I," said the other, watching the fisherman's strong hands knot the hempen cord, "I assert that he is a vile creature—striving to blind you, and to throw the blackness of guilt on me. As if it were possible!" He laughed lightly here, then added: "My dear professor, I doubt whether he ever saw this stranger. But it was a prettily-conceived story. Ciel! I didn't know the fellow had brains enough to weave such a romance. Well, I shall sleep none the less soundly under his roof. This swamp-air makes one drowsy. Thanks," he called, as Bornito twisted the last knot. "I hope your dreams will not be troubled by the apparition of a mysterious stranger." And then he commenced taking off his coat, humming again the light opera which the fisherman had interrupted with his strange message.

That night, Bornito heard, through the sighing of the wind, a sound like the creaking of hinges. He opened his eyes and looked about, but did not stir. In the hammock adjoining, Gerton Vanderlich breathed heavily; in the bed beyond, the professor slept peacefully; but the hammock hung for De Villenaret was empty, and De Villenaret himself was standing before the old cypress chest. The lid, thrown back, rested against the wall, and the young planter was softly turning over garments and coverlets which had not been touched since the day of Louise Bornito's death.

Silent, yet filled with anger, Bornito watched. Very deftly and lithely, the slender dark hands of De Villenaret moved among the dead woman's possessions. There was an eager tense look on the delicate face; and, by the light of a flickering flame, the watcher could see that he grasped greedily the old book of sacred pictures.

To Bornito, it seemed a sacrilege. With the bound of a panther, he sprang from his hammock and laid a firm grasp on De Villenaret's shoulder. For an instant, the latter turned toward him a white startled face; but, immediately recovering self-possession, said, and it seemed with anger:

"Que diable! What do you mean?"

"Rather," responded Bornito, removing his hand and pointing toward the opened chest, "rather, it is I who make the demand of Monsieur de Villenaret."

"Very easily answered," replied the other, dropping the book: "I was chill—your swamp-air cuts to the bone—and, not wishing to arouse you, I sought covering for myself."

"One does not find warmth in a book," said Bornito, closing the lid of the chest; "and, if you were chill, there are blankets against the wall yonder."

"I was surprised to find a book of value here," replied De Villenaret, shrugging his shoulders. "As for the blankets, I did not see them."

He turned to draw one from a nail near by, but the fisherman, quicker in his motion, had already dragged down several and thrown them across the hammock.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur de Villenaret, if I have alarmed you," he said, controlling his anger: for, to Bornito, a guest was a sacred charge; "but all in that chest was my mother's, and—"

"Ah, bah! it is nothing," interrupted De Villenaret, with another shrug of the shoulders. "I shall soon sleep and forget you."

So saying, he climbed into the hammock and pulled the covering about him.

But Bornito could not sleep; he lay watching the fire and listening to the sobbing wind. It sang him back into the dreariness of that stormy night when he had sheltered the three now under his roof; and, like a dream, there came to him a vision of De Villenaret, creeping with stealthy step toward the cypress chest, and striving, with his slender hands, to lift softly the great lid. He remembered raising his head, and he remembered De Villenaret hastening to the hearth, where a great fire burned, and seating himself there as if for warmth.

Bornito pondered. The wind whistled and the palmetto rattled. Through all, there seemed to come to him the sound of those creaking hinges, and again and again he turned his opened eyes toward that lid, now jealously closed over the possessions of his dead mother.

CHAPTER XIV.

AND now into Bornito's life there fell days of pain and days of joy.

The professor, not heeding De Villenaret's frowns and suspicion, made frequent journeys to Bornito's home—sometimes alone, oftener accompanied by his niece.

Bornito always knew when to expect the professor, and, choosing his best boat, would row three miles away to the wharves on the lake-shore, and wait till a tall figure stepped forth and waved signal. To the fisherman, these

waiting moments were filled with torturing suspense, and, when he saw beside that tall figure the graceful form of Mary Gaillard, his heart leaped and all the world grew bright.

On no other ground could they have met—the daughter of wealth and culture, the son of poverty and toil—but here, just with God's fair rich acres spread around, all teeming with the wonder and the beauty of the Creator's hand, and with that inexpressibly touching call of the prie-Dieu floating above; as children of nature they met—the brown hand and the lily fingers turning together the beautiful leaves of the great swamp-book.

And days slipped into weeks that glided on till May crowned the Southland with flowers.

One day, all three had drifted further than usual into the depth of the swamp. The bayou was no longer navigable, but a bit of high land, like an island, lifted itself near the bank—a mass of old cypress knees, perhaps, over which the mud and alluvial matter of many years, accumulating, had formed good ground. Here, a brilliant garden of flowers bloomed, a white crane flitted over the rich opening, disappearing in the dense woods, and tall sword-cane beat around, with a rustle not unlike falling water.

Professor Gaillard uttered an exclamation of delight.

"You have your portfolio, Mary?"

For answer, the niece, smiling, lifted the broad book.

"Fill it—labor industriously," exclaimed the uncle, stepping ashore with great agility.

Bornito helped Miss Gaillard ashore.

The professor wandered further up the bank.

"It is pleasant here—this is a real Persian carpet," Mary exclaimed, throwing off her hat and sitting down among the flowers, in a shadow cast by dense moss-tangles draping a dead tree. "Do you know what a Persian carpet is like, Monsieur Bornito?" she asked, while carefully laying the cluster he handed between the broad leaves of her book.

"Persiah—ah, dat ees one councree hov weech I 'ave rhed," replied Bornito, selecting several purple blossoms, "an' eet ees one councree fo' weech I 'ave not no hadmiration."

"And why?" asked Miss Gaillard.

"Eet ees dat me, I like not a preesone."

"A prison?" repeated Miss Gaillard.

"Yaisse; for een dat lan' de dames hall, hall, leeve een one preesone, an' wid de veil hon de contenance. I loave de win', an' de sun, an' hall dees," exclaimed the fisherman, with a sweep of the arm, "an' I would not put nobodie—non—een de preesone."

"It must, indeed, be a sad life," said Miss Gaillard, thoughtfully, as she looked around; "this world is so beautiful—I think it never seemed as fair to me as in this swamp. I was never so near to nature—I never saw beauties as I see them now, Monsieur Bornito, and it is you who have taught me to see. And, besides this enjoyment, even every breath I draw, I owe to you. Ah, Monsieur Bornito, you made me promise silence; but soon there will be many miles between us, and, before I go—just this once—let me repeat that I thank you for my life, and always when happiness comes I will say—"

"An' 'ow," interrupted the young man, pausing as he twisted some lilies together, looking down on the sweet uplifted face, with mournful tenderness in his dark eyes, "an' 'ow, eef you hare triste, mademoiselle?"

A deep flush spread over the soft cheeks, the eyes fell, and the white hands fluttered over the blossoms.

"Do not be hafraid," continued Bornito, sadly, "do not be hafraid. I weel not rheapit—I weel but say, dat eef to mademoiselle tristesse harreeve, I weel die—die to sev haire. Mademoiselle, leeft but to me one rhegard, an' say: 'Leon Bornito, I bhelieve. Leon Bornito, 'ee ees throe.'"

Twice she tried to raise her eyelids, drooping over her burning cheeks—twice, but there were tears trembling under the dark lashes.

"Ah," said Bornito, "eef mademoiselle could see, hall my life long I would geef to haire to watch an' to sev an' to mek eet hall to haire beautiful—beautiful; an' to dhrive de snek fhrom haire way, an' de scorpion w'at steeng, an' leeft de t'orn w'at taire; an' I would hask but dees—but dat she say een haire 'art: 'Ee ees throe.'"

His voice was deep with emotion, and the words fell soft amid the rustle of the cane.

Suddenly, like a vision, there stretched before the girl's eyes a long fair way, bright with flowers and sunlight, and sweet with the song of the prie-Dieu; beside her, the tall strong form of the fisherman, his deep voice making music in her ear, his tender eyes looking forward, with hers, into the loveliness of the life before them.

Dismay, even a dim terror, entered her heart.

With a sigh, perhaps for what might have been, a frown of impatience for what was, and a light laugh to cover both, she bent over her work, giving careless thanks for his heart-words, and saying simply that "he was very kind and true—she knew that he was true."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking or house dress, in fancy striped woolen. The underskirt is plain, with deep kilt or box plaits on the sides and at the

shade in the material of the gown. Cuffs and high standing collar to match. Hat of dark straw, faced with velvet to tone with the costume, the outside trimmed with a half-wreath of autumn flowers. Eight to ten yards of double-fold material, one yard of surah.



No. 1.

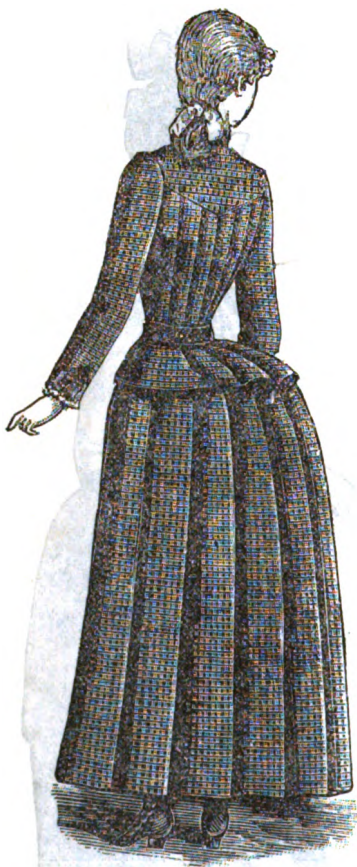
back. The overdrapery forms a long pointed tunic in front, with straight folds at the back, much puffed over the tournure. The bodice is pointed in front, with a tiny postillion-back. The front of the bodice crosses with revers, and the chemisette is of surah to match the deepest



No. 2.

No. 2—Is a new model for a gown with polonaise. It is made in plain tweed or serge of any self-color; dark-blue, invisible-green, all

the shades of brown and gray, are to be the fashionable colors. The underskirt is plain and trimmed with three bands of dotted mohair braid an inch or two inches in width. The polonaise is cut all in one, the back following the usual side-seams of a bodice: the drapery of the skirt being looped in irregular puffs. The front is gathered at the waist, under a belt of the mohair braid. The collar with the three pendants is also of the braid. Cuffs of the same. The sleeves are slightly full into the armhole.



No. 3.

Hat of felt, trimmed with loops of velvet, intermixed with loops of the braid which trims the gown. Seven to nine yards of double-fold material, twelve yards of mohair braid, will be required for this costume.

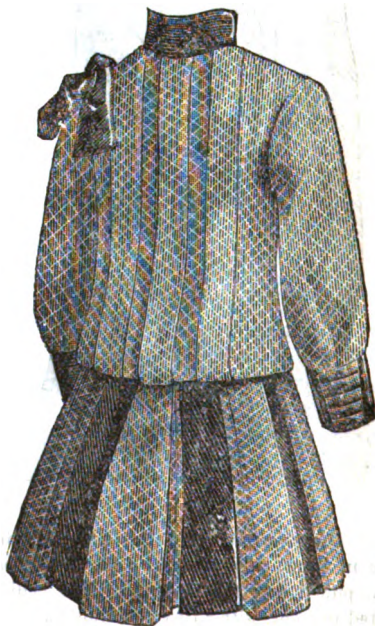
No. 3.—Costume of checked woolen, for a girl of twelve to fourteen years. The skirt is kilt-plaited all around, in very wide and deep plaits. The bodice is plaited, back and front, into a pointed yoke. At the waist, it is confined by a velvet or leather belt. Coat-sleeves with

pointed cuffs of velvet. High standing collar of the same. Six to eight yards of double-fold



No. 4.

material will be required, and quarter of a yard of velvet for cuffs and collar cut on the bias, an extra quantity for belt.



No. 5.

No. 4.—Serge frock, for a girl or boy of four years. The serge is blue, trimmed with corduroy

of a darker shade. It is plaited back and front, three box-plaits forming the front; the same for the back. It buttons at the back with a flat under the middle plait. The belt is of corduroy.



No. 6.

The collar and cuffs are made of blue yak lace; this, however, is only a matter of taste. Collar and cuffs of white embroidery or Irish crochet-lace may be used, instead.

No. 5.—Blouse-suit, for a little boy, made of checked woolen with velveteen. The skirt is laid in double box-plaits, with a band of velveteen between each box-plait. The skirt is attached to a petticoat-waist. The blouse is also in box-plaits, back and front. Collar and cuffs of velveteen. A knot of velvet ribbon ornaments the left shoulder.

No. 6.—Suit for a boy of five to six years. Knickerbocker pants, fulled into a band at the knee, fastening with a small buckle. Plaited vest of striped tennis-flannel, which buttons at the back, as seen in illustration. The jacket turns back with revers, simply stitched, and finished with buttons. The belt and collar fasten with oxydized clasps. Buttons to match.

No. 7.—Blouse-apron, for either girl or boy of three to four years. It is made of colored linen, and trimmed with colored embroidery. The



No. 7.

illustration is sufficient description. Where the colored embroidery cannot be procured, the embroidery may be done in French cotton, in any simple pattern with button-stitch edge.

LEAF-BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a leaf-border, to be done in colored French working-cotton, either red or blue, or in several tones, as the fancy may suggest. All the colored

French cottons are fast colors. This border, done in silk, will serve well for the edge of a flannel dressing-sacque, or a child's blanket or petticoat.

CORNER FOR CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a corner in drawn-work, suitable for any small cloth. The material may be wool-canvas, Java canvas,

or butcher's-linen. Draw the threads, and work the pattern in cross-stitch with wool, wash-crewel, or wash-silk.

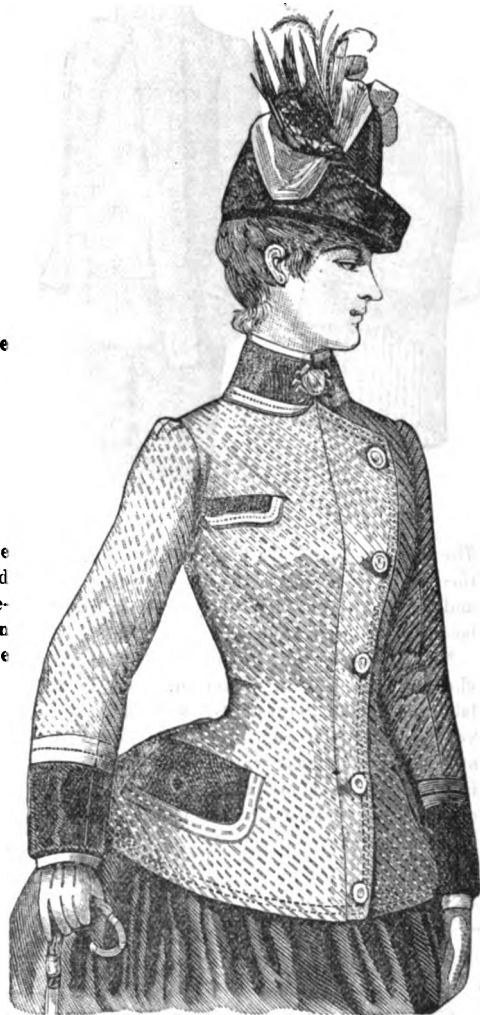
“REDFERN” JACKET, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement, the half of the “Redfern” Jacket. It consists of six pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF SIDE-FRONT.
3. HALF OF BACK.
4. HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
5. SLEEVE, UPPER AND UNDER PART.
6. POCKET.

The letters show how the pieces join. The jacket is made of cloth. Pockets, collar, and cuffs of velvet. The piece for the double-breasted front is cut separate. It is drawn upon the front by a continuous line. The edge of the jacket is stitched tailor-fashion.



DESIGN FOR CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The design, which we give in the front of the number, is to be done in crochet-cotton for a tidy or square for a bed-quilt. It may be done either in white or colored cotton. It can also be used for cross-stitch, worked on écreu Java canvas in brown zephyr.

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INFANT'S HOOD, IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Three ounces of single Berlin-wool, bone crochet-hook. Begin with chain of four stitches, join in circle for centre of crown; the first few rows should be worked very tightly.

First row: Put two stitches of double-crochet into each chain, making ten stitches.

Second row: Two stitches of double-crochet in one, and one into the next stitch; repeat.

Third row: Two stitches in one, one in each of two following stitches; repeat. Continue increasing the stitches in each row in the same way, always putting the two stitches into the first of the two-in-one of the preceding row, until eighteen rows are done; then work three rows without increasing, to complete the crown. Break off the wool, miss twenty-nine stitches, and begin again in the thirty-first stitch; work to where wool is broken off without increasing, break off wool, and begin as before until nine

rows are done; then, without breaking the wool, commence at the corner a row of open squares, *, one stitch of long-crochet, one chain, miss one; repeat * all round the front and back of the hood. In the exact centre of the back, put two long stitches, with three chain between, into one stitch for back of cape. Begin, at the right-hand corner of the cape, a row of double-crochet, one in each stitch of the squares along the back, break off the wool, and begin the next row on the right-hand side. Work nine rows in this way, increasing one stitch at the beginning and end, and two stitches in the centre, in every second row; then, from the left-hand corner of the cape, work three rows of long-crochet all round both cape and front of hood, increasing always at the corners and centre of the cape, so as to allow it to lie flatly. The ruching round the hood is worked in two pieces, and laid along the edge of the cape and front of the hood. It ought to be wide enough to cover the three rows of long-crochet at the edge. It is worked in double-crochet. Make a chain of seven stitches, work back six stitches, turn, *, put hook into both sides of the first stitch, and wind the wool five times over the hook and first finger of the left hand; draw all the loops through the stitch on the hook, and finish the stitch to the end of the row; turn and work next row in double-crochet, repeat, *, making the loops in every alternate row to the length required. This ruching ought to be sewed on each side to the hood. Ribbon ought to be run through the squares of the head and neck, tightening to the right size, and tied in bows, as seen in illustration. A lining of sarsnet and thin flannel, ribbon strings, and a lace cap-front are wanted to complete. It looks well in pale-blue, pink, or cream-color, with ribbon and strings to match, and cream lace cap-front.

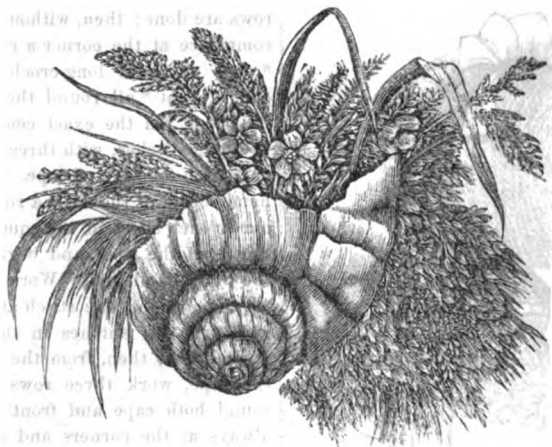
CROSS-STITCH BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pretty design in cross-stitch, for a border for towels, table or bureau cover. Work in French cotton or wash-crewel.

SHELL-DECORATION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Shells are beginning to be used, not only to enrich the cabinet of the naturalist as specimens, but for decorative purpose, and their graceful forms and delicate tints make them attractive receptacles for the beautiful moss which many have gathered in summer rambles on the mountain or by the seaside. Dried fern and grass, bright berries, thistle-pompons, and feathery leaves, grouped in these natural shell-baskets, present as pretty a picture as one could wish. But this is not the sole purpose of the illustration of shells and grass: it is intended to serve, also, as a design for lustra or bronze painting, and, for such work, it is both unique and appropriate. Take a piece of myrtle-green, Burgundy-red, or gendarme-blue plush or velvet, and sketch upon it this design, either with a chalk pencil, or, better yet, white paint.

Now paint the shell, using an entirely different method from that generally advised for plush-painting; that is, pile the paint on freely, until it fairly projects from the surface of the fabric, mixing with a trifle of white copal-varnish, to give a gloss. The spiral curves of the shell can be indicated in this way, one being raised a trifle higher than the next, until the cone-like point is reached. Next, put in the moss with peacock-blue lustra-color, touching up the light parts with green-gold, and deepening the shadows with dark dull-green. At the last, a few brilliant touches of iridescent grass, green metallic in the lightest parts, give a pretty effect. A few forget-me-nots nestling in moss is a quaint fancy, and, when used in decoration of a birthday-souvenir, a pretty addition.

DESIGN FOR HANGING-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an entirely new design for a hanging-bag for boots, etc. It can be made of any material or color to harmonize with the decoration of the room. Our model is of Java canvas, lined with Turkey-red twill and bordered with a ruching of red worsted braid; the same braid is used for the two rosettes which hide the two rings. The

embroidery is done in cross-stitch, with red and blue knitting-cotton or crewel. The material is cut into four irregular pieces—a large wide one for the back, and two others, half the length and wider, for the pockets. Each section is divided by straight rows of stitching, and a box-plait contracts the lower edge of every pocket. Two scalloped flaps protect the inside from dust.

FRENCH SERVIETTE FOR CHESTNUTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This is the season for chestnuts, and, as it is the fashion for serving them in a serviette, to keep them warm, we have furnished this pretty design. It may be worked in either red, blue, or several shades of chestnut-brown French working-cotton, upon a square of fine butcher's-linen. The serviette is tied in the middle with cords made of the colored cotton twisted.



DESIGNS ON SUPPLEMENT. OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.

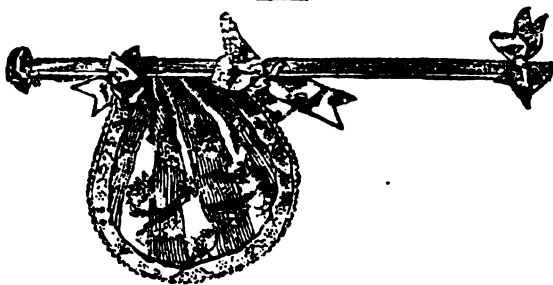
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

These designs are to be used at intervals on Barnsley linen for a summer bed-spread. These and similar designs to be "powdered," as the term is used, all over a breadth of linen, the widest to be had. The work is done in outline-stitch, with two or three shades of English wash-crewel, in blue or red, as these are the best wash-

ing colors. Some of the sprays are enclosed in a circle, others without—to dot in places. Butterflies and dragon-flies here and there, all the work in shades of one color. This makes a beautiful bed-spread, either for a large bed or for a child's crib. Edge with lace or a knotted cotton fringe.

NOVEL HAND-SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cut a piece of cardboard in shape of a leaf, into a sheath of old-gold galloon, add a few cover it with old brocade, oriental embroidery, or painted gauze, and bind the edges with fancy galloon or ribbon. Introduce a stick or ruler the small banner to the holder. This makes a graceful addition to the mantel.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SOME INTEREST IN LIFE.—Marianna in the Moated Grange was not more dreary than the woman who has no interest outside of herself. More than half of our happiness comes from throwing ourselves into the hopes, sorrows, and wants of others; more than half of our unhappiness—may, of our bodily illness—comes from the need of some active employment, something to take us out of the region of unrest and vague desire. All good things have to be sought for—the mere seeking brings pleasure; but, to those who sink down supinely and wait for what may chance to come, there will come regrets, disappointments, and weariness. For the healthy, there is no excuse for the morbid dissatisfaction which seems to be the inheritance of most women of the present day who are above the necessity of earning their own living. Let even the sick or the sorrowful see what can be done for others, or, to take a more selfish view of it, let her see what she can do to amuse and interest herself. Does she sing? is she a good musician? can she draw, or paint, or embroider? Let her do any of these for her own pleasure if she will, but, best of all, let her do it for the pleasure of others; let her cultivate her one or her five talents to give a little glimpse of sunshine to those who are more sick or more sorrowful than herself. An errand to be done for a busy friend, a book read aloud to an invalid or to an overworked mother as the piled-up mending-basket is being emptied, a song sung in the twilight with little brothers or sisters, a visit to a poor neighbor, where the pretty bonnet or the new gown will give a touch of brightness—all these things will bring their own great reward to the giver.

FUCHSIAS.—Such an improvement has taken place in the growth of fuchsias, known to dear old country friends as the lady's ear-drop, that the poor little original flower, brought from Chili, would not recognize its descendants. All the fuchsias grow best in a mixture of vegetable earth—that is, thoroughly decayed leaves—or peat, with sandy loam, and, though they should never be suffered to become too dry, they should never be sodden with water. When fuchsias are kept in pots, they should be watered every day, but their pots should never stand in saucers. These plants are easily raised from cuttings, which should be planted in sandy peat, and, if the pots are plunged into a hot-bed and shaded, the cuttings will strike root, and be ready for transplanting in a month or six weeks. Old plants which have flowered can be taken up on the approach of frost and kept through the winter in rather dry sand in any cellar which does not freeze; and, when planted out in May in good soil, in some moist shady place, they will prove great ornaments to the garden.

TO DRY AUTUMN LEAVES.—These, as soon as gathered, should be put in a press, or between the leaves of a book. The book should be opened, and the leaves raised. If still damp, they should be moved, and pressed till thoroughly dry. Then they may be varnished with the light colorless varnish used on oil-paintings. If the leaves are not thoroughly dry, they will be likely to curl on application of varnish, and, as soon as the varnish is dry, they may be pressed again for a day, to make them smooth or flat. Many object to varnish on leaves, as it gives them an unnatural brightness.

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A SEVERE POLITICAL ECONOMIST once declared that non-producers should be non-consumers. This verdict appears somewhat hard on the class of people who resemble the lilies-of-the-valley, in that "they toil not, neither do they spin"; still, unless, like the lilies, they can at least make themselves ornamental, there seems no reason whatever for their existence. Of all the unproductive classes, the most unendurable specimens are the men and women who are forever pitying themselves, craving sympathy for their morbid woes, and anticipating or inventing troubles, which they bewail as loudly as if already at hand. A merry-hearted and good-natured drone makes a little amends for his indolence by his persistent cheerfulness; but the people who are always spreading their grievances and woes between themselves and the sun obscure it in a measure for those doomed to live near them, and so become active nuisances that ought to be banished to some desert island and forced to endure each other's companionship.

HOW TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.—For the benefit of many of our new subscribers, who ask how to transfer the patterns upon the Supplement, we give the simplest way of doing it: which is, to provide themselves with one or two sheets of thin transfer-paper, on which the pattern is easily traced; with another sheet of carbon-paper, which is laid face down upon the article to be stamped, then the traced pattern over it in the proper situation, and the whole design gone over with a sharp-pointed lead-pencil (hard), the design will be found perfectly traced upon the material. We will send the carbon and transfer paper to anyone who may desire them. They cost fifteen cents per sheet each; thirty cents for two sheets, and six cents for postage: postage-stamps will do.

FLOWERS.—Flowers for decoration should never be overcrowded; a huge bouquet composed of all kinds of flowers must be ugly. The flowers should be of one color and one variety; those with thin green leaves make much the prettiest bouquet or bon-pot. If you venture to mix them, be careful not to put, side by side, colors which clash. Scarlet and pink ruin each other. If the vase or dish is a very large one and holds a great many flowers, it is a good plan to divide it into thirds or quarters, making each division perfectly harmonious in itself, and then blend the whole with lines of green or white or soft neutral tints.

A NATURE MUST BE EXCEPTIONALLY STRONG which does not require sympathy and encouragement in the carrying out of any task which involves self-sacrifice for a noble end. Where a weak or vacillating person is concerned, you have only persistently to impress on him, as Froude says somewhere, "that no good which he can do is of any value, and, depend upon it, he will take you at your word."

HAIRDRESSING.—Young girls now generally wear the hair combed from the nape of the neck and twisted, the ends formed into one or more knots on the top of the head, the front in neat curls or turned up over a cushion. The more natural the coiffure looks, the more fashionable.

"CANNOT GET ALONG WITHOUT IT."—The Lockesburg (Ark.) Tocsin reiterates the oft-repeated verdict, that "no lady of refinement can get along without 'Peterson.'"

THINGS AS A FEELING KING OR IMPERMANENCE that refuse help, even when the need for it is not denied, and this may be carried to excess; for systematically to decline generous aid and gracious sympathy is equally demoralizing as constantly to seek and accept them. Following such a line, it is not improbable that the day may come when, needing both, we will obtain neither. Again, we sometimes will not take a favor from those who are both willing and in a position to offer it, from a mistaken idea that we can never make an adequate return. But, if we keep our eyes open, opportunity is there to do a kindness, however slight, the spirit of which will be appreciated by those to whom we are under an obligation, even if the return is not in proportion to our debt. Timely aid, judiciously offered and wisely accepted, saves much bodily suffering and mental worry, and care should therefore be taken how it is ever refused, merely from a mistaken idea of being independent. To be too independent with those we love is a mistake to be carefully avoided: for excessive independence is a barrier that checks sympathy as effectually as a rugged boulder stops the even flow of a limpid stream. To yield a little, taking and giving helpful services, not only affords mutual pleasure, but serves to draw closer the silken thread of love, the tension of which—even with our most intimate ones—is apt sometimes to slacken, needing careful watching lest it snap entirely.

A VERY COMMON FAULT, and yet a very undesirable one, among relations, is that habit of interrupting each other, in conversation, in a way they would never dream of doing with other people, and of trying to set each other right in matters which are not of the slightest consequence. For instance: Jane states that something happened on Tuesday evening. Now, the incident is interesting, the date of no consequence; but Aunt Elizabeth breaks in with: "No, no: it was Wednesday, Jane!" Jane, eager to continue, accepts the amendment with a nod; but, before she can go on, sister Mary cries: "Why, Aunt Elizabeth! it was Monday!" By the time the discussion is ended, and it has been proved, after all, that Friday was really the evening in question, the visitor has lost all interest in the narrative, and poor Jane is too vexed and sore to relate it with any spirit.

MANTELS.—The new mantles, which are now reduced to vases and capes, are made of very rich materials, when they do not match the dress, and are elaborately trimmed with lace, fringe, embroidery, and ribbon-bows. Most of them have long ends in front, sometimes square and sometimes gathered together into a point, with a bow at the edge. In shape, they are all very tight at the back, and the back forms part of the sleeves, planing the elbows to the sides. The cape shape, turned under in front to form the sleeves, is preferred when it matches the dress.

OUR WINE FLOWERS.—No home, outside a large city, need be without decoration at this season of the year. The gorgeous plumes of the golden-rod, the great clusters of the purple fireweed with its golden centre, all the dainty asters, fern, common grass, are waiting to help brighten dingy walls or to make rooms more beautiful for which art may have done so much. How carefully we pass all these treasures by in our daily walks: how hungrily some poor sick one may long for them.

THE BEST RECIPE POSSIBLE for making a boy pervert is being bad is constantly to remind him that he is so, adding the information that nobody expects anything else of him.

"IT JUST SPARKLES."—The Cincinnati (Ohio) Evening Bulletin said of our July number: "It just sparkles with bright and interesting reading-matter."

VOL. XCII.—16.

THE COLUMBUS (Colorado County, Texas) Citizen, in praising "*Peperon*" for August, says: "It is only just, to '*Peperon*,' to admit that its columns have introduced more young Southern writers to notice than any other magazine."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Life and Times of Jesus: as Related by Thomas Didymus. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Lee and Shepard, Publishers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—As the title indicates, the narrative is supposed to be told by the doubting disciple—who, after conviction was fully forced on him, became one of the most fervent and diligent of the band to which the Master relegated the continuation of His earthly work. The autobiographical form of the book makes Thomas wonderfully living and natural. The other characters are portrayed with almost equal force, and the course of Jesus' three years' ministry is described with teaching earnestness and true dramatic force. As was to be expected from Mr. Clarke's talents and attainments, the work is scholarly, bearing the impress of deep study and learned research. It possesses, besides, the interest of a romance while preserving the elevated spirit due to the subject, and so offers attractive claim to the general reader, the student, and the devotionally-minded.

Which? or, Between Two Women. By Ernest Daudet. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This new novel by the popular French author is one of the most absorbing and dramatic that he has written. A portion of the scene is laid in Paris during the Reign of Terror, so that there is ample space for incident and thrilling effects, which are employed with great skill. The characters are clearly and incisively presented, and the heroine is one of the finest feminine creations that Daudet's versatile pen has ever produced. The story is one to attract even the most jaded novel-reader, yet there is not a page but might be read aloud in the family-circle with interest and profit.

Dora's Dream. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee and Shepard, Publishers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The authoress has already acquired a widespread reputation as a writer of stories for children—indeed, the series known as the "Dotty Dimple Tales" may fairly be ranked among American juvenile classics. We believe that the present work is her first effort in novel-writing, and it proves that she has not mistaken her vocation. She brings to her task the ease of a practiced writer and the power of genuine talent, and the result is a very original and interesting book.

The Obedient and Its Voice. By Henry B. Carrington, "I. S. A." Publisher: Boston, Lee and Shepard; Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is a collection of graceful and appropriate poems illustrative of the Washington Monument. The little pamphlet is issued in the daintiest possible manner, and contains two excellent engravings of the immortal patriot—one a profile-bust, after the St. Meunier crayon, the other copied from Stuart's famous full-length portrait.

The Old Mam'zelle's Secret. From the German of E. Maritz. By Mrs. A. L. Wier. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—"The Old Mam'zelle's Secret" was, we believe, the first published of Mrs. Wier's excellent translations from the German, and is the best of many good Maritz novels. The story is a charming one, and we welcome an old friend in a new dress; for, with the large type and paper cover, the book can be so comfortably read.

Thekla: a Story of Viennese Musical Life. By William Armstrong. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is a story of German life, most agreeably told, with a charming young prima-donna for the heroine. The writer seems to have much knowledge of music, is highly appreciative of it, and not too technical for the ordinary reader.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE De Soto (Mo.) Watchman says: "No better family-magazine has ever been published than 'Peterson.' Grandfathers and mothers sit by and view the old favorites in the hands of granddaughters and daughters, certain that nothing will meet their eyes but the purest and most refining literature." This is high praise—about the most satisfactory, too, that any periodical can receive—and we have fully proved that we mean always to merit it. The Rochester (N. Y.) Voice of Odd-Fellowship says of "Peterson": "The fashion-plates, patterns, designs, etc.; with delightful stories, make it a favorite in every household." We could fill columns each month with the commendatory notices we receive from leading journals throughout the country; and a proof of "Peterson's" popularity, even more decisive, is the way the subscribers of four decades still keep their place on our ever-increasing list. As the Frankfort (Mich.) Times appreciatively asserts: "'Peterson's' outlines all the magazines in its collection of brilliant stories, poems, fashion-letters, etc." Every lady should take "Peterson." Terms: two dollars a year, with great inducements for getting up clubs. The present volume, from July to December inclusive, sent postage-free for one dollar. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

The education which has for its object the training and development of youthful intellects occupies constantly the attention of some of the greatest thinkers of the day. The education, on the careful carrying-out of which depends the whole future happiness or unhappiness of men and women, is in the hands of persons who often either will not, or cannot, give any thought at all to the subject. Yet none of the questions which occupy the minds of women—for it is primarily a woman's matter—can rank in importance with that of the up-bringing of children. To the answering of it, it is necessary that the best thought should be given. No pains should be spared, no efforts grudged in finding out how best to set about the management of the little ones; and, when ideas have been shaped and advice taken, then comes the practical part of the matter, when a woman's nature and capacity are tested to the uttermost.

For it is of no avail to put off serious discussion of the matter by hastily assuming that a mother's heart is her best guide. So it should be, if she is able wisely to keep in check the quick impulses of that most unmanageable member; but a mother's heart is open to so many appeals from babyland that it must be ruled by the bit and bridle of a firm mind, or wrong will surely be done. Mothers, nurses, and teachers, in common, have to exercise very great self-denial and self-restraint, and this as much in the direction of indulgence as in the contrary one of discipline. More children, indeed, are spoiled by indiscriminate kindness than by severity, and perhaps there never would be any need for the latter if the little ones had never been used to the former.

In correcting children, whatever form the correction may take, it is necessary to preserve a calm demeanor. Children, of course, cannot believe that it hurts more to punish than to be punished. We look back on our own youthful

days, remembering the time when the grave assertion of this truth received anything but a reverential acceptance from ourselves; only bad experience can teach that fact. But the end of effective correction should be to convince its subject of the seriousness of its wrong-doing; and hasty petulant scoldings, loud tones, and cross looks cannot achieve this end. The nursery and the children's study are a hard school for those in authority. It is only by exercising the utmost patience and self-control that right is done by the little inmates. It is, indeed, good that an offense should receive instant punishment; for penalties deferred lose their effect. Nevertheless, it is wiser, if the temper of the teacher or parent is ruffled by some provoking misdeed, to pause before pronouncing sentence. The probability is that, if a penalty is imposed in haste, mature reflection will prove the words to have been unwisely spoken. Most likely they will have to be recalled, or the sentence in part canceled, and next time Master Bobby and Baby Alice will know that they need not grieve greatly over the threatened punishment; they are sure to "get off." No logician is quicker at drawing inferences than little children are, and hasty action is incompatible with firmness. The only way to make children respect the authoritative utterances of their seniors is to exhibit firmness in enforcing them. The revoking of an edict in the nursery is a proof of incompetency, which is certain to be taken advantage of. Therefore it is that we urge the cultivation of calmness as a nursery virtue. Without it justice cannot be done, and a consciousness of injustice is destructive of that firmness of intention, without which it is hopeless to try to maintain discipline, combined with the happiness of the little ones.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

CAKES.

Ginger-nuts.—Put a quarter of a pound of butter into a pound of flour, mix with this an ounce of ground ginger, half a pound of raw sugar, and a pinch of carbonate-of-soda. Work into a very stiff paste with syrup—about four tablespoonfuls—pinch off little pieces, and, having floured your hands, roll them into balls, flattening each in the middle with your thumb. Place the nuts, with a little space between each to allow of their spreading, on a floured baking-sheet, and bake in a moderate oven for about a quarter of an hour. The above recipe is for plain ginger-nuts. To make them richer, use six ounces of butter, and place on each a thin and very small piece of orange candied peel or a piece of blanched almond.

Rice Sponge-Cake.—Beat up three eggs for two minutes, add the peel of a lemon finely rasped. Boil six ounces of loaf-sugar in half a gill of water, and pour it, boiling, on to the eggs. Whisk the mixture for twenty minutes or until it is very thick. The success of the cake depends on this being properly done. Have ready mixed two ounces of flour and three ounces of rice-flour, and stir lightly into the batter. Bake in small tins, greased and sifted with a mixture of sugar and rice-flour.

Cake for Children.—Mix well two pounds of flour in one pint of warm milk, add a tablespoonful of yeast, let it rise about half an hour; then add a quarter of a pound of syrup, half a pound of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, two ounces of candied peel, shred fine, and a quarter of a pound of good fresh beef-dripping; beat the mixture well for a quarter of an hour, and bake in a moderate oven.

Rice-Buns.—Mix two ounces of ground rice with six ounces of flour and one teaspoonful of baking-powder.

rub in an ounce of fresh butter and two ounces of sifted sugar. Beat up an egg in a quarter of a pint of milk, with a little lemon or any spice-flavoring. Have ready small petty-pans well greased, half-fill each with the cake-mixture, put at once into the oven, and bake gently for a quarter of an hour.

DESSERTS.

Mousseline-Pudding.—Four ounces of pounded sugar, four ounces of fresh butter, the rind of one lemon and the juice of two, with the yolks of ten eggs, to be mixed together in a saucepan and stirred on a slow fire till quite hot; then strain the mixture into a basin, and amalgamate lightly with it, as in making a soufflé, the white of the eggs whisked into a stiff froth. Pour into a well-buttered mold, and steam for twenty minutes. Serve with jam-sauce under—apricot or red currant. The water should boil when the pudding is put in to steam, but on no account after.

Sago-Pudding.—Take fruit of almost any kind—apples, rhubarb, raspberries, blackberries, etc., etc.; stew until soft with water—or not, as required—and then add sufficient small sago to make it thick, and stew till all is a jelly. It is particularly nice made with rhubarb, and can be eaten hot or cold, turned out of a shape.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pepper-Sauce.—Cut some green peppers very fine with double the quantity of cabbage; to a quart of the cut cabbage and peppers add a stick of horseradish, grated, a tablespoonful of mustard-seed, a tablespoonful of whole allspice, a dozen cloves, a couple of sprigs of mace, a tablespoonful of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil the spice and sugar in three pints of good vinegar, and, while hot, pour it over the peppers and cabbage. When cold, cover the jars, and keep in a cool dry place.

Omelet, Soft.—Put in a basin a teaspoonful of water, a little salt and pepper, the yolks of six and whites of four eggs, and beat the mixture until very light. Have ready, in an omelet-pan or small frying-pan, butter very hot; pour in the mixture, move the pan constantly over the fire until the sides commence to harden, then roll it, and turn it out without soiling the dish; serve hot.

Melted Butter.—Put a piece of butter half the size of an egg into a stewpan; when melted, add half a tablespoonful of flour, and stir over the fire a few minutes; add a gill of hot water, and stir until boiling; then add a good pinch of salt and the yolk of one egg previously beaten up with a tablespoonful of milk, stir it into the butter; strain it and serve.

How to Cure Soft Corns.—A small piece of sal-ammoniac, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of spirits-of-wine and the same quantity of water. Saturate a small piece of sponge or linen rag, and place it between the toes. It must be changed twice a day. This will cause the skin to harden, and the corn may be easily extracted.

Apple-Tart, with Quince.—Prepare the apples as for apple-pie, and lay them in a dish. Then stew two quinces, with a little water, sugar, and butter, and pour them on the apples. Then add a layer of pounded sugar and the rind of a lemon, grated. Cover with puff-paste, and bake to a light-brown.

Apple-Water.—Slice some apples, put them in a deep pan, and pour enough boiling water over them to cover them. Place the cover on the pan, and, when cold, strain the liquid, sweeten it, and flavor with a little lemon, if agreeable.

Cranberry-Water.—Pour boiling water upon bruised cranberries, let them stand for a few hours, strain off the liquor, and sweeten to the taste. This forms an agreeable and refreshing beverage for invalids.

Bread-Pudding for Infants.—Grate some stale bread into a teacup, pour boiling milk over it, and, when cold, mix with the yolk of an egg. Boil it in a cup for a quarter of an hour.

For Diarrhœa or Cholera.—Twenty drops of laudanum, a teaspoonful of prepared chalk, one drop of oil-of-peppermint, in a wineglassful of cold water.

Insipient Deafness.—Deafness may be partially remedied by dropping warm glycerine into the ears, or syringing them with warm soap-and-water.

HOW WE ARE TO READ.

THE QUESTION "HOW ARE WE TO READ?" is intimately linked with the equally wide and important one: "What are we to read?" They act and re-act upon each other, the one is not complete without the other; for, even when our learned men have come to a satisfactory conclusion as to what class of books we are to read, if we want to grow wiser and better from our study, it becomes evident at once that some method is necessary for enabling us to get the greatest benefit from our books. This question of "What are the best books?" is an extremely difficult one, the answer necessarily differing according to people and circumstances; in fact, the answer cannot be definite—it must ever vary from year to year, almost from day to day, and be adapted to the capacity and requirement of each individual.

Locke's advice to students—those who are already somewhat advanced—amounts to this: Reading is nothing more than a process of furnishing us with ideas, and sometimes facts, which we are bound to ruminate over, in order to gain knowledge. We must bind ourselves down to think over and carefully review what we have read, and, as far as possible, "read often but little." This method, he tells us, of gauging the depth and value of the knowledge imparted to us by a book will be burdensome only at first; it is a habit easily acquired, and, when we have accustomed ourselves to it, gives us a grasp of mind which enables us to form an opinion on a subject with facility, rapidity, and safety. "The motions and views of a mind exercised that way," says Locke, "are wonderfully quick; and a man used to such sort of reflection sees as much at one glimpse as would require a long discourse to lay before another and make out in an entire and gradual deduction." Our daily experience shows us the truth of this, if we only observe and reflect. Unfortunately, men work themselves into such a feverish condition, that they become mere machines; reflection becomes positively painful to many, as solitude is maddening. Yet intellectual health without occasional solitude is an impossibility.

Edward Gibbon, a most omnivorous reader, writing on the art of reading with advantage, says: "It is, in fact, the nourishment of the mind; for, by reading, we know our Creator, His works, ourselves chiefly, and our fellow-creatures. But this nourishment is easily converted into poison." To prevent this, we are to "read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to which all our studies may point."

Roscommon says: "Choose a book as you choose a friend," epitomizing a very important theory. In support, we may quote D'Israeli: "A predilection for some great author among the vast number which must transiently occupy our attention seems to be the happiest preservative for our taste. Accustomed to that excellent author whom we have chosen for our favorite, we may possibly resemble him in this intimacy." This constant reperusal and communion with a great author's good book, we are told, is the secret of the brilliancy of style and soundness of reasoning in voluminous writers, who perforce must read many books. Clarendon was seldom without his Tacitus or Livy; Lord Burleigh preferred Tully's Offices; Fénelon was constantly occupied with Homer, Montesquieu with Tacitus, Grotius with Lucan. Bourdaloue's constant companions were St. Paul, St. Chrysostom, and Cicero. We all know that Carlyle had saturated his mind with Schiller and Goethe.

Charlye himself advises young students to read much, but with care; he classes books "like men's souls—some are goats and others sheep." Still, "any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly—if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good and universally applicable: 'Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read.' The very wish and curiosity indicate that you, then and there, are the person likely to get good by it." Thus, within a certain limit, we must be our own guides, being content to read good books. But then, what are good books? we may ask. A question which will either remain unanswered or we shall be deafened by loud and angrily-contentious voices; and, even then, the reply is likely enough to be, to us, "answer answerless."

Gibbon advocates the formation of a settled plan of reading; but let us "respect method without rendering ourselves its slaves." Thus he says that, if in reading a book new ideas spring up, we should follow their bent, look out other books that are necessary for the purpose. So that a person reading the history of France, for instance, might at the same time be reading those of Italy and England or Germany, biographies of great kings and warriors, dipping into "Memoirs" and "Letters," and consulting the essays and the theatre; for, he says, "the use of reading is to aid us in thinking." Gibbon acknowledges that this method would be likely to confuse many minds, but considers that it is the best method for those who have accustomed themselves to keep their minds under proper control, for in this he entirely agrees with Locke. He makes exceptions, too: "This plan of reading is not applicable to our early studies, since the severest method is scarcely sufficient to make us conceive objects altogether new. Neither can it be adopted by those who read in order to write, and who ought to dwell on their subject till they have sounded its depths. . . . The constitution of the mind differs like that of bodies. The same will not suit all. Each individual ought to study his own." This very nearly, so far as we can see, negatives all that has been previously said, and puts out of court all plans and regular methods of reading which have been, or can be, proposed. There is one piece of advice given by Gibbon, the adoption of which would greatly benefit every student—that is, his plan of digesting his thoughts and opinions upon books and readings, and reducing them to paper. By these notes and reflections we review the book we are reading, and are able to ascertain how far we are increasing our knowledge by the perusal of each individual book. It is merely an extension, the outward manifestation, of the plan of reflection.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CORSETS AND TIGHT LACING.—It has always seemed to us to be somewhat of a satire on the work of nature that the female form should be thought to require the support of a corset in order to make it graceful. We observe, therefore, with satisfaction, that ladies, and even young ladies, are here and there to be found, who have, with equal courage and good sense, dispensed with this unnecessary article of dress. Among the majority who continue to wear it, there are also signs, though less pronounced, of the same healthy tendency. Tight lacing is viewed with much less favor than formerly. Women, as well as men, are coming to see that artificial slenderness is no beauty, and, indeed, the sham and unreason apparent in a figure wantonly contracted must create in all thinking persons a feeling of repugnance which effectually prevents the possibility of admiration. Victims of this hurtful practice and grievous error in taste are still, however, not uncommon. It is, in fact, impossible that this costume can but injure health, for

what are its effects? By tight lacing, which forces together the elastic ribs and narrows the space within the thorax, free action of the lungs is obviously rendered impossible; the liver and heart are displaced, and the great bloodvessels unnaturally stretched. The unfortunate worshiper of a false ideal loses with free respiration the due effect of the most powerful force which aids the heart in driving its blood through the body—the force of thoracic suction. Displacement of the heart, moreover, can only result in palpitation or severer cardiac troubles. Thus it comes to pass that every organ and tissue is undernourished, digestion is little more than a meaningless term, and healthy life in any part of the body is unknown. This may seem to be forcible language; but it is, nevertheless, the clothing of facts which it does not merely envelop, but in many cases fits with a strictness not incomparable to the firm embrace of the most fashionably strait corset.

A NEW KIND OF SPELLING-BEE.—One of the company begins by naming the first letter of the alphabet, A; the player sitting next to him on the left adds a letter—any letter, provided that, though it will form part of a word, it shall not itself make a complete word. The third person adds another letter, and so the game proceeds until a player has been compelled to pronounce a letter which, with those that have gone before it, will form a word; whereupon he or she will be promptly called upon to furnish a forfeit or fine of some sort. The second letter, B, is then chosen by the next player, and the game goes on as before. Let us illustrate our description of this amusement. We commence with A; next player says B. Evidently AB is part of a word, but not a word in itself. The third player gives U, and the fourth S; he might have said T, but this would not have answered his purpose, for it would have made the word ABUT, and brought him in for a fine or forfeit. He thinks, you see, that, while saving himself, he has cornered his next friend; but No. 5 quietly says I, and passes this growing word to the next player, who adds to it the letter V, thereby forcing the seventh player, who has no choice, to say E, and so, completing a word—the word ABUSIVE—to pay the penalty.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF ELECTRIC-BLUE CASHMERE. The underskirt is trimmed with two-inch wide velvet ribbon, of a darker shade of blue. It is arranged to produce an effect of plaid: the perpendicular stripes are put on first, then crossed by five rows of the velvet, one on the extreme edge. The overskirt opens in front, forming a panier on the left side, draped high on the sides, simply at the back. The long Louis XV basque opens over a full vest of surah to match. Revers, cuffs, collar of velvet, cut on the bias, to match the trimming of the skirt. Bonnet of the same velvet, trimmed with standing loops of gros-grain and velvet ribbon combined.

FIG. II.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF HELIOTROPE CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt of this costume has one large box-plait down the front, and the sides laid in large kilt-plaits, turning toward the back. The back-drapery is slightly puffed over the tournure, then falls in straight folds. The long pointed bodice is of velvet, of a darker shade. Sleeves of the camel's-hair material; full, and gathered into cuffs of velvet. A fichu mantelet, edged with ball-fringe, is made to fit the shoulders, and is plaited into the corsage and under the pointed front, the long ends finished by passementerie ornaments. Hat of heliotrope felt, faced and trimmed with velvet matching the costume; 6-cru ostrich-tips.

FIG. III.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF BROWN PLAIDED VELVET AND COACHMAN'S-DEAR LADY'S-CLOTH. The plaided velvet

of the skirt is in two shades of brown, made perfectly plain, the complete skirt. The overskirt, of the lighter-colored cloth or camel's-hair, forms a long full apron-front, the back-drapery slightly puffed over the tournure, then falls straight to the edge of the skirt. The bodice is pointed back and front. Revers, collar, cuffs, pointed belt, and throat-piece, all of plain velvet matching exactly the darker shade of the skirt. Light-gray felt hat, faced with brown velvet, same as on the bodice. Ostrich-tip, with standing loops of brown velvet; band and buckle complete the trimming.

FIG. IV.—VISTING-DRESS, OF BLACK FIN-STRIPED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is plain and trimmed with two bands of fancy galloon, either plain or beaded with jet. The polonaise opens in front, over a long vest of cardinal-red surah. The edge of the polonaise, cuffs, and collar also trimmed with the galloon. Small bonnet, of black velvet, trimmed with red chrysanthemums and standing loops of black velvet ribbon.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED AND PLAIN MATERIAL. The underskirt, of the fancy blue-and-red striped material, is made perfectly plain, with a fine knife-plaited ruffle of the brown showing beneath the edge. The overskirt is gathered or laid in fine plaits across the front, falls straight and plain. The back corresponds. The undersleeves of the stripes. Short Spanish jacket of the brown. Coat-sleeves, with cuffs of stripes. Collar also of the stripes; high, and cut on the bias. Hat of blue-gray felt, faced with velvet to match and trimmed with standing loops of the striped material, brown velvet ribbon, and fancy plait intermixed.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY-BLUE CASHMERE AND DARK-BLUE VELVET OR VELVETEN. The skirt is perfectly plain. The tablier-front has wide revers of velvet on both sides. It is very much draped, and plaited high up under the tournure. The back-drapery forms a point, and is caught up in irregular loopings. The bodice has a velvet point back and front, pointed velvet collar, and epaulettes. Bonnet of blue-gray straw, trimmed with dark-blue velvet. The face of the bonnet is faced with the blue velvet, and edged with blue iridescent beads.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK CASHMERE, trimmed with perpendicular rows of black worsted braid. The plain skirt has the braid put on in groups of seven rows of braid, at equal distances. The overdress is without trimming. The front forms a long point, high at the sides, to display the underskirt. The back-drapery also forms a point on the left side; right side hangs straight. The bodice has an inside vest, with revers, all trimmed with rows of braid. Collar and cuffs to match. The pointed bodice has side-lappets, trimmed with braid, set on under the waist.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH, with plush stripes. The skirt is plain; the stripes of plush or velvet are put on horizontally in groups. The coat, of the same cloth, has revers, plastron, collar, cuffs, and border of corduroy to match. Hat of green felt, faced with velvet and trimmed with loops of ribbon to match.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF GOSWELINE-BLUE OTTOMAN. The skirt is mounted with wide box-plaits. The tunic is gathered and draped on the hips with a mass of wide ottoman ribbon. The bodice is full back and front, plaited into a fine point at the waist. Coat-sleeves with turned-back cuffs.

FIG. X.—FANCY COMB, OR CUT JEWEL, for the hair. These combs of jet, or cut steel, and shell, are very much worn.

FIG. XI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF STRIPED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is plain. The tunic is draped to form a point on the right side. The back-drapery falls in straight folds. Plain round waist. A broad mass of soft surah to match is simply passed around the waist, the ends pulled through. Velvet collar and cuffs.

FIG. XII.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE. This sleeve is very full, and gathered into the armhole, and then plaited to form the deep cuff, which is ornamented with lace, embroidery, or fancy braid.

FIG. XIII.—LAWN-TENNIS JACKET AND HAT. The jacket is made of striped tennise-flannel, over a white flannel skirt. Collar, revers, cuffs, and belt of white flannel. The sleeves are folded at the shoulders and into the deep cuffs. Sailor-shaped hat, trimmed with wide white worsted braid.

FIG. XIV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF MONDORE-FIGURED CASHMERE. The front and back drapery both start from the edge of the skirt, and the fullness is arranged upon the foundation. The side-panels are trimmed with beaded galloon, edged with iridescent drops, pear-shape—the same ornaments the inside of the panel. Visite-mantle in brown corded silk, lined with pink and powdered with tassel-drops to harmonize with the beaded bands which ornament the fronts, sleeves, and neck. Capote of shirred crepe, edged with brown velvet and trimmed with loops of ribbon and aigrettes to correspond with the wrap.

FIG. XV.—NEW STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR. The front is crept, with a short fringe laying over the forehead. The back forms three bows, standing high.

FIG. XVI.—CAP OR BONNET, for elderly lady. It is made of black French lace, of a light pattern, and quilted upon a foundation interspersed with neuds of picot-edged ribbon: mauve, pale-pink, blue, or light-gray.

FIG. XVII.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF PLAID AND PLAIN FURAN. The underskirt is of the plaid surah in mixed colors, dark-blue being the prevailing tint. The overdress, which is a polonaise, is of dark-blue surah or cashmere. It is double-breasted on the bodice; the front opens over the plaid underskirt, forming a point on one side, and falls in straight folds on the opposite side. The back is looped in irregular puff. High standing collar and cuffs of velvet to match. Hat of velvet, turban-shape, with high standing loops of ribbon, toning with the underskirt.

FIG. XVIII.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF LIGHT COACHMAN'S-DRAB NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is draped from the edge, being all in one piece, and the fullness arranged over the foundation. The bodice forms a pretty jacket, with turned-back lappets, over a vest of golden-brown surah. The jacket is held at the waist by a belt of velvet, fastened by a buckle. High standing collar of velvet. Cuffs to match. Hat, cream-white crepe, muslin, or surah, with turned-up brim, trimmed with loops of ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Very dressy tailor-gowns for the seaside and mountains are made of white cloth, flannel, or serge, and trimmed with braid—dark-blue, silver, or gilt—put on in arabesque designs for the vest, and perhaps a side-panel.

French imported *jeuving-gowns* are made in mousseline de laine or albatross, either figured with polka-dots or plaided in colors on a white or beige-colored ground. They are made with blouse-vests and outaway jackets, with sailor-collars, under which are knotted kerchiefs of foulard silk, sailor-fashion.

The newest sleeves are quite full, plaited perpendicularly around the armholes, and gathered or plaited into deep cuffs or wristbands.

House or breakfast jackets, of foulard or China silk, will be much worn. Most of these jackets are fastened at the throat by a single large fancy button, the jacket opening over a finely plaited or gathered vest or chemisette of surah in some contrasting color.

Combs are much worn, narrow and high, of shell, jet, or cut steel. These combs are stuck in amid the high loops of hair, sometimes straight, but oftener sideways.

Steel trimming is again very much in vogue; it is very effective on black or steel-gray.

In ribbons, picot edges are seen upon all the newest, whether satin, velvet, or gauze.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The latest craze in fashion is to have everything in a lady's toilette, and more especially in her out-door costume, to match precisely in every respect: the dress, hat, parasol, stockings, and even the handkerchief, all being in exactly the same shade. This has been carried so far that bonnets in dark blue or heliotrope English straw are now shown for fall-wear, figured with raised white dots, to be worn with the white-spotted foulards in marine-blue and dark-heliotrope that have been so much in vogue during the past summer. The parasol is usually made from a piece of the same material as the dress. Stockings worked with white dots in floss-silk are also an adjunct to the toilette. Plaid goods are still worn, and particularly in taffetas, the patterns being in a subdued style, such as white combined with dark-brown, for instance, or marine-blue. With these are generally worn toques bordered with velvet and with the crown covered with folds of wide plaid taffetas ribbon, or else large Gainsborough hats trimmed with the same ribbon.

It has been generally remarked that fashion has of late taken a decided turn in favor of silk goods, which have been so long out of style, having been replaced by all the delicate and durable forms of woollen material, such as cashmere, vigogne, nun's-veiling, etc. Now all the earlier fall-dresses are composed of silk; French faille, ordinary faille, peau de soie, etc., etc. The lace dresses of the year are usually lined with taffetas instead of satin, unless the lace is real and the toilette a full-dress one, in which case satin is usually employed. Another gratifying change is the revival of real laces. Heretofore a lady who possessed treasures of point Duchesse or Valenciennes or of fine black lace, the real Chantilly, had nothing to do but to lock them up in her bureau-drawers.

Now some of the most elegant toilettes of the season are shown, composed of these real and exquisite laces. The black lace dresses are made up over rose-pink or Nile-green satin for dinner-dress, and over white or gold-yellow for wear at balls or soirées. The first-named style of toilette has the sleeves composed of lace without lining, and opening up the outside of the arm, the opening being caught together with bows of satin ribbon of the same color as the underdress. Black lace shawls enter largely into the composition of these dresses, forming sometimes a drapery across the front, while in other instances the shawl is put on plain and flat, the point touching the hem of the skirt, while the spaces at the side are covered with lace flounces. Sometimes the back of the skirt is veiled in black lace flounces, while the front is covered with black dotted tulle or point d'esprit put on very full. One very elegant dress that I have seen in this style had the entire skirt-front covered with a superb yard-wide fringe in fine cut-jet beads, falling from the waist. Valenciennes lace is used to trim dresses in cream-white silk gauze or nun's-veiling. It does not form entire dresses, the white laces used for that purpose being point de Bruges, point d'Argentan, and point Duchesse. These lace-toilettes will be a great deal worn on full-dress occasions during the coming winter.

Some beautiful new fall-materials are already shown. One of these is a soft twilled alpaca, very silky and glossy of surface, and falling in graceful folds. It comes in all the neutral tints, being especially attractive in the various shades of gray. Made up with dark-olive or moss-green sarah vests and cuffs, it forms very lady-like and tasteful costumes. A new style of finely-finished light cloth has also just been introduced in more brilliant hues than this material generally presents, a dark rose-red and a deep shade of telegram-blue being the most noticeable. These are made up with side-panels elaborately braided or else embroidered with beads or with appliqué embroidery in wide worsted braid worked with colored beads. This last style of trimming is very effective, but is difficult to arrange

properly. Fur is to be a good deal used during the coming season, as a trimming for indoor dresses and for morning-dresses. Bands of skunk or of beaver form elegant and artistic-looking trimmings for morning-dresses in white lampes or in pale-blue cashmere. The dress should be cut Princess and made with close coat-sleeves under hanging medieval ones, cut square at the end and lined with Florence silk of the same hue as the dress. The skirt-front parts up the centre to show a draped underskirt of the material of the dress. Both sets of sleeves and the two sides of the dress-front are bordered with bands of fur, which extend up either side of the corsage and encircle the neck. A new and very effective trimming for street or dinner dresses in dark colors is composed of large pendant pear-shaped drops—or pampilles, to use their French name—composed of cut crystal of the same shade as the dress. In amethyst, emerald, or dark-sapphire, these form a most brilliant and effective trimming, set closely together on a foundation of taffetas or of heavy silk network manufactured especially for the purpose. Chinchilla-fur is to be a good deal used on gray velvet, with which it forms a charming combination. In fact, the fashions for the coming season announce themselves very attractively. The varieties of silk goods, the new inventions for trimmings, and the graceful simplicity in the forms of dresses and jackets, all of which are amongst the promises for the future, go to show that the feminine division of society will never have been better dressed than during the coming winter.

In the minor elements of feminine toilette, there are as yet but few changes to signalize. The vast flower-trimmed parasols of tulle or point d'esprit have, for the fall, given place to foulard or plaid taffetas and to other materials better fitted to stand an autumnal shower. Worth has just completed, for the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, a traveling-cloak in very small-checked black and white vigogne, with skirt and cape edged on the interior with a finger-wide scarlet satin ribbon, and bordered on the exterior with a black satin ribbon of the same width.

The latest-style waterproofs have stripes formed of a group of black and white lines alternating with stripes in silver-gray.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COSTUME FOR BOY OF THREE YEARS. Kilted skirt, of striped navy-blue and white flannel. Double-breasted jacket, of navy-blue serge or Jersey-cloth. The only trimming is a double row of large pearl buttons. The edges of collar, sleeves, etc., are simply stitched. Sailor-hat of gray or white felt, bound with blue braid and trimmed with blue ribbon to match.

FIG. II.—FOR GIRL OF TWELVE YEARS, SUMMER SEASON, with velvet yoke, collar, and cuffs. The skirt is kilted, and the waist has a blouse-front like a Garibaldi. Lady's-cloth or camel's-hair will be equally suitable for this style of costume. Hat of light-gray felt, trimmed with standing loops of ribbon and velvet to match the costume.

FIG. III.—SCHOOL-FROCK FOR A GIRL OF SIX YEARS, OF BROWN-COLORED WOOLLEN, trimmed with fine worsted braid one or two shades darker. The skirt is in box-plaits. The closely-fitting elongated waist is braided across the front, on the collar, and on the edge of the wide sleeves. The sleeves are lined with silk to match the mesh, which ties at the right side.

FIG. IV.—SAILOR-HAT, OF ROUGH-AND-READY STRAW, faced with velvet and trimmed with standing loops of velvet and gros-grain ribbon, placed on the right side.

FIG. V.—TYROL HAT, FOR YOUNG GIRL, OF BROWN STRAW, faced with brown velvet and trimmed with standing loops of striped primrose-yellow and brown ribbon.



THE PRIVATE POSTMAN.

[See the Story.]



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER. NEAPOLITAN CAP.

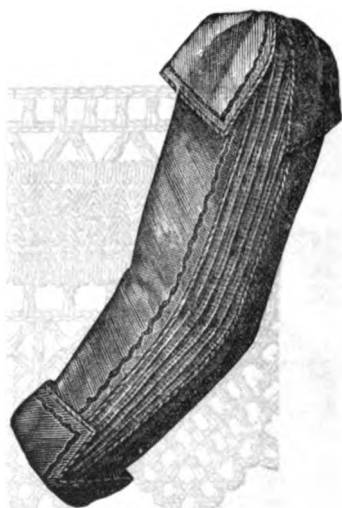




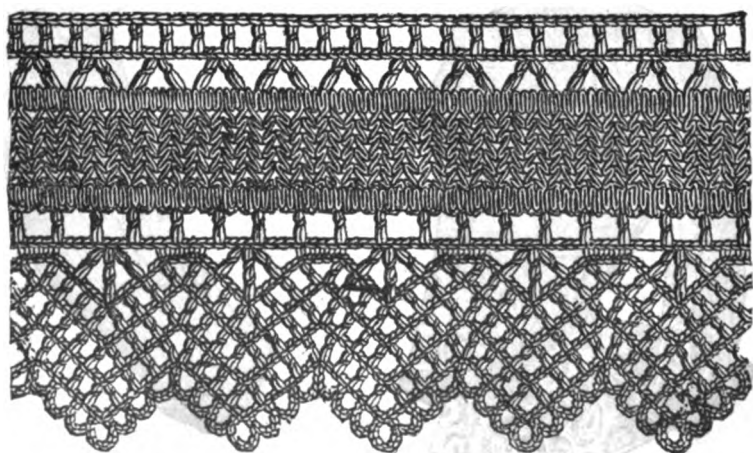
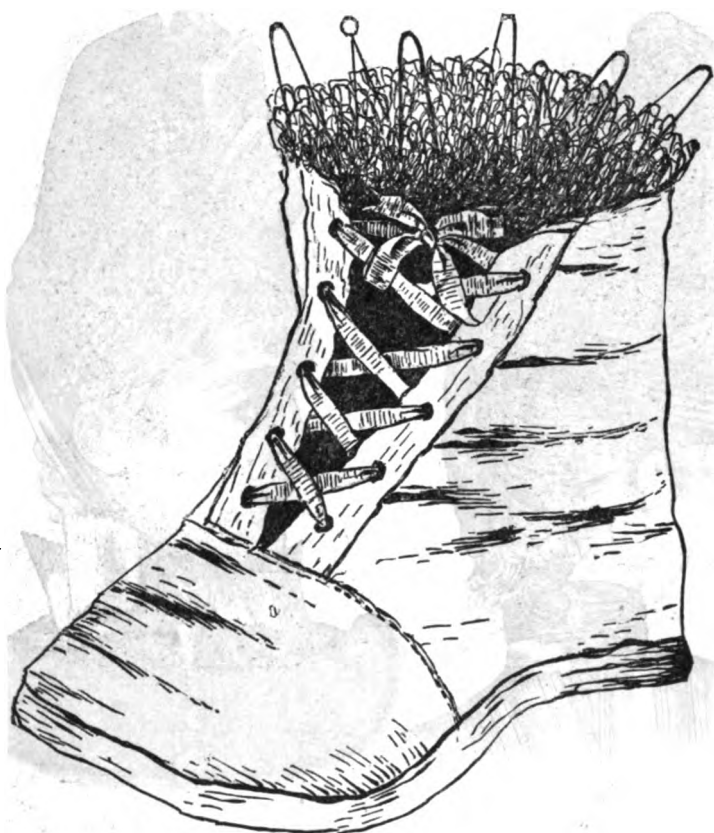
WALKING-DRESSES.



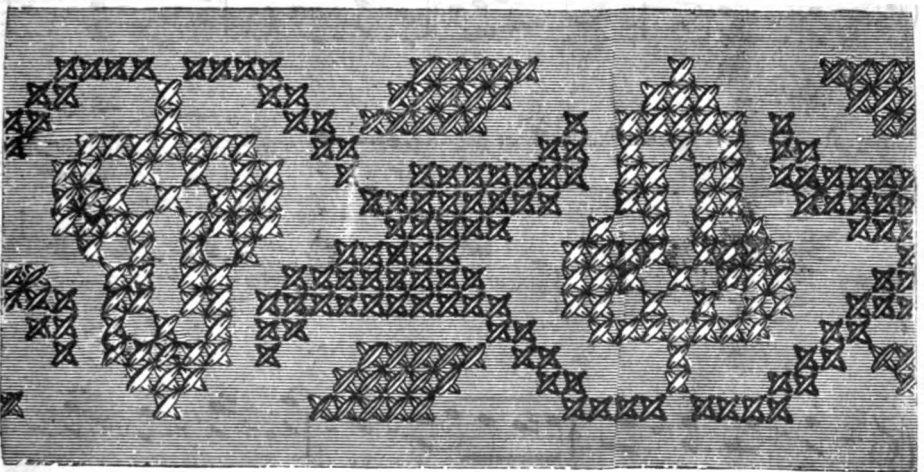
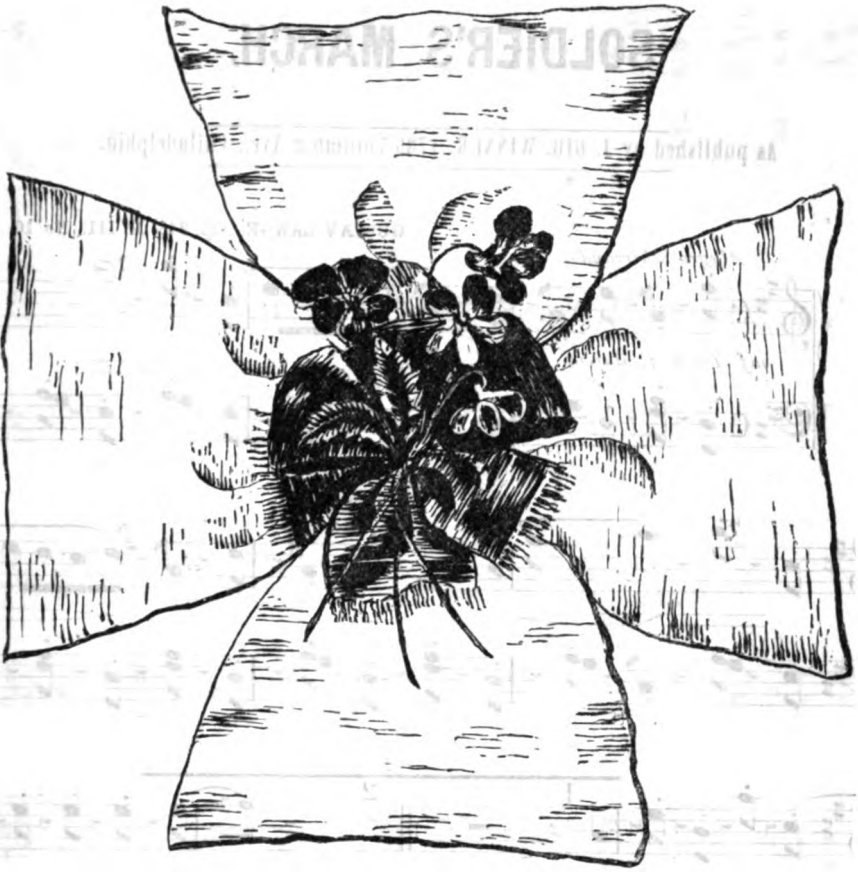
HAT. BONNET. GIRL'S COAT: FRONT AND BACK.



HAT. BONNET. BODICE. SLEEVE.



CUSHION FOR HAIR-PINS. CROCHET EDGING.



SACHET. PATTERN IN CROSS-STITCH.

SOLDIER'S MARCH.

As published by J. GIB. WINNER. 1736 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.

GUSTAV LANGE. Op. 243, H. III., No. 10.

Allegro Scherzando.

mf Tempo di Marcia.

SOLDIER'S MARCH.

The musical score for "SOLDIER'S MARCH" is written for piano in G major and 2/4 time. It consists of six systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system features a melody in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff, with dynamic markings *cres.* and *cres. molto.* The second system continues the melody and bass line, with dynamic markings *f* and *mf*. The third system shows the melody and bass line, with a *mf* marking. The fourth system continues the melody and bass line, with a *mf* marking. The fifth system features a melody in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff, with dynamic markings *Animato.* and *cres.*. The sixth system continues the melody and bass line, with dynamic markings *f sempre.* and *ff*.

cres. *cres. molto.*

f *mf*

mf

Animato. *cres.*

f sempre. *ff*



DRESS FOR DEEP MOUBNING.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

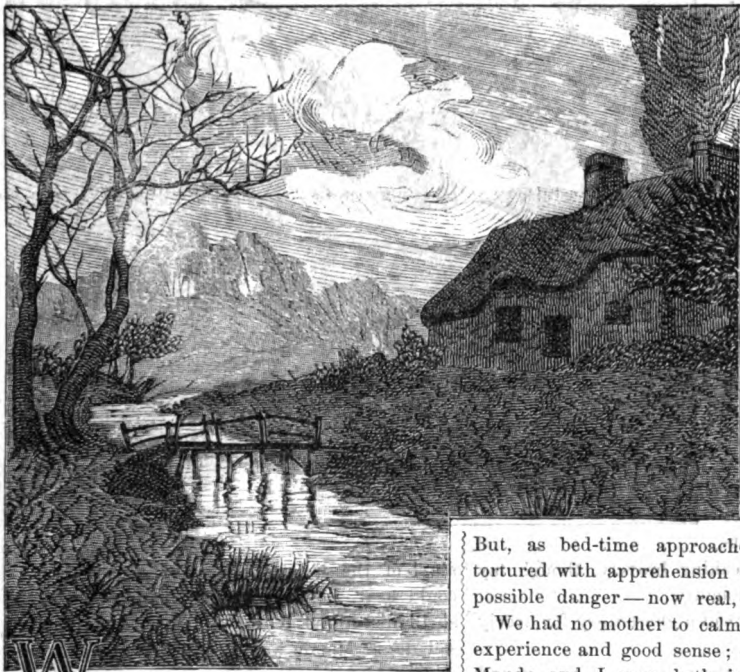
Vol. XCII.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1887.

No. 4.

MAUDE'S GHOST.

BY ALICE ASHLEY.



WE live in a lonely tumbledown old house, but little better than a cottage, in a desolate valley, beside a deserted stream, far away from neighbors, in the heart of the Blue Mountains. It was not always so, however, with us. Once our home had been a stately mansion, high on a hill, and commanding a wide view, for miles, of luxuriant cornfields, all our own possessions. But misfortune had overtaken us; we had to sell our almost princely estate, and now were only too glad to bury our poverty in the humble cottage which I have described.

In order to eke out our slender income, our father had accepted a position as a traveling agent, and was, therefore, frequently away from

home. At such times, we filled the long hours in the afternoon with fancy-work: embroidering scarfs for bureaus and tables, which we were not ashamed, afterward, to sell. Or, between lamplight and bed-time, we read from the works of our favorite authors: Tennyson, Longfellow, Shelley, Wordsworth, and even Byron.

But, as bed-time approached, we were often tortured with apprehension of possible and impossible danger—now real, now supernatural.

We had no mother to calm our fears with her experience and good sense; and, unfortunately, Maude and I were both imaginative—Maude even more than myself. We always took care to bar the doors, however. But even this did not entirely allay our fears. Whenever a dog howled from a far-off farm-house, or a sudden wind wailed in the spectral-looking Lombardy poplars back of the house, we started, clutched each other's hands, and looked fearfully around.

One night, when we found ourselves alone, we ate our supper, brought out the lamp-stand, stirred the open wood-fire to a brighter blaze, and made an attempt to settle ourselves to our book and work. But the attempt proved abortive. Maude, who was reading aloud, laid down her book every few minutes, to ask what I thought could be the cause of "that peculiar

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noise." I could imagine nothing but "the wind," or "rats"; neither of which proving satisfactory to Maude, she at length threw herself on the rug at my feet, and laid her head in my lap.

"Sing to me, Alice. Maybe then I shall not hear the noises," she said.

I tried to sing, but found the child had infected me with her nervous fears to such an extent that it was impossible to sing. The next moment, Maude sprang to her feet, almost upsetting the lamp-stand in her precipitancy.

"Alice! did you hear that unearthly sound?"

"Yes," I replied, with a desperate effort to keep my teeth from chattering. "But it is quite too earthly to suit me. I believe it is a tramp opening the garden-gate; you know how it creaks on the old rusty hinges."

We both strained our ears to catch the sound of steps on the graveled walk, but in vain.

"It was no tramp," said Maude, solemnly.

"Nonsense, Maude! That's what you get by poring over ghost-stories," I said, speaking bravely, though my heart was beating violently.

"Alice, I haven't read a ghost-story for nearly a year."

"Well, you read Poe's tales," I said, "and what's the difference? They're weird enough."

She attempted no vindication: but, after a few moments of thoughtful survey of the fire, proposed we should go to bed. "We are nervous," she said. "A good sleep will cure us." I assented, and we went upstairs. It was our custom to dress each other's hair, and in this peculiarly feminine and engrossing employment we soon forgot our half-hysterical fears. We even made little jokes at each other, and finally rose to such a pitch of high spirits that we went so far as to laugh at our own nervousness.

Sleep soon came to us, as it does always to the young and healthy. After awhile, I began to dream. My dreams were of my old home, and,



alas! of the break-up we had seen there. I could hear the auctioneer's hammer and the shrill discordant tones of his voice on that last sad day. Maude was with me, clinging to me, and sobbing out her vain regrets.

Gradually, however, I became aware that it was not all a dream. Maude was shaking me, and in terrified whispers begging me to wake, and listen to "those horrible noises." I sat up in bed, and listened. The noises were unquestioned. But where they came from, or what they were, I was unable to determine. Nevertheless, I put on a brave front.

"Pshaw," said I, "they are nothing. Only the wind in the trees. Or, perhaps, some unwonted and belated traveler, crossing the bridge. The sounds are like those of footsteps on planks, aren't they, dear?"

I did not really think this, but said it in order to pacify my sister.

Maude shook her head. "No," she said, "it is something quite different, and—and—" she stammered, and trembled all over, "I am sure they are unearthly."

"Nonsense," I said, still affecting to be brave, "they are those of a tramp, at the worst. I will get up and see." And, in spite of Maude's entreaties, I rose and went to the window and looked out.

It was a comparatively clear moonlight night, and I saw quite distinctly everything outside: the little river close at hand, the rude foot-bridge over it, the distant uplands, the cirrus-like clouds in the sky, that the moon lit up so vividly. But not a tiny object, man or beast, was visible, that could have caused the sounds we heard.

My blood ran cold, for, at that instant, the sounds recurred again, more distinct, more unearthly even than before. But I had a stout heart, and had always laughed at what I called silly superstitious fears.

"Come," I said, "this will never do. I, at least, am determined to explore this mystery."

"Oh, don't, don't," cried Maude, clinging to me. "Something dreadful will happen, if you do. Lie still. The night won't last forever. If they are robbers, they will go away. If—it is something more horrible—"

"Ridiculous," I said, interrupting her, and stooping to give her a kiss. "There, cover yourself up in the bed-clothes, head and all and wait till I come back."

Maude expostulated, and begged, and even sobbed; but, when she found that I was determined, she announced her intention to accompany me. The truth was, she was afraid to be left alone. So, hastily robing ourselves, we set forth.

Our chamber was a half-attic one, at the back of the house, built over a store-room. This latter had one window, grated on the inside with wooden slats. There were two doors to the apartment, one of which opened at the foot of the stairs, and the other outside. These doors, though sometimes left open during the day, were carefully fastened at night. The noises that had mingled with my dreams, and terrified both Maude and myself after I awoke, seemed to come from this room. It appeared to me that someone was trying, by main force,





to pull off the slats of the window; the ineffectual efforts to do so being followed by most lamentable cries.

"A tramp!" I suggested, in a whisper, only half believing what I said.

"A tramp would not make so much noise," whispered Maude in reply, clinging to me. "Someone has been murdered in this house, and it is his ghost trying to get in."

"Bah," I retorted, for I had always said I did not believe in ghosts, "I shall soon know."

"For heaven's sake, Alice," interrupted Maude, "what are you going to do?"

"Find out the truth," I retorted.

"Oh, Alice, suppose it is not a tramp?"

"What else can it be?" I asked, conscious, in spite of my intellectual skepticism, of a little superstitious shiver there in the dark.

"It is a ghost, I repeat," replied Maude, in

an awed voice, and I saw that her eyes were dilated with terror. "Oh," she added, "don't go."

"Yes," I said, "I shall go."

"You shall not," retorted Maude, in dismay, clinging to me.

The noises now redoubled. The efforts to wrench off the slats seemed to me sufficient to pull the house down over our heads, and the cries were such as a strong creature might utter in the mortal agony. I waited for a moment, then said decisively:

"I shall wait no longer," and took up the lamp.

"Oh, Alice," cried Maude, with a last beseeching look of entreaty, "stay, stay—"

"Why should it matter to you?" I said, impatiently. "I do not ask you to go with me; you may even lock the door after me, if you wish."

"As if I would let you go by yourself," reproachfully.

Little hypocrite! The truth was, as I have said, she felt safer in the midst of danger, with her big sister, than alone in the dark.

Thus reinforced, I descended the stairs softly, paused a moment at their foot, to throw a fearful glance around me; then inserted the key, unlocked the door, and threw it open. A rush of cold damp air extinguished the lamp: and, the next moment, something white and immense, with wide shining eyes, rushed past me in the dark.

The lamp fell from my nerveless fingers, and, turning with a half-smothered scream, I fled up the stairs after Maude, scarcely stopping to draw a good breath until we had again hidden ourselves away under the bed-clothes.

"Alice," whispered Maude, directly, in an awed voice, "are you sure you locked the door?"

"Ye-es," I managed with difficulty to articulate.

A pause, during which I continued to shake as with an ague. Then Maude again:

"Alice, suppose it came in here," she said. "If only you had not dropped the lamp."

After another pause:

"Alice, stop, and tell me what it looked like. I shut my eyes involuntarily, as soon as the lamp went out."

"I don't know, Maude; do let me be!"

"You might try to describe it, at least," she

said, half coaxingly, half irritably, her curiosity asserting itself with sufficient strength to make her forget her fears a little. "Just give me an idea of what it was like."

"I cannot, I tell you," I insisted. "I just caught a glimpse of some great white thing—"

"Oh! oh!" Maude interrupted, with a strangled scream, as she clung closer to me.

"What is the matter? What did you hear?" I groaned, terrified afresh.

"Oh, nothing—nothing," rejoined the provoking girl; "only your description frightened me worse than ever."

"Then do try to go to sleep and forget it," I pleaded. "There's nothing in here; we are safe enough," I added, trying to get up a little pretense of courage, which my chattering teeth and gasping breath rendered a very poor affair.

"I don't believe I shall ever go to sleep again," moaned poor Maude. "It's enough to drive one crazy. I know I shall be out of my senses before morning."

An attack of hysterics was evidently imminent, and I had nothing at hand to administer but a good scolding, which I proceeded to do with a great deal of energy. The dose was so unexpected, that it produced a beneficial effect on Maude, and helped my own nerves too.

Then Maude cried, then I begged her pardon, and we lay quietly side by side, though each knew very well that the other was as wide-awake and troubled as her wretched self.

We had been wont to close our eyes, if ever we woke, resolutely to the morning light, and sleep on. But, that morning, the first faint streak of dawn was hailed by us both with rapture. And, when the beautiful sunshine came, and we opened the house to let it in, and to let out the horrors, we found, at the foot of the stairs, a large grease-spot, in the midst of which lay the broken lamp; and, crouched in a dark closet under the steps, was a huge white cat, with narrow sleepy eyes.

And that was MAUDE'S GHOST.

THE OLD SONGS.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

THE night has come—already the shadows
Fall far o'er the summer land,
And the evening-song of the birds is heard
In trees by soft breezes fanned.

Yes, the day has been long; and, aweary,
My eyes gladly turn from the light
To where the gray haze of the twilight
ushers in shades of the night.

And now, in the beautiful gloaming,
Sing me a sweet old song,
And I will forget, while you're singing,
That the day has been weary and long.

Sing something we knew in the old time—
Something so simple and sad;
For, to-night, it would pain me to listen
To music triumphant and glad.

But the minor refrain of sad music
Will drive away sadness and pain,
While it brings to my weary heart memory
Of days that will ne'er come again.

Then sing me the sad old-time music,
And let it, like soft soothing balm,
With its sweet tender memory, bring me,
At this twilight-hour, pure peaceful calm.

BERNARDO'S FAREWELL.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

I HAVE only to die, Romola—
Only to die, my child;
But thou hast to live, Romola,
In the midst of a tumult wild.

I have only to die, Romola,
And the time will soon be here;
Only a moment more of life,
But 'tis not for myself I fear.

I have only to die, Romola,
But thou wilt have to live;
And I shall not be there, child,
Comfort and help to give.

VOL. XCII.—18.

I have only to die, Romola;
And the only pain I heed
Is to leave thee comfortless, helpless,
In a world that is sad indeed.

The way to the scaffold is short, child,
And 'tis only a span of life
That my friends have taken from me;
I shall gladly rest from strife.

But to leave thee alone, Romola,
In a world that is filled with strife,
I have only to die, Romola,
But thou must suffer life.

HIS PRIMA-DONNA.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

MR. CONRAD BURTHE was standing on a corner at the intersection of two of the busiest streets in the pretty city of Milwaukee.

His eye had been caught by a huge theatrical "poster," and he had stopped to stare at it in amazement, regardless of any inconvenience his halt might prove to the crowd of eager passers-by.

Determined and athletic-looking as was our handsome young Southerner, he had already been jostled aside several times, but as often had returned to the same point, his gaze never swerving from the highly-colored placard which had so fascinated him.

"Constance Miramon!" he muttered, reading the elongated letters which made this name the most conspicuous on the flaming advertisement. "Constance Miramon! Surely it must be a coincidence of names. The daughter of General Miramon would never have stooped to have herself placarded as the prima-donna of an opera matinée. Even if the death of her father and the loss of his large property have left her in poverty, I cannot see how Constance could have brought herself to this—there were other ways—" "I beg pardon!" lifting his hat, and moving quickly aside, having just inadvertently pushed against a tall slender young woman, dressed in black who had suddenly turned the corner.

"It's of no consequence," promptly answered a pleasantly-modulated voice from under the concealing veil.

Mr. Burthe thought he caught the upward flash of a pair of large dark eyes, which, even through their disguise, seemed strangely familiar. He did not see how the young lady started and paled at sight of him. In fact, after a scarcely-perceptible hesitancy, which had included a single glance at the placard engrossing his attention, she had bowed hurriedly and passed up the street.

Mr. Conrad Burthe looked after the graceful figure, both puzzled and interested.

"She had a look in her eyes as if she knew me," he said; "but, if she had been my own sister, I could not have recognized her through that hideous mask of a veil. Who can she be? I wonder if— Ye gods! if she isn't turning into the side entrance of the opera-house.

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That's who 'tis. It's Constance Miramon! To think I let her pass without recognition. She knew me, that is certain—but why did she not speak? Maybe she noticed the look of disgust my face must have worn when looking up at her name on this shameless placard."

The shapely heel of his Paris boot ground into the dust of the Milwaukee pavement, as he turned in pursuit of the vanishing prima-donna. When he reached the private entrance, the significant "No admittance" on the door brought him to a sudden stop.

The wheezy usher or porter, standing guard, was readily induced, however, to carry his card to his old-time acquaintance and schoolmate; but returned promptly, the bearer of excuses.

"Miss Miramon is preparing for the matinée, and can not see you, sir; but she sends you this, with her compliments."

Another half-smile curved the lips of Mr. Conrad Burthe, as he looked at what proved to be a complimentary ticket for the matinée.

But he said to himself: "If she must live by singing, I prefer to pay my dollar to hear her, like the rest of her public adorers."

That Mademoiselle Constance Miramon was a favorite with the public, he quite realized, when from his seat in a proscenium-box he beheld the crowd thronging into the opera-house.

She came on at last, pale but composed, and glanced calmly about over the great audience.

"A daughter of the gods,
Divinely tall and most divinely fair,"

thought Mr. Conrad Burthe, staring at her. A school-girl, unformed but with a promise of rich beauty, he had left her in Natchez, four years ago. To-day he saw her with the graces of a glorious womanhood unfolded about her like the petals of a flower opened by the sun and showers of summer.

A storm of applause roused him from the retrospect.

Mr. Conrad Burthe was, perhaps, the solitary listener who did not join in the tumultuous encores which greeted superb rendering of her solos. He leaned listlessly back, with an expression of almost chill indifference, even when the singer's gaze met his.

"He is a Burthe, and despises me on account of my profession," thought Miss Miramon.

At the close of the performance, he went back to the side door, to meet her as she came out. He had to wait some time, for the other singers had descended the steps and gone their several ways, before his patience was rewarded by a glimpse of the slender black-garbed figure, which he, this time, recognized at a glance.

Seeing that he was waiting for her, she advanced quietly and gave him her hand. "You saw my name on the placard, then?" she said at once, daring an expression of his opinion.

"I did; and I recognized you also, though not until you had passed me without even a glance," he answered, reproachfully.

"You had known me in Natchez, in the old days; I could not be sure you would care to renew the acquaintance here and now."

"Why not?"

"The stranger's foot has crossed my sill," she said, with a sudden droop of her proud head.

"Yes, I know," he answered, gently. "Yet it occurs to me that you should not, for that reason, make a stranger of me, whose feet have so often crossed the sill of the Miramon homestead in those happier days, when it was the abode of hospitality—and when you were there, the charming dispenser of its bounties."

"You are kind," she answered, quickly.

"Ah, you are stopping here, then?" he said, as she paused at the ladies' entrance to the "Plankington."

"Yes," she briefly assented; then, after a second's hesitation: "My troupe is also here. We found it conveniently near the opera-house."

"I am staying at the Plankington also," Mr. Burthe said, smiling, "so, although I must leave the city this afternoon, we will meet at dinner—that is, if I may join you at your table?"

A faint tinge of color crept into Miss Miramon's pale cheeks.

"I do not like to seem ungracious," she said, apologetically; "but I think you will not care to. Signor Liberati, the tenor, and his sister, the first contralto, dine with me."

"Constance!" he exclaimed, casting aside his forced indifference, "why need you have placed yourself in this false position? These are not the associates for you—the daughter of a statesman and soldier—surely you had relatives and friends—"

"Signor Liberati and his sister are my friends," she said, proudly; "all the more devoted and stanch, perhaps, because I am not dependent upon their friendship for my daily food."

"Poor child," pityingly murmured Burthe. "When the wind of adversity struck you, your summer friends dropped away like leaves, did they?"

Miss Miramon smiled.

"There was considerable rustling among them when they learned what I intended to do with the one accomplishment bestowed upon me by my feminine education."

"Was there, then, positively nothing else you could do?"

She lifted her shoulders slightly. "I could embroider a little, paint a little, and could do a bit of plain sewing. I might have gone as nursery-governess, perhaps, as I had a smattering of French, German, and Latin. Southern gentlemen, you know, do not believe in the higher education of women, nor do they believe in opening many avenues of independent support for them."

"We believe that Southern women should be protected by the love and care of Southern men," Burthe replied, in his knightliest tone.

Miss Miramon's lip quivered, but she looked up steadily:

"In mercy's name, what is to become, then, of the poor unfortunates who, like myself, must face life unaided? For my own part, I preferred to show that I could stand alone—I have proved it, too."

She held out her hand, and added: "I may not see you again, as you are to leave the city so soon."

He took the slender gloved fingers in his firm grasp.

"If not in Milwaukee, we shall meet somewhere else," he answered.

She smiled a little bitterly.

"Possibly. Yet our paths are widely divergent. You, of course, return to Natchez and the old life there, while I—I am like the wind that goeth where it listeth—"

"But," he responded, quickly, "if you be the popular favorite of to-morrow, as you are of to-day, we shall hear the sound of your going; and so, can tell whence you come and whither you go."

She coldly withdrew her fingers from his detaining clasp.

"Forewarned, those who desire to do so can the more readily avoid a meeting which might not be desirable or profitable to either side."

He let her go without another word. But, for a reason, satisfactory—or, as it might have been, unsatisfactory—to himself, Mr. Conrad Burthe did not leave Milwaukee that afternoon.

The first clear swelling note of the prima-

donna's voice reached him, that night, in the identical opera-box he had entered that morning, filled with resentment against her for lowering the caste of that circle of society of which she, as well as himself, was a representative.

If, however, Miss Miramon was surprised, or, indeed, experienced any emotion, at seeing him in his conspicuous place, she gave not the slightest evidence of it. In fact, her dark eyes rested upon him but a single time designedly, and then they were satirical in their luminous depths. It was when he had drawn a passing attention to himself by the vehement applause he had given one of her superbly-sustained flights of song.

It so happened that his egress from the opera was retarded by the blocking of the stairway leading off from his box. A delay of five minutes seldom vexed the spirit of our not unamiable gentleman of leisure, but in this instance he could literally have stormed and torn his hair after the most approved stage-fashion, when, having succeeded in making his exit, he arrived at the private entrance only in time to find the wheezy janitor in the act of closing the door.

"Wait," ordered Mr. Burthe, tendering a fee; "where are they all, my good fellow?"

The good fellow wheezed comfortably as he pocketed the silver.

"They're none on 'em left inside, but the luggage, sir; and that's in charge, you see, of the manager."

"But Miss Miramon, where is she?"

"Gone to the train, sir; they'd barely time to make it, after the op'ry."

"Follow where?" asked Burthe.

"To th' next p'int they're booked for, I guess; but the manager's got his orders private, I calculate. Leastways, I dunno where thet p'int might be."

Burthe uttered an expletive more vehement than elegant, as he dashed down the steps into the street. Within the radius of the light at the front, a single hack was lingering for a chance fare. Conrad gave a sharp order to the sleepy Jehu, and in a moment was dashing down to the distant station on the lake. The rattle of silver in the fingers of his passenger had put the driver and his horses on their mettle, but, reckless as the speed was, it availed nothing but to give the pursuers a fleeting glimpse of the night express steaming out from the station.

"It is perfectly evident that she meant to avoid me by this flight," he communed with himself, in bitterness of spirit, when he reached the privacy of his room at the hotel.

Later, more charitable thoughts came to him: "She has still the pride of the Miramons, if she has lowered the family dignity. But has she done this? Is not that pride which leads even a woman to independent toil evidence of truer nobility than the false pride which would permit her to accept a lavish charity in idleness? Certainly, she might have married—with her beauty and grace, that would have been easy enough."

A sudden flush crept into the face of the young man, who was assuredly developing a most romantic interest in his whilom school-girl friend.

In the breakfast-room, on the morning following, he eagerly scanned the daily papers. But, for some reason, the reporters were not as assured as usual in tracing the course of the bright particular star now flitting across the operatic horizon.

It was supposed that Madison and Chicago would soon be favored points where Miss Miramon would condescend to diffuse the radiance of her beams; but, for the present, she was wearied, and designed to repose in some solitude away from the "madding crowd." Fair as Diana, but as cold and inaccessible, it was evidently her intention to conceal herself from her worshipers, inasmuch as she had distinctly declined to give even a hint of her future movements. There was, however, a suspicion that the famed health-resort at Waukesha had lured her thither for the present.

"At what hour will the daily express leave for Bethesda Springs?" Mr. Burthe asked of the waiter at his elbow.

"At one-thirty, sir."

His beefsteak dispatched, the hotel-bill was next called for and promptly settled, and at one-thirty he was in the parlor-car, en route for Waukesha.

Though late in the season, there was an imposing list of celebrities on the registry-book of the Fountain House; and, with its ample accommodations, its handsome parlors, spacious verandahs and corridors, the hotel itself was attractive enough, but it did not seem to suit the fastidious taste of this latest arrival.

"Miss Miramon was not booked there. No," the polite clerk-in-waiting sorrowfully assured him. "There were many other young ladies, though—quite attractive ones—in the house, but few, lamentably few, young gentlemen."

Mr. Burthe paid no attention to this flow of words, but said, politely: "Please name some of the other houses that are the most frequented."

"Oh, as for that, every house in the village took boarders, pretty much. During the height of the season, there'd been about five or seven

thousand people on the grounds, more or less, and all the Waukesha folks were full up. Even yet, there was a goodly crowd at the 'Morse House,' 'The Hunkins,' and 'The Wardrobe.'"

At the Morse House, the same eager inquiries were made; the Hunkins, and indeed a dozen other houses of varying degrees of trimness and bareness, were interviewed, but all with the same result. Miss Miramon, if at Waukesha at all, had hidden herself, as the reporter had prophesied, away from the "madding crowd."

Should he give up the search? Doubtless she would resent the persistent tracking of her after this fashion; but, as his futile journey had brought him to this famed health-resort, he might as well sojourn on its grounds for a day or two; and should he, during the time, happen upon the object of his quest, she could not, surely, question his right to make one of a thousand quaffing health and strength from those crystal life-drops.

So, with this sop thrown to his growling conscience, Mr. Burthe took rooms at the Fountain House, and for twentyfour hours or more haunted the various springs with the assiduity of an invalid afflicted with every organic trouble known to man.

Then he fell to moping, and took to solitary strolls about the village.

Alas, for the disappointed searcher after the vanished! For him the lions of the quaint Indian town were toothless, clawless, and might be thought tailless and maneless, so devoid of interest they seemed to be for him, as he wandered grumpily about.

"Now these three tombs they call the tombs of Waukesha and of his two wives: am I to believe that relic-hunters would have left them smoothly sodded over like this, with trees growing out of the hearts of the dead savage and his ugly squaws, when, as they say, these mounds are made up pretty much of jugs, stone hammers, hatchets, tomahawks, and all the other treasures of a warlike chieftain? Pst!" turning his head quickly toward a pretty white stone cottage, set in a little vine-embowered yard, a few rods up the quiet street. "Somebody singing—a charming voice, too."

He thrust aside the twig of evergreen he had viciously laid hold upon while deriding the idea that its longest root could reach to the heart of Waukesha's favorite squaw, gone to dust below—if there at all—and passed rapidly across the greensward, taking the nearer cut to the cottage from which sounded the clear soprano notes.

"It would not need a ferret to find even a shy white mouse, if the pretty creature had a

singing voice to betray its hiding-place," he murmured, exultingly, as he paced along the pavement in front of the cottage.

In one of the intervals of her morning's faithful study, Miss Miramon was startled by a sharp pull at the door-bell of her private cottage.

"Another of those troublesome boarding-place hunters, I suppose," she murmured, impatiently.

A moment later, the door opened, and Mammy Chloe, her devoted old servant, in stately turbaned dignity, ushered in a visitor.

You would have supposed that Mr. Burthe was fresh from the torrid zone, so warm was his greeting and so earnest his surprise at finding his friend, Miss Miramon, domesticated at the Bethesda, where he had passed two whole days without ever a suspicion of her presence. It might have been supposed, on the contrary, that our prima-donna was perched upon an iceberg somewhere on the borders of the arctic sea, so frigid was the welcome vouchsafed him. So ardently did her visitor beam, however, that her icy atmosphere began to thaw after a time, and there was at least the cold shine of the aurora-borealis in the smile with which she listened to his voluble excuses for not being on his way to Natchez instead of where he was—sitting opposite her in the dainty freshness of her little parlor. He tripped in his explanation, however, betraying himself quite ignominiously just when he had about secured an easy footing.

"You must be settled here altogether 'incog,' are you not? At all events, I've not been able to hear a word about you in any direction, and, in fact, I about gave you up when I could not find your name registered at the Fountain House."

"Ah," she answered, quietly, "you went to the trouble to examine the register, did you? You took it for granted, perhaps, that, as I was a public character, I would prefer publicity in my surroundings. Well, probably I should have been there, had not Signor Liberati and his sister and Herr Von Werther, the manager of our troupe, preferred leaving me here to rest and recuperate for our fall engagements, while they 'do' the Rockies and the Yosemite and a few other American wonders."

He rose quickly and stood nearer to her, resting his elbow on the mantel, looking down at her.

"I am glad you did not go with them," he said, emphatically.

"Why?" she coldly asked: ready, he saw, to defend these people who had been kind to her, doubtless, in her time of adversity.

"Why?" he repeated, evasively. "Because,

for one thing, it is easy to see that you are in need of that rest of which you speak. You are too pale. That other night, when you first came before me at the opera, robed in white, and white yourself—whiter than a lily, and as fragile-looking—I could think of nothing but a snow-wraith, that would vanish away as I gazed. Child," speaking as though he were the patriarch Noah putting out his hand to smooth the ruffled plumage of his dove, who, in her absence from him, had found no rest for the sole of her foot, "child, you are weary already. This struggle with life is too much for you."

Her deep soft eyes were lifted to his, half mockingly :

"What would you advise for me, instead: the hempen cord, or the hemlock draught of Socrates?"

He looked earnestly at her for a moment without speaking.

"There is one alternative," he said, slowly.

"Is it bitter as the hemlock?"

"You can judge. It is to marry me, and go back to the old life in Natchez." He could see that she had heard and understood him only by the sudden flutter of the feather screen she was holding up to shield her face from the light blaze of the fire. He waited for her to speak.

Presently she said, with a suppressed tone of pathos in her voice: "You must pity me greatly."

"I suppose I do," he quietly responded, "if, as it is said, pity is akin to love, Constance."

There was a flutter of her downcast lids. He moved quickly across the hearth-rug and knelt by her easy-chair, his face dangerously close to hers.

"You cannot think this merely a passing fancy, Constance—an impulse of the moment. Years ago, you remember, I constituted myself your knight, to wear your colors forever—blue was the ribbon you wore on your long plaits that day at school, when I had the fight about you. Ah, I see you have not forgotten."

Constance laughed; but she did not look at him, and her color was deeper.

"You mean that day when you made Septimus Gordon's nose bleed for—for—"

"Attempting to kiss you. The impudent scoundrel—and you the queen-beauty of our school, a proud haughty little queen, too. The blue snood you gave me for my guerdon that day I have still, Constance."

"Yet I was not more than thirteen years old, then," she said, softly; "I am past twenty, now. It is a long time to treasure a memento of a trifling incident like that."

"Its value was enhanced, you remember, dear, by another guerdon you bestowed with it."

The screen fluttered under her folded fingers almost as if there were a living bird inside its feathers.

Mr. Burthe laughed and impudently captured one of the unsteady white hands.

"You gave me that which you had denied to Septimus, Constance. It was an indiscretion, you must confess, and the only way for you to undo it is to take it back again. All these years I've thought to return to America to make this restitution."

He leaned closer to her.

"May I not give it back to you, my darling?"

She laid her free hand against his bearded cheek, pressing him back from her, while her cheeks glowed till she no longer resembled either a lily or a snow-wraith.

"You are unwise, are you not, thus to brave loss of caste among our Brahminical kind in Natchez?"

"I have a pretty good tenor voice," he heroically rejoined. "I will even sing with Signor Liberati, if you say so. Let me sing for you now, that you may judge of the quality of my voice."

"Sing," she commanded, with a smile.

"Oh, kiss me quick and let me go,"

he sang, in a half-voice.

Her fingers slipped from his cheek to cover his eyes, that were gazing entreatingly into hers.

"Yes, yes, for am I not fondly thine own?" she responded, in the same low repressed tones.

"Encore, encore, my prima-donna!" he cried, drawing first the blindfolding fingers against his lips, and then her face down to his.

AUTUMN'S SPELL.

BY BLANCHE BEAUMONT.

LISTEN to the mellow chimes
Struck on autumn's golden bell,
Broken staves of tender rhymes
Wailing with a magic spell.

Oh, the golden autumn's spell!
Sweetly sad, the song she sings.
Ah, I love thee, autumn, well—
Love the days that autumn brings.

THE PRIVATE POSTMAN.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

his voice was eager, almost passionate, as he spoke, yet with a certain quiet determination in its tones.

"On the nineteenth I sail for Liverpool," he said, "as you know, Pansy. There's no getting over that. My business-interests will not allow me to defer my departure a day longer. Now, why not give me my answer at once, dear? If it be a favorable one, as I trust it may be, we could hurry up our arrangements quite easily, and have a quiet wedding, and then I could take you abroad with me as my own dear little wife. What do you think of it, Pansy?"

The speaker was a man of five-and-forty years, perhaps, but still handsome, and apparently in full possession of all the strength and vigor of early manhood.

The girl he addressed was sitting on a rustic seat under the shade of the linden-trees, with a basket of bright-colored flosses at her side, and an open book on her knee. She did not answer him, but, keeping her eyes cast down in an embarrassed way, seemed intent upon uprooting a tuft of yellow cowslips with the toe of her French boot.

Mr. Galbraith watched her in smiling silence for a moment or two, and then continued, speaking with that coaxing tenderness one is apt to use when addressing a spoiled child.

"Won't you give me my answer, Pansy?" he said. "I must go over to town to-night, and I should be glad to know my fate before I start. You've had a long time in which to decide; at any rate, it seems a long time to me. And surely," he added, approaching a step nearer, "you need no further assurance in regard to the state of my feelings. You know how fondly I love you, Pansy. Your father was one of my best friends, and, when on his death-bed he confided you to my keeping, I promised to do the best for you I could; and, my dear, I've tried to keep that promise."

"Oh, you have kept it," the girl burst forth, glancing up at him with a flash of tears in her violet eyes. "You have always been good to me; always, always. My dear guardian, I am not ungrateful."

"I know that, child; but is gratitude all you can give me? Am I such an old man that you can't learn to care for me just a little, dear?"

"Oh, no, no; it is not that, it is not that."

"What, then, Pansy?" he continued, sitting down beside her and taking her hand. "We've been good friends all these years—can't you trust me now? Try and believe, my dear little girl, that your happiness is even more precious to me than my own. I would not ask you to be my wife, unless I felt sure of making you happy. It seems to me I could. Don't you think so? I love you so dearly that the one pleasure and aim of my life would be to shield you from all care and trouble. I am sure I could make you happy, Pansy. We could go abroad together, and wander at our will through the storied countries of the Old World, and then, when we got tired and homesick, come back and make our home here at dear old Lindenwold. You would like that, wouldn't you, dear?"

"Oh, yes, of course I should like it—there is no place in the world like Lindenwold; but—" She stopped short, her cheeks hot with blushes, her eyes downcast.

"Go on, Pansy," said her guardian, gently; "open your heart to me, my child. Let me understand what it is that keeps us apart. Go on, my dear."

Pansy hid her hot face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"It is nothing, sir," she faltered, "nothing at all, only I'm a foolish silly creature, and not worthy to be your wife."

"I am the best judge of that, dear," he replied, gently. "You please me just as you are; but I won't tease you, dear," he added, rising to his feet. "You mustn't cry, my child; I'm going, this minute. But think over what I've said, and come to me in the library after dinner; will you, Pansy?"

"Yes—yes, sir, I'll come."

"That's a good child. I hope you'll be able to decide in my favor; but, above all things, I want you to be happy—always remember that."

He bent down, and, touching his lips to her forehead in a half-fatherly fashion, hurried away.

"How good he is," mused Pansy, when left to herself; "how kind he has always been to me. I'm ever so fond of him, too, but I don't care for him in that way. No, I don't, and there's no use in pretending I do. I might learn to care for him after a while, perhaps—I don't

know—I'm not sure. I'm afraid it would be a sin to consent to marry him, feeling as I do now. How I wish I had told him so at once; but I do hate to be unkind to him. Oh, dear, dear, there seems to be nothing but worry and trouble in the world, anyway—I almost wish I were dead!" Whereupon the poor little girl bowed her bright head down upon the arm of the rustic seat, and sobbed like the foolish baby she was.

But this tender pity for her kind guardian was not the sole cause of Pansy's distress. She had another and a deeper source of grief, which she strove to hide even from herself. A year or two previous, while spending the season at Saratoga, with her guardian and his sister, she had made the acquaintance of Jack Davenant, the son of a wealthy New York banker. The attraction which drew the two at once together was mutual. Indeed, it seemed to be an old-fashioned case of love at first sight on both sides. In less than six weeks after their introduction to each other, they were engaged.

But Pansy, being a willful and capricious creature, insisted that the engagement should be kept a profound secret—for a time, at least. It would spoil all the romance of the thing, she declared, if the affair were made public. So the young man, sorely against his will and better judgment, was forced to submit and to bid adieu to his fair betrothed without saying a word on the subject so near his heart, even to her guardian.

Within a month, however, he came down to Lindenwald, to make Pansy a visit.

"I must speak to your guardian at once, dearest, and have everything settled," were almost his first words.

But headstrong Pansy would not hear to such a thing.

"No, no, it is quite time enough," she declared. "I will not have people staring me out of countenance, and saying I'm engaged. You must not say a word to my guardian until I give you permission. If you do, I'll take back my 'yes,' and make it 'no.'"

In the face of this dreadful alternative, poor Jack could do nothing but submit; so the two parted a second time, and no public mention of their engagement had been made.

Ah, how vividly that last parting came back to Pansy, as she sat there on the rustic chair under the shade of the whispering lindens. How well she remembered every word, every caress, almost every throb of her happy heart. A June day only a year ago, but it seemed an eternity as she looked back over the anxious months and weeks that had intervened. Every day, every hour almost, she had looked for her

lover to come again—had hoped and waited for some message, some assurance of his fidelity; but, since that last parting, a silence like that of death had fallen between them. It had been such a tender parting, too. Pansy's blue eyes grew dim with tears as she recalled it.

She fancied she could see her handsome young lover standing out there at the lawn gate, just as he stood that June afternoon, and she seemed to hear again his last words:

"You are cruel, Pansy, to send me from you like this; but I shall soon return, and, when I do, it will be to claim you as my own. Bear that in mind. And now, won't you give me some little thing," he added, holding her hand with a lingering pressure, "a flower you have worn—a lock of your bright hair—something that will seem part and parcel of your precious self, and will serve to comfort and console me when I am far away from you?"

At that moment, a little silver-throated carrier-pigeon fluttered down from its box, and perched on the girl's shoulder.

"Oh, I'll tell you what I'll do," she cried, taking the bird in her hands and pressing her cheek against its soft feathers: "I'll give you Beauty. I love him better than anything else in the round world, but I'll give him to you, Jack, as a token of my good faith; and, if trouble ever come between us," she added, gayly, "or my guardian gets ferocious and locks me up, after the fashion of those in the story-books, why, Beauty will serve us as a private postman, you see! Isn't it a delightful arrangement?"

"It is, indeed," assented Jack; "I'll take Beauty, and keep him until I come to claim his mistress." And, taking the silver-throated bird, he kissed Pansy's sweet lips and went his way.

For the last time, alas! A year had gone by since that June afternoon, and, in all that time, Pansy had not seen Jack or received a single message from him. She wrote repeatedly at first, but, receiving no answer, her girlish pride flew up in arms, and she determined to bear her pain in silence.

A little later, the mystery of her lover's strange conduct was explained by the news that he was on the eve of a marriage with his cousin, a young lady of great wealth. Pansy was cut to the heart by this cruel blow, but she was too proud to betray her anguish; hence not even her nearest friends had a suspicion of her secret.

So this was the real cause of the poor girl's tears, this was why she hesitated about marrying her guardian. She could not forget her pretty love-dream. Suddenly she sprang up and said: "But, if Jack has forgotten me so easily, why

should I care to remember him? If he prefers another woman, why should I sit down and break my heart for his sake?"

A blaze of anger dried the tears in her eyes. She would show him, she said to herself, and everybody else, that she did not care. Yes, she had made up her mind at last. She would marry her dear kind guardian, and Lindenwold should be her home!

She arose, with flushed cheeks and a resolute air, and turned toward the house. But, at that moment, a sudden flutter of wings stirred the odorous air, and, in a twinkling, a little way-worn wanderer dropped down, with a plaintive cooing cry, settling first on her shoulder, and then on her hand. It was Beauty, and suspended from his silver throat was a letter. Pansy's very heart stood still.

"Jack has sent Beauty back to me," she said, disengaging the letter from the bird's neck.

She stood for a moment or two, holding the weary pigeon on the palm of her hand, and the letter in her fingers, struggling for courage to meet whatever might be in store for her. She recovered her self-control at last, and broke the seal.

The letter was addressed to Pansy, care of the private postman, and contained the following lines:

"Pansy, I have just returned from the West, and have discovered that my cousin has been intercepting our letters, and making mischief between us. I have been led to believe that you are false to me, and intend to marry your guardian. You can never understand what I have

suffered. I am coming, darling. Heaven grant that this may not reach you too late. I shall follow my private postman."

Pansy did not appear at dinner, but she went to her guardian in the library an hour later.

"What is it, little one?" he asked, holding out his hand. "I see by your face that something unusual has happened."

Pansy hesitated a moment, and then, with many blushes and much self-abasement, she told him the whole story, from beginning to end.

He listened with patient kindness, and, when she had finished, laid his hand on her bowed head.

"You should have trusted me, child, from the first," he said. "I could have spared you all this trouble. However, it is all right now, so don't be distressed. I would far sooner see you happy, my dear, than to be happy myself."

The very next day brought Jack, and the marriage took place not long after. Pansy's guardian was not present, having gone abroad; but he left his blessing for the fair bride, and gave her Lindenwold as a wedding-gift.

The only drawback to Pansy's happiness was pity on her guardian's account, and it can be readily believed that, when he returned to his native land, a few years later, bringing a handsome and gracious lady as his wife, the loving girl's delight knew no bounds.

"Oh, Jack," she cried, "I've nothing in the world left to wish for now—I'm the happiest woman alive."

"And I the happiest man," echoed her husband, "and we owe it all to our PRIVATE POSTMAN."

FOREVER AND A DAY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"SHE is coming, is coming," the robin sang, up in the cherry-tree.

"This is the time for wooing,"

The south-wind whispered to me.

"Tell her you love her, love her,"

I heard the wild-rose say.

"Love her" and "Love her," the brooklet sang, as it leaped away.

Oh, the roses of summer wither,

All beauty must pass away;

But true love will last forever,

Forever and a day.

I cannot tell what the words were

In which my love was told:

I only know that she heard them,

And that my heart grew bold.

I kissed her cheeks' red roses,

I held her to my heart.

Oh, henceforth, dear, together:

No more, no more apart.

Oh, the roses of summer wither,

All beauty must pass away;

But true love will last forever,

Forever and a day.

O day when I won my darling!

I wonder if heaven above

Will have a day that is sweeter

Or one more full of love?

We have climbed life's hill together:

And so, till the set of sun,

God grant we may journey, darling,

Till life's pilgrimage is done.

Oh, the roses of summer wither,

All beauty must pass away;

But true love will last forever,

Forever and a day.

THE BEAUMONTS OF BEACON STREET.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

LORD ELLESDEN stepped into a Boston street-car, to go down Washington Street. It may seem an odd place to introduce a young gentleman with such a fine-sounding title, but his being there is easily accounted for.

He had begun the modern Englishman's regulation tour through America, was spending some weeks with a relative who, years before, had married a Bostonian, and this morning he had promised to fulfil a commission for the lady to an acquaintance who, at that hour, was always occupied in his office.

Soon after Ellesden had taken his seat, a violent shower—half rain, half sleet—came up, without the slightest warning, and the vehicle speedily grew uncomfortably crowded. He saw a young lady enter, and, had she been even less distractingly pretty than she was, he would have had to relinquish his place in her favor, as she was brought to a halt directly in front of him.

As she took the seat, she looked up with a bow and a murmur of thanks; she caught a partial view of his face, and said quickly:

"Ah, good-morning—I did not recognize you. I hope your cousin is much better?"

"Oh, she's quite recovered," he answered, wondering how, if he had ever met the pretty creature, he could possibly have forgotten her.

Just then, the departure of a heavy elderly gentleman enabled him to secure the seat next her, hoping that she might make some remark which would quicken his memory and give him a clue to her identity. She was busy pulling off her damp gloves, and went on talking gayly without again glancing in his direction.

"I feel as if I were having an adventure," she said, "and it is so delightful. I shall be well scolded because I did not wait for the carriage; but, naturally, that only adds to the pleasure."

She half turned her head, with a bewildering smile, and he, still busy wondering who she could be and where he could have met her, was unable to manage any rejoinder beyond a commonplace:

"I am afraid you are very wet."

"No; my gloves suffered most. You said your cousin is entirely over her cold? I have

been meaning to call—by the way, will she get to the Beaumonts' reception to-day?"

Ellesden's cousin certainly was to be there, as Ellesden knew, for he had promised to be her escort; so he replied, quite enthusiastically:

"Oh, yes, yes; we are both going."

"Then I shall be able to make her my excuses," continued the unknown, depositing her damp gloves in her reticule and drawing out a new pair, which looked as if made for a fairy. "How lucky I had just bought them," she added, laughing. "And at last I shall see that specimen of English nobility whom I have just missed half a dozen times during my fortnight here."

"Ah—oh!" Ellesden heard himself reply, but could get no further.

"I don't like Englishmen, usually," she went on, "and I am prepared especially to dislike this Lord Ellesden. By the by, I ought not to say that to you, since, like most young swells, you affect the heavy English. Bless me, what a rude speech—please forgive it. You see, I know your cousin so well that I forget I have only met you three times."

He perceived the mistake she was laboring under, and began to enjoy the joke in his grave fashion, asking quietly:

"But why are you determined especially to dislike Ellesden?"

"Why? Oh, well, just because I have heard so much about his position and his attainments—culture, I mean—I forgot I am in Boston. Mercy! he reads Sanscrit, has deciphered a new hieroglyph or something equally dreadful, and I can hardly read English. Aren't those reasons enough why I should hate him?"

At that juncture, there was a fresh invasion into the car, though the rain had ceased as suddenly as it began, and Ellesden was forced again to relinquish his seat. "Oh, I get out here," the young lady said, a few moments later. "Be sure you find me in the Beaumont crowd; we'll compare notes in regard to his lordship—only you must promise to let me abuse him. Good-morning."

As she rose, she looked full in his face for the first time; a quick flush spread over her cheeks—a rapid expression of doubt and wonder was succeeded by one of mingled fun and embarrassment.

"Please hurry up!" called the conductor.

Before Ellesden could speak, she was gone. He tried to push forward, in order to help her off the platform, but two stout ladies effectually barred his passage. The car started on; he saw the graceful figure flit round the corner, then he lost her.

A few squares lower down, Ellesden himself descended. He paid his visit in a very dreamy fashion, quite forgot his errand until out of the office, and then, being a shy man, was ashamed to go back.

He found Mrs. Emerson at luncheon, and fortunately a couple of unexpected visitors with her, so she had no opportunity to pin him down to facts, thereby saving his reputation for common sense in her eyes.

He soon made an excuse to leave the table, and sat smoking for a long while in the solitude of his dressing-room, but even when he roused up sufficiently to read an art-pamphlet, the girl's beautiful face haunted him still.

His servant knocked at the door with a message from Mrs. Emerson. She had forgotten that she had promised to look in on her friend, Mrs. Bowyer. There was to be a meeting of one of the numerous societies to which she belonged, and she could not absent herself. But she would spare him the infliction of accompanying her, and would meet him later at the Beaumonts'.

Sufficiently wealthy for comfort, even luxury, priding themselves on their culture, their artistic and scholarly tastes, their mental inheritances generally, and their relationship to numerous distinguished people in New and Old England, the Beaumonts were as charming a family as even the heir of a famous earldom would be likely to meet at home or abroad.

Ellesden had made up his mind to this, when, the previous year, he met them at a noted German spa, to which he had accompanied Mrs. Emerson. A quarter of a century had passed since that lady had set foot in Europe, so Ellesden retained no recollection of her; but the pair speedily became firm allies, and he was delighted to act as her escort over to Germany.

A quiet studious man of eight-and-twenty, who had never been in love—a man who cared nothing for race-horses, and less about politics than was satisfactory to his grandfather. Ellesden himself was rather inclined to regret that only a frail old man's life stood between him and a great title, with its responsibilities though, when they should fall upon him, he was not of a nature to shrink therefrom.

The Beaumonts had been distant relatives of Mrs. Emerson's American husband, and ranked among her closest friends. She had a great admiration for their talents and cultivation, regarding the daughter Adela as the cleverest and most beautiful girl she had ever known, and believing her as warm-hearted as she was lovely and talented. Mrs. Emerson put great enthusiasm into her likings, and, in spite of her tact and common sense, could not claim to be a very acute judge of character.

For a time, Ellesden had undoubtedly been interested in Miss Beaumont; she entered warmly and appreciatively into certain studies which absorbed him, and, student though he may be, no man under thirty can fail to consider a woman's mental claims heightened by the gift of physical beauty.

Late in the autumn, he had come over to America, a trip which he had long proposed to himself, and which received an additional inducement from the warm friendship he had acquired for his relative.

He had spent a short time in Boston, then gone West and South; and, during the last weeks of winter, had returned to the New World Athens.

The slight glamor which had been over his eyes in regard to Miss Beaumont had fled, but he recognized that for the first time he had gone near what people called "falling in love." He could congratulate himself now that he had in no way shown more than a friendly interest, yet life looked different, and he was conscious that some new longing, some vague strong impulse, had awakened in his soul. He did not recognize the fact, but the truth was he had just reached the stage where he was ready to love and feel the need of being loved. A vague disappointment remained in his mind because his second meeting with Miss Beaumont, to which he had looked forward with pleasure, had failed to produce the effect he had anticipated; but it had, and he also conceived the idea that in her character there was the same lack of warmth and spontaneity which to him had become a defect in the almost perfect regularity of her features.

The Beaumonts' drawing-rooms were fall when he entered. Unavoidably he was made something of a lion, but not offensively so—neither his hosts nor their set were capable of such vulgarity. Miss Beaumont fully intended to become the future Countess of Montfort, but the most censorious or observant person could not have discovered the slightest design or wish of that nature.

To-day her beauty seemed more inanimate

than usual to Ellesden, and he decided that there was a lack of style rather remarkable in an American girl; but the truth was, he kept comparing her with the bewildering vision that had flitted across his path a few hours previous, and for a second sight of which he vainly sought from one end of the salons to the other.

He had got back near the entrance, and was talking to the host, when he heard his cousin say at his side:

"Here you are—I did not mean to be so late. Look at that girl just coming in. I fancy she is the Western Miss Connelton we've heard so much about lately—handsome, but bad style."

Ellesden, however, scarcely glanced at the showy lady; for, at the instant, so close to them that she might have heard his cousin's words, passed the heroine of his street-car adventure under the wing of an elderly lady as dainty as a Dresden-china figure.

"Who is that?" he half whispered to Mrs. Emerson; but she had already turned back to address Mr. Beaumont.

Ellesden made his way through the rooms again, and presently saw Miss Beaumont at the side of the exquisitely dressed and noticeably elegant unknown.

There were several men hovering about, and the conversation appeared to be general, though the young lady was evidently the chief speaker; and, as he got close, Ellesden could hear that she was giving an amusing account of her late blunder in having mistaken an entire stranger for an acquaintance.

Her face was turned aside so that she did not notice his approach, but Miss Beaumont did, and would have taken him directly away on a pretext of showing him her orchids; but, though rather a slow thinker where social trifles were concerned, Ellesden was quick enough when he had an object in view, and he did not propose to be led off.

Just then, the unknown dropped her handkerchief. Ellesden picked it up; she turned to receive it—his eyes so plainly asked Miss Beaumont for an introduction to the owner of the perfumed square of batiste, that, in spite of herself, that lady was forced to say in her stately fashion:

"Miss Connelton, let me present Lord Ellesden."

The young lady gave a little start as her eyes met his; she bowed, coloring in the most charming fashion, and evidently struggling between embarrassment and a keen sense of the ludicrousness of the situation. As for Ellesden, he stood actually dumfounded. This elegant creature the girl of whom he had heard Miss

Beaumont and others speak with a sort of contemptuous pity, as not only "Western," but the daughter of a Cincinnati lager-beer brewer?

The other men moved on; each of the two newly introduced muttered something, neither could have told what. Then Miss Connelton, perceiving a look of faint surprise in Miss Beaumont's face, began to laugh, and, quite at her ease, said, with a delicious mingling of womanly assurance and girlish naiveté:

"Dear me, Lord Ellesden, do I owe you or Mr. Forman my most decorous excuses?" Then, before the gentleman could speak, she continued: "I am laughing at one of my dreadful stupidities, Miss Beaumont. It seems that, when the shower drove me into the street-car, it was Lord Ellesden I mistook for Mr. Forman."

"Oh!" ejaculated Miss Beaumont, with a little well-bred horror.

Ellesden laughed and said pleasantly:

"I trust Mr. Forman will forgive you. I have met him, and so know I may feel flattered by your mistake."

"I have been introduced to such scores of people, during the last two weeks," Miss Connelton went on, still apologetically; but something in Miss Beaumont's expression vexed her into adding, with a glance at Ellesden by no means complimentary: "It was the voice misled me—Mr. Forman will be so English."

Miss Beaumont's attention was claimed at the instant, and she had to leave the pair standing side by side.

"And you don't like the English?" Ellesden said.

"Oh, it was only a certain sort and type I declared my objection to," she retorted, so quickly that her speech would have sounded brusque if her exquisite blushes had not shown that she had to struggle hard to recover from her embarrassment.

Just then, up came the dainty Dresden-china lady, with a "Kate, my dear, we shall have to go."

And, as Miss Connelton was presenting Ellesden to her aunt, Miss Oram, along strayed Mrs. Emerson, with her glass on her nose, and, catching sight of the young lady, exclaimed eagerly:

"And I had no opportunity to thank you. Ellesden stares at me as if he thought I had gone completely mad; but, since you know my tiresome boy—Ellesden, don't look so dazed—please introduce me to this young lady, if she will permit."

So the introduction, including Miss Oram, took place; and, when Mrs. Emerson heard

Miss Connelton's name, all her usage of society could not prevent her giving a little start.

"It is so easy to make mistakes," said that young lady, coolly, with a glance which told Ellesden she had heard his aunt's censorious remark as she entered.

Mrs. Emerson's tact was equal to the occasion, and she rapidly went on to tell why she wished to thank the young beauty. She was an absent-minded elderly body, and so near-sighted that, between her abstractedness and her short sight, she was always meeting with disasters. At Mrs. Bowyer's, she had managed to upset a vase of flowers, and her dress would have been deluged if Miss Connelton had not darted forward and preserved both garment and blossoms from harm.

"I believe we have a letter of introduction to you, from your friend Mrs. Grenville," said Miss Oram.

"Oh, your niece's kindness, this morning, puts us beyond such need," Mrs. Emerson answered. "You will come very soon to see me, I hope."

Miss Connelton was by no means enthusiastic in her reception of the civil wish.

"If you are ready," she said to her aunt, and quite annihilated Ellesden by the carelessness of the parting bow she bestowed on him after a few farewell-words to his cousin.

"That Miss Connelton—I was so surprised," Mrs. Emerson exclaimed, when the pair had passed on. "I had an idea she was so—so—well, what we call Western."

"The loveliest and most thoroughbred-looking girl I have seen in America," Ellesden rejoined, with a warmth he seldom displayed when discussing any young lady. "Lager-beer man's daughter, indeed! If Miss Beaumont did say so, I don't believe it. Why, she's like a fairy-princess."

"Oh!" was all Mrs. Emerson could ejaculate, between astonishment at Ellesden's energy and a sudden fear that certain plans in which she had indulged might be seriously interfered with, if this unwonted enthusiasm were to last.

"Weren't you almost ungracious, my dear?" Miss Oram asked her niece, as their carriage drove off.

"Only indifferent, I think," she answered. "However, Mrs. Emerson seems a nice body, and Lord Ellesden is better than I expected; but I must dislike him, because I vowed to in advance, and I want to get up a character for consistency."

CHAPTER II.

MRS. EMERSON by no means forgot Ellesden's verdict; but, by the time the next morning's

breakfast-hour arrived, she had settled matters in a way which perfectly satisfied her.

She was a good kind-hearted woman, but she had never quite forgiven her family for the way they had behaved in regard to her having married an American. Nearly related as she was to earls and dukes, her own family had been poor for their station; so when, twentyfive years before, she met Langdon Emerson, the handsome young attaché to the American Minister at Saint James's, and fell in love with him, she had hoped that his great wealth would atone, in her relatives' eyes, for his fault of country.

They were secretly glad to be rid of a portionless girl without beauty, but made her feel that they considered she had perpetrated a més-alliance. Mr. Emerson felt it too, though he said nothing; but, from the day he landed with his wife in his native land, he never went back to England. When she returned, a few years after his death, the London season was at its height. She did not depend on her relations, but based her social claim on her late husband's position in his own country. He had been Governor, Senator, and was a Member of Cabinet at the last. As he had, besides, left her a large fortune, society was pleased to welcome her, and all the relatives, from the grandest duke downward, discovered that they had been extremely attached to her in her girlish days, and had sorely regretted her long period of expatriation.

Ellesden was the only one of the younger set for whom she conceived any real affection; and when, during their summer weeks in Germany, she grew to believe his attraction toward Adela Beaumont deeper than it was, she could not help thinking that to see the heir to her uncle's earldom follow her example, and marry an American, would be a pleasant bit of vengeance. She was as proud as the rest, in her way; but Miss Beaumont was of excellent family on both sides, cultivated as are few girls even in our generation, and, it seemed to her, a sort of counterpart of Ellesden. She regarded him as an intellectual man, without much impulse, though kind and good, and Adela possessed similar qualities—according to Mrs. Emerson's opinion of her character.

Assuredly, Miss Connelton was very different from what she had expected, but, of course, a mere frivolous butterfly—nothing in her to attract deeply a man like Ellesden, and personally Mrs. Emerson had been pleased. So she could afford to be good-natured, in spite of the shock which the young man's enthusiasm had given her.

"Admit," she said, "that few houses in Lon-

don could have done a thing of the sort better than the Beaumonts yesterday."

"Indeed not," he answered; "the only fault I found was that it was so much like London—stereotyped. The only change was that Miss Connelton—she is my idea of an American lady—a different type from the English, but quite equal to it."

"Yes," Mrs. Emerson answered, innocently; "one could forget her father made beer, and her grandfather—well, I suppose her ancestry does not reach so far."

"Fortunate for her," said Ellesden, as he buttered his toast; "there's no danger of her meeting with what the Montforts must when they go far enough back—a groom who, on a lucky day, helped William the Norman to a drink of water, and was knighted on the battle-field."

"Oh, it's not so bad as that! Anyway, since then have followed centuries of gentlemen and ladies."

"Yes—thanks to the groom. You see, I admire the man who by tact or brains founded a family in old times; for the same reason, I admire the modern man when he earns honestly his wealth and position."

Mrs. Emerson sat silent under the lesson which she was not exactly pleased to receive, while forced to admit its truth.

"Well," she said, presently, "the young lady is a graceful winning little creature—evidently of the butterfly species, you know."

The letters were brought in at the moment, and Ellesden was relieved from the necessity of pronouncing an opinion.

At that very time—at the Beaumont breakfast-table—Miss Connelton's name had come up, and its owner received from Mr. Beaumont the same slighting consideration which Mrs. Emerson had bestowed.

"A frivolous chit—fine eyes—handsome clothes," he pronounced, "then you have said all—eh, Adela?"

But Miss Beaumont was a woman, and, however much she might feel disposed to underrate this brilliant meteor from the Western sky, she saw clearly that there was sufficient effulgence to dazzle the masculine portion of humanity, even in what she believed—as strongly though unconsciously as in her religion—to be the exact centre of the moral and intellectual universe. She paused an instant before answering, then said, slowly and with an uncomfatable remembrance of the expression in Lord Ellesden's eyes when she had presented him to the Western beauty:

"Not quite all, papa; you don't do her

justice, I think. She has a brilliancy which might deceive people—especially your sex—into the belief that she possessed actual talent."

"Not face to face with you," Mr. Beaumont answered, accentuating his emphasis on the personal pronoun by the tap he gave against the shell of his boiled egg.

"I think you both underrate her," Mrs. Beaumont observed, as she laid down the review she had been reading. "I have only met Miss Connelton a few times, but she strikes me as a clever girl—very clever. I am not prepossessed. She is not—not—well, of our type of young lady, but I fancy anybody who considered her too frivolous to be dangerous would make a grave mistake."

With these words, she gathered up her letters and departed. The father and daughter sat for an instant in silence, just glancing each toward the other. Both dreaded her intuitions, though, so far as judgment went, they held her opinions of little consequence. Her verdict in affairs of society was accepted by them; they appreciated her to a certain extent, but the two tacitly agreed in thinking that hers would have been an ordinary mind except for their influence.

Her father's doubtful look put Miss Beaumont on her mettle, and, really believing herself a happy cross between Pallas Athene and a society woman, she soon found satisfactory phrases to convince her own mind, as thoroughly as his, that this intruder into the elect circles of Boston could not be dangerous—that is, dangerous to her own prospects where Lord Ellesden was concerned.

Mrs. Emerson would have been scornfully incredulous had anybody suggested that a colder-hearted or more calculatingly-ambitious woman did not exist than Adela Beaumont, yet the charge would have been true.

So far from thinking this, when, in accordance with a previous arrangement, Miss Beaumont made her appearance toward luncheon-time, the widow was so struck by her sweetness and consideration, that she only thought what a wonderful creature Adela must be, since she was always discovering some unexpected excellence in her.

Ellesden did not appear at this informal meal, although his cousin had expected him; but then, he had been unaware that there would be a chance of meeting Miss Beaumont.

Mrs. Emerson let this latter fact be known in her sweet impulsive way, and it served as a balm until an hour later, when the two ladies went out driving, and, near the Common, perceived Miss Connelton walking slowly along, with Lord Ellesden for her companion.

Mrs. Emerson was a woman of resource; she immediately stopped the carriage and said in her softest voice:

"This is delightful—but I always have luck! Now, you must both drive with us. Oh, Miss Connelton, I have not half thanked you. And how is that sweet little aunt?"

The mutual greeting of the four left nothing to be desired; but Miss Connelton would not drive.

"I will bestow Lord Ellesden on you, though," she said, "partly because he has done nothing but quarrel with me, and partly because I am going to make a visit, and the aunt has promised to pick me up as she goes by."

"I am not to be flung about in that fashion," retorted Ellesden, "and I promised your aunt to see you safe to your destination."

Mrs. Emerson knew that another word would be ill-judged; good-byes were exchanged, and she and her companion drove on, though scarcely in as good spirits as before: for the thought in each of their minds was whether Ellesden could have been to call on Miss Connelton, but neither chose to express the wonder.

In fact, the encounter of the pair had been wholly accidental: Ellesden was passing the house just as Miss Oram and her niece descended the steps to enter the carriage. The elder lady had managed to tear her dress, and was forced to go back for repair, and Miss Connelton, rather against her will, had been persuaded to take advantage of the fine day and accept Ellesden's escort, instead of waiting for her aunt.

The two managed to quarrel in less than ten minutes, thanks to Miss Connelton's faculty in that line; and Ellesden, who had never in his life met with anything but sugared acquiescence from young ladies, was fairly bewitched by the new experience of being contradicted and scolded apropos to the first subject of conversation which he offered.

"I may as well tell you at once," said the girl, with a delicious mischievous laugh: "I am not only a socialist, but a red republican. I told you yesterday, without intention, that I was prepared to dislike you—and I must stick to it, because just now I have a fad to set up for consistency. A consistent woman would be an anomaly—and I want to be that, just because I don't know what the word means."

And this showy sort of chatter, which fascinated him, was relieved in the most natural way by graver talk, as they spoke of books and kindred subjects; and she showed that, so far as poetry and prose fiction were concerned, she was quite at home.

"Oh, yes," she said; "frivolous as I am, I can appreciate a good novel or a fine poem; but ask no further. For hieroglyphs, cuneiform what-are-they? and that sort of thing, you must go to the Boston women. I am only a Western savage, you know—and, savage-like, I never forget my promises; so good-bye."

And, arrived at the house where she was expected, she sent him off with scant ceremony, yet somehow left him more delighted with the lack than he often was with other women's deference.

CHAPTER III.

MISS CONNELTON had come to Boston under auspices which insured attention requisite from the very best people—and, into the bargain, her beauty, wit, and reputation as a great heiress were adjuncts which must have exercised their force in any circle into which she might have been thrown.

As the weeks went on, she certainly achieved a great social success, and, however much people silly or malicious enough to attach consequence to such a matter might wish to believe the story concerning the brewer's vats, its falsity was effectually established by indisputable authority.

So far as Kate Connelton was personally concerned, if the report had been true, she would have felt no mortification thereat; the point of importance in her eyes was the fact that her dead father had been an honorable man—the title of a duke's daughter would no more have consoled her for that lack than the brewer's millions could have done.

The truth was that Miss Connelton's grandfather had gone to Cincinnati when the town was young, and accumulated a large fortune by the rise in value of the land which he had bought. Her father was never in business at all, and a good deal of Kate's childhood and motherless girlhood had been spent in Europe.

Since her father's death, her maternal aunt had lived with her; they had traveled a great deal, and, in spite of a memory from the past which always cast a certain shadow over her mind, Kate Connelton at two-and-twenty was a sufficiently happy girl, much more thoughtful and earnest than she appeared to ordinary observers, and eager to make the best use possible of the great fortune which was now under her absolute control.

When a month had gone by, Ellesden felt as if he had known her for a long while, yet every now and then some new phase of character flashed out which made him doubt whether he knew her at all. But he was under a spell, all

the same, and already began to acknowledge it to himself, though he was forced to admit that the young lady appeared unconscious thereof, and he was sadly uncertain whether she would have cared had she perceived it.

The truth was, Kate had so fully determined that she could never marry, that it was a pleasure to enjoy Ellesden's society without any fear of his making love to her, as she believed the report which was prevalent that the future earl had come over to America on Adela Beaumont's account, and that, if not already engaged to her, he soon would be.

She pitied him somewhat; for her intuition had soon given her a very just idea of Miss Beaumont's character. Then, too, she had known a good deal about the father before she ever saw him; for she was, though she did not choose them to know the fact, connected on her mother's side with a person distantly related to Mrs. Emerson's late husband and a near relation of Mr. Beaumont's, though that gentleman had ignored the man for years, and would scarcely have been grateful to Miss Connelton for any reminder that he existed.

Mrs. Emerson still considered Kate frivolous; but, to Miss Beaumont's indignation, she could not help showing that she liked the girl, though Adela found a little consolation in her friend's oft-repeated declarations that the heiress only amused Ellesden as a sprightly child might—she was all froth and show—no depth of character.

"She is quite clever enough to be dangerous," Mrs. Beaumont repeated several times; but the iteration only made her daughter cling more obstinately to her own and Mrs. Emerson's opinion, and Mr. Beaumont could not for an instant entertain the idea that a mere piece of prettiness would stand any chance with a man like Ellesden when put in comparison with his own Pallas Athene.

During these weeks, Mrs. Emerson, seeing matters by the light which she wished to consider reality, unintentionally aided the father and daughter in their self-deception in regard to Lord Ellesden. When they were all in Germany, Mrs. Emerson had been so convinced that her cousin was seriously attracted by Adela, that, after her return to America, she construed every possible sentence which held a mention of the young lady into something almost equivalent to an open avowal of affection. When he came to America, she believed, as firmly as Adela and her father, that his chief object was to see Miss Beaumont again, and that he would propose to her before his return home.

But the weeks were going rapidly—no ground

seemed to be gained—and Mrs. Emerson's "butterfly" was every now and then proving plainly that, between accomplishments and mental strength, she might easily merit Mrs. Beaumont's assertion that she could be "dangerous."

One night, at a musical party, Miss Connelton was persuaded to sing, and her beautiful exquisitely-trained voice so astonished all listeners that there rose a report of her having been educated for the operatic stage, and having only relinquished the idea when sudden wealth flowed in upon her father.

Then Mrs. Emerson and Adela elected to believe music her sole accomplishment; but this delusion was dispelled by circumstances proving that she spoke several languages with a fluency which Miss Beaumont herself could not equal. Then, in her mockery of Ellesden's learned pursuits, one day at Mrs. Emerson's house, she unintentionally showed that in many of his favorite subjects she was nearly as well read as he.

"Why do you always talk as if you never studied?" he inquired, while Miss Beaumont sat by.

"You ask that just because I happen to speak several languages as easily as English. That required no study; we were wandering about Europe when I was a child—any parrot would have learned," she said, laughing. "As for your ologies and wisdom generally, I really know nothing at bottom—it's all pretense. I have a turn for picking up languages as I have for slang."

"You like slang?" Miss Beaumont asked, with a little accent of horror audible in her voice.

"That depends," said Kate; "slang of a certain sort is the present each age makes its successor in the matter of new words. Now I don't like perversions of words—that's bad slang."

"An instance, to show your meaning," said Ellesden.

"Oh, that is easy," she retorted, with her most mischievous smile. "A little while ago you spoke of something as awfully jolly—now the dictionary says that awful means solemn, awe-inspiring, grand."

"We shall have to be on our guard, Lord Ellesden, since we know what a critic we have among us," Miss Beaumont observed, indulging in a polite sneer.

"Oh," rejoined Kate, with perfect good-nature, "you see, I bought half a dozen lexicons when I found I was coming to Boston."

Mrs. Emerson had insisted that, as Miss Connelton's "frothy fun," as she called it, amused Ellesden for the time, it would be wiser for them

to cultivate her, so that they might know exactly what was going on. But, of late, Adela had rebelled more and more at the frequent invitations and the familiar terms on which Kate was getting, and after this conversation she showed so much annoyance that Mrs. Emerson determined to set matters right, if any false hope occupied Miss Connelton's mind.

The wisest people occasionally do foolish things, and, since the amiable widow, though possessing a fair share of sense, could advance no claims to ranking in the superlative, she might be held excusable for the step she took.

She called, one morning, on Kate Connelton; gentle Miss Oram chanced to be out, so there was nothing to hinder her ready tact from leading the conversation toward the ground she desired it to reach, employing as the medium adroit compliments and skillfully-veiled flattery, the motive of which speedily became clear to the quick-witted young woman with whom she had to deal.

"That cousin of mine!" Mrs. Emerson exclaimed, when the turn of conversation made the remark sound quite unpremeditated. "And one may say—oh, those men in general."

"Bless me," rejoined Kate. "What does this outburst mean? How have men generally, and Lord Ellesden in particular, fallen under your displeasure?"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Emerson, with an impatient shrug of her shoulders, "it all grew out of a letter he was reading at breakfast—about Sir Gerald Noble, you know—"

"Never heard of him," cooed Kate, in soft parenthesis.

"Oh—well—he's a relative of Ellesden's. He has been engaged to a charming girl, and breaks off the affair because he chooses to fancy himself in love with a woman of whom his family disapprove—and the other match suited them so entirely."

"But he is the person who is to marry—not his family," responded Kate. "If I were the girl to whom he had been engaged, I should think better of him—even if it were the wedding-day—for telling me frankly he loved somebody else, and so give me time to set him free."

"Well—yes—perhaps," Mrs. Emerson said, in haste to reach what she wanted to say. "The truth is, Gerald is an unconscious flirt, and I told Ellesden he is the same. He was so vexed, we almost quarreled. He vowed that, if he is a flirt, he must be a very unconscious one."

"I think," said Kate, quietly, "that I should thoroughly agree with Lord Ellesden."

"But that, as I said, is just what makes him

dangerous," cried Mrs. Emerson, hoping that she could now bestow the lesson and warning she wished to give—but Kate's next words upset the hope.

"Do you mean to Miss Beaumont? I don't know anybody else to whom he seems likely to prove dangerous," she said, with what would have been harsh bluntness save for the delicious and half child-like naiveté of her tone and manner.

Mrs. Emerson could not decide whether this was artlessness or high art, but in either case she proposed to accomplish the errand which had brought her there, and show Miss Connelton that any personal hope would be vain.

"Adela Beaumont is the last girl in the world to allow herself to be deceived by mere banal attentions," Mrs. Emerson answered. "But I do know that, if he were to marry her, it would please his relations—even the old earl. It is so necessary that he should marry; and last summer, in Germany, he was greatly attracted by her—as he is yet, for that matter—the first time he ever was by any woman—the relatives were so afraid he would become a hopelessly confirmed old bachelor."

"Better an American than no wife, eh?" asked Kate, with one of her mischievous smiles.

"Oh, my dear," rejoined her guest, "the Beaumonts are a fine old family—they date back in England to the Earls of Syne, and in this country—"

"To the Mayflower, of course," put in Kate; "I saw one of the chairs in their house—do you know, I counted that it made the two-hundredth Mayflower chair I had seen since I came to Boston. What a cargo! I wonder where the Pilgrims stowed themselves and their Rock—oh, that was here already!"

Mrs. Emerson felt that she was being mocked, still she could not be vexed with the girl somehow, and appreciated her quickness, though she meant to persevere in her design.

"You are so witty—you always make one laugh," she said. "But, indeed, since we have begun to speak plainly, I may admit that I am really very anxious to see a match between Adela and Ellesden. I've been dying for a confidant—and I like you so much, and know I can trust you."

"I like you," Kate replied, cordially. "But what can I do? I can't marry Lord Ellesden to Miss Beaumont."

"No, no! What I meant was, that it would be such a pleasure for me to have someone to whom I can talk freely," Mrs. Emerson hurried on. "Of course, to English titled people, an Amer-

ican is always more or less objectionable—I can own that, since I married one and am a genuine Yankee in heart and feeling. But, as I said, in this case the relatives would not object—though in almost any other they would be furious—indeed, I'm not sure the earl would not do something desperate—out off the entail—"

"Only it would not be in his power," Kate gently interrupted, rather surprising her visitor by her knowledge.

"Well, well," she went on, "at all events, since Miss Beaumont has blood as well as beauty and brains, the relations would not be offended by his choice of a trans-Atlantic wife."

"Then I hope Lord Ellesden will appreciate that fine combination of b's," cried Kate, laughing; then she added, more gravely: "I do, indeed. Dear Mrs. Emerson, I can be frank, too. I don't want to marry him or his title, and there is no probability of his asking me. So please lay aside all fear of such a catastrophe, if that is what you have been dreading—my destiny in life is quite settled, I assure you."

It was embarrassing to perceive that she had been so completely seen through, and Mrs. Emerson fully realized that she had done a foolish thing, yet she could not feel sorry for having done it, so inclined was she to trust Kate Connellton's sincerity and honesty, though quite aware that the Beaumonts, or indeed most people, would have thought she was running a great risk.

A few days later, the three young people again met at Mrs. Emerson's house, and Miss Beaumont, in the hope of taking the conversation beyond Kate's limits, spoke of some humorous English verses which Lord Ellesden had, during the previous summer, turned into Greek for her amusement, and insisted on his writing them out again, as she had lost her copy.

There was a difference between the two whether one verse was the same as originally written, and, in the midst of the discussion, Miss Beaumont turned to Kate, saying apologetically:

"I'm afraid we forgot this cannot interest you."

"Oh, I don't much mind," Miss Connellton

replied, as she took the paper from the table and glanced over it.

"Odd characters, aren't they?" said Miss Beaumont, with a suave air of patronage.

"What was it Mrs. Browning said about lady's Greek—written without accents?" cried Miss Connellton, merrily. "Lord Ellesden, yours is about as bad!"

She asked for his pencil, remedied two omissions, and, while Miss Beaumont stared in wrath, and Ellesden in delighted surprise, intercalated an entire line which was a decided improvement on his.

"Convicted at last even of knowing Greek!" his lordship exclaimed, while Adela fairly shivered with impotent rage. In her whole life, she had never been so angry—never hated a human being so intensely as she did this girl.

They were interrupted by the opening of the door. Mrs. Emerson came in, saying:

"Miss Connellton, your aunt has sent the carriage for you, and this note—in great haste, your footman says."

Kate opened the billet, read it, and grew very pale.

"No bad news, I hope?" Mrs. Emerson asked, while Ellesden watched the sweet troubled face with an earnest sympathy which roused Adela's rage to a higher pitch.

"No, no," Kate answered; "only some business which must be attended to at once."

As she spoke, she threw the note into the fire, hastily made her adieu to Adela, took Ellesden's proffered arm, and was followed into the hall by Mrs. Emerson.

As the door closed behind them, Adela Beaumont sprang forward and seized the paper which had caught on the upper bar of the grate, and, though a little scorched, was easily decipherable.

She read the page, while her beautiful face grew actually ugly from its expression of malicious triumph.

"Ah, Miss Connellton," she muttered, as she hid the note in her dress-pocket, "sometime I may surprise you as much as you did me with your Greek—and before long, too."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENTREATY.

BY MISS M. G. M'CLELLAND.

"MAY I? Oh, please; I want it so!"

Blue eyes are raised to mine.

Two hands, whose fingers dimples show,
Around my arm entwine.

I forward bend; a 'witching face

Is close to mine. I say—

As every man would, in my place—
"My darling, have your way."

MY SISTER'S HUSBAND.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

"GWENDOLINE," said my sister Rosalie, from the depths of the trunk she was packing in hot haste, as she generally did everything, "I want you to promise that, if anything should happen to me—if I should die—you will marry Max. I cannot have those children running wild, or brought up by anyone, and you will naturally make the best mother for them. Promise me, Gwendoline."

"Of course I will," was my weak response, "if you wish it."

It struck me, at the time, that I might better have said "If Max wishes it," and, best of all, have thought if I wished it myself; but the suddenness of the thing quite took my breath away.

My sister had been ordered off with her babies, the youngest of whom was ailing, to the seashore, whither her beloved Max, owing to the prior claims of the tyrant, business, could not go. Hence the hasty summons to me, to come and take care of him and see to things generally.

I was quite willing to take care of Max, to the best of my ability; but marrying him was another matter, and the idea was thrust upon me so suddenly that I had not even had a chance to tell Rosalie about Harry Royce.

Rosalie was three years my junior, and, ever since I could remember, she had been one of the world's favorites. It had always been my lot to give up to her. Her very name was a passport in itself, and predisposed people to love her. She laughed easily, and was constantly smiling; with the public, this always passes for amiability. Then she had a great deal of showy prettiness: her dark-chestnut hair curled naturally, and her color recalled her pet name; and she had white teeth and dimples. What more would you?

Rosalie was not inconveniently troubled with deep feelings, and never took things to heart; when she was married, Aunt Zilla said, prophetically, as she threw a slipper after the departing carriage: "If Max Astén should lose Rosalie, he would lose everything—his grief would unfit him for business or the ordinary duties of life, and lay him, after a little time, in a premature grave; but, if Rosalie lost Max, she would mourn him violently at first, then rally, and marry again within two years."

I had often thought of this judgment, since; and, the more I thought of it, the truer I felt it to be. And now Rosalie wanted me to marry Max, "if anything happened to her." Catch me, I thought, making any such provision as that, if he were my husband.

It was not at all a pleasant idea, this taking the "second place," although I had always had it, except with Aunt Zilla. Dear Aunt Zilla! It was to her care we were consigned when we were little wee things, fatherless and motherless. Our schooldays and young girlhood had passed quietly enough, in the little inland village where our aunt lived. She was a little strict, to be sure, but very kind, and I always loved her tenderly.

Love generally wins love, and I knew that I had found the soft place beneath Aunt Zilla's armor; while Rosalie, with all her fascination, never penetrated under the surface. I doubt if she ever knew this; she had such a happy way of taking it for granted that people always gave her their best.

As to Max, I might, perhaps, have laid claim to him by the law of nations, as first discoverer; for, on the evening when he was imported from the city to grace Belle Hazard's "sociable," Rosalie, the ornament to society, was laid up with a bad cold, and I went, without the drawback of her radiant presence, and looked my very best.

A grave and dignified young man, with glasses, who was introduced to me as "Mr. Astén, from Philadelphia," did not appear to find me at all disagreeable to talk to, or rather to let me talk to him, for he said very little, and I thought he must be a professor, at least, but discovered afterward that he was most prosaically "in the iron-business."

I enjoyed that evening wonderfully, and heard a number of flattering speeches from various sources. But Mr. Astén escorted me home, and requested permission to call before his return to the city. He had run away, he said, for a very short vacation—the Hazards being distant connections.

The next day, he called. It was when I was in the kitchen, not "eating bread and honey," but doing over some preserves that had "worked." I was heated, tired, and cross; and

thought how provoking it was that a city visitor should happen to come just then.

Rosalie, it seems, was dozing in a dim corner of the parlor, where a broad comfortable sofa gave a mute invitation to idlers; and she made a very pretty vision, with her rich tumbled hair, that always had a picturesque knack of coming down just at the right time and in the right way, and a shawl of rose-colored zephyr, belonging to me, thrown carelessly over her.

When I finally entered the room, after a hasty toilet, with the uncomfortable feeling that I was at anything but my best, I saw that I was already forgotten. It was Rosalie, not Gwendoline, that Mr. Asten came to see, after that. It was but a very short time before he was "Max" to Rosalie, and she looked gleefully forward to her escape from the dullness of Mariondale.

Aunt Zilla laughed a little at me, in a good-natured way, and asked me if I could not do better, when I went out, than to bring home a lover for my sister; but I took it quite philosophically, and entered into Rosalie's preparations with genuine interest. Of Max, I saw very little; and I did not, somehow, "get on" with him, even as a prospective brother-in-law. So I rather fell into the habit of tacitly avoiding him.

I think that, after our first meeting, Max and I scarcely exchanged half a dozen sentences; he seldom took his eyes from Rosalie, and listened intently to her most trifling words. Aunt Zilla was certainly right: the fountains of his life would be broken up with the loss of his wife; for those who carry least weight often appear to be most sorely missed.

Three years after Rosalie left us, I had begun to feel that there were pleasures in the world, within my reach.

Aunt Zilla always declared that she found Harry for me, just as I found Max for Rosalie; and that the young gentleman paid her exclusive attention, until I appeared upon the scene. It was certainly true, and the way it happened was this:

Auntie had gone to see about some law-business, in the next town, which took her to the office of Mr. Royce, senior; and, papa not being at home, Master Harry officiated. Before long, however, his client was so overcome with the heat, for it was a warm day and she had been going about a good deal, that she nearly fainted, and Harry was so kind and attentive that Aunt Zilla's heart was quite won.

He conducted her safely to the depot, and, when he came to Mariondale, soon after, with some papers for her to sign, he admired the

place, and our cottage in particular, so much, that auntie could not do less than invite him to come again.

His visits never seemed to be complete in themselves, but each one was inextricably linked with another: he would speak of a book, and insist upon bringing it, or he would borrow one of ours, and then he must, of course, return it, or he would be taken with an intense desire to come to one of our mild public entertainments and invite us to accompany him, until he finally came, in the most unblushing manner, without any excuse at all.

At this point, the summons from Rosalie arrived. The evening before I left Mariondale, Harry Royce persuaded me that it would add incalculably to his happiness and my safety, to promise to marry him in the autumn. He appeared to think that, without this talisman, there was danger of my being speedily appropriated in the great city, just as though I had ever suffered from an embarrassment of riches in the way of lovers.

It was pleasant, nevertheless, to have him think so.

And this brings me to the July afternoon and my promise to Rosalie.

Having once said yes, I could not summon courage to say no; and, after all, it was not at all probable that I would be called upon to fulfil it; it was so very unlikely that Rosalie would be taken away.

The babies, whose care was to devolve upon me in the case of their being motherless, were boys, and aged respectively one and two years; and, although I was really fond of them, in spite of their being a trifle cross, I had never coveted the entire possession of them. Father and mother adored them as the most wonderful things in creation, and they were sadly spoiled in consequence.

"Just sew this, will you, Gwennie?" Rosalie said, as she turned over the piles of clothing, or, "Put a stitch there." Thus, one article after another was flung to me for repairs, tired and warm as I was, until I could no longer see to work by the fading light.

There was no reason whatever why so many things should need sewing at the last moment, except that it was just Rosalie's way. It was just her way, too, to pour out things upon me as she did, without waiting to ask of my feelings in the matter, or how I might be situated. I think she had quite settled, in her own mind, that I was always to be a convenience for her needs.

She might be away "two, four, or six weeks,"

she said; "it would depend upon Robbie, poor little fellow: if he grew strong as speedily as she hoped he would, she should be back in a fortnight; for whatever would become of Max without her was more than she could tell."

I tried to suggest that the incapable savage, in whose hands he was to be left during her desertion, might possibly manage to keep up his valuable existence; but Rosalie only said, with a superior smile: "Of course, you will do the best you can." And then she enumerated so many accidents and neglects to which Max would be liable, with so many different remedies for each attack, that it was enough to unsettle any ordinary mind; and, if she had only boxed him up safely in a glass case and put the key in her pocket, I should have been infinitely relieved.

"Remember," was Rosalie's last whisper, "if anything should happen to me, you are to marry Max."

My face burned uncomfortably, as I fancied that I detected a gleam of intelligence behind my brother-in-law's glasses: she had probably schooled him, too, then, to swallow this unpalatable dose, should the necessity arise. I found myself wondering which of us would most deserve pity.

The next morning, it was terribly hot and close. As sunstroke had seemed to be one of Rosalie's pet fears for Max, I took his hat, "unbeknownst to him," as Bridget would say, and lined it with a layer of grape-leaves, carefully stitched in. Before using them, however, I washed and wiped each individual leaf, for fear of parasites; and, just as I was finishing my task, Max's voice, in haste and perplexity, came up the stairs. "Had I seen his hat?" he cried.

"Yes," I stammered: "here it is." And I advanced to meet him.

He glanced at the unwonted adornment inside, and then he glanced at me. He looked as if he doubted my sanity.

"It is so warm," I suggested, "and you may get a sunstroke."

He put the hat on his head, as if to try it, then took it off again, and quietly disengaged the leaves. The crown, he said, was perforated with airholes, which answered the same purpose.

"At least," I called after his retreating coat-tails, "you will take my sun-umbrella? Promise me that."

He hesitated a moment, then took it. I had certainly heard him say, or heard my sister say, that he had no umbrella. Rosalie had probably lost her own and taken his with her, and it seemed quite dreadful for him to go without one on such a day as this.

Late in the afternoon, Max returned, umbrellaless.

"Did you not take my umbrella, after all?" I asked.

He stood a moment, evidently groping in the halls of memory for said umbrella. Finally came the admission that he had taken it and left it at the office.

"Mine is there too," he added, as though it might be a comfort for me to know that it was not alone.

"Why did you take mine, then?" said I, in amazement. "You did not tell me that you had one."

"I thought you knew it," replied my charge, taking refuge in a cigar.

What should I do with this sort of a man? I said to myself, as I returned to my window and palm-leaf fan. He was so impracticable and so much afraid of his words. Rosalie had always declared that there was a great deal in him; but, so far as I could see, it did not come to the surface.

Summer, in the city, is an unnatural sort of season. The rumbling wagons seem to go through one's brain, the street-odors are not suggestive of the Vale of Cashmere, the glare from brick houses and pavements is maddening, and existence is at best a matter of endurance. I looked back regretfully to the embowered dwellings of Mariondale and wished that my youngest nephew would "pick up" as fast as possible. I had only Harry's letters to live upon, and they were—just what such letters ought to be.

Max had brought home my umbrella. He laughed a little, as he placed it beside me.

"You see, Gwennie," he said, "I'm not used to being taken care of in this way."

I started, as he spoke. He seldom called me anything; and now, as he pronounced my name, it had a very soft sound.

"Not used to being taken care of?" I repeated. "Why, Rosalie talked as if that were the business of her life, and gave me charges innumerable on the subject."

He smiled—a little sadly, I thought—and I wondered if, in this, as in so many other things, my sister talked without acting.

"Are you fond of reading?" continued my brother-in-law. "Reading aloud, I mean." And, thrusting a book into my hands, he lazily extended himself on the sofa.

It was Tennyson's "Elaine," about the last thing I should have expected Max to fancy. But I had always passionately admired it, and I read it now "con amore."

"You have a very sweet voice," said my brother-in-law, approvingly; "it is so soothing."

I was not sure, but I thought he had been asleep.

"Now, read to me," I said, resolved that he should do his duty.

He opened his half-closed eyes quite wide, at this.

"I'll say something for you, instead," he replied, very much like a schoolboy; and then repeated, from memory, the "Sleeping Palace" and the "Vision of Sir Lamfal."

Afterward, he actually roused himself, and fanned me when I complained of the heat. I went to my room, that night, wondering if this were really Max or someone else. I began to think that there was something in him, after all.

I could not understand, though, why he had always treated me with such strange coldness; and, as one thing after another recurred to me while lying awake, I remembered distinctly a little incident that gave me a strange feeling at the time. It was soon after Rosalie's marriage, and I was spending a few days with her in the city. Max and I happened to be alone. He was turning over the leaves of a book, and I drew near him to look at an illustration of which he spoke. We stood quite close together, my shoulder almost touching him; but I thought only of the picture, until Max, as if suddenly recollecting himself, started back a step or two, leaving the book in my hands.

What did it mean? I thought then, and had occasionally thought since. Was I really an object of personal dislike to him?

I had always admired my brother-in-law's appearance, except for a certain expression of sleepy indifference, which seemed rather to grow upon him. But, the next evening, he looked quite awake, as he brought me Longfellow's "Golden Legend."

"It suits your voice," he said; and I read until I was quite hoarse.

Then he repeated nearly all my favorite gems, and I listened, entranced, to his deep sensitive tones.

"You are very unlike Rosalie," he said, presently. "She does not care to hear poetry—it bores her."

I knew that I was unlike Rosalie. But she was certainly a very unwise woman, I thought, not to enter into her husband's taste, instead of leaving him to the mercy of the first coquette who might feel like amusing herself with him.

Day by day, Max grew more attentive to me. I was in a strange tumultuous state. I wanted Harry, I wanted Aunt Zilla, I wanted to go away; but I had promised to stay and take care of Max, and, worse than that, I had promised to

marry him. I was sure, too, that he knew this, and the thought made me tingle all over.

Rosalie's letters did not come so frequently as might have been expected, and they were rather short and unsatisfactory when they did come. She was a miserable correspondent, and would not exert herself in that way for anyone. Robbie did not seem to improve, and the time of their return was very uncertain.

Those soft summer nights, in the dim parlor, after it became too dark to read, were strangely unreal and different from anything I had pictured; but I was getting better acquainted with Max, and felt that I had never half appreciated him.

"Why is it," he asked, as he drew me down beside him on the sofa, "that you have always avoided me so, Gwennie? Do you really dislike me?"

"I have not avoided you," I replied, in astonishment; "it is you who have avoided me."

"We seem to have lived with a paper wall between us," he continued; "shall we tear it down?"

I trembled a little, and wondered what was coming. Max, the silent, was getting really eloquent.

"You have been a terrible disappointment to me, Gwennie. You appeared to like me, at first. What changed you so?"

"Nothing changed me," said I, somewhat bitterly, "except the presence of Rosalie. You 'saw young Clara's face more fair,' and soon forgot any passing impression I might have made. But why talk of this? I have no broken heart to reproach you with, for I am soon to be happily married."

"You made a promise to your sister," whispered Max.

"Not willingly," I said, indignant at his knowing and reminding me of it. "It was extorted from me by the force of circumstances. Besides, I should, in all human probability, have no opportunity of keeping it, even if I desired it. Rosalie is not out of health, but Robbie."

"Rosalie has heart-disease," replied her husband; "did she not tell you this? She knows that she may die at any moment—and I willingly made the promise that was 'extorted' from you."

I was resolved to go now—it seemed quite time; but Max held my hand tightly, as he went on:

"I have always loved you, Gwennie. Rosalie at first dazzled me, and I mistook my admiration for a warmer feeling. Attentions meant for you were appropriated by her, and I suddenly

found that I was too far committed to retreat with honor."

I wondered if I were two different persons. For the moment, the tones of my companion's voice were sweeter in my ears than Harry's, and I could have cried for the paradise from which I was shut out. What might not have been, but for Rosalie's vanity?

"You probably did not notice it," he continued, "but, one day, Gwennie, years ago, you stood close beside me, looking at a picture. It maddened me to think that, in spite of your nearness, you were yet so far—and I stepped back from you abruptly."

Not for worlds would I have told him how well I remembered it, and how many other things were now explained.

"I shall leave you, Max," I cried; "I cannot stay in this house any longer."

He raised my hand to his lips, and said very quietly: "Go to bed now, and think no more of what I have told you. You have nothing to fear from me, and you cannot leave me. What reason would you give?"

True enough, the world always demands a reason for a woman's movement. What could I say to Rosalie? But my white elephant was a dreadful responsibility.

A telegram came, one day, from Max. I tore it open. I read it wildly. The words danced before my eyes, and I fell on the floor in a dead faint.

"Come at once—wife very ill," ran the message.

I knew that she was dead; and then everything was a blank for two dreadful weeks.

When I awoke to consciousness, dear Aunt Zilla was there, taking care of me and the wailing child; for little Robbie, too, was gone. My first thought was: "Now I have got to marry Max." And I turned wearily on the pillow and cried.

Then Harry gazed reproachfully down upon me; Max held up his motherless boy; all was confusion and half reality, when—

Rosalie's voice, from some far-off place, sounded reproachfully in my ears: "I don't believe you have heard half of what I was saying."

I could not deny that I had been asleep; but I tried to rally in good order:

"Yes, I did. You wanted me to promise that I would marry Max, if anything happened to you."

"Yes," replied Rosalie, "for the children's sake; but you did not tell me whether you would or not. The first thing I knew, you had dropped asleep."

My sister spoke in an injured tone; but I answered demurely:

"I cannot marry Max, for I have promised Harry."

And then, of course, who was "Harry"? So I had to tell my story.

Rosalie forgot to congratulate me. She said, instead, as she wrathfully folded a garment:

"It does seem to me that I never set my heart particularly on a thing, but I am sure to be disappointed."

MORNING AND EVENING.

BY BELLE BREMER.

I sit by my open window,
And softly the rose-leaves sweet
Float down in a scented shower,
Drifting about my feet—
My feet, that are worn and weary
With the burden and the heat.

Oh, blessed hush of evening,
That brings to the weary rest,
The laborer to his cottage,
The bird to its downy nest,
When the sun in a sea of crimson
Sinks low in the shining west.

We think, in the busy morning,
Of a journey just begun;
We think, in the hush of evening
Of a journey almost done,
Of rest in the great hereafter,
With our heavenly guerdon won.

With eyes, in the glow of morning,
That see but the promised crown,
We bend our backs to the burden
With never a sigh or frown;
By evening, the cross is heavy,
And we long to lay it down.

And so, in the cooling shadows,
We loosen the galling strings,
If only for one brief moment,
Of the load that clings and clings,
While over us falls the darkness
Like the shadow of brooding wings.

In the morning, our step is lighter
And our courage at its best,
And the wound is not so painful
Where yesterday's burden pressed.
Joy comes to us in the morning,
But the evening brings us rest.

'ALL RIGHT' RIGHTS ALL

BY L. B. CAKE.

MINERVA FREEMAN was one of those peculiar creatures society denominates "old maids." Just why Minerva remained an old maid was a question which puzzled all the gossips of Materville. She was not uncomely and had no very striking idiosyncrasies. To be sure, she had a will of her own, had Minerva Freeman, and sometimes expressed very decided opinions, but she never intruded them on people unsolicited. Her eyes were gray, lighting up a countenance of which the most prominent features were a nose with a bold arch, and an expressive mouth, and a rather impressive jaw.

Widow Wetmore, who had a large experience and four children, said Minerva's curls were "artifishun or red," she couldn't tell which. I think they were only depressed auburn, but confess they were a little precise. Minerva was somewhat above the medium height, and had a matter-of-fact walk that evinced great strength of character. She was very self-possessed—since nobody ever possessed her—and took hold of life just as she did the smoothing-iron—with a determination to press her way through. Of course no one knew her age, but Widow Wetmore declared that she was not less than thirtyfive; but, at the time she made this prophetic statement, the widow's mind was a little unsettled, for Materville had a visitation of Providence at that time—that is, an available man dropped in there.

Rumor called him Russell Fergunson, and whispered that he was a California miner returned to the East for a bride. He was about forty years old, and had been in the Western wilds so long "that he found the formal conditions of the social state very embarrassing." That's what the barber told me, in just those words, who shaved him and sheared him up. He rented a small house just across-lots from Widow Wetmore's white cottage, and lived in miner-like seclusion.

By a strange freak of fortune, or a dream, or some supernatural agency perhaps, a friend of the widow's had it impressed on his mind that the miner would need baking and washing done, and he straightway recommended her as the proper person therefor; furthermore, promised that one of the children should carry the articles to and fro, and it was so arranged.

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It was not long before the kindly widow began to slip in a pie now and then, with the very crispest of crusts, and sometimes a cake, or other little dainty, just to spice the miner's bill-of-fare and arouse thoughts of home and its pleasing train of reflections. It was about this time that Widow Wetmore said Minerva Freeman was not less than thirtyfive, and, as I suggested before, I think her mind was slightly unsettled. The fourth week of the visitation, the widow put in a nice pie with the baking, and told Josiah, her son and express-boy, to ask Mr. Fergunson if she should not come over and renovate the house for him. After depositing his burden and receiving a coin to tickle his youthful palate, Josiah delivered his mother's message.

"Do what, cap?" said the miner, with a puzzled look.

"Renovate the house, mother said," repeated Josiah.

"Renervate, rener — vate — the — house —" muttered the miner, scanning the room with the hope of discovering something which would suggest such an operation. The jerked venison and bunches of tobacco that adorned ceiling and walls, and the quartz specimens, etc., on table and shelves, greeted him in a familiar way, but furnished no revelation. Turning to Josiah, he said dubiously:

"Tell yer mother I've looked it all over, and I guess it's all right."

After Josiah left, Russell Fergunson smoked his pipe and wondered if his den were "all right," and if he ought not to have let Widow Wetmore renovate. But such knowledge was too mystical for him, and, after finishing his fifth pipe, he gave up the solution of the problem, and, going into his bed-room, rolled himself in a blanket to enjoy a Spanish siesta.

Meantime, Josiah had purchased his liquorice and returned home to answer his mother's solicitous inquiry:

"What did he say about the renervate, Josier?"

"All right," sputtered Josiah, as he disposed of another piece of liquorice, and proceeded to clip the kitten's ears. Hurriedly clearing away the dishes, Widow Wetmore arrayed herself for the occasion, seized her renovating-

instruments, and went over. Russell Ferguson was roused from a nightmare-vision of “a rener-vatin’” by a noise in the front-room. Assuming a sitting posture, he listened attentively. Yes, there was no mistake: and he was now thoroughly aroused by the unqualified racket in the front-room. Somebody was going through his traps for the gold he was supposed to have concealed about the premises. Seizing a huge navy-revolver, he crept softly to the partition and peeped through a crack into the front-room. Ferguson was transfixed. The revolver slid to the floor, and he broke out in a cold sweat. There was Widow Wetmore, her bright calico dress pinned up about her waist, exposing a flaming bal-moral and a pair of expansive feet. She was perching upon chairs and boxes, and climbing for cobwebs in an acrobatic way that held Ferguson spellbound, saturated him with cold chills, and finally sent him completely unstrung to his blanket. He listened tremblingly to the commotion among his pipes and quartz specimens, dear as the apple of his eye. He heard the dislodging of jerked venison and tobacco festooning the room, and solemnly sighed:

“So, she’s rener-vatin’.”

Would she enter the bed-room? Of course she would. What should he do then? Yes—what? And this man, who had faced painted savages and embraced enraged grizzlies, paled at the thought of meeting a woman alone. He determined to escape through the bed-room window.

Now, Widow Wetmore had a woman’s curiosity, and had intended entering the chamber all the time, but had deferred doing so till she had made noise enough to discover if anyone were in there. So, just as the escaping miner was astride the windowsill, she burst into the bed-room, with that brisk, business, self-assured dispatch characteristic of the widow. The widow shrieked, and bolted for the front-room; while the window, eluding Ferguson’s nerveless grasp, shut down on his unextricated leg as mercifully as a bear-trap. A dozen heads simultaneously protruded from as many surrounding cottages, attracted by the noise. Minerva Freeman, going for a drive, passed by in her one-horse buggy. One minute later, and feminine forms were seen flitting hither and thither, with shawls hastily thrown over their heads, exploding the catastrophe in a confidential way to everybody they knew. Half an hour later, there was not a man, woman, or child in all Materville who had not learned all about it.

Russell Ferguson saw all this from the front-

room, where he had retired to smoke away his discomfiture. He realized the full force of the disaster, and was evidently discomposed.

“So this is what that youngster calls rener-vatin’,” he muttered. “I thought I didn’t need any of it, and told him so. He sartinly didn’t saby how the lead run.” And he cast a nervous glance at the knot of men and boys gathered in front of the grocery. Mathew Pitfall, a widower of sixty, with nine children, was telling how he had “spotted” that Ferguson when he first came; knew there was something treacherous in him. “Them miners was hard cases.” And he took a reassured survey of Widow Wetmore’s white cottage. The preacher seized the opportunity to dilate upon total depravity and tell them to beware of wolves in sheep’s clothing, and delivered a moral harangue intended for everybody save himself and his hearers. Then the barber cracked a joke, and the crowd dispersed, going home better satisfied than ever with their respective virtue, and filled with a purpose that boded no good to the defamed and hapless miner.

Russell Ferguson had troubled dreams, that night. He dreamed he was being tarred and feathered by an infuriated mob, and awoke in a cold sweat to find only a feather in his ear, and his Newfoundland dog pressing a cold nose to his cheek. He fell asleep to dream of preparation for a hanging, in which he was to figure as the star-actor, and, in the agony of the situation, he thought an angel came and silenced the mob and saved him. And the most remarkable thing of all was that the angel had gray eyes, an arched nose, and an impressive jaw.

He rolled from his blankets, next morning, determined to make a clean breast of the whole matter. Straightway he went to the grocery and narrated all the details of the catastrophe to the proprietor, won his confidence, and then retreated to his fortification, to await the movement of the enemy. No sooner was he gone, than the widower of sixty, the preacher, and the town generally, congregated at the grocery.

The grocer’s revelation fell like a rainbow on the clouded faces, and the fury of the storm was spent. All were mollified save Mathew Pitfall: he had “spotted” that Ferguson when he first set eyes on him.” He could read human nature, he could; and he glanced anxiously at the widow’s white cottage.

But the tide had evidently set the other way; and, when the report circulated that Minerva Freeman said she had passed the cottage just at the critical moment, saw the miner in the window, and, through the window, saw the

widow just entering the room, and heard her scream, and witnessed her rapid transit across the lots, just as Ferguson had told, and, when the minister and grocer visited the miner's den and found his traps in a confusion corroborating his statements, and, above all, when Russell Ferguson subscribed fifty dollars to the mission-fund, and thereupon paid it, his explanation was unhesitatingly received, and the good people fell to joking over the ludicrous mistake.

Russell Ferguson had heard how Minerva Freeman had helped him out of his trouble, and from that time he was sensible of a solicitous interest in her welfare, both present and future. He got a friend to employ a woman to finish the renovation, but wisely took the precaution to sit at a safe and convenient distance, on a storebox, in full view of all Materville, while the performance was going on.

"I don't want no more renovatin' in mine," he said, in answer to the preacher, who had just joined the grocery-crowd. "It don't pan out in a payin' way; takes too much quicksilver to save the gold," he added, tipping a sly wink at a neighbor.

Shortly after, Russell Ferguson called on the barber for a careful shave, and, that evening, arrayed himself in his best doeskin. Just as the moonbeams were falling a little aslant, he took the street leading to Deacon Freeman's.

Widow Wetmore saw him start that way; the barber saw him pass in that direction; so did the widower of sixty. A little later, all Materville heard an emphatic knocking at Deacon Freeman's front-door. When it opened, Widow Wetmore saw a man enter the flood of light which poured out, and, turning to Josiah, who was innocently trimming the kitten's ears, to his utter astonishment she gave him such a thrashing as he never had before for indulging in any amusing recreation.

Deacon Freeman ushered his visitor into a cheerful room, where sat Minerva, caressing two impulsive and vigorous-looking kittens. She greeted the miner with the precisest etiquette. Russell seated himself, placing his tall white silk hat, with red lining, tenderly on the floor beside him. Russell Ferguson was somewhat eccentric, and this hat was his special hobby. It had cost him several ounces of gold-dust, and he guarded it with most anxious solicitude.

After a few minutes' general conversation, the deacon retired to his study, to map out the distribution of the poor-fund for the ensuing week.

Minerva felt a little uneasiness on being left alone with a man. Russell was slightly embarrassed at being left alone with a woman.

There was profound silence for several minutes. The kittens commenced romping about the room in an enlivening way, and presently Russell broke the silence with the remark that he thought "Materville was looking up a little," a statement so manifestly forced and flatly absurd that they both smiled, and Russell actually hitched his chair away from his cherished hat and toward Minerva Freeman. She instantly sobered and ventured to say:

"You were a long time recreating in the mining-district, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Wal, yes, I was in the diggin's quite a spell," he answered, giving another hitch to his chair.

"I presume you found life rather unenjoyable in such an isolated condition," she continued.

Russell started at the word "isolated"; it jingled like "renovated." Drawing out a tri-colored silk handkerchief, he wiped his brow and replied adventurously: "Wal, yes, there is a good deal of ice in the mountings; but we didn't prospect much in them places."

Then a silence fell; the kittens chased each other around and around Russell's white hat, and seemed to know exactly what to do, which so nettled the miner that he suddenly broke the silence with:

"Minin's mighty hard work."

"I presume it is very laborious and very expensive, too, is it not?" she responded.

"Wal, not very; a miner's outfit is only his blanket, his pick, shovel, and cradle."

The word "cradle" was unfortunate. It crept in between them like the breath of a refrigerator. Russell Ferguson tipped back his chair on one leg, balanced, crossed and recrossed his legs, and wiped the great sweat-drops from his forehead. Just then, one of the kittens reared up on the shining white hat, pulled it over, and scampered under the sofa in great consternation.

Minerva advanced a remark about mountain-scenery; Russell gave his chair another hitch and narrated his experience, with full and forcible descriptions of mountain-life. They were getting along famously, when the unusually boisterous rollicking of the kittens attracted his attention.

He looked around just as the white one shot into his hat like a meteor; then a dark streak spun from under the sofa, and the black one lodged in it with the force and precision of a cannon-ball. They rolled over, bit, clawed, and yowled around in that hat, and wriggled out on to the floor in a knot, leaving the red silk lining protruding. Russell tried to talk, alker-

nately viewing the destruction of his cherished hat, and mopping his brow with the tri-colored silk handkerchief. Minerva could not see the mischief her pets were doing, for Russell's opaque form interposed. So they charged and recharged, frolicked and fought, and tore out the red silk lining in a perfect ecstasy of delight. Russell was too diffident to remonstrate, and sat there in condensed agony, swabbing his distracted brow, till the hat was reduced to a mere wreck, and one of the kittens ran around to Minerva with a piece of the red silk lining around its neck.

It was then Minerva evinced the strength of character aforementioned. Comprehending the situation at a glance, she unceremoniously ejected the kittens, rescued the hat, and consoled with Mr. Ferguson while she ironed it out; then placed it on the rack, crossed over and sat down very near him, nearer than she had ever sat to a man not a relative in all her lonely life. It inspired him with such confidence that he said, right at the start:

"Minerva, I've come out hyar prospectin'."

She thrilled at the word "Minerva," but responded calmly:

"Prospecting, Mr. Ferguson? What for?"

"I'm lookin' up a claim."

"What kind of a claim? Do you anticipate locating here, Mr. Ferguson?" she replied, nervously.

"Wal, as you said a-ways back, I did find life unenjoyable out thar 'mong the ice, an' I come in hyar to prospect a claim to some sensible woman."

He stopped, astonished at his own audacity. There was a strange light in Minerva Freeman's gray eyes. Her hands fell limp in her lap, and an ashen hue settled around her expressive mouth. Russell plied his tri-colored handkerchief most vigorously, and stammered:

"Can't I—I put a claim on y-y-you, Minerva, an' have it recorded?"

I never learned just what Minerva Freeman answered; but, a few months later, a notice was published at the meeting-house, and a record was made at the county-office that enlivened all Materville, gave the cottage another "renewal," canceled Widow Wetmore's hopes, and caused Josiah to receive another vigorous piece of maternal attention, encouraged the widower of sixty, furnished the barber with a fresh joke and the parson with a white silk hat with red lining, and—that's all.

VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

BY MRS. MARY E. BURGER.

THE flight of time is backward turned
And the old-time splendor o'er me,
As visions bright of sunny glade,
Of the old home, rise before me:
Again, through aisles of forest-green,
I list to the night-birds singing
In sheltered copse by placid lake,
Where the festooned moss is clinging.

Beneath the arching azure sky
And the moonlight softly beaming,
Youth's distant scenes come back to me,
Through the halls of memory gleaming,

And all the years that lie between
Life's morn and this dark hour
Are gone like shadows, while my heart
Is light as the wind-tossed flower.

A sense of rapture thrills my soul,
As the silvery starlight's paling;
I hear a voice caress my name
In the night-wind's mystic wailing.
And, drifting out on dream-life's tide,
Where the balmy south-winds hover,
Are rustling leaves and limpid streams
And the meadows sweet with clover.

THE STAR-GAZER.

BY DOROTHY DEXTER.

IMMOVABLE and bright they shine,
The stars in heights above,
And have each other looked upon
For ages long with love.

They speak a mystic language, too,
So pure and rich and sweet,

Yet all the philologists have
This language yet to meet.

But I have learned it thoroughly,
And shall forget it ne'er:
What served me for a grammar was
Thy face, so heavenly fair.

ALONG THE BAYOU.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS," ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 270.

CHAPTER XV.

FOUR days—five—and she did not come. Twice, meeting the professor alone, Bornito had ventured inquiry: "Mademoiselle—was she well?"

"Quite. But Mary had been fatigued somewhat by the last trip—these May mornings grow warm."

The six weeks of their stay in the Southland had passed, and now Professor Gaillard spoke of speedy return to his Northern home, and finally arranged for his last swamp-journey.

Very often, during these May trips, he talked of Bornito's summer application to English study, of the coming autumn, and of winter observation among swamp birds and reptiles. Bornito gladly entered into all plans, with hope lighting heart and eyes. Hope for what, he hardly knew, save that again the lovely one would brighten his life with her presence.

Sometimes, the memory of that conversation over Vanderlich's debts, the memory of De Villenaret's love, and of the shadow he had marked on the sweet face, brought a terror, a sickening fear, into Bornito's heart. That brow, pure and strong—it would wear the martyr's crown, and wear it nobly. Let the pure eyes see duty, and from duty neither heart nor hand would turn. Could Mrs. Vanderlich persuade her niece that duty demanded the sacrifice of her heart?

Bornito grew restless. Six days he waited—six days. He could no longer wait—he must see her—he must see them together. Well, and suppose—suppose the worst—what then? Ah, at least, suspense would be ended—at least, he would not be in darkness; and perhaps—perhaps he might venture—he, even Bornito—to warn, to lift his voice, and to show to her the wrong. She had said that he was true—she knew that he was true; and, to the voice of truth, perhaps—Ah, it was all perhaps, a dim misty perhaps, in Bornito's mind.

The seventh day, at noon, he left his home, traveled through the swamp, and, about the eighth hour, stepped forth from its darkness. Moonlight bathed the far-stretching canefields, the rough negro-cabins, and the gaunt angles of the sugar-house, and gave added beauty to

the De Villenaret mansion and its fair surrounding. Bornito again passed over yellow-tinted lowland, again threaded the tangle of deep draining-ditches. Yet, afar off, he could see lights twinkling amid those dark trees encircling the great house, and could hear music drifting down and mingling with the rustle of the cane, waving now in the two-foot height of its May growth.

He crept nearer, and looked within. The old saloon shone like an illumined vision, to the eyes of Bornito. A mellow radiance touched the white Venus on which he had gazed with wonder, touched that haunting face smiling from its golden frame, touched into wondrous reflection the old mirror where he had seen his own rough grand figure looking forth with lustrous eyes—touched, too, with exquisite softness, the white-robed form of Mary Gaillard.

How far away she seemed, sitting there by the long window, looking forth into the moonlit beauty of the night, the soft white lace and drapery of her robe surrounding her like a cloud of mist, Bornito thought. His heart swelled with tenderness and sadness. So far away she seemed, and yet so near. For did he not hold her in his heart with reverence, with joy unspeakable? She might try; but she should not ever break away from the shrine in which he had placed her—the holy of holies in his heart's temple.

There were many others present. At a distant table, sat the professor, looking over some large books of engravings; near by, Mrs. Vanderlich, with a sadly-wearied expression of countenance, kept her white hands busily working amid a mass of brightly-colored worsted; and all the other members of that first bayou-party Bornito recognized. There were, moreover, several strangers; one, a tall dark gentleman, sat by Miss Gaillard. The company was all silent, listening to the voice of Mademoiselle Rita. As soon as the gay song was finished, she dashed into a brilliant aria, and, lifting her bright face, talked to the son of her guardian, standing near, while her fingers fairly danced over the keys.

The swampman, his sight trained to great keenness, marked the actors in this life-drama.

He could see Mrs. Vanderlich glancing covertly toward Miss Gaillard and the dark gentleman, who talked earnestly, notwithstanding the indifferent manner of his listener; he could see Gerton, restlessly passing from group to group, lingering often near his cousin; he could see De Villenaret, sitting beside a strange lady, opening and closing her fan, a heavy frown contracting his forehead till the brows met above the black eyes.

After awhile, Mademoiselle Rita glanced toward the window where Miss Gaillard sat, and the tall gentleman, apparently obeying a call, hastened to the piano, and stood turning over some pieces of music.

Then indeed Bornito's heart throbbed; for Mary Gaillard, rising, stepped quietly forth through the long window into the shadows and moonlight of the verandah. Graceful, fair, and pure she stood, only five yards away—five little yards—one hand resting against the broad pillar, the other hanging quietly among the soft folds of her robe. The soft rays fell over her white figure, fell over her golden head and the face uplifted to heaven. Bornito also looked above: the sky was so blue. It was, he thought, like a dream of the lake, when calm sunlight rested upon the still water. He wondered whether he might dare approach and ask if she would not come yet once more to the old swamp.

Even as he hesitated, the window near darkened, and Vanderlich, hurrying forth, stood by his cousin. Instantly, the fair face fell, the golden head turned. Vanderlich spoke rapidly—what he said, Bornito could not hear; but the swampman could see that his gestures betokened excitement, and that Mary Gaillard did not listen unmoved. She was yet standing before him, when several of the company came into the verandah—the gentlemen with hats, the ladies with light wraps. "Walk" and "river," Bornito could hear. De Villenaret, approaching Miss Gaillard, threw a white lacy-looking fabric about her shoulders. So, they were all going. Yes; the professor even had laid aside his engravings, and Mrs. Vanderlich her worsted.

By twos and threes and fours, they passed down the avenue, their voices floating faintly back upon the evening-wind. Only De Villenaret lingered, closing slowly several of the long shutters, and Mary Gaillard stood waiting in the moonlight—a very serious expression, Bornito could see, shading the fair face.

They also, probably, would follow the others; and, thus thinking, the young man crept deftly amid the shrubbery, keeping near the avenue. When he had gone about half-way, he paused,

determining to wait till the loiterers had passed; for the ground here was secluded—a cove of greenery, shut in on three sides by hedges of cherokee and by bushes of viburnum. A huge oak arose within this space, and, under it, stood a garden-seat and a rustic table filled with some low pots of blossoming plants.

He peered forth from the viburnum-clump where he stood, and looked up the avenue. Very slowly the two he watched came through the moonlight and the shadows. His mind went back to that first day, when he had seen the little pleasure-craft slip through the shadows and sunlight of the bayou. As they approached, he could hear De Villenaret say:

"You see, I followed your suggestion, mademoiselle. I had the table covered with flowers. Reward me now: come see how lovely they look and how finely they bloom."

"Yes," answered Miss Gaillard; and Bornito remarked that she did not seem to avoid the delay, though the rest of the party was now quite far off. "I noticed them this morning."

"But not with me," persisted De Villenaret. "Come: let me enjoy the pleasure of seeing you enjoy them."

"The shadow of the oak makes this a lovely spot for shade-plants," Bornito could hear her say calmly, as she passed over the greensward; and he noted, with keen pain, the ungloved hand resting within her companion's arm.

"Yes," answered De Villenaret. "Let us sit down a moment—only one moment. The others are yet in sight; we shall soon reach them, and I never see you alone. Give me this pleasure. You will soon be going home, and then—"

Bornito could not distinctly hear what followed; but he saw that Mary Gaillard granted the request and sat down on the bench—looking, ah, so ethereal, so lovely.

A deep sharp pain darted, like the thrust of a knife, through his young heart. A mad impulse seized him—an impulse to rush forward and snatch her away from the presence of the man who would gladly receive her as payment for Vanderlich's debt. He had, indeed, taken one headlong step, but drew back, remembering they would think him crazed: and she—she might be angered, as when he had offered his gold.

Poor Bornito! He stood gazing forth, wild-eyed and white. She was talking earnestly, one snowy arm resting among the blossoms, which she seemed intently regarding, as her hand toyed with their dainty leaves; and De Villenaret, bending forward, listened gravely, his black

eyes drinking in, with unconcealed admiration, the grace of her beauty. When she was silent, and yet, all downcast and troubled and shy, sat as one waiting, De Villenaret answered some words hastily, and, seizing the hand which yet wandered among the flowers, bending his head, kissed it tenderly.

CHAPTER XVI.

AND now a strange swimming filled Bornito's head, a terrible blackness came over his eyes, and, as one utterly bereft of reason, he would have stridden forth and snatched her away and stricken down De Villenaret: for was he not almost a savage, this great strong swampman, with his tender heart? But, even as his muscles thrilled, ready for motion, a hand laid on his shoulder and a short laugh not altogether unfamiliar recalled his senses. He looked around, wrath in his face. The halting stranger, whom he had seen on the bayou-bank, stood before him.

"Good-evening, mon ami," he said, in a low voice. "How! you don't remember me? Did you deliver the message I sent Monsieur de Villenaret? Ah, your mind clears now. But you don't seem particularly happy, my friend. That sight yonder makes the devil in your heart. Eh! I have stood here watching your face. It was as good as a play. Well, life is tragedy or farce—as one makes it. Mine has been a little of both."

He rattled all this off lightly; then, suddenly becoming grave, asked seriously:

"Have you sense enough, Leon Bornito, to remember a name and a request which I wish to give you, and which refer to your father?"

"To my father?" cried Bornito, fairly startled into life. "Who are you?" And he looked eagerly into the thin yellow face before him.

"You asked me that question once before, friend. Perhaps I may tell you, some day—perhaps I may not. As it is, who you are, I know full well—Leon Bornito, fisherman and swampman, who has not been over-happy, though he has been in heaven since the day that demoiselle yonder with the blue eyes came floating up the bayou."

Bornito clenched his fist and turned threateningly

"Open your hand, mon ami. I was there, that day. Proof—you want it? Bien! I saw the gold spread on the bayou-bank. Now you believe? Yes? Que diable! I had been three days dodging about in the woods yonder. I found a treasure—yes." Here, the stranger laughed. "I had not expected to find such a treasure. You look puzzled."

"What is it you have to tell me of my father?" asked Bornito, interrupting. "Is he living?"

"Living? No; I regret to say that he is dead. You don't look triste, mon ami."

"I never knew him," replied Bornito. "I wish," he added, impatiently, "I wish you would hasten and tell me what you have to tell me."

"So, you grow restless. Bien! the name I have to give you is Père Drouard, and the request that, if he come to you some day, you will give heed to what he says."

"And is that all?" asked Bornito. "I thought there was news of Paul Crezoni, my father."

The other laughed again—this time, almost boisterously—so that the fisherman looked again angered.

"Ah, bah!" he at last cried, "this life is, after all, a farce. Tenez—if Père Drouard come to you, then news will come of your father; if not—well, you must rest content to know that he is in his grave. They are a pretty couple yonder."

"Hold!" exclaimed Bornito. "Tell me: why do I not bear my father's name? Why—"

"Not a question will I answer," replied the other, looking into the young man's face with a firm hard expression: "not one. But see—this I will do for you," here the black eyes again sparkled with malice: "I will but walk before that tree yonder, and, I promise you, Monsieur de Villenaret will follow, and leave that demoiselle with the blue eyes; then you may talk to her, and sing the songs you sing on the bayou. En passant, too, make the demoiselle my regret for the fright I gave, the night she rested in Dominique's hut; also, to the demoiselle Barbara, my thanks for the pretty relation of her life and of your life, whereby much knowledge was given me. And hold—a parting word: Look out for Dominique; look out for this Monsieur de Villenaret: wear a coat of mail, if you have one. I would not that anything happen to you. And, before we part, let me say to you—though for what, you may never know—merci, mille fois, merci."

He doffed his cap, as he spoke, and, yet laughing, stepped forward and passed toward the tree. Here he paused an instant, just long enough to let De Villenaret see his figure, then walked haltingly across the open sward, and disappeared behind the hedge on the further side, and so up the avenue.

De Villenaret, from whose grasp Miss Gaillard had long since withdrawn her hand, sprang up suddenly, spoke a few hasty words to his companion, then dashed over the moonlit space, and rapidly followed in the footsteps of the stranger.

Bornito, quite dazed, stood watching.

Miss Gaillard, finding herself alone, leaned her cheek on her hand, and sat as if in deep thought. The reverie evidently was sad; for a look of deep melancholy settled over the lovely face till it grew so plaintive in its expression that, unconsciously, Bornito drew several steps nearer, longing to lift the pain from her heart. Those who had gone before were singing, and the distant music and the wind sighing and the cry of the night-insects all mellowed themselves into a chorus of infinite tenderness; while the long moss draping the old oak, and the boughs themselves, were swaying about with a sound like a human sigh.

Perhaps he might, indeed, for one instant, have stood before her and spoken a gentle greeting; perhaps she might have lifted her face, and thrown him, through the moonlight, a soft smile; but, at that moment, Gerton Vanderlich broke rudely from the hedge beyond.

"Where is De Villenaret? Why are you alone, Mary?" he cried, excitedly. For Bornito, having drawn close, could hear now.

She looked up, startled.

"Do not be disturbed, Gerton," she answered, sadly, "I have temporized—temporized, Gerton, for your sake," she added, bitterly. "I have asked for a little more time, and Monsieur de Villenaret has only gone a step yonder, to look after some tramp who passed. Almost," she continued, with a pitiful little gesture of disdain, "almost, you have made me despise myself."

Vanderlich came nearer, and sat down.

His voice was low, but Bornito was standing now just back of Miss Gaillard. He did not scruple to listen. His wild breeding had taught him, above all else, this: to defend the helpless—the innocent—and there was that in the eyes lifted to Vanderlich's which recalled the helpless terror he had once seen in a bird, snake-charmed, on the bayou-bank near his home.

"Temporized? What have you promised? Is it to be death or life for me?" asked Vanderlich.

"Hush, Gerton, hush—such silly words are out of place."

"Out of place?" he exclaimed, passionately. "I tell you, Mary, rather than endure the shame of confession to my uncle—and rather than live dishonored, owing this debt—a thousand times, I would take my life. You do not believe me? See, then. De Villenaret told me that, this night, you would decide. Mary, the stream yonder flows deep. What is your decision? Quick—life or death?"

He had suddenly started up, and now, standing before her, seized both the little hands, hold-

ing them as in a grasp of iron, and forcing her to look into his wan haggard face. She grew deathly pale, and her lips parted in a faint cry of pain.

With the fleetness of a deer, Bornito darted forward: with the bound of a tiger, sprang on Vanderlich. The latter, utterly unprepared, released his cousin, staggered backward, and fell on the seat at her side. Bornito stood like an avenger before them, his eyes blazing, his chest heaving, his whole figure grandly eloquent with indignant scorn.

"Coward!" he cried, folding his arms and looking down on Vanderlich. "Coward!" he repeated, with yet deeper scorn. "Do not be afraid, mademoiselle," and he gazed at Mary Gaillard, leaning like a broken flower over the table, "do not be afraid. 'Ee weel not dhrrown 'eemse'f, non."

Meantime, Vanderlich, who had been silent from sheer surprise, now jumping up, doubled his fists and came toward Bornito.

"You wan' fight, yaisse," said the swampman, looking with contempt at his opponent, and seeming to grow, as he looked, even more powerful. "I ham rheddy, yaisse, me."

"Be still, Gerton," said Miss Gaillard, recovering voice and self-possession. "Monsieur de Villenaret will be here directly, and what then can you say? And you, Monsieur Bornito, go, I pray you, and—and remember," she hesitated here, a faint flush touching her pale cheeks, "remember your promise! If you do not go," she added, seeing he yet covertly eyed Vanderlich, "Monsieur de Villenaret will ask explanation, and—" She did not finish the sentence.

As she stood there—faint, anxious, with that faint flush on her cheek, and her lips yet trembling—all the worship of Bornito's heart burst forth. He suddenly snatched the little hand lying among the flowers, held it in his own, and, looking with his tender eyes into her now downcast face, cried passionately:

"You weel not marrie 'eem—non, non—you do not leave 'eem."

Vanderlich was dumb from sheer amazement, and Mary Gaillard—flushed, shy, and drooping—stood equally silent.

"An' you weel come once more to my 'ome—once more to dat swamp w're you 'ave med fo' me paradise. Lest but your eyes, and say to me: 'I weel come.'"

Her lips moved, but there was no sound—only one instant, she did indeed lift those lovely eyes, and Bornito caught in their depths an answer to his words—caught, too, an answer to his heart. He quickly raised the hand

he held, pressed it reverently to his lips, and, before Vanderlich or Miss Gaillard had recovered from their surprise, he was gone.

And now, to Bornito, all the world was fair, and the darkest swamp-tangle lighted by the memory of that touch.

The gray dawn was breaking as he stepped forth from the denser gloom, on to the rush-bank of the bayou; but a tint of the dead moonlight seemed shading his yellow-gray home, and he did not find it strange, even, that Dominique sat, like a spirit of evil, crouching against the willow-trunk. Bright as the young day, with a fervid glow in his eyes, Bornito greeted the old man.

"Eh, Dominique, stay and breakfast with me. I have strange news to tell thee of one who knew my father—Paul Crezoni."

But Dominique would not eat—only he sat and listened, while Bornito, with the bright light yet in his young eyes, told of the stranger's greeting—told of the message he had left for De Villenaret, almost five weeks before—told of his queer words and the sudden following of De Villenaret.

The old man, as he listened, grew more bent, more yellow.

"He said to thee this, and no more?"

"No more," replied Bornito.

Dominique pondered.

At last, he lifted his head and looked searchingly, even lovingly, into the young man's face.

"Leon, my son, hast thou thought of what I said to thee about Barbara?"

Bornito answered by a look of surprise.

"See then, Leon, my son, thy grandfather and thy mother, they both willed that thou shouldst have my pretty Barbara as wife. Thy mother took from me Antonio, and she gave me thee for my Barbara, my little one. I grow old, Leon. Let me see Barbara thy wife. There is need for haste. I would not leave my girl alone. I would see her safe in thy care."

He ceased, but still sat looking anxiously into the young man's face. He could find there only surprise and pain. After a little waiting, Bornito said firmly:

"Thy Barbara is fair, and of tender heart, and good; but hast thou forgotten, Dominique, there is that within me which calls me forth into the world?"

Dominique sighed.

"'Tis even as I feared. Thou art like thy mother. Thou wouldst away to foreign lands, and thou wouldst follow the evil blue eyes of that demoiselle from the North."

The young man did not answer.

"I have watched," continued Dominique, "I have heard thee singing thy love-songs—thou darest not deny."

"Deny?" exclaimed Bornito, starting up and standing before the old man, his eyes glowing, his figure drawn to its full height. "See then, Dominique, she is to me fairer than the loveliest flower, and she knows, for I have told, Dominique, I give to her the worship of my heart."

The old man rose, and, stretching out his hands with a singular gesture, exclaimed:

"The words thou hast spoken, and that which I see in thine eyes, give me strength."

He stepped into his boat, and, without another word, pulled quickly away.

Bornito, in the growing brightness of the new day, stood looking after the boat till it had quite disappeared. He sighed, noting the old man's oar-strokes, singularly feeble and uncertain in their dip; but, his glance falling on a blue iris-blossom, there came back a memory of that magic touch, a smile stole over his lips, and, creeping upward, left its tender light within his radiant eyes.

CHAPTER XVII.

"To-morrow," thought Bornito, "to-morrow, it will be the third day since I have seen her, and to-morrow the professor pays his last visit. Will she now come? Or is she angered? And how can I, Bornito, lift my eyes to her face?"

For, with the memory of his rash act, a great shyness came over the young man, mingling with the feverish unrest in his heart.

It was a fair evening. A sky of clear ivory tint stretched over the bayou. The swamp was brodered with richly-colored flowers, humming-birds darted hither and thither, lilies floated on the dark water, while the birds sang and the leaves rustled and the long moss waved. Bisqua, basking in a patch of sunlight, floundered gently among the rushes.

Under the willow, on a rough bench, sat Bornito—a big book on his knees. Yet he had not been reading—rather, he had been studying the life-volume opened before him these past four weeks, here in the silence and calmness of his bayou-home, striving to unravel the mystery of this great book, even as he had striven in the long ago to spell out the hard words and dive into the hidden meaning of his first reading. Much he had thought of that halting stranger; much of his missing altar-treasures; much of Dominique and of Barbara.

Dominique he had not seen since that morning when the old man rowed himself away with those weak wandering strokes. Twice he had

drawn up his pirogue beside the narrow board, raised like a bridge, leading from the bayou's bank to the hut-steps, and twice Barbara, meeting him, said: "Grandfather is away, Leon. He is off in his boat; he is not well, I think. May the dear Virgin guard him."

Pondering all this—feeling almost guilty, as he thought of that last meeting—the young Bornito, hearing oar-strokes, looked up expectant. Surely now the old fisherman came. Few others rowed thus far into the swamp-depth.

He listened. Nearer, nearer drew those strong even oar-dips. They were not the strokes of Dominique; and, while yet some two bank-curves away, he could see that the boat was not Dominique's. A sailor, a Frenchman, with whom he had sometimes talked on the wharves two miles below the white shell-banks of the bayou, rowed this coming craft, and beyond the sailor sat a priest, who looked from bank to bank as one searching and all unused to the wilderness around. The rower, seeing the palmetto hut, bent more earnestly to his oars, and, turning the bow, ran straight on the bank and among the roots of the willow.

A great rushing filled Bornito's ears, and the glow of surprise stained his forehead, so that he could scarce answer the sailor's greeting; for all the trees and the wind and the cane seemed whispering the name that halting stranger had given: "Père Drouard—Père Drouard."

Meanwhile, the sailor, steadying the boat against the current of the bayou, nodding toward the young swampman, said:

"This is he, my father—the man you seek."

The priest got up and stepped ashore, carefully guarding a package held with both hands.

"God's peace be with thee, my son."

"Thanks, father," answered Bornito, rising and standing, though the earth seemed to rock under his feet.

"I have much to say to thee, my son; but first tell me, if this sailor leaves me here, canst thou take me in thy boat to the wharf whence I came?"

"Surely," answered Bornito, still hearing the great rushing in his brain, and feeling the earth yet rock under his feet.

"It is well—thou mayest return," said the priest, addressing the sailor.

"And thou wilt not forget, my father, to say a prayer for me to Notre Dame de bon Secours?"

"I will not forget."

He stood a moment, watching till the boat was quite out of sight and there was only a faint sound of dipping oars, then he turned and regarded the young man earnestly.

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"I have much to say to thee, Leon Bornito," he repeated, "and I would not be interrupted nor overheard."

"There is none to listen," answered Bornito. "Here you may speak without fear, my father."

"Do you guess who I am?" asked the priest.

"Père Drouard, and you come from a halting stranger—a man who knew my father."

"Yes," said the priest, crossing himself; "let us hope that Christ will have mercy on his soul. He is dead."

"Dead?" exclaimed Bornito.

"Dead," repeated Père Drouard, taking off his hat and letting himself fall on the low bench, as if wearied.

His eye swept over the wild scene; he sighed, and then, turning, motioned the young man to a seat beside him.

"Yes, dead—found last night on the steps of my home, stabbed through the lungs from behind. I heard the fall, and hurried forth. He whispered but two words, and then expired."

"Dieu! And those two words?"

"The vendetta! Fortunately, he left with me papers containing matters of importance. Also, he left me these," here the priest touched the package, which he had placed on the bench between them; "these—certain sacred articles, taken from thine altar."

"He? He?" cried Bornito. "And what—"

"Wait, my son," interposed the priest. "Thou must listen calmly. It grows late, and the story is long. According to the papers left, they were stolen one eve, while thou wast rowing, following strangers who had been fishing about thy hut."

"My mother's urn for the holy water, and the scapular taken from her neck—the bit of holy cross," exclaimed Bornito.

"Yes," said Père Drouard, unwrapping the package and holding aloft, in his slender fingers, the delicate urn, "yes, and here they are. I restore them to the rightful owner. By this time to-morrow, these treasures would have been in possession of one Jean de Villenaret, for there was found on the dead man's person five hundred dollars and a paper stating that a check for five thousand more would be given as soon as these articles should be handed over to this Jean de Villenaret. Judging from the letters found, the stranger evidently had much difficulty making terms with this Monsieur de Villenaret. He gives a rather humorous account of a meeting with De Villenaret, wherein he tells him that he has not yet secured a paper—a copy of a certificate of marriage—and tells how De Villenaret takes upon himself the search; how he

twice caught him wandering about thy hut, and seeking information in a certain old chest."

Bornito uttered an exclamation of surprise.

The priest continued :

"He evidently feared foul play after parting with these valuables, unless he yet held a threat which he might at any time use against De Villenaret, and I think it was for this reason, also, he gave thee my name. Assuredly, he did not, after all these precautions, expect death.

"He was a gay merry fellow. He came to me with a dole for our new church, and begged I would, in return, hold this package and these papers"—here the priest tapped the breast of his gown—"the papers to be kept for five years, sacred, as under seal of confession, then to be destroyed, unless I, meantime, should learn of his death by foul play, when I was to examine and act as I thought best."

"But I do not understand," said Bornito, moving impatiently.

"And thou wilt not understand till I have told thee all, my son. Know, then, that thy mother did not marry Paul Crezoni—he was not thy father."

"Did not marry Paul Crezoni?" cried Bornito.

"Who, then, is my father?"

"As he who is dead wrote the story, it is long; but I will tell it thee in my own words," answered Père Drouard.

"There was a gay young planter, who, in the long ago, came from his fields to hunt in this swamp. His name was Jean de Villenaret—uncle of the man thou knowest. One day, on these bayou-banks, he saw thy mother, loved her, wooed her in secret, choosing those hours when thy grandfather was away, and, with the assistance of Paul Crezoni, to whom he paid a good bribe, carried her off, married her, and went to France."

Bornito uttered a cry, and sprang from his seat.

"Sit down, my son," said the priest, "sit down and listen quietly. She—thy mother—was false to her word. She was plighted to Antonio Saturni, and she dared not tell her father of this young planter's love, for thy grandfather, so the papers relate, was a man of high temper, and a friend of Saturni's father, and a man of stern honor, who looked on the breaking of a plighted word as the breaking of an oath. Also, married, she dared not stay in this land. Dost know what she feared, my son? Revenge—the vendetta for her husband, the young planter whom she loved.

"See, then—the Saturnis are of Italy. Three generations they have lived here—is it not so?"

"Four," answered Bornito, who had reseated himself, and now listened with forced calmness.

"Four, then," repeated the priest, "and yet have not learned to leave vengeance in the hands of God, but retain the evil custom of their old home. Well, for these reasons—and because, also, Jean de Villenaret, not caring for the vendetta, at which he laughed, but, a proud man, well pleased to hide the humble birth of thy mother—for these reasons, thy mother's flight and marriage were thus arranged. Paul Crezoni—his tastes led him to wander over the world—for a good sum, left with them. Thus, the people here might be puzzled—might suppose thy mother had gone with him—he did not care. They would never find him—the wanderer—and they would never seek Monsieur de Villenaret, not knowing him guilty.

"And thus indeed it happened. Even thy grandfather was deceived till that letter came—two years later, calling him to his daughter in the city beyond.

"See, then, my son, punishment had come for the deceit of thy mother. Much of De Villenaret's boyhood had been passed in France, his youth in this country, but at a college North—so that, on his plantation, he was not missed, and, after his return to France, friends flocked around him, offering good wishes to the beautiful American wife, who spoke French with an odd soft accent.

"The young couple lived in Paris; but thy mother, who must have been beautiful, who had loved the solitude of the swamp and the beauty of nature, pined for the old home, and turned wearied from the men and the women with whom she could not talk. For thy father possessed genius, my son, and the people about him were scholars and men of letters; and thy mother, ignorant, often shamed him in their grand home, and joyed more to talk with Crezoni, passing back and forth in his wandering life.

"When thy father strove kindly to teach her, she grew wilful; and she was jealous also—jealous of the women who talked as she could not talk. So it went on."

"But," interrupted Bornito, who listened with hungry eagerness, "tell me only this, my father: who was this stranger?"

"Paul Crezoni."

"Paul Crezoni?" exclaimed Bornito, a vision of the yellow merry face, as he had last seen it, touched with mocking laughter and the tint of the moonlight, rising before him.

"Paul Crezoni," repeated Père Drouard, "the one to whom thy mother turned in her trouble,

and who helped her back to this country. For matters becoming worse and worse, thy mother at last, taking scant funds, made her way over the ocean to a Northern city, traveled thence to the coast below, and sent a letter summoning thy grandfather.

"A few months later, thou wast born. Thy grandfather and thy mother lived together in a fisher-settlement on the Gulf coast. Twice a year, thy grandfather journeyed to the De Villenaret plantation, talked with the laborers, hearing news of thy father—twice a year, saw Dominique Saturni in the city below, the friend to whom he revealed thy birth and the name of thy father.

"After one of these journeys, he came back with the tidings of thy father's death. The Bornitos had lived many generations on this bayou."

"But yes—many generations," repeated Bornito.

"And thy grandfather, being an old man, longed for his home, and so persuaded his daughter to return. The rest, my son, thou knowest."

"But my father—" commenced Bornito.

"Tried to find thy mother; even in secret sent men hither to this bayou. Of thee, he never heard. Probably the trouble killed him, for he loved his wife. If she had been dead, he might have forgotten; but living"—there the priest paused a moment, then added impressively: "Living troubles, my son, are hardest to bear.

"Thy father traced his wife as far as this country, and with Crezoni. Here he lost all clue. He died in France; he is buried there."

"And why," asked Bornito, passing his hand over his head, striving to collect his thoughts, "why did not my mother give me my father's name?"

"That," said the priest, "I cannot tell, except that she designed to keep thee in the life she loved, and guard thee from the gold which had helped cause her sorrow and the death of Antonio Saturni through her deceit."

"Ah," said Bornito, "I see now; she gave me to Dominique—she tried to wipe out her sin. But"—he paused here a moment, then his face glowed—"Père Drouard," he cried, rising and standing erect, drawn to his full height, "Père Drouard, I am then Leon Bornito de Villenaret, and I shall be rich."

"It is so," said the priest, gravely; "for see: all thy father's fortune fell to his sole nephew, Jean de Villenaret, and he would have kept thee as thou art. The threads of life are sometimes strangely woven," continued Père Drouard.

"Paul Crezoni was, 'mid his wanderings, seized with a strange desire to visit his old home. Two days and nights he wandered about, coming through the swamp from the De Villenaret fields, peering through the tangle at thy hut here, and, at the fisher-settlement below, by night, visiting the old fisher-grounds. He was lamed slightly, when a boy, by a fall from a tree, and he dared not show himself, lest the old friends should remember that halt, which had grown with age, and the vendetta pursue him.

"One morn, he talked with a child who had gone to the swamp for moss, and the boy told of thy grandfather's and thy mother's death; also, he told of thee. Thy existence was a great surprise; and, one day, while he yet watched thy home, pondering whether he might dare visit thee, and question thee as to what knowledge thou mightst hold of thy birth, he saw the gay party enter thy house, and with them De Villenaret.

"Instantly there came to him the thought—the inspiration, he called it—to make out of thy existence a fortune. Curious, he entered thy home, and on the altar saw this urn, which he remembered as thy father's first gift to thy mother after marriage, and out of which they drank wine together, pledging each the other, on their wedding-night. It was thy father's old college drinking-bowl, and, as thou seest," continued the priest, picking up the delicate bit of porcelain, "stamped with the arms and initials of the Villenaret family."

"Ah!" exclaimed Bornito, remembering he had thought this stamp but the sign of the maker.

"My son," continued Père Drouard, "Paul Crezoni had forgotten even the church in which thy parents were married; but within this urn he found proof—found all he needed."

"How?" asked the young man, lifting his eyes expectant and questioning.

"Thy mother never told thee the contents of this scapular?" asked the priest, taking it in his slender hand.

"Yes," answered the other, "I remember it hanging on her bosom always, and she told me it was part of the cross she wore; and, when she was dead, Mère Corbi, a woman in the settlement below, took the scapular from her neck, and gave it me, and I laid it, as holy relic, on the altar and within the urn."

"Part of a cross indeed, my son, part of that cross which she bore through the last sad years of her life. See, then," continued Père Drouard, opening the soft leather and drawing thence a tightly-folded paper, "if thou canst read—"

Bornito reached forth his hand and took two opened papers, creased in many folds, and, knitting his brows, slowly deciphered the writing.

The first was a copy of marriage-certificate between Jean de Villenaret and Louise Bornito. The second, copy of baptismal register, stating that the babe of Jean de Villenaret and Louise Bornito had been christened, with all the rites of the Roman Church, as Leon Bornito de Villenaret.

"Before coming to thee, I have seen, my son, that these papers bear truth—have visited the church where thy parents were married, and have talked with the priest who christened thee during his yearly visit to the Gulf-coast settlement, deeming thee but the child of plain fisher-people."

"And I," again said Bornito, lifting his head, as he held the yet opened papers, "I am Leon Bornito de Villenaret, and I shall be rich."

"My son," said the priest, gravely, "remember this: riches are a temptation and a snare, good only when they work good."

"But it is good that I will work—good. See, then," exclaimed Bornito, his eyes glowing: "is it not good to save the innocent from evil? And it is that—that which I will do—that—ah! what may I not do?" he added, his heart swelling and a tender light creeping into his soft eyes, as with his brown hands he folded again the creased papers and laid them back in their leathern case.

"May angels and saints guard thee," said Père Drouard. "I have heard thou art honest and good. See that this heritage bring not evil into thy life. And now, my son, it grows late. Let me but see thee replace thy treasures on the altar within, and then thou mayest row me to the wharf. And, as we go, I will instruct thee what movements to make for the gaining of thy patrimony."

Thus saying, Père Drouard got up from the low bench, and, with Bornito, walked toward the palmetto hut.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was now late evening. The sun had sunk in depths of gold and purple on the distant horizon; violet and yellow water dashed against the western sky; and the evening star, like a lantern lighting the way to heaven and those mysterious gates beyond, shone calmly in the darkening firmament.

A lake-breeze floated over the broad water, crept among the rustling cane, swept softly through the fisher-huts, and played about Bornito's bared head. He looked aloft, and, as he

rowed, the past, the present, the future stretched like wide fields about him. That picture looking down from the De Villenaret walls—he knew now why those eyes followed, haunting—his mother's eyes—his mother's face, beautiful and winsome as when she had brightened her French home, fresh with the charm of her dark rich loveliness.

There was hope and joy and gladness unspeakable in his heart—the song rose to his lips; but he repressed it, as a memory of that dead one, lying in the city near, came to his mind—with this memory, suddenly, a revelation—a horror—a blackness falling like a pall over Dominique—old Dominique, whom he loved, and who loved him. Almost as father and son they had been, these two, all the long years of his swamp-life.

The strong man grew weak—the oars rested like weights in his hands—the boat floated without guidance—his head fell—with lightning swiftness, his mind traveled through the story of Paul Crezoni, the man who had fallen by vendetta—by Dominique Saturni's vendetta, he to whom his mother had brought a great life-sorrow. Perhaps now—perhaps already—justice tracked the old man—weak, helpless. Père Drouard had not said, but Bornito knew.

And then strength returned. He seized his oars, rowed hastily 'twixt the bayou-banks, and, drawing up his boat at the narrow board where he had been used to call for Dominique when they two went forth to the lake-fishing, stepped out and hurried forward.

On the porch stood Barbara, her little hands clasped around the slender porch-post, her cheek pressed against the hard wood. In the gloaming, he could not distinctly see her face, but a faint light coming from the opened door showed her form, slight and singularly graceful, in its attitude of drooping weariness.

"Where is thy grandfather?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Many have already asked me that question this day, Leon," she answered, in a slow tired voice, without changing her position. "When I saw thee coming, I thought thou mightst bring me tidings."

"What dost thou mean, Barbara?" he cried, excitedly.

"I think thou knowest, Leon. But a half-hour since, I saw thee with the stranger who brought thee news of Paul Crezoni's death."

"Speak yet more plainly, Barbara."

"I think, then, there is no need to say more, Leon," she replied, lifting her head, unclasping her hands, passing them over her brow, and pushing back the soft hair.

"Surely, then, thou dost not think—" he cried, amazed by her calmness.

"I do not think," she interrupted. "I know," here her voice grew hard, vibrating almost fiercely, "I know the man wronged my Uncle Antonio—deceived him who was his friend—and so, to my grandfather, brought the great pain of his life. Who else might avenge the wrong? There was no younger son; there was only Barbara—little Barbara."

She struck her breast fiercely, as she spoke, with her small hand tightly clenched, and, even in the twilight, Bornito could see her dark eyes flash, as scorning her girlhood.

He was speechless with surprise. All his life, he had known this girl. As when a fair hill, softly wreathed with vine and blossom, and smooth with green turf, shoots forth suddenly hot fire, so now this Barbara, who ever had seemed, to him, gentlest and tenderest of earth's children.

"You forget," he said, softly, "it was my mother who—"

"I forget nothing," she cried. "Thy mother made atonement, gave thee her own name—so long ago, my grandfather told me—bade me take all the Bornitos to my heart, and hold them there as friends."

A harsh laugh here broke on the air.

"Eagles mate not with sea-gulls, Barbara," cried Mère Corbi, from her low seat in the doorway; "and he, Leon, who talks with thee, is De Villenaret, a rich planter. Ah, ha! the secret has been mine many years." She laughed again. "The sick and the dead, the sick and the dead," she moaned, rocking herself back and forth, "they tell to me their tales, they make to me their confession."

"Leon a Villenaret, Leon a Villenaret," repeated Barbara, as one striving to understand.

"It is true, Barbara," said Bornito, quietly. "Some day, I will tell thee—"

"Not so," cried Mère Corbi, coming forward. "I will myself tell the little one—the child of my heart," she added, tenderly. "Go thou," here her voice grew stern, "go thou, Leon Bornito de Villenaret," she stepped quite near, almost hissing the whispered words into his ear, "and, if there is in thy heart a bit of love for Dominique, seek and hide him—get him off to the Gulf-lagoons below. Men have been here to-day, and the hut is watched, and we dare not move."

Bornito did not wait to hear more.

"Good-night, Barbara," he whispered. "I will do what I can: take hope."

She did not reply; and, as he gained his boat and rowed off, looking back, he could see her again leaning against the slender post, her hands

clasped, her cheek pressed on the hard wood, and the light behind streaming over her drooping form.

"Fierce and tender," mused Bornito, wondering as he thought of Barbara in her anger; and then his mind turned to the duty before him. He looked at the heaven; stars were faintly gleaming.

On the bank above, he halted, seeking Antonio's grave—a lonely spot. Tall grass waved over it, and the wind sighed above cypress-branches draped in their dismal hanging of moss; but Dominique was not there.

He rowed yet further on, landed by a sharp bend, where they too had gathered palmetto in the long years gone, stood amid the dense clump, whistling softly the call with which each had summoned the other, in those dead years. Only the wind answered.

He sought his own lonely home, threaded the tangle lying around, pausing here and there to call and to listen, and, when no answer came, went again over the dark water, yet calling softly by each bayou-bend, till there rose in sight the wreathed pillars of the ruined mill. A great owl, sending forth its mournful cry and lifting its dark wings, flew from the vined arch to the blackness of those denser woods beyond; otherwise, all was silence.

A memory of that fair April day, when he had poured his gold here among the rushes on this bank, came to his mind, and, amid the gloom in his heart, like a light from heaven, fell the tender glance of those blue eyes. He threaded the vine-grown ways of the old mill and the dark swamp-background, returned to his boat, rowed yet deeper into the black solitude, stepped within the dense maze of sword-cane stretches, and forth upon the small open spaces of trembling prairie. Six hours—six long hours, Bornito searched in vain; only night-birds and shrill insects and the soft south-wind answered his calls.

Discouraged, anxious, wearied in mind and so in body, he sought again his lonely home. On the bank, Bisqua rested. He crept forward, and Bornito, stooping, patted his head.

"We cannot find him, mon ami," he said, sadly; "but to-morrow we will search again."

He looked above. The stars marked third morning-hour.

"Three; I will sleep till five," he thought, hastening within his home.

He did not even close the wooden door, but, drawing off his great boots, threw himself, yet dressed, into his low hammock, and, closing his eyes, fell soon into heavy sleep.

And, after a while, when all was silent on that lonely bayou-bank, a bent figure, stealing from the tangle, passed through that opened door, and with stealthy step crept to the hammock where Bornito slept.

Dominique had come.

Dominique had at last answered Bornito's call.

The wind blew gently in, and the faint light from a gibbous morning moon—red and gory, as if bleeding—touched the hammock and the sleeper.

Dominique did not hesitate. With a quick movement, he lifted his hand. Something long and bright gleamed in the moonbeams. When the old fisherman came forth, he ran with weak trembling steps—ran, as if hunted, into the tangle of the swamp beyond.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOFTLY the early morning winds moaned around that lonely hut. They strayed in, wandering over the pale brow of Bornito.

There was a dark pool on the floor under the low hammock. Without, the stars yet shone; the moon yet hung gory and red; the bayou caught their reflection on its deep bosom; the rushes waved, the water-vines floated, and all was as it had ever been. Only within, a great stillness had fallen over a strong young life.

After a while a new day dawned, and a long sunbeam flickered about the white face. Yet a little later, there came the sound of voices and the thud of a boat-grapple thrown out among the rushes on the bank.

"I think we are too late, uncle," said Mary Gaillard, pointing toward the opened door; "he is already gone. We ought to have waited till the hour appointed."

"Nay, the opened door is but proof of his propinquity," objected the professor, stepping ashore. "What do you demand as fee?" he asked of the fisherman—old Edwa Corbon, who, selling his ware that morning at the wharves on the lake-shore, had consented to row them to Bornito's hut.

"Eh, monsieur?" the old fellow answered. "See, den, eef Leon may be een 'ees 'ouse, yaisse. I t'ink no—me. Dominique—dat ole man w'at you see sometime—you kno'? Bien—'ee ees harrest fo' vendette; an' Leon, 'ee 'unt—'ee try sev dat ole man, I t'ink me. I don' kno', mais I t'ink dat eet may be so, yaisse."

"How?" cried the professor, standing startled. Miss Gaillard also turned to listen.

"Well, I don' kno', mais," and then the old fisherman, in his broken English, related the

finding of Paul Crezoni, his death by vendetta, and the search for Dominique.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" cried the professor.

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Ow I kno' Leon not hat 'ees 'ouse, eh? Ah, ecoutez!" continued the fisherman, holding up his yellow hand and bowing his head to listen.

"'Ee come, I t'ink—yaisse."

The professor also listened and waited.

"Non, eet ees not Leon," presently he exclaimed, "mais 'ee kno'," here the old fellow nodded his head, "'ee kno', I t'ink, w'ere Leon may be."

"It is a priest who comes," said the professor.

"Oui, le père 'oo was wid Leon las' night," rejoined the fisherman, "an' de sem sailore w'at rho' 'eem las' night."

Meantime, Miss Gaillard had crossed the bank toward the hut. She peeped cautiously through the opened door. All was quiet. She stepped within, stood an instant uncertain, then, seeing the hammock occupied, and thinking the young man yet slept, turned to go out, then paused.

That long sunbeam had grown in strength. It fell over Bornito's white face, and touched into red tints that dark pool on the floor below.

The glow on her cheek faded, the sweet shy look in the violet eyes died—one instant, stiffened by horror, she stood; then, with a face white as the face of the quiet sleeper, staggered forth into the brightness of the morning.

CHAPTER XX.

"THERE is hope, Mary," said Professor Gaillard, some three hours later, coming to the old willow where she sat, still cold and stricken with horror. "The flame of life burns feebly. I have dispatched for the best nurses. Ah, that my rara avis should develop into the son of my old friend! A rich chrysalis—a gem of the purest tint. My heart warmed to him from the first, as"—here the professor paused, then added—"as it never warmed to that miscreant nephew. Père Drouard tells me he has already arranged for flight to France. It was for the purpose of imparting this information to the heir-at-law that the priest journeyed hither—a lucky journey. His assistance was of incalculable importance—not being altogether ignorant of surgery. The physicians protest they could have done no better. Ah, here he comes! What is it? No ill news?" cried the professor, anxiously.

"My daughter," said the priest, stepping forward, "our sick son asks to see you."

She got up, trembling—white: the earth swayed, the green rushes rocked as her little feet passed over them, and in the low doorway she paused a moment, seeking calmness.

On the bed he rested, his strength gone, his brown hands—pale now—lying helplessly across the blue blanket.

He lifted his eyes as she came near, and the joy of his heart shone from their depths. A tender wistfulness crept into them, and she did not shun their love, but, like a pitying angel, bent low, saying softly: “I have come, Leon.”

As he listened, a light like a great glory spread over the pale face.

He had signed for paper and pen, and they had placed a white sheet under his right hand and a pen within his trembling fingers. He looked down on the paper now, and, with evident pain, slowly but clearly traced in French these words:

“To Mary Gaillard, I give all that I own.

LEON BORNITO DE VILLENARET.”

The pen fell from his grasp—he had again drifted into the land of shadows.

A great agony entered Mary Gaillard's heart. She crept forth into the brightness of the day, and again seated herself under the old willow. There came the memory of all the tenderness and care he had thrown about her, since that early April day when the poison-vine touched her cheek—from then, till now—now, when, with his dying hand, he had poured before her the wealth whose pleasures he had never tasted, even as he had poured before her the scant earnings of his hard life.

Day by day, she had learned to say with Barbara: “There is not anyone more brave, more true.” Day by day, his pure strong manhood, unfolded here within the solitude of the swamp, had touched the deeper chords of her nature, till responsive, through all, there rang the rich anthem of her love. Like a requiem, it wailed now, as she sat there in the sunlight, while he, perhaps, was drifting from its brightness—away, away.

CHAPTER XXI.

ALMOST two years have passed.

Gerton Vanderlich long since made confession, was forgiven, and has ceased sowing the “wild oats” of misery.

Beside Antonio's grave, old Dominique sleeps. He was found there, dead.

The hut falls fast into decay; for Barbara and Mère Corbi live now on a lagoon, near the wild Gulf-shore.

Bornito's hut yet stands, yellow and gray against the swamp-tangle, and Bisqua still flounders among the green rushes, both guarded by old Edwa Corbon. The aged fisherman sits on the bank, and, while smoking, tells to those who listen the story of the blue-eyed Northern maiden and the swamp-fisherman Bornito.

For Bornito passed beyond to golden gates; one fair morning, glided by the fisher-settlement forth over the lake-water, all yellow and glowing with the brightness of a rising sun—the golden gates of a new earth-life, at whose portals, tender and lovely, there waited the blue-eyed virgin of his heart's love.

Many countries have seen Bornito; several tongues now flow softly from his cultured lips. Like a young king, he walks the land of the Villenarets; and, this March day, while the white blossoms of orange-trees breathe their rich fragrance, his heart travels to the coming month—and lo! a fair bride passing with him through the vista of dawning years.

And, day by day, in her Northern home, Mary whispers: “There is not anyone more brave, more true,” and, looking into the beautiful urn which he has given her, sees nestling there the witching loveliness of an April day. Cane waves yellow against a turquoise sky, iris lifts soft faces amid the green growth of a moss-hung swamp, the water of a black bayou creeps between matted banks; over all, there rests the beauty of golden sunlight; over all, there float, in memory, echoes of that sweet and plaintive cry: “Prie-Dieu, prie-Dieu.” It is the cry of earth to heaven, and, like incense, rises along life's stream even as ALONG THE BAYOU.

“A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE.”

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

Her portrait? Art can never show
All that she is, so sweet and fair.
A painter's rose is bright, but lo!
The summer fragrance is not there.
'Tis easy to depict a face,
But not the soul that gives it grace.

Her portrait? Words, like art, must fail.
I only know that she is good,
Radiantly fair beyond compare
With graces of sweet womanhood.
I seek no more, I need no less
To picture perfect loveliness.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a pretty and simple dress, of any self-colored cashmere, camel's-hair, or other soft woolen material. There is a plain underskirt of the material, over which the tunic, which

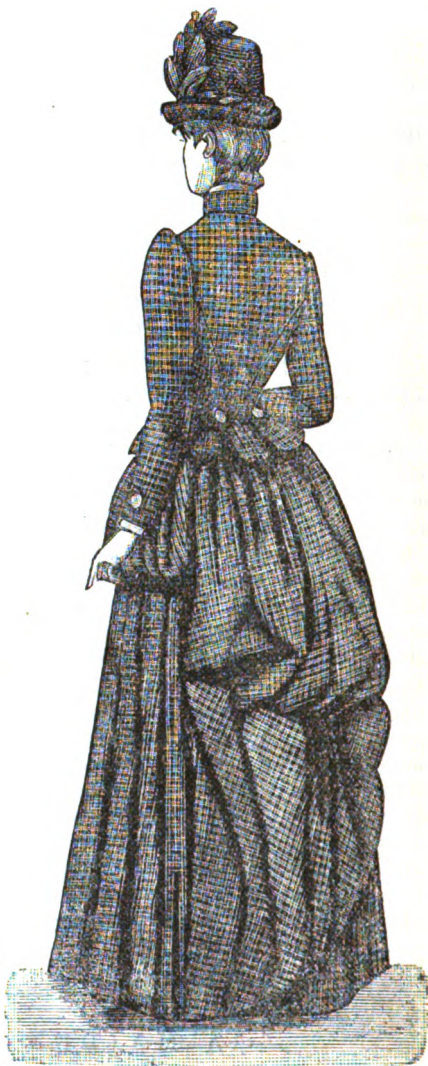
No. 2—Is a stylish model for making up one of the pretty checked woolen gowns now so



No. 1.

forms a long point in front, is draped up high on the right side; the back, slightly puffed over the tournure, falling in long straight folds to the bottom of the skirt. Long loops of spotted velvet ribbon ornament the right side, arranged as seen in illustration. The bodice forms a V-front, which opens a little to the left side, over an inside vest of the dotted velvet ribbon, like the skirt-trimming, which is arranged upon the inside lining of the corsage. The back has a small postillion, with under-loops of the velvet ribbon. The edge of the coat-sleeve is bound with the velvet. Ten to twelve yards of double-fold material, eight to ten yards of velvet ribbon, will be required for this costume.

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No. 2.

fashionable and useful for walking or traveling dresses. The underskirt is kilted on to a foundation, for the front and sides, while the back-drapery is arranged to fill up the entire length

of the skirt, only a little looped over the tour-



No. 3.

nure. Short jacket-basque, ending with slashed



No. 4.

tabs all around. Coat-sleeves full and large

above the elbow. High standing collar. Eight to ten yards of double-fold material.

No. 3—Is something rather novel in the way of an ulster, the cut and style being decidedly French instead of English. It is made of tobacco-colored diagonal cloth, trimmed with cuffs, collar, and revers in corduroy to match. Large buttons in cut steel. Hood lined with silk checked in two shades of brown. Felt hat, trimmed with brown velvet to match.

No. 4.—Tennis-costume, of plaid tennis-flannel. The underskirt is plain, over which the overskirt



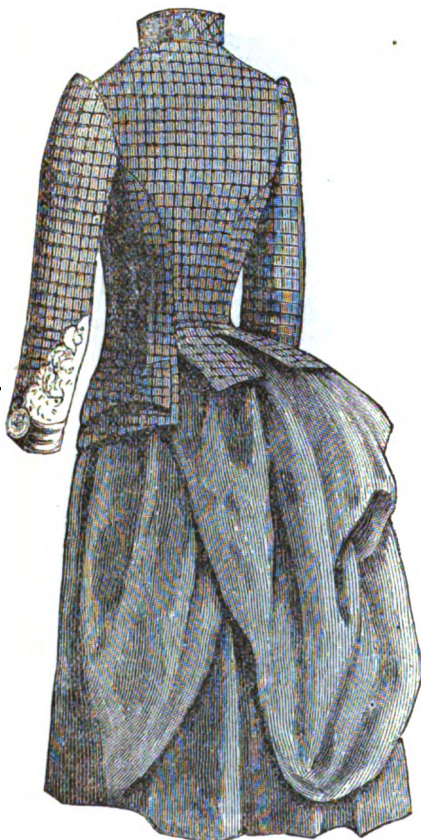
No. 5.

is draped to form a long point in front, high on left side, where it makes a short panier, and the back, like the front, only looped over the tournure. The waist is gathered, back and front, into a pointed yoke, and fastens under a tennis-belt of leather. Full bishop-sleeves into the long tight cuffs. High collar. Jockey-cap, of the same material, completes this stylish and simple costume. Ten to twelve yards of tennis-flannel will be required, of thirty-six-inch width.

No. 5—Is a most comfortable and useful wrapper, of figured flannel. The front has two

side-plaits, folded back as far as the waist-line. The front-trimming is of guipure embroidery, also the deep collar, the cuffs, and belt. The wrapper fastens, down the left side, with large pearl buttons. Eight to ten yards of flannel. The amount of embroidery must be determined by height, etc.

No. 6—Is an outside jacket, of checked cloth, for a young girl of twelve to fourteen years. In front, it is double-breasted and longer than the back. Our model calls for half-cuffs of

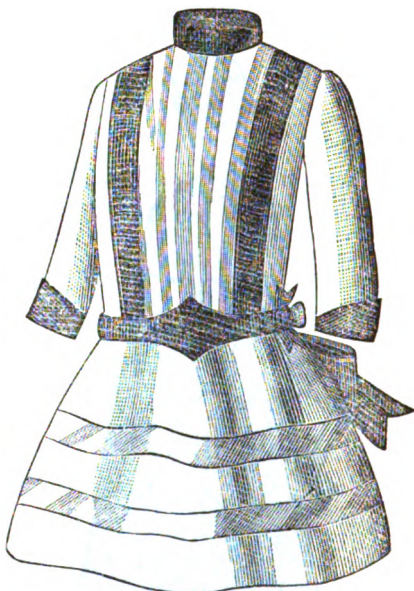


No. 6.

embroidery—this is optional. Perfectly plain tailor-finish, we would recommend; but, for a young girl, this is an exceptionally stylish cut.

No. 7—Is a frock of cream-white cashmere, for a girl of three years. The Swiss bretelles, pointed waistband, cuffs, and collar are of plush or velvet. A bow with ends is added at the back.

No. 8.—Suit of striped tweed, for boy of eight to nine years. Knickerbocker pants, coat-jacket. Hat of same.



No. 7.



No. 8.

No. 9—Is a pretty coat with cape, for an infant of two years or more. It is made of white or light-gray cashmere or camel's-hair. The cape is lined with silk, and edged with a ball-fringe in silk or worsted. If preferred, the cape may be edged with Irish lace. Scotch cap of same material.

CUT-PAPER PATTERNS will be furnished, if desired, at the following prices, viz:

Wrapper,	\$.35 to \$.50
Plain Skirt,30
Drapery (both sides alike),35
Drapery (sides different),50
Wrap,50
Coat,40
Ulster,50
Cape,25
Busque,35 to .50
Hood,30
Bathing-Suit,50

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dress,	\$.25 to \$.50
Busque,25 to .40
Coat,25 to .50
Cap,25 to .35
Leggings,20
Apron,15 to .25
Muff,15 to .25
Boy's Jacket,20 to .30
Boy's Pants,25
Boy's Suit (three to six years),30 to .50

Address JONES'S PATTERN-ROOMS, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



No. 9.

DESIGN FOR A SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, an effective design in colors for a screen. This design can easily be carried out, both in the embroidery and frame for the screen. Any carpenter can make a firm and smooth frame after this model, and then it is to be covered with plush, the outside edges being tipped off with a narrow brass molding, which can be bought at a brass-manufactory; or it may be omitted entirely, and the frame will look very well simply covered with some rich dark plush. A row of large fancy-headed brass nails may be used to finish the edge. The inside of the screen is worked upon

a bluish-gray or a dull-olive velveteen, as far as the upper border; there it is pieced with a cream-white or a lighter tint of the color used for the lower part. The trellis-work is done in crewel, the pattern being carried out in Kensington-stitch, crossed at the points of intersection with gold-colored filoselle or gold thread. The branch of tree work solid, using several shades of brown. Same shades are used in working the owl, which is lighted up with the gold filoselle. The owl and branch may be done in silk, also the bars, moon, and clouds. Or, this design may be done in painting on silk.

CROCHETED EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for crocheted edging. The design is suitable for cotton or linen floss, for bureau scarf-ends in Saxony wool, for edging flannel skirts, or in

knitting-silk for tidies, etc. The pattern is more easily followed from the illustration than by description. A fancy tape, braid, or ribbon forms the more solid part of the insertion-border.

PELISSE, WITH CAPES: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement, the half of the corsage belonging to the pelisse. It consists of seven pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF SIDE-FRONT.
3. HALF OF BACK.
4. HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
5. SLEEVE, UPPER AND UNDER PART.
6. HALF OF UNDER CAPE
7. HALF OF UPPER CAPE

The letters show how the pieces are joined. The cuff and standing collar are not given, as they are easily fitted. The pelisse is of cloth, and finished in tailor-style. The front of the tunic fastens over the bodice, buttons on the left side with large velvet buttons. Velvet buttons of smaller size are used upon the double-breasted corsage. Velvet collar and cuffs. The capes are lined with silk, and stitched on the edge tailor-fashion.



PATTERN IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a border of stand-covers, also useful on children's linen in cross-stitch, to be done in French working-cotton or wash-crewel, for ends of towels, borders or flannel dresses, done in French cotton, which are easily washed.

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NIGHT-GOWN CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Make the case of piqué, butcher's-linen, or canvas-cloth. The top flap, on which the "good-night," in French, is worked, is made separately. The design is worked in colored wash-cotton or wash-crewel. The edge is finished with a coarse torchon lace, which is run with the colored cotton or crewel to match the embroidery. Instead of the lace, the edge may be trimmed with colored Hamburg embroidery. These cases are laid on the foot of the bed.

VIOLET-SACHET.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the number is a pretty design for a violet-sachet. One yard of two-and-a-half-inch satin ribbon and one of one-inch width can be formed into one of the sweetest of sweet sachets. A delicate shade of violet makes a very dainty one. The narrow ribbon should be a couple of shades darker. It is made in this way: Take one-half of the wide ribbon, fold it together so the ends meet in the middle, overhand the sides neatly together. Sprinkle violet sachet-powder freely through some soft cotton, stuff the ends of the ribbon with it, through the opening in the middle. They should be full enough to set up nicely, being careful to avoid having it too full near the opening; sew the ends together. Make the other half of the wide ribbon up in the same manner. Join them in the centre of each, to form a Maltese cross, draw them up together as close as possible. Make a full bow of many loops-and-ends of the narrow ribbon, and sew it in the middle. Stick a few artificial violets through the bow.

HANGING SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement folded up in this number, a design of wild-roses, etc., etc., for a hanging screen, or the design may be continued and utilized for a border for a table or bureau. Work in either outline or Kensington stitch, in wash-crewel or silk; or, if preferred, in the colored French cotton or linen filoselle. If done in silk, ordinary embroidery-silk may be used.

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HOUSEWIFE, OPEN AND CLOSED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Two embroidered bands of red silk are fixed to a strip of stout écru linen of the required length. This strip is edged with a red silk cord, lined with red silk, and bent at the lower end to form a receptacle for spools, while a piece of white flannel is fixed to the lining, for pins, needles, etc., etc. The handle, with red silk balls attached, is made of red silk cord. The gathered ends where the spools lie are of red silk.

COVER FOR COLOGNE-BOTTLE, IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty cover for one of the long bottles of farina-cologne is crocheted with knitting-silk. One spool of silk and a fine steel hook will be required for the work. Make a chain large enough to fit around the bottle, join the chain, and work in double-crochet, with one chain-stitch between each double stitch. Work enough to cover the bottle up to the middle, and there work one row of treble-crochet for the ribbon to pass through; then work as before, until the top of the bottle is reached, where a second row of treble-crochet comes in; finish as before. At the edge, make one or two rows of loops in chain-stitch, to form a little frill for the neck of the bottle. A narrow ribbon is run in and tied with a loop, to suspend the bottle on a hook near the dressing-table. A bottle so covered looks very dainty, and it is a very convenient way of securing the bottle. Our model calls for a pretty shade of pink knitting-silk. Blue, cardinal-red, yellow, old-gold, or two colors combined, look very pretty with ribbons to match.

DESIGN FOR BALSAM-PILLOW.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement folded in with this number, a pretty design of pine cones and branches, to be done in outline-stitch upon pongee or China silk in the natural browns, using the wash-silk, as then the cover may be laundered either at home or sent to the cleaner.

Put the balsam, first, into a muslin bag the proper size, then cover it with cheese-cloth before putting on the outside cover. The pillow may be finished around the edge with a silk cord, with tassels at the four corners. Brown linen may be used if pongee is not procurable.

EMBROIDERED PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A cushion, which is intended to be suspended on the wall of either a bed-room or dressing-room, is in plush, with a design of flowers embroidered in silk in the centre. The edge is finished with silk cord. Loops of the same, with tassels, ornament the four corners. The cushion may be covered with silk, and the embroidery done on sheer muslin or bolting-cloth, if preferred. Such a cushion is also useful for a gentleman's office.

HAIRPIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, a novel idea for a cushion for hairpins. Every mother knows how precious, to her, are "baby's" first shoes. The idea presented here is designed not only to preserve them, but to keep them in sight. No matter how much worn they are, the more the

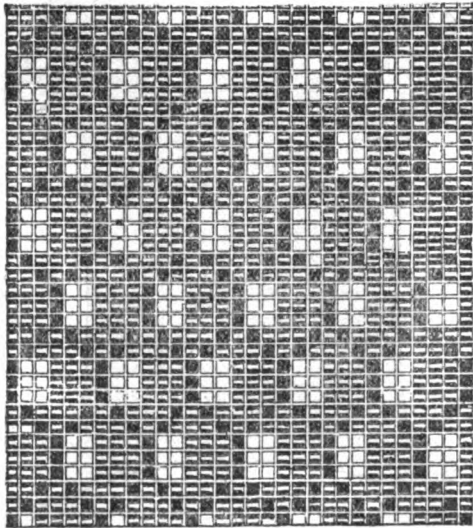
(371)

better. Give them a coat of glue-water on the inside and outside, and a couple of coats of gilt or bronze on the outside. Sew a piece of cashmere where the tongue would naturally be; lace the shoes up with tiny baby-blue ribbon right through the cashmere. The cushion in the top is knit in blue split zephyr. To knit it, set up twenty-

two stitches; knit every other row plain, and the alternate one by throwing the zephyr around the first finger four times, and knitting it in: that forms a soft pad for the hairpins. Tuck the cover in around the edges, over the hair; it will not be necessary to sew it. The other shoe has a blue plush pincushion fastened in the top of it.

DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH ON CANVAS.

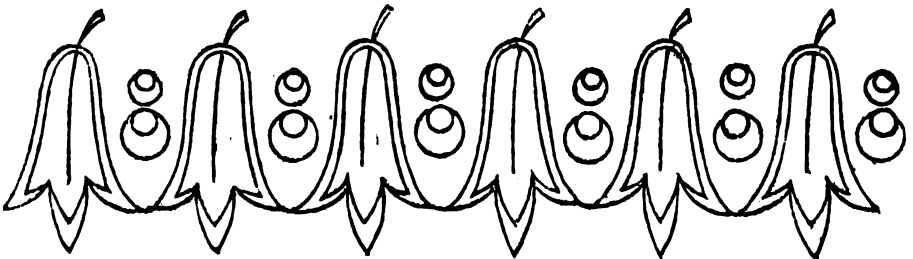
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is to be worked in cross-stitch, on canvas, with double zephyr; useful for covers which it is designed. Done on fine canvas and for footstool, piano-stool, or sofa-pillow. The with fine wool, it will be a good pattern for slippers for gentlemen. Or on any coarse canvas solid squares are black, the white ones are gold- color, and the broken ones dark-red or any it would make a pretty small rug.

EMBROIDERY DESIGN.

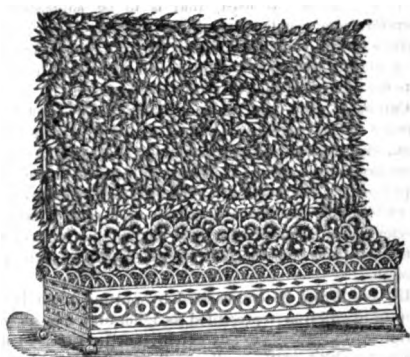
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



IVY FOR WINDOW-SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The English ivy, trained on a wire trellis in any pleasing form, is an excellent plant for the window. It is peculiarly elegant for windows so near the street, in cities and villages, as to be unpleasantly conspicuous—obviating, as it does, the necessity of always keeping the blinds closed. The illustration given is from an example with square frame, and so made that the blind can be drawn down to the plant, if required. The plant is shown in an ornamental window-box, with the addition of a row of flowering plants. The ivy stands the dust and smoke of cities moderately well; and, if the plant is healthy, and the leaves often washed or sponged to maintain a lively green, it is always an attraction in the window.



ROYAL PARASOL.

CARRIED BY THE QUEEN ON JUBILEE DAY, JUNE 21ST.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Ivory satin, covered with flounces of fine Black Brussels lace; ivory carved stick, satin-covered handle, with a bow of ivory satin ribbon having lace intermixed; ivory tips to ribs.
Vol. XCH.—21. (373)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

EVERY educated person desires his children to speak correct English—at least, that is to be supposed—and therefore one wonders sometimes that the most popular writers for the young in America are guilty of perpetuating such glaring faults and gross provincialisms as they put into the mouths of their juvenile characters.

Cultivated men and women to-day never employ the phrases which were too common a couple of generations back, and strenuously object to their children's doing so; therefore, why continue the errors in books as the habitual expressions of the offspring of cultured people? Of course, no child's-story should be a sermon or a critical essay—a species of mental physic disguised in imaginative trauco—yet the remedy for the evil we are deploring seems easy enough.

Let the errors be emphasized by putting them in the mouths of children represented as ignorant; they may be permitted to "guess" to any extent, but no educated man wishes his child wasting a "guess" on anything besides a riddle. These strictures cannot sound hypercritical to any thinking person. One is glad abroad to be recognized as an American—proud of one's countrywomen as bearing off the palm for beauty, grace, and talent; but one would not wish to hear the daughter of a United States Minister at a foreign court pronounce the weather "real mean!" One may be in real earnest—really ill—and as for the last of the two quoted words, that can only apply to the disposition or conduct of some human being. There is no necessity for making children in books talk like pigs; but they may be made to speak good English and remain very interesting young people, as Charlotte Yonge has proved in her numerous works. Probably no child's-book in this century has ever been so popular as "Alice in Wonderland"; yet, child-like and natural as she is, Alice always talks like a little girl who has lived among educated people. Whether American story-writers for the young are inclined to pay attention to the matter or not, it is undoubtedly one which is yearly growing of more importance; and, they need not be surprised, unless they choose to correct the error of their ways, to see parents preferring English juvenile stories to the home-made articles, bright and clever and interesting as the latter undoubtedly are.

ONE of our attractions for next year will be a copyright novelet by Miss M. G. McClelland, whose novel "Oblivion" won for her a success which is rapidly growing into a wide-spread popularity. The novelet will be called "Mabyn Greyforth," and will prove the most successful magazine-serial she has yet produced, not only from the interest of the plot, but the force and vigor with which the story is written.

VENTILATE THE BED-ROOM.—Persons who find it "hard to wake up" in the morning, and accomplish it only after much struggling, yawning, and partial relapse, will find the difficulty disappear upon having their rooms well ventilated during the night.

Persons desirous of getting up clubs for next year should send at once for a specimen copy of "Peterson," in order to begin their work in good season. Specimens are always sent free to anyone desirous of forming a club.

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ROOM-DECORATION.—For room-decoration, all kinds of wild growth are sold on the city streets. Then, how easily can those residing in the country beautify their homes. A few years ago, flowers and grass would have been thrown aside as rubbish that now are eagerly seized by women of taste to bring a little outside brightness into the house. Clusters of the brown dried-up-looking "combs and brushes," bush growth from the ditches, bunches of red "hips and haws," the seed-vessels of the wild rose, the black berries of the privet, the graceful fruit of the hawberry, brown grass from the marsh-land, the always-graceful bullrushes—thousands of such common things should be brought in to beautify our homes.

And no dinner-table or tea-table need be without decoration as long as we have such treasures all around us. The commonest meal is made more palatable by being well served; let the sense of sight as well as of taste be gratified, and then good digestion will wait on appetite.

THE ability to tell a story well is an enviable talent, and one worth cultivating—provided one be not tempted by success into becoming a bore, or, worse, that unutterable nuisance who interrupts conversation every other minute with: "That reminds me of a little anecdote." If there is one fault in a story-teller more unpardonable than another, it is the habit of being particular about a name, beginning with: "My friend Smith said—" then a pause; "No, it was Jones told me that! Well, anyway—" And, just as you think he is fairly started anew, he stops as suddenly as a balky horse and cries: "No, after all, it was Tom Jackson's favorite story; I remember now!" And, all the while, not one of his listeners knows either of the three individuals, though devoutly wishing them in some very uncomfortable place, along with their tiresome friend the narrator.

IF THERE is in the world a tiresome habit, it is that which many intelligent, even clever, people fall into of repeating their statements. Some persons do it when excited or disordered with, after the fashion of King James the First, who, some historian says, always seemed to consider a repetition as a proof offered to the remark. Then there are other people who do it on all occasions, until a tête-à-tête becomes almost impossible. The person makes an assertion of some sort; you agree with it. No attention is paid to your words, but, as if you were suspected of deafness or contradiction, he repeats more loudly the original speech, this time prefacing it with that most odious of beginnings: "I say."

THE FASHIONABLE FLOWER.—The fashionable flower of the day is at present the white chrysanthemum. It is worn as a buttonhole, massed as a bouquet, and nestled among moss for table-decoration, lightly veiled with maidenhair fern. Tinted ivy-leaves very often form a background for it. On tables, clusters of chrysanthemums of various colors and kinds are to be seen, rich and beautiful in their individual tints.

RANKS WITH THE BEST.—The Goldsboro (N. C.) Southern Critic says of "Peterson": "This magazine takes rank with the best illustrated magazines; its engravings are by the best artists, and done in the best manner."

OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1888.—On the second page of the cover, we announce our premiums to persons getting up clubs for 1888. We have never offered a more beautiful gift-book than "Choice Gems." It is a collection of the finest steel-plate engravings of pictures by the most celebrated modern artists. It will be very handsomely bound, with gilt edges, and will prove not only an ornamental volume for the centre-table, but a beautiful and valuable work of art.

Another premium will be a large steel-engraving, called "The Wreath of Immortelles," size twentyone by twenty-seven inches; a very lovely thing it is, too. You can get either or both of these handsome premiums by getting up a club for "Peterson," as per terms on second page of cover.

Some persons may prefer an extra copy of the magazine as a premium; but that and one or both of the other premiums can be had by getting up one of the larger clubs.

The premiums for the coming year are finer and richer than ever, and the magazine will possess new attractions to make it more than ever a necessity to every lady and the delight of every household.

Begin now to get up a club for next year, by so doing you will be able to secure a larger one.

A SUGGESTION.—A little box tacked upon the wall in some inconspicuous place near the kitchen-stove, and filled with bits of clean cloth, will often be found a convenience. When one wants to scour a chance spot off of some kitchen-utensil after the scouring-board has been put away, a little rag dampened and dipped into ashes will often do quite as well. And then that disagreeable ring of grease inside the dish-pan can be cleaned away without contact with the hands by using a tiny bit of cloth. Little spots upon the floor or table, that come while preparing or cooking food, could be quickly removed without wetting a large cleaning-cloth, which must be washed out and dried after use. In fact, small scraps may often be put to a better use than when sold to the rag-man.

ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PLANTERS in Louisiana is a lady—Mrs. Amanda Delmas, of Saint Mary parish. She is thoroughly versed in everything pertaining to crop-rotation, sugar-making, and agricultural knowledge in general. She personally superintends the working of her large estate, which is a model of excellence in every department, as its mistress is a shining example of a woman's ability to perform well any work for which she thoroughly prepares herself and undertakes with all her energy.

THE IMPORTANCE OF FOOD.—The great importance of proper food is being noticed more and more each day. This question lies at the foundation of all other questions. There is no mind, no health, no work, without food; and, just as we are fed improperly and defectively, so are our frames developed in a way unfitted to secure that greatest of earthly blessings, a sound mind in a sound body.

THE NEW BONNET.—In millinery, there is little that is new and much that is extravagant. There is, however, an item of comfort in the present variety of fashions, in this respect—that every lady can consult her individual taste; and certainly no fair head need, nowadays, be seen in an unbecoming covering.

CANNOT DO WITHOUT IT.—A lady, in renewing her subscription, writes: "We have taken your valuable magazine for seven years, and cannot do without it. Tried three or four others, but found they could not come up to 'Peterson.'"

"PETERSON" ALWAYS KEEPS ITS PROMISES.—The Alexandria (Dak.) Herald, speaking of a recent number of the magazine, says: "'Peterson' is on hand—first, as usual. Every number is an improvement on its predecessor."

FAULTS TO BE AVOIDED.—There are six faults which one ought to avoid—the desire of riches, drowsiness, sloth, idleness, fear, and anger.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE are veiled; but the past wears the widow's veil—the future, the virgin's.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Modern Circe. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—A new novel by the prolific authoress of the long list of tales generally known as "The Duchess Series." Since the success of her charming story "Molly Bawn," this lady has ranked among the most popular of recent English writers of light fiction, and her present effort cannot fail to prove acceptable to her numerous admirers. She is always happy in putting bright witty conversation into the mouths of her characters, and her talent in this particular shows at its best in these pages. The scene is laid in Ireland, which affords an opportunity for presenting the quaint and humorous side of the Irish character—another of this romancer's specialties. The leading personages of the book display a good deal of individuality, and the children are amusing specimens of clever irrepressible juvenile humanity. The heroine, "Circe," belongs to the modern type of bright-haired enchantresses, entirely destitute either of principle or conscience; but the dismal fate which overtakes her when her spells suddenly fail and her worst designs meet retribution instead of fulfillment exonerates the novelist from any attempt to cast a glamor over wickedness or to palliate unscrupulousness and evil-doing.

Mark Logan, the Bourgeois. By Mrs. John H. Kinola. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The scene opens in Detroit, so far back in the century that the now handsome city was then little more than a "trading-post." Most of the principal personages of the tale are carried on one of the early steamboat-trips through the "upper lakes," and the book ends in a country-mansion on the banks of the Mississippi. It is an interesting story of frontier-life fifty years since, and, in a measure, deals with the wrongs received by the Winnebago Indians at the hands of the whites, showing the same well-founded sympathy for the red men which was displayed in Helen Hunt's popular novel of "Ramona." There is plenty of incident, and the characters are clearly drawn and well sustained. There ought to be a large class of readers who care for something in the matter of fiction besides descriptions of existence in English country-houses or Continental capitals, and it should seem that a well-written story like this, treating of stirring events in our own land, sufficiently removed from the present to possess a halo of romance, must meet with the success which it deserves.

The Princess Roubine. By Henry Greville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is decidedly the best novel which the authoress has produced in a long time, and is fully equal to the early efforts which gave her so sudden and wide a popularity. It is a genuine love-story, and a very charming one; the incidents are varied and interesting and managed with true artistic skill. The scene is principally laid in St. Petersburg, varied by pretty episodes of Russian country-life and occasional glimpses of Parisian gayety. The hero and heroine are very striking and original delineations, and the subordinate characters are drawn with great naturalness and effect. The translation is carefully and faithfully done, and the book neatly got up, on excellent paper and with clear distinct print.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"PETERSON" ALWAYS AHEAD.—TO BE STILL FURTHER IN ADVANCE IN 1888.—We have added new and popular names to our list of contributors, already a galaxy of talent such as no other magazine can boast; and we have made arrangements which will enable us to produce finer steel and other engravings than we have ever done, universally praised as these have always been. The fashion and work-table departments will continue under the able management of Mrs. Jane Weaver and Emily H. May. As usual, the very latest Paris and home styles of dress will be given, along with constant novelties in all kinds of needlework and fancy-work. Indeed, we can safely promise in every department a degree of excellence even above the high standard which the press and public have so long accorded us. Every month brings us such a shower of commendatory notices, that we are at a loss sometimes from which to quote. The *Carey* (O.) *Times* says: "Peterson's for September is out, more bright and original than ever, if that is possible. It is the queen of lady's-magazines, and should be in every household." The *Watertown* (Mass.) *Enterprise* says: "Peterson for September is at hand. This is one of the most popular family-magazines ever published, and is deservedly so, as only our best writers contribute to it." These are only fair samples of what the press says each month, and with every number of this year the praise grows warmer; but we mean the magazine for 1888 to merit even higher, and we always keep our word. Now is the time for getting up clubs. By beginning early, you can secure a larger club. We have never offered lovelier or more valuable premiums. Any lady forming a club will be dissatisfied with herself if she does not send in one large enough to secure both the beautiful engraving and the book of "Choice Gems."

A DOUBLY GOOD WORK.—All people who eat are indebted to the Royal Baking-Powder Company not more for having perfected and prepared a leavening-agent that is pure and wholesome beyond a question, than for its exposures, so boldly made, of the numerous impure, adulterated, and injurious articles that are sold under the name of baking-powders, bread-preparations, etc., in this community. In making these exposures, the company has of course made itself the target for all sorts of counter-attacks; but the animus of these attacks has been perfectly understood by the general public, and by their very virulence have served to more prominently call attention to the good work of the "Royal" Company.

Food-frauds of the usual class, such as wooden nutmegs, chicory coffee, and watered milk, although they are swindles in a commercial sense, are often tolerated because they do not particularly affect the health of the consumer. But, when an article like baking-powder, that is relied upon for the healthful preparation of almost every meal, is so made as to carry highly injurious if not rankly poisonous elements into our daily food, it would seem to be the duty of the press as well as of the criminal authorities to take cognizance of it.

In the fight for pure food made by the "Royal" Company some time ago, when its guns were particularly trained against the alum baking-powders, it was noticed that the most trustworthy scientific authorities were emphatically upon its side. So, in the recent contest with the lime and other impure baking-powders, the result has proved that every statement made by the Royal Baking-Powder Company, both as to the purity of its own and the adulteration of other baking-powders of the market, was fully authorized by the most competent chemical and medical authorities of the country.

In this contest, two facts have been pretty conclusively settled in the minds of the public—the first, that the Royal Company has found the means, and uses them, to make a

chemically pure article of food, and the other that the average baking-powder, no matter how strongly endorsed by "commercial" chemists, is an exceedingly doubtful preparation.

Pure baking-powders are one of the chief aids to the cook in preparing perfect and wholesome food. The recent controversy in the press has left it no longer a question, with those who desire purity and wholesomeness of food, what baking-powder they shall use.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

OYSTERS AND SOUP.

Oyster Chartreuse.—Boil and mash six large mealy potatoes with a little milk, pepper, and salt, an ounce of butter, and the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth. Butter a large mold, and then sprinkle fine dry crumbs either of biscuit or bread all over. Then completely line the mold with the potato-paste. Boil a pint of cream with onion, etc., for eight minutes, and slightly thicken with flour. Boil as many oysters as will nearly fill your mold in their own liquor, season, skim, and drain, add the oysters to the cream, and pour all in. Put on a thick crust of the mashed potato, and bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Let it stand for ten minutes before turning out on a dish, and take care that the crust does not break. Garnish with parsley and serve.

Creamed Oysters.—Let a pint of cream boil up with a slice of onion and a small piece of mace. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little cold milk, and stir it into the cream. Boil up a quart of oysters in their own liquor, skim them, drain off the liquor, and put the oysters, with salt and pepper, into the cream.

Soup without Meat-Stock.—To make ten pints, cut four large onions into small pieces, brown them in a stewpan with two teaspoonfuls of liquid beef or mutton dripping; add five spoonfuls of flour, pour the water upon it lukewarm, and let the whole boil. In serving the soup, add a slice or two of bread.

DESSERTS.

Various Cold Sweet Dishes.—(1) Mix two large teaspoonfuls of corn-flour with half a teaspoonful of new milk, half a pint of cream, and one-half ounce of gelatine, loaf-sugar to taste, and a few drops of essence of vanilla. Boil these together for ten minutes, then stir in quickly off the fire the yolks of two eggs, well beaten; stir all together till nearly cold. Dip some small molds in cold water, put some stoned cherries at the bottom and sides of them, pour in the mixture, and, when cold, turn out the shapes and serve with stewed cherries round them. (2) Mix the following ingredients well together: one-quarter pound moist sugar, six ounces bread-crumbs, one and one-half ounces butter, three eggs well beaten, and the juice and grated rind of two lemons. Put the mixture into a mold, bake in a moderate oven; serve either with stewed fruit or with a custard sauce. (3) Boil one pint of milk with two ounces of white sugar and a piece of vanilla for ten minutes; remove the vanilla, and shake lightly into the milk two tablespoonfuls of ground rice; stir carefully so as to have no lumps, add the yolks of four eggs or three whole eggs, previously beaten up with a little milk and strained, stir over the fire for five minutes, add one-half ounce of gelatine dissolved in a little water; put the mixture into a mold ornamented with stoned cherries or with any preserved fruit. When cold, serve with fruit-syrup or with jam. (4) Line a glass dish with some sponge-cakes cut into convenient slices; put on the top of them some stewed fruit, currants, and raspberries, apricots, plums, or any-

thing in season; pour a small quantity of custard on the top, add some whipped cream, ornament the dish with savory biscuit, and serve.

Apple Fritters.—Peel three large apples, core them with a column-cutter, and cut them across in slices rather less than half an inch thick; put them in a flat dish with half a tumbler of brandy, and strew plenty of powdered loaf-sugar over them; let them remain covered for a couple of hours, then take each piece separately, dip it in butter so that it is well covered with it, and fry a golden color in plenty of hot lard. Lay the fritters in front of the fire, and, when all are done, pile them up on a napkin, shake plenty of powdered loaf-sugar over them, and serve.

Clotted Cream.—Put a small quantity of cold water into a rather shallow tin pan, then add about four quarts of new milk, let it stand for twelve hours, then place it over a slow fire. The milk should never be allowed to boil, but should remain on the fire till the cream forms into little bubbles, then put the pan into a cool place and leave it till quite cold, say six hours. Now take the cream off the top with a skimmer, and the milk which is left in the pan will be quite good for any purpose, though not so rich as before it was scalded.

Devonshire Junket.—Take two quarts of new milk, warm it to about blood-heat, pour it into a glass or china bowl, and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of prepared rennet (Crosse & Blackwell's), two tablespoonfuls of powdered loaf-sugar, and a small wineglassful of pale brandy; let it stand till cold, and then cover it with a layer of clotted cream.

CAKES.

Sponge-Cake.—Take eight eggs, with their weight of sifted loaf-sugar and half their weight of finest flour. Break the eggs, and beat the yolks and whites separately, pour them on to the sugar, and beat all together with a steel fork for some time. Now grate in the rind of two lemons and the juice of one. Keep on stirring with the right hand, while you sprinkle in the flour with the left hand little by little, till all is absorbed. The flour should be placed near the fire to become slightly warm before stirring in. Stir the whole mixture for a short time all together, and then pour it into buttered molds or tins lined with buttered paper. Bake in a quick oven. If the flavor of almonds is desired, blanched almonds cut small may be added to the above.

Scottish Shortbread.—Take a piece of butter, say a pound, and work it up with flour and ground sugar, in equal quantities, till it will take no more. Shape it as required on a piece of white paper, and bake in a quick oven. No water required.

Buns.—One pound of flour, one-half pound of sugar, one-half pound of lard, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of baking-powder, one-half pound of currants; mix with milk and bake.

Gingerbread.—One pound of flour, two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of milk, two spoonfuls of ginger, two spoonfuls of baking-powder, half a cupful of butter, melted.

Home-made Biscuit.—One pound of flour, one-half pound of sugar, one-half pound of lard, one egg; mix with milk; shape with tin cutter, and bake not too brown.

SANITARY.

To Keep the Feet Dry.—Put short nails into the heels and soles of your boots, lay on some gutta-percha with a hot iron instrument—the poker will do—wet your fingers, and trim and shape the gutta-percha with them. This will keep your boots waterproof and your feet dry.

Tooth-Powder.—Half an ounce of Peruvian bark, half an ounce of powdered myrrh, and one ounce of powdered charcoal make a most refreshing tooth-powder; the quantities named will last three or four months.

Rheumatic People often find great comfort from lying between blankets instead of sheets.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAHAM LIVERLEY, A.M., M.D.

No. 7.—CAUSES OF INFANTILE MORTALITY.—CONCLUDED.

As remarked at the close of our last article, the doctor is sent for, who may or may not be more skilled than the old women in counsel; whether he has a bogus or genuine diploma, whether he has been educated in physic, whether he is a shoemaker or blacksmith, we know not, for there are many doctors who are a discredit and a reproach to intelligence. He may be a homeopath of the infinitesimal school, believing in the efficacy of a millionth part of a grain of an inert and insoluble substance, giving which—in my humble opinion—he sins by omission, allowing the disease to run its course unchecked, or trusting to nature alone; or he may be of the old radical "regular" profession, who believes in using a big club or sledge to kill the disease—or child?—a once "in limine," and thus he sins by commission, "me judice." We are now prepared to proceed with the poor mother's crying query "What shall I do?" which closed our last article. She sees a void left open by the doctor, and her kind neighboring women proceed to fill it by advising ointments to the feet, "to bring down the fever"; some lamp-oil to the throat; a rag smeared with goosegrease to the chest; and, if the child escapes having its nose held to make it open its mouth to breathe, and have a dose of a lamp-oil mixture poured down its throat, it is truly fortunate.

In the meantime, the disease, which was pronounced merely a catarrh or simple croup, has assumed a diphtheritic phase or become membranous croup, and the little sufferer, the victim of lay and professional ignorance, become worse and worse, and is beyond hope. The farce of consultation, perhaps, is gone through with—of the attending physician's choice, of course, so that his treatment will be pronounced correct; and this is followed by the comforting saying of one of the old crones, though false, that "while there is life there is hope"; and, in another day or two, the child has found relief in death.

The causes of the spread of malignant scarlatina, typhoid fever, diphtheria, etc., are foul atmosphere, damp houses, defective sewerage, bad drainage of collars, want of cleanliness generally, etc. These undoubtedly favor the spread of many diseases, especially diphtheria, which is considered to be a blood-poison, and fearfully increases its mortality.

Many mothers are not as careful of the sanitary surroundings of their children as are cattle-fanciers of their young stock. It is high time that mothers—that all of us—were impressed with the fact that Detsy works through natural laws; that the laws of our being or nature cannot, with impunity, be violated; that there is no arbitrary Providence overruling natural laws and occasionally setting them aside, influenced by human petition to bring about special results by extraordinary means, and singling out either nations or individuals as objects of favor or disfavor, thereby contradicting the acknowledged Scriptural truth that "God is no respecter of persons."

CUSTOMS AND SPORTS ON HALLOWE'EN.

THE night of the 31st of October, known as All Hallows' Eve, or Halloween, is connected in popular imagination and superstition with extraordinary notions and remarkable practices, founded on the idea that Halloween is the time, of all others, when supernatural influences prevail, and when divination attains its highest power. There is a remarkable uniformity in the old fire-side customs of this night all over the United Kingdom. Kuts and apples were everywhere in requisition, and made the means of various

tion in love-affairs. Burns, in his celebrated poem of *Hallowe'en*, gives the principal charms and spells of this night among the peasantry in the west of Scotland. With regard to the use of nuts, he says:

"The auld guidwife's well-borrit nuts
Are round and round dividit,
And mony lads' and lasses' fates
Are there that night decidit;
Some kindle, continue, side by side,
And burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa' wi' mawny pride,
And jump out-owre the chimly
Fu' high that night."

There is a similar custom in Ireland. When young women would know if their lovers are faithful, they put three nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming the nuts after the lovers. If a nut cracks and jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burp together, they will be married.

Snap-apple and diving or ducking for apples have been favorite sports on Hallowe'en. The apples are set afloat in a tub of water, into which the juveniles, by turns, duck their heads with a view of catching an apple. The apples provided with stalks are generally caught first, and then comes the tug of war to win those which possess no such appendages. Some competitors will deftly suck up the apple, if a small one, into their mouths. Others plunge manfully overhead in pursuit of a particular apple, and, having forced it to the bottom of the tub, seize it firmly with their teeth, and emerge, dripping and triumphant, with their prize. The latter proceeding is recommended, by those versed in Hallowe'en aquatics, as the only sure method of obtaining success. In recent years, a practice has been introduced of dropping a fork from a height into the tub among the apples, and thus turning the sport into a display of marksmanship. It forms, however, but an indifferent substitute for the joyous merriment of ducking and diving.

For the game of snap-apple, sometimes a cross of sticks is suspended from the ceiling by a string, apples and candle-ends being fixed to the alternate ends. The stick is then made to twirl rapidly, and the merry-makers leap up and snatch at the apples with their teeth. If the candle comes round, as it frequently happens, before they are aware, it anoints the face of the leaper with grease.

The charm of eating an apple at a glass was practiced thus. Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass, eat an apple before it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time. The face of your future husband will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder, an apparition which is often accomplished in the most natural way.

The divination of three dishes, or luggies, was also much resorted to on Hallowe'en. Two of the dishes are respectively filled with clean and foul water, and one is empty. They are ranged on a table, when the parties, blindfolded, advance in succession and dip their fingers into one. If anyone dip into the clean water, he is to marry a maiden; if into the foul water, a widow; if into the empty dish, the party so dipping is destined to be either a bachelor or an old maid. As each person takes his turn, the position of the dishes is changed. In Ireland, salt and earth are substituted for the clean and foul water, salt representing good luck, earth misfortune, and the empty plate death.

Melting the lead seems to have been peculiar to Ireland, as we cannot find any mention of it in English records, although it is widely practiced in Southern Germany on New-Year Eve. The molten lead is poured into cold water through the handle—or, more correctly, through the cross-shaped wards—of a large old-fashioned door-key. From the various shapes of miniature tools and implements the

molten lead assumes in the water, guesses are made at the occupation of the future husband. Sometimes melted talow is substituted for molten lead.

Among the customs once prevalent in Scotland, as an initiatory Hallowe'en ceremony, is the pulling of kailstocks, or stocks of colewort. The young people go out hand-in-hand, blindfolded, into the kailyard or garden, and each pulls the first stalk which he or she meets with. They then return to the fireside to inspect their prizes. According as the stalk is big or little, straight or crooked, so shall the future wife or husband be of the party by whom it is pulled. The quantity of earth sticking to the root denotes the amount of fortune or dowry, and the taste of the pith or custoc indicates temper. Finally, the stalks are placed one after another over the door, and the Christian names of the persons who chance thereafter to enter the house are held in the same succession to indicate those of the individuals whom the parties are to marry. Similar divinations are practiced by pulling stalks of corn or oats.

The customs above described are all of a light sportive description; but there are others of a more weirdlike character, which deservedly have fallen into desuetude.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PEACOCK-BLUE AND GREEN CASHMERE AND VELVET. The underskirt is of the striped velvet combination of blue and green. The front and sides of the skirt are entire, while the back is mounted upon the foundation-lining. The overdress opens in front. The left side is of the peacock-blue cashmere, and forms a paner. The right side is of the striped velvet, cut away, ornamented by long loops of ribbon to match the cashmere. The back-drapery falls in straight folds. The bodice is pointed, both back and front, is made of the cashmere, and trimmed with revers of the striped velvet. The collar, epaulettes, and cuffs are also of the striped velvet. Hat of peacock-blue velvet, trimmed with long standing loops of velvet ribbon to match and tau-colored ostrich-tips.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PLAIN AND STRIPED BROWN VELVET AND SATIN. The underskirt, which is of the striped velvet, has one large box-plait in front and kilt-plaits all around. The overdress, of the stripe, forms a pointed drapery in front, caught up high on the left side, the back gracefully looped, the right side falling straight. The bodice, of the stripe, is pointed in the back, and, in front, opens over a full vest of pale-yellow surah, with pointed revers of plain brown velvet. Sleeves fall at the elbow, into wide cuffs of velvet. High standing collar of velvet. Small flat satin buttons ornament the bodice.

FIG. III.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF PLAID AND PLAIN GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt, of the plaid, is perfectly plain. The overdress, of the plain camel's-hair, forms a long pointed drapery in front, and, at the back, it is slightly looped, and falls straight nearly to the hem of the underskirt. The double jacket-bodice has the vest and under-lapets of the plaid, over which the plain is arranged, with revers to turn back. Coat-sleeves felled at the armhole. Cuffs and collar of velvet or plush to match. High gray felt hat, trimmed with algette and wings of the darkest shade of gray.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PLAID GREEN AND TAN-COLORED SILK, with plain cashmere or camel's-hair to match. The underskirt has a facing of green silk on the edge, over which the plaid material is arranged—being gathered and turned over, and then laid in deep kilt-plaits across the front and sides. The overdress falls straight on the right side, and, on the left, opens from waist to hem, forming the drapery, which is arranged on the foundation-skirt. Back-drapery much puffed. The jacket-bodice opens over a pointed silk vest, filled in with the striped material, folded across. The cuffs and revers of the jacket are braided

with dark-brown matching the fine lines of the plaid. High silk collar.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED MARINE-BLUE AND CARDINAL NOVELTY, with plain velvet and camel's-hair to match. The front of the skirt is of the blue-and-red stripe. Left side turns back, with a reverse of velvet on the plain material, of which all the remainder of the skirt is made. The back-drapery is quite full. The bodice is double-breasted, opening diagonally over the left side, which terminates in a long lappet, furnished with a broad band of velvet. Cuffs and collar of velvet, opening over inner cuffs of white cashmere braided in straight lines with blue braid. Small bonnet of blue velvet matching the costume, trimmed with loops of ribbon and red and white wings. The bonnet ties under the chin with ribbons to match.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE AND BEIGE WOOLEN. The beige material is in dark and light stripes. The underskirt is of the beige stripe, made perfectly plain. The tunic has a box-plait at the right side, and is open to the waist at the left. At the back, the drapery falls long and straight. The waist is round, and opens in front over a plastron of the stripe. Slightly full at the waist, both back and front. The overdress, waist, and sleeves are all of the plain blue. The sleeves are straight and full, both into the shoulders and into the cuffs. Wristband, collar, and cuffs are of blue velvet. Buckle is mother-of-pearl.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAID AND PLAIN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The underskirt is of the plaid, with a wide double box-plait of the plain material forming a panel on the left side. The tunic, of the plain, has a similar box-plait on the right side, continued by being plaited up high on the left, forming a long point in front. The back falls straight over the tournure—folded under, on the left side, to give a jabot-effect. The bodice is pointed in front, with short postillion-back. The plastron is of the plaid, ornamented with a second one of the plain. Collar and cuffs of the plaid. Coat-sleeves large and full into the shoulders. The plain should correspond with the prevailing color of the plaid.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PIN-STRIPED CLOTH—HAWAII-BROWN. The underskirt is box-plaited all round. The tunic forms a long point in front, draped high at the sides; simply hemmed, tailor-fashion. The back falls straight, slightly looped over the tournure. The bodice is cut coat-shape, opening with revers in front, over a vest of white or yellow-drab cloth. The back of the jacket is finished by a short and narrow postillion. Coat-sleeves large and full over the upper part of the arms, and gathered into the shoulders. High standing collar, attached to the vest. The edges of the turnover collar, cuffs, and bodice all bound with silk braid, tailor-fashion. Small bone buttons to match. High hat of yellow-drab felt, trimmed with velvet and stiff feathers of brown to match the costume.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHECKED VELVET OR FUR, with plain cashmere or camel's-hair to correspond. Our model calls for two shades of plum-color. Part of the underskirt is covered with side-plaits of the black velvet, the under part of the plaits being of the cashmere. This forms the left side and back of the underskirt. The plain cashmere drapery is arranged to fill-in the front and right side from the edge of the underskirt, and the back-drapery is disposed in irregular looping nearly to the bottom of the skirt. The bodice is pointed back and front, very short on the hips. High collar, epaulettes, and, front and back, tabs ornament the bodice. Cuffs to match. The coat-sleeves are quite tight from below the elbows, and large and full from the elbows to the armholes. Bonnet of velvet, trimmed with rows of narrow velvet ribbon and flowers of contrasting colors. The bonnet must correspond with the costume.

FIG. X.—BEAVER-COLORED SPRAW OR FELT HAT, with brim in wallflower-red, faced on the left side with velvet or plush. On the top, a windmill-bow, with a cascade of

loops, in brown, red, and pink ribbon with thick pearl edges.

FIG. XI.—BONNET, OF TULLE AND JET. The crown is puffed, of tulle; the brim forms a coronet of cut-jet beads. The trimming is composed of pointed loops of ribbon, jet ornaments, and stiff bows of velvet as a background. The bow under the chin is formed of beaded lace and ribbon.

FIG. XII.—GIRL'S COAT, OF CHECKED TWEED. We give the back and front of this stylish wrap for a young miss. The front is double-breasted, the back is plaited under the belt. Double capes, lined with silk and stitched on edge. High standing collar. Large bone or metal buttons ornament front, pockets, cuffs, and turned-back flap; also one on the back of belt.

FIG. XIII.—HAT, OF LIGHT-GRAY FELT. The outside of the hat is covered with rows of braid, put on close and round and round, to give a corded effect. The brim and turned-up back are faced with blue velvet. Ostrich-tips of blue and gray ornament the front.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET, OF VELVET. The velvet is put on in soft folds, to form the entire bonnet and part of the trimming; a few loops of picot-edge ribbon and fancy pin being the only trimming. The edge of the bonnet is composed of large cut beads. Strings to tie.

FIG. XV.—LOUISE BODICE, OF FIGURED OR ORIENTAL CASHMERE OR VELVET MATERIAL. The flat and upright collars are of velvet, in the darkest tint of the pattern. The pointed cuffs and belt which starts from the side-seams are also of velvet. Enamelled buttons.

FIG. XVI.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE, WITH EPAULETTES. The plaiting down the outside of the sleeve is of the combination-material corresponding with the dress. A narrow beaded galloon edges the epaulette, cuff, and down the arm.

FIG. XVII.—MOURNING-COSTUME, FOR THE STREET. This costume consists of dress of camel's-hair or Henrietta-cloth, trimmed with horizontal bands of English crape. The long wrap is of the same material as the dress, cut like an ulster. Bands of crape finish the fronts, edge the shoulder-capes and sleeves. The back of the wrap is laid in deep plaits from the waist-line to the edge of the skirt. Bonnet of English crape and long crape veil.

GENERAL REMARKS.—All black dresses of satin, surah, or China crêpe are made in pretty combinations with black French lace. Sometimes the satin or crêpe forms the basque and the back of the skirt, with full draped apron-front of lace, and then the reverse. These dresses are further ornamented with jet ornaments in clusters and a profusion of ribbon loops-and-ends.

Wide *moiré* sashes are still much in vogue, both for young and older ladies. Older ladies have the loops and long ends arranged to one side, while young girls' tie at the back, child-fashion.

There is prophesied a tendency to the revival of the Sara Bernhardt style—loose skirts, falling in soft arrangements, not too voluminous, rather than puffed-out petticoats with overloaded drapery.

Young girls' party-dresses are short enough to display the slippers and stockings. The plain silk stockings should match the darkest tint of the costume, or else be entirely black. Slippers and stockings to match.

Among the minor details of full or evening dress are stripes of dainty ribbon which tie around the neck. These may be white or colored, velvet or other ribbon. Black velvet ribbon, with a single diamond ornament or even a Rhinestone, looks very "chic," and sets off a pretty throat or hides one not so youthful.

Jackets of Scotch checked tweed will be much worn, this autumn, by all young girls, also dark-blue serge, with vests of pale-gray or drab cloth. Some have revers of the gray. Cuffs and high collar to match.

The new ulsters are of homespun, and show three or four colors in the mixed thread of which they are woven.

Nothing new in shape; some have hoods, and others two or three capes.

The full bishop-sleeve, with deep cuff fitting closely to the arm, reaching nearly to the elbow, is becoming very popular; but it is only becoming to slight figures. Any girl inclined to be stout should avoid it; otherwise, it is pretty and comfortable and a novelty.

Our Paris letter below indicates the fashions for bonnets and hats during the ensuing season. This month is usually one of a transition state, in many of the fashions: old bonnets are retrimmed, or last year's ones brought out till the colder weather; but high fronts, narrow sides, such as have been worn this past year, will probably prevail, with modification in the trimming.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITES CHAMPE.

We are going to wear prettier bonnets during the coming winter than ever before. The milliners are, as usual, ahead of all the other purveyors of feminine articles of toilette, in bringing out their new fashions. So far, the styles are charming. There is but little change in the shapes of bonnets, the tiny capote and its rival with the flat sides and pointed front still holding their own gallantly. The low-crowned and wide-brimmed cavalier hat will replace the high-crowned abominations of past seasons. Some beautiful felt hats are shown in this shape, with the exterior white and the interior of the brim in pale pearl-gray, the trimming being gray satin ribbon and ostrich-tips of the same hue. Instead of being raised at one side, the brim is now looped up at the back, and is held in place by a bow of satin ribbon. Toque hats, with the crown high in front and sloping downward to the brim at the back, will also be very popular. The close turned-up brim is covered with velvet or with a band of fur. In the former instance, the sides of the sloping crown may be composed of pheasants' wings or of peacock-breast feathers.

The materials for the new bonnets are very rich and picturesque. Black velvet is extensively employed, either dotted with very minute spangles in gold or in steel, or embroidered in a massive pattern in gold thread. In most of the bonnets, the crown is laid in flat full folds raised to a pointed shape in front, the brim being covered with a separate piece of velvet put on flat. When the crown is in spangled or embroidered velvet, the front is in the same material, but perfectly plain. One very elegant bonnet covered this style, the crown being in folds of plain black velvet, while a wreath of wheat-ears in heavy gold embroidery adorned the velvet covering of the brim. Bands of fur and of feather-trimming ornamented several of the bonnets in plain velvet. Amongst these was a capote in steel-gray velvet, with narrow bands of doves' feathers introduced amongst the folds. Bonnets in light felt trimmed with dark velvet are shown, but it is still too early for the full line of these goods to be introduced. One of them was in cream-white felt, the brim covered with a torse in sapphirine-blue velvet, the effect of which was charming. Another had the crown in gray felt embroidered with steel, the front being in black velvet. Cashmere-patterned embroideries in gold thread and gray-colored silks on a cream-white ground are used for trimming hats and bonnets in dark felt, and also on bonnets composed entirely of fur. Astrakhan and sealskin are the furs employed. A delicious note of color was furnished by a bonnet in mouse-gray felt, with the front covered with a full ruffle of lace embroidered with silk in a close pattern in old-tapestry blue, while a butterfly formed of peacocks' feathers was set at one side of the crown. Another was formed of two pheasants' wings, which covered the sides of the crown. The space between these wings was filled by a full puff of chestnut-brown

velvet raised high in front. The brim was also covered with a puff of velvet. Bonnets in jet over black velvet have the crown in elaborate embroideries, the brim being formed of a light lattice-work in jet beads and bugles. Two or three large deep-pink roses compose the trimming.

The fans for the coming season are mostly very light and elegant in style. They are of large but not exaggerated size, and are composed of lace or of painted gauze, mounted on slender sticks of mother-of-pearl. The newest design for the leaf is to have it in white gauze intermixed with a border or medallions in lace, either real or imitation. On the gauze is painted a design of birds, or small delicate flowers, or tiny Cupids. In some instances, flowers in real lace are applied to the leaf of painted gauze. Fans of ostrich-feathers maintain their supremacy for evening-wear. The mount is in mother-of-pearl or in blond tortoise-shell for the handsomest ones, but fans in colored feathers, mounted on sticks of ivory stained to match the hue of the plumes, are very popular. A scarlet fan in this style is very striking. Black lace, mounted on gold-colored mother-of-pearl, and pale-green hand-painted gauze, with sticks of green mother-of-pearl, are novel and attractive. Fans in quill-feathers dotted with minute metal spangles, and mounted on slender spangled sticks of mother-of-pearl, are very pretty for young girls.

The new colors of the season are "Rose of Lebanon," which is nothing more or less than the old-fashioned crushed-strawberry re-christened, and "cabbage-green," the nature of which may be readily divined from its name. Vests and sashes of this new green are worn with tulle of heliotrope silk, but the combination is more singular than elegant. It requires much care and science to blend these two colors harmoniously. Telegram-blue is much liked in combination with wine-color or biscuit-color.

A very pretty and simple fall-costume is composed of a skirt of white serge, trimmed with very wide worsted braid in moss-green or heliotrope encircling the skirt at equal distances. Over this is draped a long polonaise of the same color as the braid, and having a pointed plastron of white serge striped with narrow braid. For house-wear, a new model has the back of the dress in brown stamped velvet, cut Princess, and made over an underskirt and vest of white silk, laid in large flat plaits, and bordered with a white band of silk with a white ground, and brocaded in a ribbon-pattern of brown satin. Two bands of the brocade—one at the waist and the other starting from the throat—cross transversely the plaited vest. The velvet sleeves are short and wide, and reach only to the elbow. Under these are set coat-sleeves of the brocade reaching to the waist.

LUCY H. HOGAN.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF FLANNEL OR CLOTH. Knicker-bocker pants, with blouse, collar, belt, and cuffs of corduroy to match. The collar has two rows of worsted braid. Scotch cap of Scotch tweed.

FIG. II.—PLAIN AND STRIPED FLANNEL SUIT, for girls of twelve years. Poppy-red and cream stripe in tennis-suiting, for the skirt and blouse-vest. Brown for the jacket, which is fastened with fancy wooden buttons and clasps. Loops-and-ends, at the back, of red ribbed silk. Hat of speckled red-and-brown rough straw, with loops of ribbon to match the costume.

FIG. III.—SUIT OF CHECKED WOOLLEN AND VELVET, in shades of beige and brown. The velvet hood is lined with silk. The costume fastens at the left side with large wooden buttons. Sailor-hat, with band of brown ribbon.

FIGS. IV AND V.—NEAPOLITAN CAP, for a little girl, showing back and front view. The soft falling crown, with its long tassel, may either be worn at the side or back, which ever is most becoming.



THREE HOME RULERS.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER



WALKING-DRESS. BONNET. CAPE.



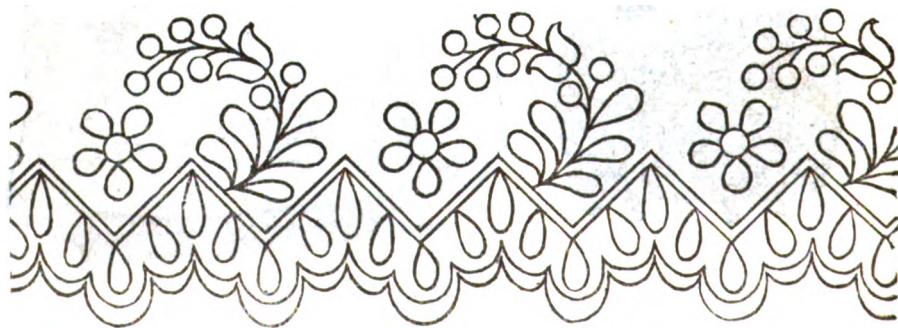
VISITING-DRESS. HAT. SLEEVE



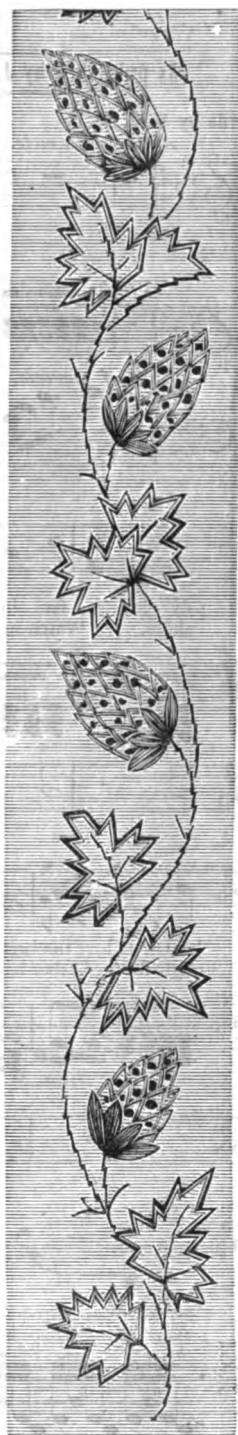
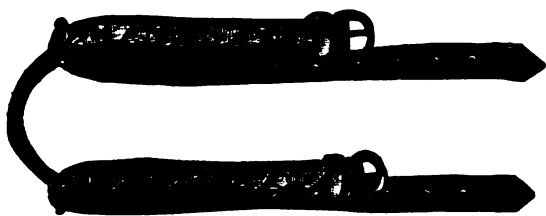
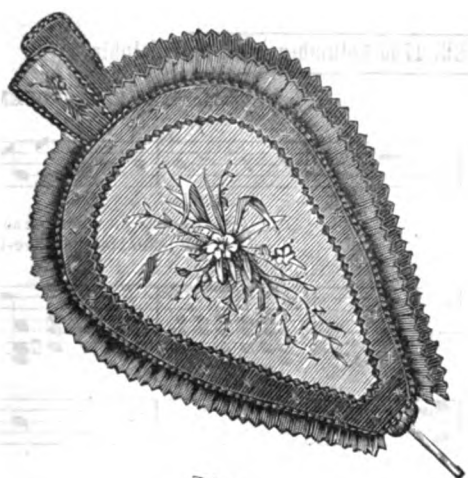
HOUSE-DRESS. BONNET. MORNING JACKET.



WALKING-DRESS. WRAP. MUFF.



EMBROIDERED COT-QUILT. EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



PENWIPER OR PINCUSHION. BASKET FOR FLOWERS. EMBROIDERY. SHAWL-STRAP

STEERING.

As published by J. GIB. WINNER. 1786 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.

Words by F. G. W.

Music by F. H. COWEN.

Andante con moto.

p

1. Each night when the sun is
2. I stand on the wave-kiss'd

mf marcato. *dim.* *p*

dy - ing A - far in the golden west,.... I watch o'er the rippling o - cean For the
shore, Watch-ing a sail a - far..... Rid - ing the silv'ry break - ers

boat I love the best; I ask of the wheeling sea - gulls That fly o'er the whisp'ring
Straight for the harbor bar; My heart is wildly beat - ing With each surge of the flow'ing

mf *mf*

sea,..... I ask of the wheeling sea - gulls That fly o'er the whisp'ring
sea,..... My heart is wild - ly beat - ing With each surge of the flowing

cres. *dim. e rit.* *cres.* *dim. e rit.*

STEERING.

p poco piu lento, espress.

sea,..... Oh, tell me, ye winged spir - its, If my sail - or steers for
 sea,..... As my sail - or lad is whis - p'ring, My love, I steer'd for
accel.

cres.

me!..... Oh, tell me, oh, tell me If my sail - or steers for
 thee,..... My love, my love, my love, I steer'd for

cres.

f *rit.*

me! Oh, tell..... me, oh, tell me If my sail - or steers for
 thee, As my sail - or lad is whis - p'ring, My sail - or steers for

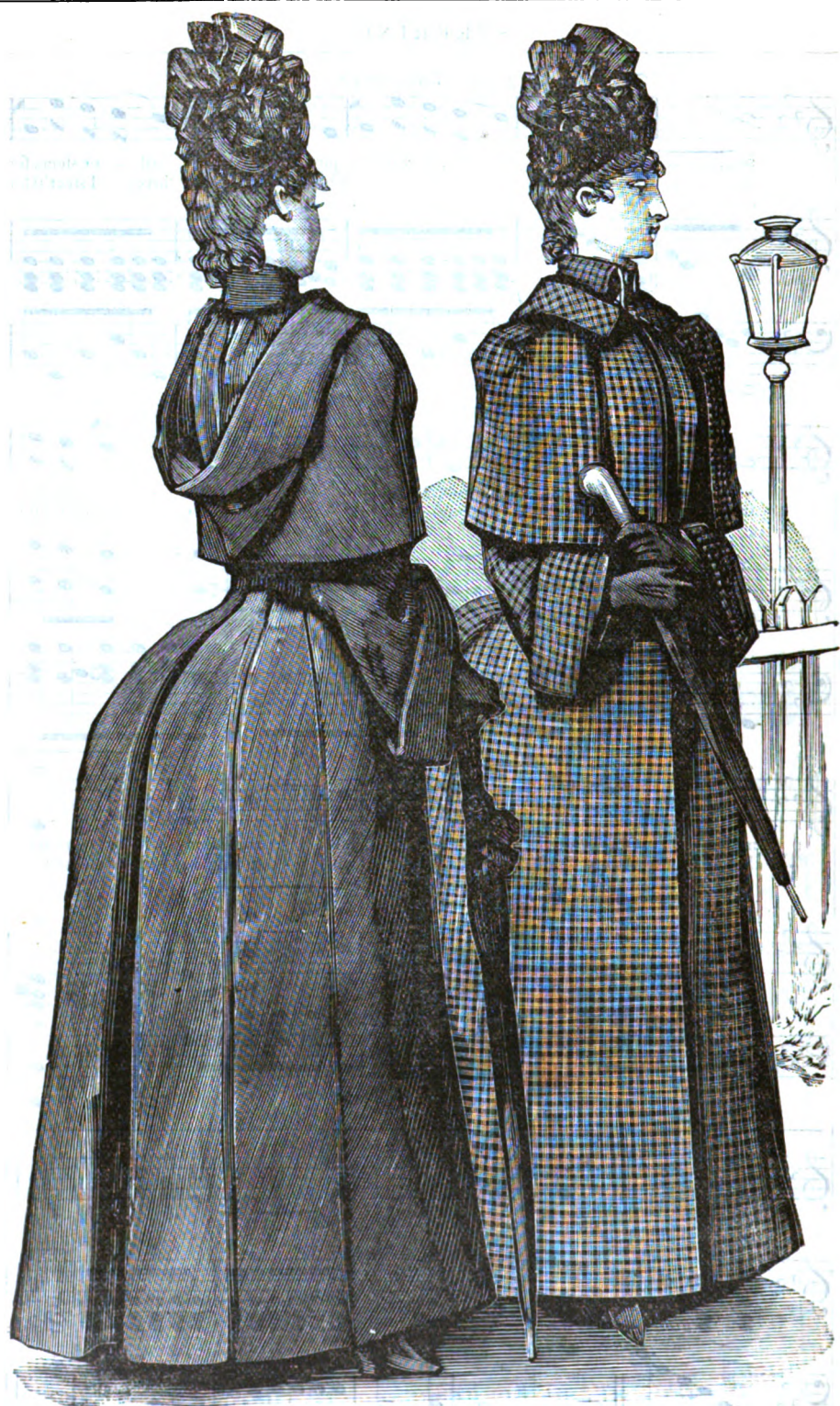
colla voce.

ff *rit.*

me! love, my love, I steer'd for thee.

tempo primo.

dim. *colla voce.* *ff* *rall.*



WALKING-COSTUMES.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCII.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1887.

No. 5.

LADIES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD. 1787—1887.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.



excitement of their riders, whose sensations are so fitly described by Constance, the heroine of Knowles's famous comedy, "The Love Chase."

"What delight
To back the flying steed
that challenges
The wind for swiftness
—seems native more
of air
Than earth—whose
burthen only lends
him fire—
Whose soul, all in his
task, turns labor into
sport—
Who makes your pas-
time his! I sit him
now—
He takes away my
breath—he makes
me reel—

AN eagle on the wing, a yacht under spread sail, a stag at full bound, and a woman on a horse going at the top of his speed are among the most graceful objects in the world.

Of course the hunting-field affords the keenest enjoyment which the female equestrian can have, and in the last century the pleasure of the chase grew with Englishwomen into a positive passion, which has been inherited by their descendants.

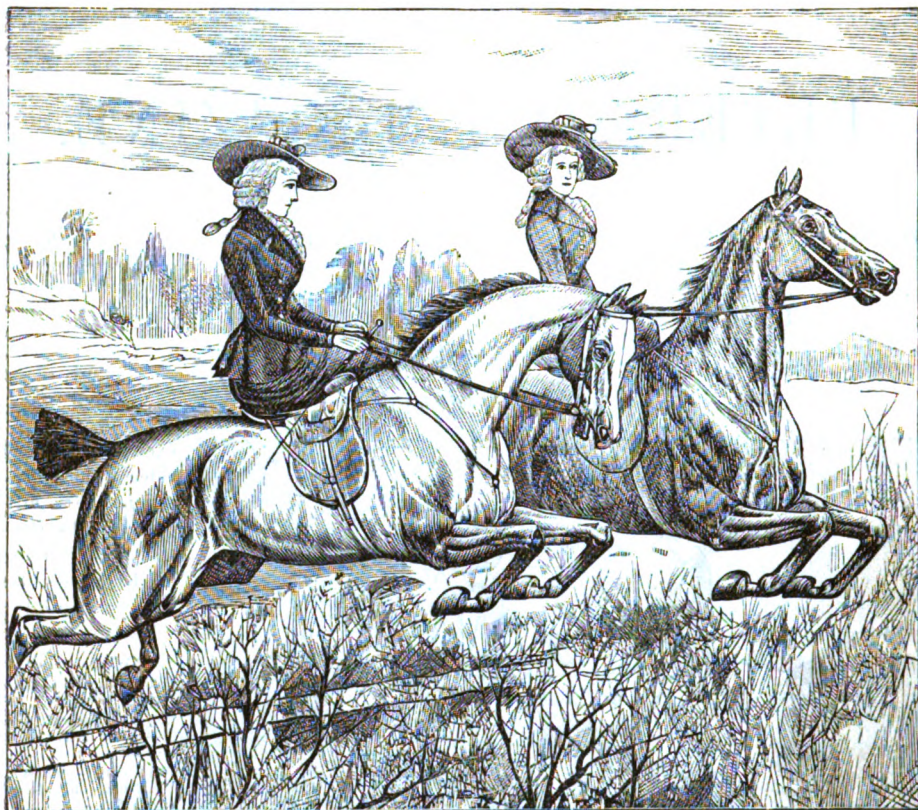
A very picturesque spectacle the Amazons of that era must have presented, with their powdered ringlets and plumed hats, and their habits of scarlet or vivid blue, gorgeous as the plumage of a flock of tropical birds. One cannot easily fancy a more stirring sight than that of two fair rivals almost neck and neck, wild with eagerness to be first to take the bold leap over the nearing fence, every nerve strung to its extreme tension, and the noble horses full sharing in the

I touch not earth—I see not—hear not—all
Is ecstasy of motion!"

Many people talk and write as if the fashion for women's hunting belonged to a comparatively modern period, but this is a great mistake. Centuries ago they not only followed the hounds side by side with the men, but even organized parties for themselves. There are to be seen in the British Museum certain manuscripts dating back to the fourteenth century, in which the illuminations represent ladies in the open field, on horseback and on foot, winding the horn and rousing and following the game without masculine assistance.

Lion-hearted Queen Elizabeth was ardently fond of the chase, and carried into its pursuit the same energy and skill which characterized her in politics and government. Whenever, in her magnificent "progresses," she honored a courtier with one of those coveted visits which

(415)



must have proved as disastrous to his purse as it was gratifying to his loyalty or vanity, the favored nobleman was always expected, if the season permitted, to organize hunting-parties for her diversion, and nobody rode straighter to the hounds or displayed more grace and courage than her maiden majesty.

This was not so remarkable at the period when Leicester offered her, at Kenilworth, one of the most brilliant receptions which ever monarch received from a subject; but it is really wonderful how she preserved her strength and energy nearly to the end of her days, so that a gossiping courtier who had been honored with an invitation to her country-seat of Oatlands, when she was in her seventyseventh year, could write to a friend that "her majesty is well and excellently disposed to hunting, for every other day she is on horseback and continues the sport long."

We learn from Pope's correspondence that, in his time, hunting was high in favor among court-ladies, and he quotes the names of several titled dames distinguished for their prowess and address. From that date, the fashion grew more

and more general, till, by the time we reach the middle of 1700, these Amazonian heroines had become so numerous and their exploits so noteworthy that the scattered records, if collected, would fill a goodly volume.

Perhaps the most renowned Diana of the last century was the famous Lady Salisbury. She kept a pack of dwarf-hounds at Hatfield and went hunting in great state, though with what would nowadays appear a somewhat theatrical regard to effect, as she had her servants dressed in sky-blue livery with black collars, lappels, and jockey-caps, and herself wore the richest and showiest of costumes. But, if she shared the weakness for gorgeous raiment possessed by Murat and numerous other heroes in every age, she fairly rivaled them in her daring feats—in her display of physical strength, too, as it is related of her that once, in a field of fourscore horsemen, her ladyship speedily took the lead in the run, which lasted two hours and a half, and kept it so gallantly that she was still yards in advance of the foremost horseman and close to the hounds when they seized their prey.

Next to the doughty countess, one might rank

a certain Miss Draper, whose father, a Yorkshire squire, was for many years master of the hounds in his district, and whom she assisted like a chief lieutenant, urging the dogs on by her vigorous voice, and as unsparing in her strictures on dilatory whippers-in and unskilful riders as she was enthusiastic over the swift-footed pack and satisfactory following in general.

The bold spinster retained her love for the sport, and the bodily strength to pursue, to an

age nearly equal to that of Queen Bess; and a contemporary, in his chronicle of her death, after giving a long list of her mighty leaps and her hairbreadth escapes, adds quaintly: "She died at York, in a good old age; and, what was more wonderful to many sportsmen who dared never follow her, she died with whole bones, in her bed." For my own part, when I look at portraits of those huntresses of a hundred years ago, I cannot help regretting that the picturesque



costume was ever altered, though one must confess that the long flowing draperies of bright color, the gay plumes, elaborately-dressed hair, and wide lace frills would have been more appropriate in some court-pageant than to the hard labor of a hunting-field.

The riding-habit of the present day, with its short narrow skirt, its tight-fitting bodice, and the high hat, seems in every line and detail to say: "This means work." And, as the skilled horsewoman rides to the meet, accompanied by

her escort or attended by her groom, she looks a good deal soberer and more business-like than the hunters in their red coats and white buckskins, and affords another proof of what every true woman holds as a supreme article of faith—that, in spite of all their strictures concerning the feminine love of display, men show an equal fondness for bright colors whenever they get a chance to sport them. I will admit, though, that I doubt if the woman lives who can resist a little feeling of exultation as she rides slowly

along to the appointed spot and sees her most formidable rival in ball-room or drawing-room—nay, even the friend dearest to her soul—seated in landau or pony phaeton, and thinks of the dull drive they will have through endless lanes and across uncomfortable “short-cuts” in order to catch occasional glimpses of the “field” along which she will presently be winning the admiration of all beholders.

A hunt is really the most democratic of all conservative England’s rapidly increasing republican institutions. Anybody who can secure a horse and is able to ride him may join in the amusement. Peer and peasant ride side by side, and the stately wife of the lord-lieutenant of the county may be outdone by Betsy Jenkins, the rich dairyman’s daughter, who plays the piano and follows the hounds instead of spending her time and energy in butter-churning and cheese-making, after the sober habit of her grandmother.

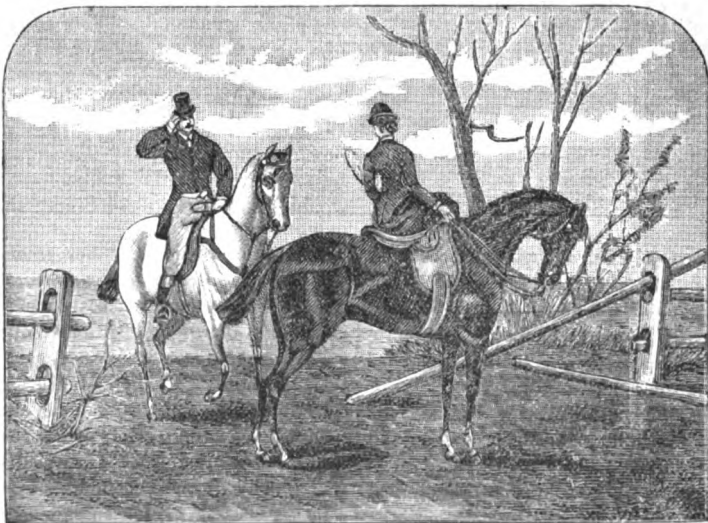
The meet of itself is a fine sight, perhaps with some turreted ivy-crowned old manor or hall for a background, carriages drawn up on the lawn, horsemen in their scarlet coats scattered about, the house-party just coming out, the whippers-in seen with the impatient pack still held in leash, pleasurable anticipation visible in every face, audible in every voice. Then all is ready, the hour appointed has arrived, vehicles and riders get into motion, the point is reached where the hounds are let loose, the scent is found, a sudden excitement seizes every creature. Amid the yelps of the dogs, the shouts of human voices, the ring of merry bugles, poor Reynard makes a break for the open, with all his pursuers in full chase—the hunt has begun.

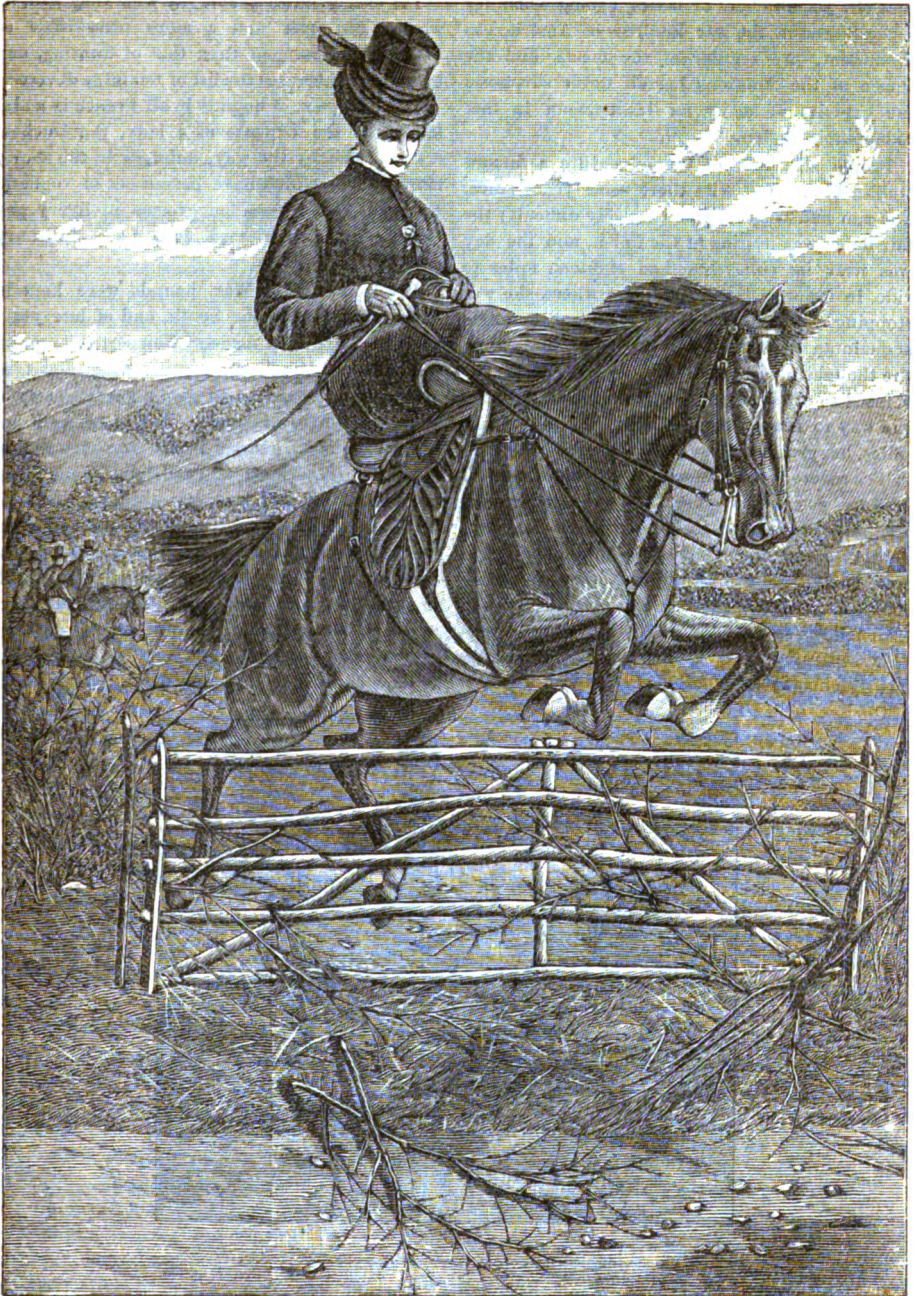
Perhaps the bravest woman may be forced to admit that, early in her initiatory season, she had to shut her eyes and clench her teeth when her horse took his first leap; but, after that, all becomes easy enough. Away she flies, even the great five-barred gate causes no nervous tremor; and here again not only is Constance’s exultation applicable, but her wise instructions come in play:

“Then the leap,
To see the saucy barrier and know
The mettle that can clear it. Then your time
To prove you mistress of the manège. Now
You keep him well together for a space,
Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
Scanning the distance—then you give him rein
And let him fly at it, and o’er he goes
Light as a bird on wing.”

Pentheselia is over, settled securely in her saddle and rushing on, now so completely carried away by excitement that the stiff hedge beyond seems of no account whatever, and the eager horse heeds it as little. She would disdain, for the rest of the run, to take “a lead” from the master himself, riding straight to the hounds, regardless of ditch or wall, the one engrossing aspiration of her soul to be the first lady in at “the death,” and so have the happiness of receiving the reward of poor Reynard’s brush, which any true huntswoman prizes more than her choicest diamond.

It is hard, in one’s struggle for victory, to have trusted too securely to one’s knowledge of the country, and find, after taking a “short-cut,” that one does not, as expected, emerge at the head of the field, but quite in a contrary direction, out of sight of horses and hounds, perhaps close to a fence or gate so high that a leap is





impossible. In such case, it is agreeable to encounter some male rider also at fault—he can at least let down the bars, and there is always the hope that, before he has time to mount his horse again, one may get far enough in advance to distance him comfortably, thanks for his cour-
VOL. XCII.—23.

tesy being a reward which can wait till some less momentous occasion.

Irish hunting is even riskier sport than English, and County Galway is the climax for blind ditches, breakneck walls, and every other possible peril which might try the courage of Nimrod

himself, yet numbers of ladies, among whom for several seasons the late Empress of Austria was prominent, are regular at the meets, and the Queen of the Amazons herself never surpassed the exploits of many an Irishwoman in that redoubtable region.

People still talk of the adventure a famous Dublin beauty met with there some years since. The run had been long and terribly difficult; the fair dame was leading at the finish, and the day was near its end. She had eighteen miles to ride, in order to reach the house where she was stopping. It so chanced that not a single acquaintance went in her direction, and, with the thoughtfulness of the true sportswoman, she refused to allow any of the tired men to go out of the way to accompany her. At the end of two miles, her groom's horse stumbled and lamed himself so severely that the man had to dismount and lead the poor beast. The lady rode on through the gathering gloom, and came face to face with a party of drunken rioters who attempted to bar her course. She spurred her horse to a run and cried: "Give way, or I'll ride over you!" The fellows were so struck by her courage that they separated to let her pass, saluting her with hearty cheers as she galloped on.

Let over-prudish people say what they will, no woman can ever find a more pleasurable or healthful amusement than that of hunting, and every year increases the list of feminine devotees.

The best pack of hounds in all France is maintained at the expense of a lady, the Duchess d'Uyes, who, by the way, indulges in the showy riding-habits which have passed out of vogue in England, and dresses her grooms in livery gay enough to have pleased even Lady Salisbury herself.

Before our Civil War, hounds were kept in various districts in the South, and of late years attempts have been made at Newport to organize hunts in midsummer, a proceeding about as absurd as it would be to give a garden-party at Ottawa in Christmas-week. The amusement has never been at all general in the Northern States, but the neighborhood of Philadelphia can boast the two oldest and best organizations, the Gulf Mills and the Rosetree Hunts. Numerous ladies are always present at the meets, though the number of female riders is limited. But such organizations are rare, and it is very doubtful whether farmers and landowners would ever become complacent enough to allow the pastime to be cultivated to any great extent.



"THIS ENDLESS LONGING."

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

WHEN we reach the goal we long for,
When the prize is gained at last,
Then how worthless seems the treasure
That we sought for in the past!

What can mean this endless longing
For a priceless gift when sought—
Worthless when our hands have grasped it,
Useless when our task is wrought?

NAXOS: AN AUTUMN MYTH.

BY ADA MARIE PECK.

THE Beverly homestead stood in an interval, and fertile sunny fields rolled away from it and melted into a woody slope which climbed up and up and formed the hills.

To Anita Beverly, the Berkshire Hills seemed the boundary-line that shut out the world. She longed to live at their summit and have freer breathing. The quiet and seclusion of her home were irksome to her. Indeed, it was an anomaly that she, all fire and spirit, should be placed there, instead of in the world's arena, where there was something to do, dare, or suffer.

When a certain Beverly, given to wandering, took to himself a foreign wife, the stay-at-home members of the family expressed disapproval. No good could come of such marriages; the Beverlys had always intermarried with the Barlows and their branches, and there were fixed family-traditions, established ways of conducting weddings and funerals, which they feared this girl from across the sea could never fully understand. And when the fair young wife died, and her little babe was brought by its bereaved father to the homestead and placed in his mother's arms, its great dark eyes, so unlike the Beverly blue ones, and peculiar little ways it had as it grew larger, made it more of an anomaly. By and by the father died too, and the orphaned Anita, with her competency, became the charge of the unmarried sister remaining at the homestead.

Anita was now grown to womanhood, and her education completed. She had been sent to the school which all the Beverly young women had attended in turn, and there was a Barlow of suitable age whom it was hoped she would marry, but for whom she, as yet, expressed the utmost disdain.

"I am so tired of all this!" she exclaimed, one morning, looking up petulantly from the newspaper she was reading.

"Tired of what?" questioned Miss Beverly, with surprise, pausing in her occupation of sorting cucumbers for mixed pickles.

"Of this place—of you—of everything," declared Anita, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

"Of me—of everything—" slowly repeated Miss Beverly; but Anita gave her no time for further speech.

"Yes, of everything; and, above all, of being hemmed in by these hills! I want to get away, out into the world. Why don't we go somewhere—to some summer-resort? Everybody else goes. And here is page after page describing the delightful time people are having, and the lovely gowns they wear. I will not stay here in this dull place!"

And, having delivered her sentence with vehemence, Anita's hands dropped listlessly and a look of despair settled on her face, for she knew that rebellion was futile—it was only beating against iron bars.

The Beverly blood always circulated calmly; and the aunt could no more understand her niece's disquiet, and the impetuous tide that coursed through her veins, than could a contented dove in a well-ordered cote understand why a skylark should pine for the upper heaven.

Miss Beverly still slowly sorted the cucumbers, and her mechanical action irritated Anita beyond endurance.

"I wish you ever thought of anything besides preserves and pickles," she exclaimed.

"I wish you occasionally thought of something as useful. And all this nonsense about going somewhere because other people do! Why exchange our cool large rooms for small uncomfortable ones? Why go and sit in the sand and be eaten by mosquitoes? Why—"

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" interrupted Anita, desperately; "why cannot you understand? This is all well enough, but I want a change."

"Oh!" said Miss Beverly, grimly and sarcastically, having no patience with her niece's vagaries; for what true Beverly ever desired to leave his home, which was always more of a country-place than farmhouse, in order to roll in the sand or dip up and down in the water in a costume which made her blush to think of? "Why not take your hammock and other idle equipment, and go to the woods? Then draw on that vivid imagination of yours, and fancy yourself in the Adirondacks or elsewhere."

"Thank you for the suggestion; I believe I will," answered Anita, in a voice that had a suspicion of tears in it.

There was a spot in the Beverly acres where a little stream, after brawling and tumbling for

some rods, diverged and embraced a bit of ground, thus forming a miniature island. A pine and a few other smaller trees grew on it, and mainland was reached by a fallen tree-trunk. The isolation of the place pleased Anita, who, with no little difficulty, transferred her belongings—hammock, sketching-material, books, and luncheon—across the rustic bridge.

It was early September; but there was, as yet, little hint of autumn—just a dash of crimson here and there and a melancholy note from the bluebird, who knew too well that winter was not far behind. The sunshine fell warm and golden, the breeze blew softly, and Anita's troubled spirit was soothed. Then she bethought herself that it was necessary to select a name for her island. Several passed through her mind, but "Naxos" was uppermost. "Why 'Naxos'?" she questioned. "I have no Theseus to sail far, far away." Still, she christened it "Naxos." Then she fell to drawing grotesque figures in her sketch-book, and finally to reading; then, leaning her head against the tree-trunk, went fast asleep, only to be awakened by feeling some cold substance brush against her hand, and to hear "Down, sir—down!" in a deep masculine voice.

When she collected her senses enough to see what was really going on about, she saw that her dress was soiled by the wet paws of a dog, and that his master was reprimanding him for it—in short, that her island was invaded. When she rose to her feet, to assure the master of the dog that it mattered not in the least about the dress, that it was gingham and would wash, she saw that he was extremely handsome, with laughing blue eyes and cheeks ruddy with the sun, that he was tall and stalwart, and that his equipment betokened a gentleman. He begged her pardon for following his dog upon the island, but said that he had feared the brute would demolish her sketch-book, and ended his speech with:

"I hardly expected to find a hamadryad, on my shooting-expedition."

"Nor I to have my quiet disturbed by Nimrod."

Then they both laughed, and fell to talking—he of her sketches, and she of his sport.

Furtive glances showed him that she was slight, with soft dark eyes and an abundance of hair just between brown and gold, and that she had a fair patrician face. Then, as there seemed no excuse for lingering, the sportsman, followed by his dog, went off toward the sunset, his gay gamebag and glittering gun showing bravely. Anita noted his careless swinging

gait and the grace with which he lifted his hat just before he passed from view, and felt that something bright had passed from the day.

The next morning, there was further culinary operation. Anita sat piercing the purple skin of luscious plums with little darts of cinnamon and cloves, while Miss Beverly was carefully weighing and measuring certain other ingredients. It is natural for the young to be confidential, and Anita prepared to relate her adventure. She began by saying:

"Auntie, did you know there were hamadryads in our woods?"

Miss Beverly, who understood her imperfectly, besides being engrossed with one pound of sugar to one pint of vinegar, replied in an absent tone:

"I hope you brought none home with you. Do you remember when, after you helped me with the preserved blackberries, I found a horrid thing you called an 'eyed elater' in one of the cans? Ugh! it makes me sick to think of it."

Anita, convulsed with laughter, only said:

"But hamadryads haven't the jumping-power of the elater." Then somebody came in, and there was no more chance for confidence.

Anita went again to Naxos; she had elected to spend every pleasant day there, and, this time, she read a charming novel. And, when a voice—which, after having been heard once, was familiar—said: "Please, may I cross the bridge?" she felt a sense of intrusion, and answered coolly: "Why not stay on that sunny bank? It looks very comfortable."

"What are you reading?" he called across.

"An English society-novel, in which people go to balls, and ride, and hunt, and come home and drink tea, and wear lovely gowns—do everything, in fact, that I never do."

"Is it possible I catch a note of discontent here, so distant from

"The turmoil and, men misname life?"

Here, which I should take to be the abode of perfect peace?"

"Were you ever hemmed in by the eternal hills, with no knowledge of the outside world except that gained from newspapers?"

"Ah, but who can discuss or argue across a noisy brook? Pardon and permit me." And he swung himself easily over, and asked if he might be seated. "Speaking of the hills, I should think, if surrounded by them, one would feel a sense of protection from the world."

"Instead, I feel imprisoned. Every year, the circle seems to grow narrower. I fancy it will close in a ring smaller than my body and crush me, one of these days."

Then, to change to impersonal topics, Anita

asked him how he could have the heart to shoot the beautiful belted kingfisher that was hanging from the gamebag.

"Typical of all that is faithful," she said. "You know the myth?"

"Yes. But who believes in myths?" And he smiled, showing white even teeth beneath a tawny mustache.

"I do; I have nothing else to occupy me. I know the spot where poor Procris was slain; I know the clump of trees which shade Pan from the noonday sun."

"And now Nimrod is added to the list of your mythical acquaintances." And, after more idle talk, they grew confidential, and Anita learned that the huntsman's name was Douglas Grant, and that, tired of the fashionable resorts and of people, he sought recreation and change in the hill-country. He was stopping at a little inn in a neighboring town, and usually spent the whole of every fine day in the woods.

The next morning, Anita essayed again to tell Miss Beverly of her new acquaintance, but some interruption prevented; and, after that, it seemed not an easy subject to broach. As she had the habit of going out to sketch, and always enjoyed perfect freedom of action, her frequent absence was unnoted.

Somehow, Grant's hunting-excursion always brought him near Naxos. But Anita's purity and unconventionality never for a moment permitted her to think that she ought not to have the dangerous pleasure of those long talks with the handsome stranger, who knew all about the things which most interested her—books, music, and the doings of the world. He, in turn, regarded her reverentially, not offending her ear with idle gallantry.

The days passed, till one dawned on which Anita heard Grant's approaching footsteps with crimsoning cheeks, and met his eager glance of welcome with downcast eyes: for Eros roamed the grove with other divinities, and his arrows never failed their mark. That day, for the first time, there was restraint. Grant brought a new book and read it aloud; then they talked of the poem, and of that only. But, when he bade her farewell, he could not resist the impulse to bend and imprint a kiss on her slender hand, while she looked at him appealingly, with a shy startled expression in her dark eyes—just the look of a frightened fawn, Grant thought, angry with himself.

"I might better have called my island 'Paradise,' than 'Naxos,'" said Anita to herself, the next day. "For was there ever anything so beautiful as all this?" She could look out from

her shady bower and see the distant hills lying like purple islands in a sea of golden haze. The sun filtered through the leaves, and cast broken shadows on the water, in which were mirrored dainty clumps of fern and the crimson beauty of a Virginia-creeper that climbed an overhanging tree with blood-red fingers. Then there was the sweet thrilling hum of a myriad of insects, soothing as a lullaby. Anita leaned her head on her hand and dreamed. Her hat had fallen off, and the beautiful brown hair escaped in little soft rings about her forehead; the long dark lashes swept her delicately-tinted cheeks, and there was a happy curve to her lips, as if they closed over some sweet unuttered word. Her gray flannel dress was loosely attached at her throat with a broad ribbon, and a great bunch of golden-rod and purple asters, carelessly fastened in her belt, rose and fell with every heart-throb.

To Grant, it was entering Paradise, to be in her presence; and he cleared the little stream at a bound and stood before her, flushed and handsome.

"Anita!" he said, softly, then added: "I beg your pardon—but it is such a beautiful name, that I could not help saying it."

She rose to greet him; he took both slender hands in his and looked down into her lovely face. He meant to tell her of a telegram he had just received, but, instead, impetuously exclaimed:

"Anita, I love you—love you!"

She gave a swift shy glance into the tender eager face, then dropped her lids, a great wave of crimson stealing over cheek and throat, and looked so divinely fair, so responsive to the passion of her lover, that he put out his arms, then suddenly turned away.

"God forgive me!" he cried, hoarsely; "I never meant to tell you this." He leaned against a tree, as if his strength had deserted him; then he came and stood near her again, saying in a broken voice: "Do not look at me reproachfully with your innocent eyes. Do not despise me. But I have no right to say 'I love you,' because I am not a free man."

Then Anita stood straight and proud, changed in an instant from an impulsive girl to a calm woman, while Grant hurried on incoherently about an unhappy engagement with a cousin whom he had never loved, but whose unfortunate attachment to him so affected her health that, in an unguarded moment, he was overpersuaded by mutual relatives and had asked her to be his wife. And only this morning, he had received a telegram calling him home: the marriage-day had been set—he must go.

It was characteristic of the Beverlys to be calm in emergency. And Anita, for once, was thankful that this trait overmastered her foreign impetuosity and enabled her to hear him through and to answer quietly:

"Do not trouble yourself to speak of unhappy family-relations, but tell me of your telegram. You go soon? I am sorry. You will miss the best of the shooting." Then she held out her hand. "This time it will be 'good-bye,' instead of 'au revoir,' and I am sure I have to thank you for many pleasant hours."

Grant took her hand, holding it for an instant; but it lay cold and passive in his. He looked in her eyes; but they were inscrutable. Then, vaulting the brook, he passed out of her presence.

She watched him move down the dim aisles of the wood; and when, at the very last, he turned with an imploring and despairing gesture and she made no sign, "She does not care," he thought: "I alone suffer. It is better so."

But, an hour after, as he came softly back for a last look at the scene of so much happiness

and regret, and perhaps to find some memento, the sound of convulsive sobs met his ear: and there was Anita, prone on the ground, her head pillowed on her arms. A mad impulse urged him to spring to her side, raise her from the cold unsympathetic earth, rest her head on his breast, and kiss away the tears; but he did not dare betray his presence, and only murmured: "Forgive me, forgive me," walking softly away with bowed head, pale face, and a dull pain at his heart.

And often, out in the world—in the midst of gayety, in the whirl of the dance, in the light and glitter of brilliant assemblages—there comes the same dull pain, and there rises before him the sad vision of a beautiful girl weeping a woman's bitterest tears.

Do you suppose September ever held such glory for Anita again? That the sky was ever so softly blue? That there were ever such purple mist and golden haze, such crimson and russet beauty to the trees? Ah, no! Once stranded on Naxos, nothing can be the same again.

MY STATUE.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

Cold as the statue that Pygmalion warmed
To life with love's first kiss,
She stood beneath the moon's soft silv'ry beams
On such a night as this.

Truth lay within her eyes' clear azure depths,
Like some translucent gem,
While modesty's encircling mantle fell
E'en to her garment's hem.

About her feet the grasses whispered low,
As if in sudden fear
At finding so much dainty loveliness
Standing to them afar.

Upon the snowy marble of her brow,
Uplifted to the sky,

Like mute caresses, the soft lustrous waves
Of her dark hair did lie.

Her taper fingers tore a flower in twain
With their white frosty tips,
While not the shadow of a smile dared touch
The proud curves of her lips.

Could love give to this statue warmth and life?
"Ah, I would rather die,
Slain by the lightning of thine eyes, than live
Without thy love," I cry.

A rosy flush, creeping from lip to brow,
The lovely statue warm—
And 'tis a woman yields with tender grace
To love's encircling arms!

TELL HIM! OH, TELL HIM!

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

TELL him! oh, tell him! The low tender music
Breathing wonderful chords by his masterly skill—
Tell him, again I live over their sweetness,
Hearing in fancy the melody still.

Tell him, e'en now my susceptible senses
Hear—aye, and thrill with as keen a delight
As when the mocking-bird listened to follow
The wildly sweet notes he threw out to the night.

Lend me your wings, oh sweet-throated songster,
Lend me your wings till I hie me away.

For glad would I fly and hover above him,
To watch the white fingers which gleam as they play.

Nay? Then bear ye the message, and you too, ye night-winds,
Go breathe through his casement a sighing so faint
That none save the ear of the player could catch it
Or hear in its murmur a maiden's low plaint.

Tell him there woke, by the breath of his music,
A joy that is kin to a feeling of pain,
For the song has been sung, and the playing is ended,
While my ear listens yet for the sweeter refrain.

THE HOUSE IN BOWLING-GREEN.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT, AUTHOR OF "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE," ETC

CHAPTER I.

BETWEEN sixty and seventy years ago, there was hardly a single citizen of New York who could account himself more prosperously positioned than Mr. Paul Van Duzer. His low broad brick mansion, with its slender iron railings, its white arched doorway, and its salient wooden dormer-windows, occupied one corner of a certain street which opened directly upon the breezy amplitude of Bowling-Green. Many a summer evening, Paul Van Duzer would sit at the windows of his "parlor"—such a bit of modern nomenclature as a "drawing-room" was quite unknown then—and feel the fresh breezes blow across the Battery from the bay. Mr. Van Duzer did not approve of people summering out of town. His father, who had been a friend of Washington and had fought with distinction in three or four of the Revolutionary battles, had considered New York quite a good and pleasant enough spot for spending both the summer and winter.

Perhaps, in many ways, New York was a pleasanter place at that time than it is now. Fifth Avenue, with its brown-stone smartness and opulence, was unknown; in its place was a mere rural highroad, striking northward from Washington Square. The commercial bustle of Broadway was yet a future development. The city itself would have looked, in any trustworthy map drawn of it, but a small invasion of clustered streets at the edge of the Manhattan Island which it now more than covers. Socially speaking, too, it was a small enough town, with only a few "leading" citizens for its paragons and representatives; and doubtless the chief of even this select body was Mr. Paul Van Duzer.

A good many of his friends might have admitted to you that he was a hard man. But then, a certain amount of hardness was expected of a person so massively and solidly reputable. More than once, of a Sunday morning, he had been pointed out to strangers with pride, as he walked to or from church with Mrs. Van Duzer on his arm, and one daughter at the latter lady's side, while a son and another daughter decorously brought up the rear.

"He comes of our real old Dutch stock," people would say of him; and perhaps, in different

cases and according to different degrees and phases of veneration, they would add: "Just observe how finely he carries that large figure of his. He is fiftyfour, but I don't believe anyone would take him for over fortyfour. Those are his three children. The taller of the two girls is Agnes; you see, she has her mother's dark hair and eyes, but a much gentler expression than Mrs. Van Duzer ever thought of wearing. Rhoda is the younger sister, with the wavy blonde hair and the arch roguish sort of mouth. She's the life of the family, is Rhoda; but her parents do not believe in too much levity among young people, and Rhoda has quite often to be reprimanded for her excess of gayety. That seventeen-year-old boy, with the trim shape and clear-cut face, is Ogden Van Duzer, the only boy of the family. He will soon enter into the mercantile office of his father. Mr. Van Duzer is in the West India trade, you know, and has amassed from it already a fine fortune, though he inherited at least fifty thousand dollars when old General Van Duzer died. He does not believe in sending young gentlemen to college, so that Ogden will receive a good plain school-education and nothing more."

There was a number of other points on which Paul Van Duzer held most decided opinions. Regarding these, he had made up his mind so thoroughly that to move his Dutch obstinacy would have been like seeking to dislocate Staten Island from its sea-bed. He had married a woman whose entire congeniality with him in almost every particular was easily evident. Mrs. Van Duzer had been a Miss Van Vechten before her marriage, and, though handsome after a somewhat austere type, she had won no suitors until her present husband sought her hand. Then she readily acquiesced, and proudly declared that she had found the one man in her native city whose wife she could ever dream of becoming. The world declared it a most perfect union. They had brought up their three children with a mixture of ideas that were aristocratic and ascetic. The house in Bowling-Green was rigidly exclusive; to pass its threshold and be on terms of intimacy with any of its inmates, you must show at all times the most flawless credentials. Now that Agnes was twenty and Rhoda only about a year her junior, the girls

were permitted to "entertain" in a quiet and solemnly subdued way. But their list of acquaintances underwent the most careful scrutiny on the part of their parents. Both Mr. and Mrs. Van Duzer had a horror of "new people," which they endeavored to make their daughters warmly share. On several occasions, Rhoda had shown signs of rebellion and had sought to cultivate friendship with schoolmates of her own sex who were declared objectionable simply because their names had no familiar patrician sound. As for male acquaintances, these were still more jealously watched. The Messrs. Van Twiller, Ten Eyck, Stuyvesant, Van Schuylkill, and a few other young scions of irreproachably Knickerbocker stock, were always welcome if they "dropped in" of an evening. The matrimonial opportunities of both the girls were considered most inflexibly to lie in this and in no other direction. A prince of the blood would probably have been thought quite unsatisfactory as a son-in-law, by either Mr. Van Duzer or his wife. They detested foreigners with that provincial distrust which was a result of their early restricted education. They had neither of them ever been abroad, and neither ever expected to go. London was for them a nest of supercilious "Britishers," and Paris a gilded den of iniquity. America was the only country on the globe worth living in, and New York its most delectable metropolis. They sometimes went South, where they had Virginia relations whom they held in the highest respect. These visits were the great events of their placid lives. Mrs. Van Duzer would talk for months afterward of the magnificent hospitality which they had received from the Prestons, the Pinckneys, or the Randolphs. They considered that, next to being a Knickerbocker, dwelling in a sleepy brick edifice on Bowling-Green, there was nothing so genuinely fine as to be a Southern planter, surrounded by his obedient servants and dispensing lavish and almost regal entertainment.

Everything in the Van Duzer household was on so severely economical a plan, that its presiding powers must have been penetrated by a sense of its asceticism whenever they returned from these periodical trips to Virginia. But no modification ever took place in the methodical rigor with which their own household-affairs were managed. Perhaps they secretly held those Southern kindred, with their stables full of blooded horses and their retinue of obsequious servants, to be wholly undesirable except as a picturesque variation upon their own sober and homespun experience.

CHAPTER II.

UNTIL the last visit which they had made South, Mr. and Mrs. Van Duzer had left their daughters in the charge of a grim and exceedingly straitlaced old governess, whose power of discipline was unrivaled and whose realization on all subjects connected with propriety was sweepingly inclusive. But Miss Cobb had been dead these three or four years, and, when it became time for the next visit South, Agnes herself was left as temporary head of the family.

This was a great step for her parents to take. Agnes, it was true, had been so admirably reared, and represented so comprehensively all that was duteous and conventional, as to make even one look into her serene maidenly face a recognition of her trustworthiness. But still, it was argued, her age barely passed twenty; and twenty was perilously young for a position at once undefended and responsible.

"Well, they're really going to leave us, Agnes," said her sister Rhoda, one afternoon. "Father's at last made up his mind, though I think mother was willing enough a day or two ago."

Agnes smiled, in her gentle and slightly pensive way.

"I can't see how there could be the least danger, Rhoda," she answered: "can you? Mother has simply to give me the keys of the closets, and to tell our three servants that they must obey my orders."

"And shall you be authorized, I wonder, to box Ogden's ears just as father does, whenever he displeases you?"

"Ogden never displeases me," said Agnes, with a little shake of the head. "And oh, Rhoda, do you know I think it is so dreadful for father ever to strike him. I wish I dared tell father how dreadful I think it is."

"I don't believe you ever killed a mosquito in your life," said Rhoda, throwing an arm about Agnes's neck and putting her rose-tinted cheek against her sister's paler one: "you'd merely brush it away and forgive it, even when it was biting you horribly. You're a saint. Saint Agnes—how pretty it sounds! There was one of that name—wasn't there?"

"Oh, hush, Rhoda; please hush, dear. You know how it annoys mother to have you talk in that careless way."

Rhoda dropped her lucent blue eyes for an instant.

"I'm beginning to think there are quite too many things that annoy mother, and father also," she murmured.

The color died from Agnes's face. She had

always thought her sister rather daring than otherwise; but there was a temerity in this last speech that struck her as absolutely audacious. A moment afterward, however, the younger girl continued, with lowered voice and a furtive glance toward the door of the room they just then occupied:

"Now, Agnes, you know as well as I do, dear, that we have been brought up in a fearfully strict style. I believe there are not two girls in New York who have had to obey as many rules or to move inside of closer bounds, and at last I, for one, feel like rebelling."

"Rebelling? Oh, Rhoda!"

"Ogden and I had a talk, yesterday, about his being actually forbidden to bring that young friend of his—Charles Rathburne—to the house. A nicer and more gentlemanly young man you couldn't meet if you were to walk from the Battery to Grand Street. And do you know why mother didn't wish him to come here?"

"Why?" faltered Agnes. Poor meek girl, she felt just then like the darkest of conspirators.

"On our account," declared Rhoda, setting her blonde head a little backward and surveying Agnes as if she expected a handsome tribute of sympathetic astonishment. "Yes, your account and mine. Mother as much as told Ogden so. Charles Rathburne's father is in the leather-business or something like that, and father doesn't know much about him, and mother says that nobody of her acquaintance visits his mother. So, as he's good-looking and rather attractive, he's decided to be a quicksand of danger for us. Oh, it's all too irritating! Ogden's heard, lately, that our neighbors here in Bowling-Green have nicknamed this house 'the jail.' I suppose, while our jailers are away, we'll not be allowed a single visitor whatever."

But here Rhoda was mistaken: Mrs. Van Duzer, in her most tranquil and august tone, informed Agnes, on the eve of departure, as to just those guests whom she deemed it advisable, during her absence, to entertain. The list made Rhoda bite her lips in secret vexation; it contained scarcely the name of a single youth whom she did not hold to be ineffably stupid.

The further rules and vetoes which were imposed by these two departing authorities were, some of them, no less stringent than absurd. Ogden, with a reckless laugh, exclaimed, not long after the carriage which bore them to the vessel had rolled off:

"Well, I wonder if mother and father actually think I'm going to bed, every night they're away, at precisely ten o'clock."

Rhoda echoed his laugh.

"Or that I," she said, "am never to walk out alone in the streets."

"But Ogden—Rhoda," struck in Agnes, with a frightened look: "you both received such positive orders, you know."

"Who cares if we did?" cried Ogden, not a little hotly. "We're no longer children; and, even if we were, I think such treatment would be nonsensically severe." Ogden folded his hands behind him, at this point, and began to pace the floor of the apartment with a grand air. "Oh, I've been observing, looking about me," he pursued. "I've noticed how other young people are brought up. We'll all three have to make a stand, sooner or later; there'll have to come a revolution, open and defiant."

"Oh, Ogden!" murmured Agnes.

"One thing," Ogden went on, "I have firmly made up my mind to do—and that is, to learn French, if I'm possessed of brain enough."

"Learn French?" murmured Agnes. "But, Ogden, I thought father told you that, apart from there being no necessity of your knowing the language at all, he seriously objected to your learning it."

"I'm quite well aware that he expressed himself just in that ridiculous way," returned Ogden, rather haughtily. "But there's a charming young Frenchman at school, who has taken some of the mathematical classes while Mr. Folsom is in Boston. His name is Olivier—Pierre Olivier. He's offered to give me lessons. Oh, he's a glorious chap—so good and kind to the boys. He was a boy himself not so very long ago—he's only twentyfive—and he remembers it."

"Do you mean that he will give you lessons at school?" asked Agnes.

She adored Ogden, to the root of her gentle amiable being, and it cast a shade of worryment over her sweet face now as she thought of how sternly his mutiny might be received hereafter.

"No; I mean here."

"Here, in our own house?"

"Yes."

Agnes laid her hand on her brother's arm.

"Oh, father will be sure to hear of it," she pleaded. "And then, think how terribly angry it will make him." Ogden, do give up the idea; promise me you will. I know it's very unjust—it's even most tyrannical—in father, to say that you shall not learn French; but then it almost breaks my heart to think of what he might do, if you deliberately went against his wish like this."

Agnes continued her entreaty; but Ogden, though he heeded it, would not accede to it.

Rhoda eagerly supported him in his new determination; and Agnes, reflecting upon the domestic tempest which might some day gather over her dear young brother's head, would secretly tremble at his rashness.

But her alarm was soon replaced by a very different sort of emotion: Pierre Olivier, during his periodical visits at the house in Bowling-Green, could not fail to meet both of Ogden's sisters. He was an extremely handsome fellow, with dark eyes that shone fascinatingly from an olive-tinted face. It was just the sort of face to be chiefly responsible in a romantic attachment. But Olivier's manner was also the perfection of suavity and grace, while his varied accomplishments made almost every other man of his own age in the provincial atmosphere that he breathed seem, to girls like Agnes and Rhoda, dull and tiresome by contrast. He was penniless except for the salary which he drew from the school where Ogden had met him; he came of a ruined French family, once notable and even distinguished. His mental faculties were all fine; but, morally, he was rather a "fleur-de-lis," lacking energy enough to put to brilliant profit the education with which earlier conditions of prosperity had equipped him.

Agnes attracted him, from the first moment that he was presented to her. He had often fancied himself in love before, but he now rapidly realized that every other attachment of his life had been the merest prelude to the present one. Gifted with delightful conversational power, knowing much of the most refined European circles, possessed of a tenor voice which admirably suited the limitation of amateur performance, though it might not have appeared remarkable elsewhere, Olivier was just the man to dazzle and charm a girl for whom his graceful personality offered so much of novelty and surprise.

Rhoda and Ogden saw how matters lay, almost before Agnes herself was fully aware of her own complete infatuation. The brother and the younger sister, one day, made an excited confession to each other of their new and bewildering conviction. Rhoda's eyes were sparkling vivaciously, as she said:

"Oh, Ogden, there isn't the least doubt about it! I thought, three or four days ago, that I might be mistaken. But no; Agnes has lost her heart, for good and all."

"And so has Olivier," returned Ogden, with an oracular nod of the head.

"Has—has he told you anything that makes you believe so?" hurriedly questioned Rhoda.

"He told me he thought Agnes the loveliest girl he had ever seen."

Rhoda broke into a perturbed little trill of laughter.

"Oh, what do you suppose will be the end of it?" she asked, clasping both hands together with tremulous anxiety.

"End of it?" replied Ogden, trying to speak the words phlegmatically, but betraying his secret agitation at the extraordinary turn of affairs. "Why, what is the only natural end, you goose? He'll ask her to marry him, of course. They always do, in such cases."

"But only reflect, Ogden: mother and father will be back in two weeks or so."

"Well?"

"They will both be wild with anger. You know how they detest all foreigners. Don't you think it would be well for you to warn Monsieur Olivier in time? I mean, you know, before the matter gets too far."

"I'm afraid it has got too far already," said Ogden; "I don't believe anything either you or I could say, Rhoda, would prevent it from taking one course now."

CHAPTER III.

AND Ogden was quite right. For Olivier to declare his passion had grown inevitable, and for Agnes to respond by admitting its full return was equally so. There was a sort of engagement, soon, regarding whose existence Ogden and Rhoda were made confidants. It was a very sad and almost a terrified kind of betrothal on Agnes's side. She clearly understood the obstacles that loomed before her, black and menacing. But she loved Olivier well enough to await them with a certain unflinching fortitude.

"We'll all three have to face the music," said Ogden, one day; "when they come home, Agnes, Rhoda and I will stand by you."

"Thanks," said Agnes, with a slight pained smile; "but I would rather take all the blame on myself. I am the one who should do so. I want them to see Pierre first, before they learn that we—we are engaged."

"Mother will look at him through her glasses as if he were something that had strayed from a museum," said Rhoda, mournfully.

"And father," struck in Ogden, "will act as if it would be an exquisite pleasure to show him the door."

This was very much the manner in which, on the afternoon of their arrival in town, Mr. and Mrs. Van Duzer did behave to poor Olivier. It had been pre-arranged that they should find him seated in the parlor when they crossed the threshold of their house. After Agnes had kissed her parents, she quietly presented him.

Olivier did not stay very long, nor had it been intended that he should do so. The returned travelers had a good deal to talk about in the way of events connected with their recent absence from home, but it was soon evident to all three of their children that displeasure was brooding darkly in their spirits. Olivier's accent betrayed him to be a foreigner, even if his swarthy complexion and decidedly French name had not done this with still greater promptness.* Mrs. Van Duzer sat nervously fingering at the bonnet-strings that she had lately untied, while her secret indignation, struggling against the requirement of proper courtesy, was manifest in repeated glances toward her eldest daughter. As for Paul Van Duzer, he would probably have addressed some pointed and not over-civil question to Olivier, requiring an answer fraught with direct information about that young gentleman's actual identity, if the latter had not so soon made his almost painfully awkward adieu.

The hall-door had not closed behind him before Mr. Van Duzer's query rang sharply:

"Who is that man?"

His wife looked the same question, while her gaze dwelt on her husband's face, with a sternness quite equal to his own, and then slowly transferred itself to the face of Agnes, following the paternal eyes.

Agnes returned the look calmly. She sat quite still before her parents, with both hands in her lap. Rhoda slipped to her side, leaving Ogden, but the elder sister did not seem to be aware of this act.

"The gentleman, father," said Agnes, "is Monsieur Pierre Olivier. He is a Frenchman."

"A Frenchman?" echoed Mrs. Van Duzer. "What is he doing here? How is it that you all come to know him?"

Ogden spoke now.

"We all come to know him," said Ogden, "because he has been giving me French lessons."

Mr. and Mrs. Van Duzer exchanged a look of consternation.

"Did I not forbid you to take lessons in that language?" asked the former, with clouding brow. His anger was so blended with amazement that it could not yet find full expression. There were few things capable of surprising Mr. Paul Van Duzer more keenly than the insurrection or even the partial insubordination of either of his children. The family-despot is nearly always a flourishing product in just such a social atmosphere as this of New York more than a half-century ago. In all communities where civilization has been of the repressed sort, we find

the rule of the parent—which should always exhibit so sweet a commingling of arbitration and love, of decision and tenderness—verging upon unwholesome tyranny.

"Yes, father," answered Ogden, slowly inclining his head; "you did forbid me to learn French. But I thought such an order from you quite unfair and unjust, and I disobeyed it."

Van Duzer sprang to his feet.

"How dared you do so?" he exclaimed.

His wife rose almost at the same moment. She caught her husband's hand and held it tightly, while they both regarded their son.

With all her native austerity, Mrs. Van Duzer, separated for nearly six weeks from Ogden, felt the maternal impulse warm and stir within her. She thought this contumacy something horrible, even unpardonable, in her boy; but the infliction upon him of even a deserved punishment seemed to her at this hour a merciless measure.

"Wait," she said to her husband; "he may explain. Wait, Paul, and let him speak."

The words were low, but Ogden heard them. A slightly bitter smile crossed his handsome young face.

"I have never been allowed to speak," he said, with a high calm voice that did not show a tremor. "I have always been treated as if I were a worthless inferior, who had neither the right nor the power to think for himself on any subject. I wanted to learn French, father, and I told you so. You refused to let me learn it, and I had reached an age when—"

"Not another word, sir!" cried Van Duzer, as he flung away his wife's clasp hand and rushed toward the son who had presumed thus to brave his authority.

But, before he had taken three steps toward Ogden, Agnes had hurried in front of her brother.

"No, father," she exclaimed, "you must not strike Ogden—you must not even dream of punishing him. He acts as he does simply for one reason: he wishes to provoke you against himself, that he may shield me—for the time, at least—against your displeasure."

"Hush, Agnes!" came sharply from Ogden's lips.

But Agnes would not keep silent.

"No, no," she went on; "what I say is true. Ogden did ask Monsieur Olivier to give him lessons in French. It was disobedient in him, I allow. But—"

"You allow that it was disobedient, Agnes?" here broke in her mother, with a tone of haughtiest challenge. "That is certainly a great concession upon your part. You appear to treat

this question as if there were some doubt concerning Ogden's real behavior."

"Oh, I am not treating the question at all," burst forth Agnes, in a voice which made her mother almost wonder if it were her eldest daughter who spoke, so assertive, so emphatic, so wholly uncharacteristic was the answer now given. "I wish merely to tell you both—yes, both, mother and father—that you must save all your harshness, and reproof, and heaven knows what else, for me—for me only—I alone deserve them!"

There was a dead silence of several seconds. With hands outstretched, Agnes still stood before her brother.

His astonishment actually cooled Van Duzer's rage; he scanned his wife's countenance, but her eyes were riveted upon the face of Agnes, with a look of incredulous wonder.

"What does the girl mean?" he questioned.

"Oh, Agnes, you need not have told it yet," Ogden exclaimed.

"No, no, Agnes!" said Rhoda, speaking for the first time and gliding across the room once more to her sister's side.

"But I will tell it—I must tell it," said Agnes.

She caught the hand which Rhoda extended to her; and then, while she retained this hand, as if its contact and pressure might serve as a fortifying stimulus, she proceeded in a clear firm voice:

"I love Monsieur Olivier, and I have promised to marry him. He loves me, and he is a gentleman. I am old enough to choose for myself, and I have chosen. There, it is all told in just those few words. I don't wish to go against your desire, but I beg that you will both see more of him before you condemn him. I am not willful; I have never shown myself so, as you must admit. If I ever seem undutiful or obstinate, it will be because you have forced me to take that course. I love you both—but I love him also. I would not let him speak first, though he wanted to do it. And I preferred not to let you remain deceived a single hour after you had returned home. That is my reason for letting you know everything immediately."

Agnes ended her speech with a faint little quiver in her voice, the first that she had thus far shown. Then she turned and drooped her head on Rhoda's shoulder. As she did so, Rhoda spoke, addressing both her parents impetuously, precipitately:

"Agnes is right when she says Monsieur Olivier is a gentleman. And I do hope you will not oppose her; for she does love him with all

her heart, and I'm perfectly certain he'll make her a splendid husband, he is so gentle and kind-hearted."

"This—this is too dreadful!" gasped Mrs. Van Duzer, sinking into the chair she had quitted. And then she addressed her husband in a tone of mingled pleading and agitation:

"It's no use, Paul, to do anything hastily. We must bear the blow as well as we can, and not do our best to—to make it worse than it already is."

A slight laugh came from Paul Van Duzer; he had grown grayishly pale. It is safe to state that, if his daughter had produced some weapon and tried to stab him with it, he could not have felt a greater sense of outrage than he felt now. The passionate emotion that was fleetly surging through his soul alarmed him by its intensity; it made him fear lest he might commit some act which his whole future would regret, and, by exerting upon him this influence, it engendered a certain desperate tranquillity. He had never esteemed himself an overexacting parent; he had brought up his children precisely as he himself had been brought up. It was the "old-school" method, perhaps, of parental government, but he knew of no other which he considered comparable with it in practical force.

He gnawed his lips for a moment, while his eyes, with a really lurid glitter of wrath in them, dwelt upon Agnes's bowed and shrinking figure.

"You shall have just one day—twentyfour hours," he said, huskily, "in which to form your decision. Then you can either marry this foreigner or not. But, if you make up your mind to marry him, you become as dead to all your family as if you were now lying in your coffin."

He was turning toward the door of the room, when the effect of this most cruelly unreasonable speech burst upon him; and it was an effect for which years of uncomplaining subservience on the part of his three children had by no means prepared him; a thunder-clap in a clear sky could not have been more astounding.

It might have pierced with acute conscience-pang a man of less imperious and dictatorial nature; but, for Paul Van Duzer, it wore a hue of the most atrocious aggravation.

Agnes, as might be said, began it. She lifted her head from her sister's shoulder, and, with a flash in her dark eyes that seemed like a sudden fire drying the tears there, she unhesitatingly spoke.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

JIM.

BY KATE WOODBRIDGE MICHAELIS.

THAT? ("Take it down and show it to Miss Helen, Jenny.") That's my brother James and his child. I suppose you thought it was his grandchild—didn't you? Most folks do. Poor Jim! he hadn't no call for such old looks; he's a young man still, as far as years go.

I declare to goodness, there ain't many things please me more than to see Jim and that baby—seems as if, at last, he had something to make up for it all. You see, him and me were the oldest, and we always kind of hung together. The others were more like father; poor father! he never did get along, somehow. Sometimes I think he never had a real fair chance, then again that it wasn't in him; but mother—she thought there was nothing in the whole world like father. Why, I wasn't more than big enough to rock the cradle when I first remember her telling me: "Jenny, look after your father." "See father ain't troubled, Jenny." "Now, children, don't worry father."

We never were real poor—not to want for things—for mother had a bit of money coming to her besides the farm; but father had a turn for inventing—it may seem queer to you, but I am real thankful none of our boys are that way—and his patent-expenses seemed to take about all we had. We were always expecting to be very rich: there was a new kind of blacking-brush that father thought, when it was once known, people would buy just for the pleasure of using it, 'twas so handy; and, by turning it, why, you had a polisher for your furniture. It never took, though. Then there was a patent bird-cage: that was a real beauty, only it didn't sell; and a shoe-fastener, and a wheel-brake for a carriage, and a seeder and sower, and a button-hole-attachment that would fit any machine. Father was always so near getting good offers for his things. He would come in looking so bright, and then he would have all kinds of plans: the boys were to go to college, the girls to big schools, mother was to have hired help for the baby. But the baby grew into a boy or girl—another baby came and the good times didn't.

At last, we mortgaged the farm and came down to Tacony to live. Father got a place keeping books—he was smart at anything, father was; and he had a new patent on a lamp-wick

that never had to be turned up or down—just tended to its ownself; and things looked real good again, when mother broke down. I s'pose it had been going on some time, but it hadn't struck anybody—she wasn't a complaining kind; and father was dreadful surprised, when she fainted, one day, just after she got out of bed, went back to it, and never got up again.

She didn't suffer much—but my! how she did fret about father. The last thing she ever said to me was: "Look after father, Jenny." Then she told Jim to take care of Hatty, keep the children together, and not let father be worried. After that, she fixed her eyes on him—father—and kept them, kind of hungry-like, looking at him till she died. Father felt awful about it—he said he'd never thought it possible. It seemed queer, he said, that she was willing to go and leave him with so much care. Every time the baby cried, it worried him so that he couldn't stay round. Poor little weak thing! it didn't stay long after mother. Maybe it was best: but it was hard to give up the last of her we would ever have. Them were hard times—I said so to Jim, one night, when we were taking turns walking with Hatty, so's as she shouldn't disturb father, and he said: Yes, we'd lost our balance-wheel. Jim thought there was nothing left but lonesomeness, when mother was gone. All at once, father took sick; he got a bad cold from putting on a thin shirt in winter, because it was on the shelf where mother'd kept his thick ones; he said those things had ought to be 'tended to—it was asking too much of a man, to trouble about such little matters. He got worse awful quick—only was sick a week, and then Jim and I sat down by the kitchen-fire—father dead upstairs, and the children, as we called the others, asleep—and tried to settle what we should do. Some of our folks were coming to the funeral, next day, and we wanted to have some plan ready for them. It was no use—we wasn't of age, and they didn't take no account of what we wanted. All we asked was to keep together, 'cause poor mother said so; but Uncle George—he said he'd take Roland on his farm, Aunt Mary's brother-in-law offered Dick a place in his shop in Germantown, Cousin Sarah had a milliner-friend in Philadelphia was willing to take one of us and give her a trade,

the other girl could have a place at Fitter's—Uncle George had seen the manager.

Jim was to go on the railroad—at the foot, but he'd work up, uncle said, if he had anything in him. Then Jim said: "What about Hatty?" He had her in his lap, because she never fretted there, and I was standing 'longside.

I guess I didn't tell you about Hatty. Jim hated to talk of it, and she wasn't so bad with him; he'd learned her to do lots of little things, even to say some words after mother went—Jim acted as if she belonged to him. Well, we both felt kind of nervous, just because they didn't say anything; but it was worse than we thought. It was an awful shock when Aunt Mary said she'd take her to an asylum for idiots—mother called her an "innocent." Jim shut his teeth hard—I was so near I heard them click—and then he spoke very quiet and said we'd agree to all the other plans, we couldn't help ourselves, you see, and thank them for all their kindness, but we'd never give up Hatty. Mother had left her to us, and we'd work for her, him and I, till we dropped—but we'd not give her up. There was a good deal of hot talk from the folks, but Jim never lost his temper and never give in, and in the end he got his own way. The boys and Lucy all went off, and I took the place at the rope-walk; me and Jim thought Lucy was too young and pretty to be trusted alone, and Cousin Sarah agreed to take me and Hatty to board, and look after her while I was working. Some folks said Hatty made them feel nervous, on account of the kind of dull look in her big brown eyes; she had mother's eyes and her pretty curly hair—Sarah cut it off.

You see, the way Hatty came so was that, just before she was born, father had a bad fall, trying an invention—a sort of treadmill—and mother had no rest, day or night, nursing him; seemed as if, when Hatty came, there was something left out of her. Well, we broke up, sold the things mother set such store by, and started in to work. Hatty got on pretty well Sundays and when Jim came round once a month. She was learning little tidy ways: to pick up, and dust the hearth and such, but she seemed to forget her words Jim learned her so patient, and she got a cowed kind of look. At last, one of the neighbors told me that Cousin Sarah used to whip her, because she whined for me and Jim all the time. If it had been Jim, he'd have kept his temper; but I was that mad, I just blazed out and said all kinds of foolish things. Cousin Sarah said I'd be sorry—that was all; but, three days after, when I came home at night, there was an empty pillow next to mine—

Hatty had gone to the county poor-house. Well, I ain't as hard on Sarah now as I used to be; she couldn't feel as I did about the child. I fell down in a fit, they say, and didn't know anything for days. As soon as I could hold a pen, I wrote for Jim; but he was off on the road, and didn't know anything till he came on Sunday, with paper dolls in his pocket for the child. When I told him, he didn't find any fault; he just asked where the place was, and started off to get her, but he came back alone. While I was sick, a man had got her—he wanted a handy child that wouldn't need schooling. His name was Stone, and he was a farmer somewhere in the State—that was all they knew. I wanted to leave Sarah next day, but Jim said to stay quiet till he found Hatty. They let him have a leave, and, when it was used up, he gave up his place; he advertised in all the papers; he traveled all over the State; he worked in one place to get money to go to another; but never a trace of Hatty. He didn't give it up for more than two years, and most of that time he lived pretty poor. Our folks were all real mad at him; they said it was worse than foolishness to go on so, never doing any steady work, looking like a man of forty, and him only a boy. Well, at last, he gave up and owned he was beat. He got work in a machine-shop, and settled down like an old man. Me and Lucy were both married then, poor Dick was dead, and Roland doing real well.

After a good while, Jim got to going about a little; but he was the saddest man ever was, for all he liked my husband and children real well. I forget how many years he'd been working, but they had got to thinking a heap of him at the works; he had made some fine improvements in the machinery—he wouldn't let anyone call them "inventions," he hated the word so—and he'd read a lot of books and studied evenings, when he met Miss Stowe, the niece of his boss. She was the prettiest creature you ever saw; no one could help being fond of her, and I was real pleased when he come and told me he was going to marry her. They were going to take him into the firm in the fall, and he bought a pretty little house out the Germantown Road, and fixed it up real tasty for Kitty.

One Friday, he come and told me he was going to spend Sunday with her folks out in the country; the next night, he come back—with Hatty! He'd found her just where she'd been all the time—at Kitty's grandfather's. All the trouble come from the matron's reading John Stone, in place of John Stowe, in the register that time. You might think he'd had enough trouble from just the mistake of a letter, but it wasn't ended.

When Jim first saw Hatty standing by the gate, and knew her from the way she favored mother—when he had talked with the old man and got all the dates so that he could be sure, Kitty wouldn't believe it. She said it was a very poor sort of a joke to tell her that the half-witted help her grandmother had brought up was to be her sister-in-law, and, when she found Jim meant to take Hatty to live with them—why, she just up and said she couldn't and she wouldn't and she never would live in the house with an idiot. So Jim had to give her up, after he had begged and prayed, all for no good, and he took Hatty to live in the house he had bought for his wife.

I don't believe you'd have thought she was worth it all, if you'd seen her. She'd got to be real stupid-looking, and you had to tell her a thing over and over, and then, like as not, she wouldn't understand it. She could only say a few words, and, when I saw her sitting there so dull and careless, while Jim tried, with the big tears chasing down his face, to make her remember "brother Jim," and thought how sweet and pretty Kitty had been, and how we all thought he was going to do so well, why, I almost found it in my heart to be sorry we ever found her. But, if Jim thought so, nobody ever found it out. He got a good help to look after the house, and, when he wasn't at work, he was just living for Hatty. He would say little words over to her, like as if she was a child; he'd show her pictures, and tell her over slow what they were. He'd tell her stories like "Bo-Peep" and "Little Boy Blue" till I was sick of the sound, and she'd forget them the next minute. After he'd been going on that way for months, one day she asked him to tell her a story, and he just sat down and cried like a baby, he was that thankful. She got on after that, but very slow, and it was only after he'd been reading and talking

and working with her nearly four years, his patience never giving out, that he got her to be pretty much like other folks. She tried one day to make a picture of the house, and did it so well he took her in to the school for drawing, in town. She did some real nice things there, and she was so pleased and happy. There was a young Englishwoman in there used to sit and help her. Her name was Alice, and she was so gentle and kind of tender that, after a bit, Hatty seemed to be almost as fond of her as she was of Jim—she never has got to care much for me. Jim found, when the school was closed, that Hatty sort of pined for her friend, so he had to take her in town pretty often to see her.

At last, Hatty did what has more than made up to Jim for all she's cost him. She'd been spending the day with Alice, and, when Jim come for her in the evening, she said she didn't want to leave Alice, because she loved her so; she said Jim loved her too, and wouldn't she come and live with them, her and Jim, and be their own Alice? Jim had been wanting to say just that same thing to her for many a day, but he'd never have found courage to speak, maybe, if he hadn't seen the color that came in her face at the words Hatty said. So he told her how he had loved a woman once, and she would have been his wife, if a duty hadn't come to him he couldn't turn his back on, that would have been hard on her. He never blamed her, he said, and he had supposed he would love her all his life, till he met Alice. Then he told her that what Hatty had said about the loving was true. Did she think she could be their own Alice?

Well, I don't know as any of us grieve much for Kitty since then, and we've about given up saying "poor Jim." There ain't much to pity him for now, especially since that baby was born—God bless him!

STAR ANGELS.

BY MABEL HAYDEN.

I stood beneath the shadowy arch sublime
That spans the universe of star on star,
And, in the glory of a hope divine,
The dreams of radiant years rose there afar.

From age to age, the poet-seers have wrought
Their golden legends in the twilight-days,
When clouds were few and tender silence caught
A splendor from the distant crimson haze.

For, in the boundless canopy of sky,
Star-souls in space are shining darkly bright;
Like heralds of a vast sternity,
Send beauty through the mystery of night.

From solemn dusk to dewy dawn remote,
Through valleys pale in darkened solitude,
They gleam resplendent and in cloudland float,
Or light the sombre foliage of the wood.

Voiceless yet faithful, through the purple gloom,
They guide us o'er the desolated way,
When raging seas leave death's imperiled doom
And heroes charge through blood and battle-fray.

Sweeter than all, when hope has left despair
To reign supreme in saddened reveries,
Star-faces in the distant shadows bear
A balm of Gilead from the silent skies.

ALEC BENTON.

BY M. G. M'CLELLAND, AUTHOR OF "OBLIVION," ETC., ETC.

I.

It was an old-fashioned place, a country-store that had seen its best days when the century was young. It stood on the slope of a hill, and, in front of it, not a hundred yards away, flowed a muddy stream. A treacherous evil-looking stream, choked with sand-bars here and there and filled with holes and snags all along its tortuous course, a stream that distilled malaria sullenly all through the hot dry months and that rose spitefully and did untold damage to crops and fences all through the cold wet months. The store looked down on it, and across it to the broad low ground, on the further side, which stretched away to the foot-hills that formed the lowest step of the mountain-range away over at the edge of the horizon.

On the old wooden porch there were rough benches and a few split-bottomed chairs, and through the open door the interior was revealed, with its medley of dry-goods, millinery, and glittering tinware, its coils of rope, bags of sumac, saddles, bridles, worsted comforters, chains, and cheap lanterns. Back of the store proper was the bar-room, with a convenient side door opening on to a hilly dusty country-road that ran steeply down to the river and then turned at right angles along its bank and stretched away into the country. Before it reached the hills, it crossed the stream, which made an ill-natured bend, apparently for the purpose of cutting the road in two. The crossing was a bad one, for the bend made the current swift, and the river-bed was full of holes, so as to require wary fording. Wayfarers liked best to cross before dark, for there was an ugly story or two afloat, of men who had ridden into the treacherous holes, through trying to ford in the night, and been thrown from their struggling horses and drowned. The place was called Breakneck Ford, and its repute was evil.

On the porch, tilted back in the chairs, sat three men, talking languidly and disjointedly, after the unexcitable rural fashion. Two were laboring-men, and in their shirt-sleeves; the third was younger and better dressed, for he wore a coat. All were smoking long clay pipes, and all spoke in soft slow voice, with clear intonation and a slight drawl.

The door of the bar-room swung suddenly

open, letting out a sound of clinking glasses and roistering inconsequent laughter.

"Some fellow's treatin'," remarked one of the workingmen, removing his pipe. "I hearn Alec Benton's laugh. Sounded sorter foolish a'ready. They'd better let him be, or he won't have sense enough to get himse'f home to-night."

"I ain't against treatin', in er gin'ral way, myself," observed the other man, meditatively, "an' I likes my dram ez well ez ther next man; but thar's er big dif'ence 'twix' drinkin' like er man an' drinkin' like er hog. It sorter goes agin me ter give ole Alec liquor. When he's fulled up chock full, he's ther devil an' no mistake. They hev 'lowed ter me thet, when he's off ther handle, he ramps aroun' kornsider'ble at home. I never treats er man like thet, nuther drinks with him—a man thet cusses an' fights an' flies out at his wimmen-kind. It goes agin me."

"I b'leve you, Bill," rejoined the first speaker, "I'm thet a-way myse'f. I ain't took er drink with Alec Benton, not sence his wife died. Folks hev 'lowed ez how he kilt her. He went home drunk, one night, when she warn't mor'n two days off'n her confinement, an' sot by ther po' ooman's bed ther livelong night, whettin' er razor on his boot an' darin' her to move so much ez er finger—sw'arin' he'd cut her th'roat ef she even winked. 'Twan't but one way for it to end. Ther po' creeter war skeered en-er-most to death, an' next day er dead baby war born, an' ther mother wilted right down like er frost-bitten terba'ker-plant. Ther doctor sed thet she'd been through sech er sight o' triblerlation with Alec, fur so many ye'rs, thet she'd er died anyhow. 'Twan't power enouf left inside her to make er squar' tussle fur life."

"Alec took on awful," commented the man called Bill. "He swore he'd kill hisse'f same ez he'd kilt her, an' fur better'n er week they were 'feard to leave him by hisse'f."

The other man smiled decisively.

"He warn't in no danger frum nothin' 'cept ther whiskey-jug," observed he, dryly. "Alec ain't got ther grit ter hurt hisse'f, sober; an', when he's drunk, he don't keer er continental who's dead an' who ain't. He warn't even sober at his wife's fune'al, an' was blind-drunk fur a mont' arterward."

"Well, now, he've got excuse thar," spoke Bill, leniently: "whan he's sober, he's 'bleedged ter meditate 'pon his troubles an' how they war fetched about. Them ain't pleasant thoughts ter give house-room ter, an' nobody can't blame Alec fur strivin' ter shunt 'em."

"Thet gal o' his'n has er lonesome time, I reckon, up thar on thet tumbledown plantashun, pretty much by herse'f. Her gran'ma air down flat of her back good part o' her time, so she can't be much service. She's er good big slip of er gal now; eighteen ye'r ole, I reckon."

"An' ez pretty ez er picter," affirmed Bill, admiringly: "po' creeter! Yes, she's lonesome—she can't help bein'. Outside folks air skittish 'bout gwine to ther farm on 'count o' Alec; he drawed er pistol on'er lady once. Miss Kate an' ther ole lady hold on ter him, though, in spite o' it all. Thet's wimmen-folks all over. Er man would kink him ter Jericho, or break his blamed neck fur him. An' Alec was er gentleman once! Lord! Lord! what er pity!"

The other person, the one who wore the coat and had been silently listening, looked away across the river with sombre eyes. The talk grated on him. For all the years of his life, at least, as he well remembered, Alec Benton's sole remaining claim to gentlemanhood was a pale high-bred face and a courteous manner, when sober; if Alec had been a gentleman in other respects before, he, for one, had never known it.

The bar-room door swung again; the foolish laughter had degenerated into idiotic tittering. The young man's black brows, as he heard it, swept together into a heavy line above his smoldering eyes. When Benton was like that, he went home, the listener knew, and wreaked his humor on helpless women.

The evening-shadows gathered thick. A fog rose, wraith-like, from the water and drifted in wreaths above the cornfields. Away by the horizon, the new moon raised her slender horns above the tree-tops. The night would be dim, with an uncertain pallor, little better than black darkness. At the hitching-post across the road, a horse whinnied and stamped impatiently.

George Winstead laid his pipe on the floor beside his chair, and, rising, passed through the store and stood a moment at the half-glass door leading into the bar-room. A kerosene-lamp had been lighted, and he could see Benton lolling back in a chair and watching a couple of men who were standing beside the bar. They were preparing for departure, and one of them was slipping some coins into his pocket, as though

he had just settled his score. He half looked around toward Alec, whose face lighted up with expectation, then changed his mind, and, with a civil good-night to the barkeeper and a nod to the disappointed Alec, passed out into the gathering dusk with his companion.

Winstead opened the door and entered. He said a word or two in an undertone to the barkeeper, who immediately began to rattle his glasses together and move about as though in preparation for closing. Then he crossed over to where Alec sat staring stupidly about.

"Come, Mr. Benton," he said, trying to make his voice sound cordial and hearty: "I'm off for home. Our road is the same, and I'd be glad of your company."

Benton looked irresolute. His money was gone, and Winstead, he knew, was not a drinking-man; still, it was early, and more convivial fellows might drop in after awhile—men who would not fail to ask a gentleman to drink with them, if he were on the spot. The barkeeper noticed his hesitation, and hastened to interfere. Benton was a good customer, who spent his money wildly when he had any to spend, and induced other men to spend theirs when he had not. Still, Benton, blind-drunk, was apt to become a nuisance, and the barkeeper liked best to be rid of him before he reached the aggressive stage; he lost nothing by it, for Benton came every day. Besides, the tales floating around the country of Benton's excess at home had reached him: he remembered that Benton had a daughter, who might have trouble with him if he should be allowed to stay on and become more intoxicated.

"You'll have a dark ride, gentlemen," he remarked, busily stowing away his glasses. "It's a good thing there'll be two of you. If one happen on a ducking at Breakneck Ford, t'other one can pull him out. It's a nasty piece of road to travel arter dark."

"You're shutting up mighty soon," hiccoughed Benton, reproachfully. "It's hardly dark."

"There's a big shindy down at Luke Smith's to-night, a dance and a candy-pulling. I'm invited, and I'm closin' early in consequence of havin' to shave and dike. Must upholster my charms, you see, to lay things waste among the fair sex. Good-night, gentlemen."

There was nothing for it, after that, save departure; so Benton rose, reeling slightly, and allowed George Winstead to take him by the arm and help him out to his horse.

The men rode on in silence only broken by the noise of night-insects and the low wash of the river beside which the road ran. Every

now and then, Benton's horse would stumble, causing his rider to lurch forward in the saddle and to break into peevish drunken curses. Whenever the stumbles would occur, Winstead would put out his hand quickly, and steady his companion in the saddle. At the ford, there was nearly an accident, the horse slipping into a hole and ducking himself and half ducking his rider, who was only saved from falling headlong into the water by the strength of Winstead's arm.

And yet, while he cared for the drunken wretch beside him, the young man's heart was filled with loathing, and he could have spurned and beaten the creature from whom he was warding off danger. When the horse slipped at the ford, it flashed through him what a blessed thing it would be for the world, for Kate Benton—nay, for him, George Winstead, even—if Alec were lying stiff and stark at the bottom of the river, even while humanity forced him to prevent the catastrophe.

Poor Kate! No wonder that her brown eyes were sad. No wonder that, at eighteen, life should seem a burden grievous to be borne. A great weight of responsibility as to the family-maintenance, a great weight of care for the drunken ill-tempered brute of a father and the feeble paralytic grandmother who required the tendance of a child. Such had been her life for years—ever since death had released her mother from the treadmill. How she could have managed, how she could have lived through it all, had it not been for George Winstead, Kate did not know.

He was the son of their nearest neighbor, and Kate's own second-cousin, which gave her the feeling that her blind dependence on him had the sanction of blood, and was right and natural. With the dawning of her eighteenth year, there had come a new tie between them; and, sometime in the indefinite future, Kate had promised to leave the tumbledown farm and the wearing life, and pass into the sunshine and rest and comfort that would be hers as George Winstead's wife.

Winstead thought of it all, as he rode silently through the semi-darkness, taking care and heed for the man whose life was a misery and curse to all belonging to him. His poor girl was wearing herself out, and he must stand aside and see youth and strength and power of enjoyment slip from her. Had her father been the only question, Winstead would have felt justified in interfering, in using all means to convince Kate that to offer up two pure, clean, strong young lives at the shrine of one foul

besotted one would be a sacrifice not only barbaric in its cruelty, but wicked and unnecessary besides.

But duty to a father not worth its exercise was not the only bond that held Kate. There was the old grandmother, the gentle patient paralytic, who, in a half-dead body, retained an active living brain that labored ceaselessly over the family-problems, and a tender sensitive heart that yearned over the son who was a trial and a disgrace to her. She would not leave him in his degradation, and the girl could not leave her. In the early days of their engagement, Winstead had suggested that their marriage should take place, and that he should come and live with them. It was a generous offer, for Winstead knew that his future father-in-law had little love for him, and would, more than likely, make his daily life intolerable to him. But Kate would not consent. It would be tantamount to turning her father out-of-doors, she said. The farm belonged to her grandmother, although Benton used it as his own, and, if a new management should be inaugurated, he would leave the place and wander about, bringing the family into deeper shame with every day that passed.

No, it could not be. They must wait. They must put aside their own happiness, in order that the old grandmother's heart might not be quite broken, or her last days made more bitter.

"She thinks that having a home to come to is a sort of check on father," said Kate, bitterly; "that he would be worse without it. As if it were possible that he could be worse! She never sees him when he is raging, and, if he is in the house, it's a negative sort of comfort to her—better than thinking of him lying in a ditch, I suppose. I can't leave her, dear; she has only me. It's such an awful thing to have a son like father, without being left to bear it by one's self."

Winstead gave way, feeling that she was right, and loving the poor old lady himself. He was faithful and kind to the two women, aiding them to bear their burden. But he would have been more than human, if his heart had not grown hot and bitter every time the thought or sight of the man who had "been a gentleman once" presented itself.

As they drew near the house, they could see a light in the hall-window. It burned there every night, often late into the small hours. As the latch of the gate clicked, the door opened and Kate came out on the porch, shading the lamp with her hand.

"Is it you, father?" she called, surprised at seeing him home so early.

The ride in the night-air had sobered Benton somewhat, so Winstead felt no uneasiness at letting him go in alone. He paused long enough to help him unsaddle his horse and turn him into the yard, where, he knew, the sagacious animal would speedily find the food placed for him in a corner of the fence. He sat still on his own horse, in the shadow beyond the gate, and watched the tall figure pass unsteadily up the straight walk and ascend the few steps to the wide porch. The daughter held the lamp to light him, and, as he stumbled at the top step, she put out her slim hand to steady him; but there was no kiss, or look of affection, or word of greeting. The heavy hand which Alec laid on the girl's shoulder was placed there for support, not in affection, and had often enough been raised against her.

Winstead sighed impatiently. Then he touched his horse with the spur, and rode on toward his own home.

II.

"KATIE, has your father come?"

"Not yet, grandmother."

"What time is it?"

Kate rose and crossed the room to the mantel, bending down to consult the old timepiece which hung beside it in an embroidered fob.

"It's half-past one, grandmother," she said, quietly. "You need not be uneasy; he often comes home later than this. Lie still, dear, and try and go to sleep. I'll wait up for father, as usual. He can't be long now."

"Poor child!" sighed the grandmother. "It's an ill life for one so young. The days consumed in waiting on a paralytic, the nights in watching for a drunkard. My poor little girl, it's a sad life, a hard life."

"Oh, no, grandmother," responded the girl, quickly; "I have you, and"—her voice softening—"I have George."

"Yes, love, you have George. And he comes of stock untainted by the craving for drink, which has been the curse of the Bentons for generations. That is my comfort. George is clean, and strong, and pure; his love will be a staff, a firm staff, not a miserable reed to break and pierce all who lean on it, like your father. Your life won't be your mother's life, my child. You have a sure refuge waiting for you when I am dead and gone."

"Don't talk so, grandmother; you frighten me. You are not worse; you will live many years yet. What should I do without you?"

"As God wills, my child. Helpless cripple as I am, I could find it in my heart to pray that I may be spared for Alec's sake."

"And not for mine, dear?" The girl's voice had a hurt tone in its patient sweetness.

"My darling, for yours I would gladly go. Why not? You have been tender, loving, and faithful, all these years. When I die, you will have no regret. You have never wrung my heart or caused me bitterness or shame. You can live your life, conscious that an old woman's love and blessing rest on you always—on you and George and the children that the future may bring. My memory will be a pleasant thing to you; but to my own—to Alec—"

The voice broke and the feeble hands on the covering moved restlessly.

The girl came back to her place beside the bed, and, taking one of the hands in hers, rested her cheek against it. In the fireplace, a few logs smoldered, for the night was chill; the subdued glow from it filled the room and caused shadows to hover on wall and ceiling. Down in the window of the hall, a light burned.

"You have only seen the worst of him, Katie," the voice went on: "only the sudden despair of the noontide and evening. The morning-promise is hidden from you. You don't love your father, child. Nay, how can you?—a shame to you from the hour of your birth, a shame to your poor young mother before you. He caused her death at last, and that of her unborn child; and I, his mother, say that—that was the kindest thing he ever did to her. Better to kill her at once, than to go on breaking her heart slowly. You have known all this, my child, and you have never received a loving look nor a fatherly thought from him. You cannot love him; 'twould be impossible that you should. You owe him nothing but duty, for he has given you nothing but existence. But I—I am his mother; and, though a son be fallen, bankrupt in honor and manhood, a mother must still hold to the child for whom she has suffered. You will understand, some day."

Katie turned her soft lips to the hand she held, but did not speak. Her eyes were full of tears, and she knew that her voice would break if she should make the effort.

"He was a noble boy, Katie, when they first laid him in my arms—my man-child, my only son. Find what excuse you can for him. The taint was in his blood. His father, his grandfather, all his sires for generations, had been drinking-men; but not like this. There was liquor on all gentlemen's tables, when I was young; every man drank, in a liberal gentlemanly fashion; but they were not sots. Alec saw it always, and I did not realize the danger until too late. Then, at college, he got in a fast

drinking-set, and was very wild. The ache at my heart began then; he was handsome and convivial, and, each time he came home, I could see a change. Then his father died, and Alec came home to live. How I watched and prayed over him, and how I loved him! He was gay and bonny and high-spirited, a son any mother might be proud of—barring that one thing, the taint that was in his blood.

"When he fell in love with your mother, I thought a star of hope had risen for him. He kept straight for months and months, and strove hard to please her. I loved your mother, and my hopes rose. For a year or two, our life was tolerable, even happy; you were born, and things were well with us. Then the hereditary curse began to work again, and my boy was weak. He fought against it, but more and more feebly. Then two babies were born, only to die; and then came your mother's death. Since then, you know how it has been—drink, drink, drink, to drown remorse and conscience."

"Grandmother, try to sleep, or you will be ill."

"I can't sleep, child, until I know he is safe in his room. I'm frightened for him. Oh, Katie! if God would take him before he sinks lower—if the Heavenly Father would mercifully take him before his mother!"

The voice quivered. But there were no tears in the aged eyes, only a dimness: tears come slowly to the old.

The fire had burned low. Kate rose and renewed it, stirring the coal to a hot blaze. Then she crossed to the window and drew aside the shade. There were no outside shutters to the second story, and she could see the yard, the front-gate, and the stretch of road leading down to the village and the store. It was a bright night. The moonlight fell broad and full, giving distinctness to all surrounding objects. The girl stood gazing out, her thought busy with sad images. Day by day, her grandmother's hold on life, she had seen, loosened. Soon, she would be alone—alone with the man to whom she owed duty in return for existence.

The old lady had fallen into a doze, and the room was still. Katie threw a shawl around her and slipped out of the room. Down in the hall, she paused a moment. The light burned brightly, but she raised the flame a little higher; then she opened the door and went out into the night. A consciousness of impending events, a shadow from out of the infinite, rested on her spirit and oppressed it. Her thought persistently sought her father, and, for the first time within her recollection, she was uneasy about him.

She walked to the gate and leaned on it, gazing down the moonlit road, waiting. What was that? The regular beat of a horse's hoofs, coming nearer and nearer. Her father was coming—but how fast! The horse usually brought his helpless master home slowly, having learned to accommodate his pace to the requirement of his swaying rider; but now he bounded as though driven by whip and spur. The girl's heart contracted with a nameless dread. Had some terrible thing happened? Was this the messenger sent in haste to break the tidings?

On, on came the horse, his hoofs striking the road at the stretch of his long gallop. Soon he bounded into sight—he was riderless.

Kate opened the gate, as the horse paused beside it, and put up her hands to his neck. It was wet with foam and river-water, which dripped from mane and sides. He whinnied and pushed his nose against her shoulder again and again, and then turned to go down the road in the direction from whence he came.

Twisting her hand into the wet mane, Kate sprang into the saddle. Leaning down, she caught the hanging bridle, and the horse sprang forward at a gallop.

Onward and still onward, the girl now white and resolute to know the worst, the horse with long-drawn labored breathing, but a gallant effort to do his best. On, on—past a sleeping homestead, where children dreamed in their little white beds, and cows stood in drowsy groups under the trees: on, on—past rough negro-cabins and a long dark stretch of woods. The sound of the river came to her ears, and a sickening horror knocked at her heart. The road swept out of the woods and took its way beside the stream—which, making a sharp bend, crossed it in a lonely hollow.

The horse, by this time, had fallen into a slow canter, his strength well-nigh spent. At the entrance to the ford, he stopped, and, putting down his head, whinnied long and loud. The girl slipped from the saddle and bent over the bank, peering into the water. But there was nothing in sight.

Mounting again, she tried to urge the horse forward. But he refused, planting his legs firmly and backing. There was something in the water, of which the creature was conscious—something cold and white and still—lying in a pool somewhere, staring up at the sky with open eyes. A nameless presence chilled the girl, and over her came the sure knowledge that the end was here. She knew that her father was dead, drowned in the ill-omened ford, and that the horse had come to tell her. She leaned against

his wet heaving side and tried to think. There was no need for haste now—the worst was over; and, for the rest, she must have help. She would go back—go back to George Winstead, back to the poor old woman whose son was safe at last from danger of a lower fall on this earth. George would know what would be best.

Then the full realization of the horror of it came to her. Dead! Dead in the sullen stream, down under the cold cruel water flowing at her feet. Dead! Gone out of the world alone—brutish, besotted—with no loving eyes to gaze into his, no loving hands to tighten their clasp as death loosened his. Gone forever into the infinite, with every instinct of manhood dulled, every spiritual aspiration well-nigh extinguished. Oh, it was terrible!

Casting herself on her knees with nature's grand instinct of appeal, the girl raised her stricken face and shaking hands and cried aloud in anguish: "Oh, forgive him! forgive him! He did not know—he could not realize. Father in heaven, forgive him—have mercy on him!"

III.

SEASON has followed season, and five years have passed away. The old homestead, formerly so neglected, now blossoms like a rose with care and thrift. In the yard, bright flower-beds contrast gayly with the green of the sward, and, in the corner of the fence, where of old the box of food used to stand for the hungry horse, a little child has been making a garden. There are roses and dahlias, broken short off and stuck into the grass, and a tiny rake and hoe rest beside them. Near by is a doll in a painted wagon.

Kate Benton has been married four years, and to her have come two baby girls, as pledges of the love and peace that reign in the old home. No boys as yet, and in her heart Kate hopes that none will ever come; for with all her soul she dreads the fatal Benton taint. Her husband laughs at her, and affirms that falls like her father's are due quite as much to individual weakness as to hereditary tendency. To him, in his nobleness, in his strength, there is little justification for sin, in the fact that others have

sinned in like manner before one. He is anchored to the rock of individual responsibility.

After the night on which Alec Benton met his death, the hollow and the ford were shunned like an evil thing. The course of the road was altered. The county-court even met in extra session for this purpose. It was made to turn aside from the river lower down, the county going so far in zeal as to span the stream with a rough bridge.

The body had been found, the following day, much farther down, where it had drifted, and had been brought home and laid pitifully beside the broken-hearted wife and the three dead babies in the old family burying-ground. His sins had been many, but, when the grave had closed over Alec Benton, a merciful silence fell, and people tried to give him, as speedily as might be, the only kind thing left, for such as he, in their gift—forgetfulness.

And to the old grandmother came peace. The worst was over, and in this world there would be no lower depth for the son she loved, than the one already sounded. She lingered with them one quiet year, during which, at her earnest wish, Kate was married to George Winstead; and then, in the lovely springtime, when the earth was instinct with life and promise, she entered into rest.

Once only did Mrs. Winstead allude to the evil days now gone forever, and that was to her husband, one evening, shortly after their marriage.

"The thing that hurts me most, about my unhappy father, is that I could not be sorry for his death," she said, regretfully. "Beyond the shock and horror of it, the fear for my grandmother, I felt nothing. Grandmother could sorrow for her son sincerely; but I, who was his child, could not grieve at all. It hurts me. It is so pitiful a thing for a parent to pass away, and the child who owes him existence to be unable to feel a deeper pang for him than for a stranger."

"As men sow, so they must reap and garner sheaves," responded Winstead, slowly. "It is the law, and we must abide by it. Ties of blood can command duty, but only worth and honor can command love."

AN ACROSTIC.

BY FREDERIC LYNN.

MORTAL tongue can ne'er reveal
All the wonders of the soul.
Greatest love we might conceal,

Greatest grief fore'er control,
If the eye could only keep
Each emotion hidden deep.

WHY SHE DID IT.

BY G. E. CHITTENDEN.

AUNT DOROTHY sat by the window, knitting. She sat up very straight, and her needles flew with marvelous rapidity.

"I hate to do it," she was thinking, "but I will. She's a dear girl, and I do believe all she needs is to have her eyes opened. Warning fingers aren't pleasant, I know, but I'll point them for once. There she comes now."

There was the sound of quick steps in the hall, the door opened, and a young girl ran into the room. She was very pretty, in a blonde way. Her friends called her Dotty, Dot, Fairy, and Fay, which airy nicknames suited her wonderfully well. Her name proper was Dorothy, so called for the erect lady by the window. Her blue eyes glanced quickly about the room, then she said:

"Do you know where mother is, auntie?"

"Now for it!" thought Aunt Dorothy, resolutely. "Why do you wish to know?" she asked.

"I want her to loop my dress, and to ask her to make this ribbon up into bows, for this evening. We're going to have such fun, auntie; there's to be a party at the Russels'. and what do you think?" with a little blush and brightening of the eyes. "I'm engaged for three dances already." She did not add that she expected to dance them all with the same partner.

"Hum—you are? Dorothy, can't you make ribbon into bows?"

"Not nearly so well as mother. Where is she, auntie? I must get this dress looped. I promised Sadie I'd run over and help her arrange the flowers."

"I believe," replied Aunt Dorothy, looking steadily into the girl's face, "that your mother is in the kitchen, ironing one of your dresses."

Her voice was peculiar, and Dorothy looked at her, slightly surprised.

"Yes," she answered, "my white muslin for this evening." Then something in her aunt's face made her add: "I'd have done it myself, you know, only I'm so hurried; and mother does those things much better than I."

Aunt Dorothy folded her knitting nervously together. Interfering with the affairs of others was very foreign to her nature, and she was at a loss how to proceed. Her only brother had been the love of her life; and, after his death,

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his wife and children held the first place in her affection. Among them all, Dorothy was her favorite, and the effort she was making was, in a great measure, for the girl's own sake.

"Now's the time, if ever," she thought; "she's thinking a little. Dorothy," she said, "if you were obliged to deny yourself for someone—to work for and help that one—who would it be?"

Dorothy looked at her aunt in increased surprise. How stupid it was to be kept answering nonsensical questions, when every minute was precious! "The one I love best, I suppose," she returned, a little impatiently.

"And who is that?"

She answered, unhesitatingly: "Mother, of course."

Aunt Dorothy rose, and, taking a shawl from a chair near, pinned it over her shoulders.

"I must go," she said, "or I won't be in time to make biscuit; and young Frank Russel—he's studying law, you remember, with Mr. Ives, who lives next door to me—often stops in, on his way home, to have tea with me, and he likes my biscuit. Good-bye, my dear. So you would rather deny yourself, work for, and help your mother than anyone else? I am glad to hear it; for she needs it, if ever a woman did. You'll find her in the kitchen, ironing your dress, or, if that's done, getting tea, or maybe making pies. She said she could not find time for it Saturday, but hoped to this afternoon."

She paused, and, taking up her bonnet, put it on and tied the strings with careful precision. That done to her satisfaction, she turned and looked at Dorothy. There was a bright flush on the girl's fair little face, and her eyes were wide open and startled.

Aunt Dorothy was satisfied.

"Good-bye, my dear," she said again, her sharp voice grown suddenly gentle. "Come to see me when you can; I'm always pleased to have you." She kissed Dorothy hastily on the cheek, and, the next moment, was gone.

Dorothy went slowly toward the kitchen. The door was partly open, and she paused and looked in. Her mother stood by the table, ironing the last ruffle on the white muslin dress, which lay like a heap of snow before her. Dorothy gazed long and searchingly into the bending face. It was pale and thin; there were

tired lines about the patient mouth, and shadows under the sweet eyes. She worked steadily, but with a certain indescribable air of weariness. Surely, surely, she was more tired than usual. She did not always look like that. But why not? When did she ever rest? A quick pang shot through Dorothy's heart.

The slamming of the front door, and a confused murmur of voices, roused her. The children had come home from school.

"Mother! mother! Where are you, mother?" shouted Charlie.

"Mother, I've torn my coat. I want it mended right off, 'cause I—"

Gus was interrupted by Nellie: "Mamma, Gertie Forbes is going to have a picnic, and I want—"

Mother! mother! mother! And mother would be ready, she knew, to satisfy every demand.

The hubbub of voices came nearer, and Dorothy escaped from the dining-room into the parlor, and closed the door. She threw herself on the sofa, and hid her face in her hands. She remained for a long time in the same position, and, when she looked up, her cheeks were wet with tears.

That evening, she went to the party. Squire Russel's place was the handsomest in the village. The beautiful garden was Dorothy's delight. She was sitting out there now, leaning back on a rustic garden-bench. Frank Russel, the partner of those three dances, was beside her. He was a good-looking wide-awake young fellow, who had no idea of spending an idle life just because his father happened to be a rich man.

He had started several subjects of conversation, but Dorothy's usual readiness seemed to have deserted her, and, monosyllabic answers not being encouraging, he had been silent for some time. Finally, he spoke in rather an aggrieved voice:

"I say, Dotty, why don't you speak to a fellow? Of course, 'yes' and 'no' are very good words in their way, but after a time they become monotonous; and now I'd be glad to hear you make some other remark—just for the sake of variety, you know."

Dorothy smiled absently and answered:

"Yes, Frank."

Frank groaned.

"There it is again!" he exclaimed. Then he added kindly: "Aren't you well, Dotty? Seems to me, you look white. Does anything trouble you? I wish you'd tell me what you're thinking about."

"I'm thinking about mother—and myself.

Frank," turning toward him and raising her eyes wistfully to his, "you always thought me rather a nice girl, didn't you, as girls go?"

"Rather—as girls go."

"Well, I'm not. I only found it out to-day: but," sitting erect with sudden energy, "I'm a cruel, wicked, selfish thing! Oh, Frank, I hate myself! I've been thinking, thinking, and I must speak out to someone. Mother is killing herself, working for us all; but it is not the children's fault: it is all mine. I am the oldest, and I should have thought." Her lips quivered, and two big tears rolled unheeded down her cheeks.

The expression in the brown eyes looking at her grew rather tender.

"I think," said Frank, slowly, "that, on the whole, I prefer cruel, wicked, selfish people to others."

Dorothy's smile was a failure.

"Dotty," he said, gently, "why do you feel so terribly about it? Your mother's all right, you know. And, if you want to help her, you can begin now—can't you?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm going to, at once."

"How?" with interest.

"Well, I think I'll do the cooking: that will be quite a weight off her mind. I'm going to get up early, to-morrow, and have breakfast ready when she comes down."

The next day, Dorothy opened her eyes to a new life. The room was filled with the gray morning-light. She dressed hurriedly, and, with stealthy step, descended to the kitchen. How cheerless the usually bright little room appeared!

"Patty can't be up yet," thought Dorothy. Patty was the fourteen-year-old maid-of-all-work. "I wonder if mother has to waken her, every morning?"

She passed through a small passage into a tiny room at the end, where Patty was sleeping the sleep of the just. Rousing her proved to be a work of time; but finally it was accomplished, and Dorothy returned to her labor.

"I'll leave the fire for Patty," she thought, "because of course she knows just how to build it. What shall I have for breakfast? Let me see—here's something in a covered dish. Oh! potatoes, cut up ready for frying; that will be easy. And eggs—I'll scramble them; the boys like them that way best."

Here Patty appeared, yawning and rubbing her eyes, which opened in round astonishment when they beheld Dorothy.

"I thinked missus looked kinder cur'us when she woke me up, this mornin'," she remarked.

"Now, build the fire, Patty," said Dorothy.

"Yes'm. Missus mostly does that, 'cause I wastes so much kindlin'."

"Builds the fire? Mother?"

"Yes, miss, she do; 'cause I—"

"Well, you build it, this morning—you can, I suppose. Now, let me see—you fry potatoes in butter, I think. I know just how to do that, for I've seen mother grease the griddle for griddle-cakes." Taking a small piece of butter, she rubbed it carefully over the surface of the griddle and deposited the potatoes thereupon, to have them ready. "And toast—I'll have toast. Patty, that fire's going well enough now. Where's the bread?"

Patty, walking backward, so as not to lose the slightest movement of Dorothy, whose proceeding she watched with the liveliest interest, brought the bread, which Dorothy proceeded to cut.

"That ain't no way to cut bread," remarked Patty: "you'd oughter turn the knife t'other way."

The blade, at that moment entering one of Dorothy's fingers, proved the truth of Patty's observation. But she was too much in earnest to be daunted by slight discouragement, and, presently, a small pile of uneven slices lay before her.

"They look horrid, that way—thick at one end and thin at the other," she thought, her cheeks beginning to grow rather hot; "but, if they're toasted nicely, maybe it won't matter. Now, Patty, get me something to cook the eggs in. We must hurry, or mother'll be down. Put the potatoes on, while I make the toast and brook the eggs. Mercy! there goes some of the shell in. Why, they're beginning to cook already! Oh, they're burning! they're burning! Patty, bring me a spoon—quick—to stir them! But what makes the potatoes smoke so? Ought they to smoke?"

"No, they ortent. You didn't put enough grease in, nobow. Why don't missus get break-fus'? Is she sick?"

"No. I'm always going to do the cooking, after— Oh, the toast is blazing! These eggs are stuck fast! The potatoes are burned! What shall I do?"

Mrs. Maynard awoke with a confused idea that the house was on fire. Yes, there certainly was smoke in the room. Springing out of bed, she hastily thrust her feet into slippers, and, throwing on a wrapper, ran into the hall. There, the smoke was more dense, and a strong odor of burning prevailed; and, surely, there were voices somewhere.

She paused an instant; then, going quickly downstairs, she threw open the kitchen-door. For a moment, the smoke blinded her; then she saw Patty running wildly about, flourishing a long iron spoon; and by the stove, with crimson cheeks, a cut on one hand, a burn on the back of the other, and spots of smut and grease all over the front of her pretty morning-dress, stood Dorothy, trying to lift a griddle, filled with some smoking mass, off the fire.

"Why, Dorothy!" cried her mother.

Dorothy dropped the griddle upon the floor with a crash, and, throwing herself into a chair, burst into tears of disappointment and discouragement.

Mrs. Maynard ran to her in alarm. "Dorothy, what is the matter?" she exclaimed. "What were you doing, child?"

"Oh, mother," she sobbed, "I'm a stupid, stupid goose! I thought I'd help you, and get breakfast; but I've only spoiled every single thing, and made a dreadful muss."

Mrs. Maynard laid her cool hand on the girl's hot forehead.

"Getting breakfast to help me, were you, dearie?" she said, with an irresistible smile, as she glanced at the ruin scattered about. "It was a kind thought; but one cannot learn to cook, all in a minute. Don't feel distressed—there's no harm done."

Dorothy took the comforting hand in hers, and pressed it lovingly against her burning cheek.

She left the cooking alone, after that. She found there were many other ways in which she could be a help and comfort.

"Mother," she said, one day, after she had for some time been watching her loosen the earth about some plants which stood in the parlor-window, "why don't you give up keeping flowers? They seem to me an unnecessary trouble."

"They don't seem so to me, dear," her mother answered, gently. "We cannot have our home elegant, but we can have it bright and homelike; and I think plants help very much."

"Yes," said Dorothy, "that is true. I would like to learn to take care of them, mother. Will you teach me?"

And so, gradually, the plants fell entirely under her charge, and thrived very well, too. She helped Patty with sweeping, dusting, and arranging the rooms; she attacked the ever-full mending-basket, and coaxed the children to allow her to explain difficult lessons. There were many drawbacks and discouragements, but "For mother's sake" was her watchword; and, as she watched the dear face day by day, she

rejoiced to see the weary look gradually disappear, and the shadows under the eyes grew less apparent.

Nellie, who in her heart considered her elder sister perfection, was quick to follow her example; and the boys, almost unconsciously, grew to be more heedful of mother's comfort.

Mrs. Maynard wondered at the change. She found the loving care of her eldest daughter very sweet, and grew to depend on her more and more. Her mother-eyes saw quickly when Dorothy was tired, and she insisted on her going out, as usual, in the afternoon. Dorothy always went, and came home bright and full of fun.

So the weeks and months passed away. On looking back, Dorothy wondered where the time had flown. She thought this last summer had been the happiest she had ever known.

One morning, on entering the dining-room, Mrs. Maynard was greeted with a chorus of:

"Happy birthday, mother!"

"Mother, did you forget it is your birthday?"

"See what I have for you, mamma; and I made it all myself."

"Mother," said Dorothy, as soon as she could be heard, "auntie was here yesterday, when you were out, and she wants us to celebrate your birthday by taking dinner with her."

"That's all right," remarked Charlie, "auntie's dinners are not to be despised. Good thing it's Saturday, so we can all go."

"Yes, that's what she said," continued Dorothy. "I'm going over, this morning, mother. Auntie wants me to arrange some flowers for the table. I thought I'd go early; for there might be other little things I could do."

"Miss Maynard," said Frank Russel, coming into the spinster's parlor a little before two o'clock that afternoon, "mother, father, and Sadie have gone to the city to-day, and I want to have dinner with you. May I?"

"Certainly," answered Aunt Dorothy, with whom the young man was a great favorite. She looked up with a twinkle in her eyes as she said it, and they both laughed.

"There they come now," said Frank, going to the window, "and Dotty—bless her—is running out to meet them."

"Dinner is ready," announced Aunt Dorothy, as soon as wraps were removed and kissing and handshaking over.

Aunt Dorothy's dinners were always a pleasure, for she had a genius for cooking, and to-day everything seemed exceptionally good.

"Well," remarked Charlie, leaning back and sipping his coffee—dinner being a thing of the

past—"I think we all owe you a vote of thanks, auntie, for what, without exaggeration, may be called a tiptop dinner."

"Hear! hear!" murmured Frank.

"Yes, auntie, it was splendid, 'specially the pudding," said Nellie.

"The pie, I say," put in Gus.

Mrs. Maynard laughingly shook her head at the children. "Auntie is very kind," she said.

"Well," observed Aunt Dorothy, complacently, "thanks are always agreeable, of course. I'm glad you all enjoyed your dinner, only—I did not cook it."

"What?"

"Who did?"

"It cooked itself, I suppose."

"Why, what do you mean?"

They all spoke but Dorothy and Frank. Her cheeks were flushed, and her dancing eyes were hidden by their long lashes. His eyes were on her face, and their expression was half laughing and wholly tender.

"I mean just what I say," answered Aunt Dorothy, with quiet enjoyment; "I did not cook the dinner we have just eaten—no, nor did I help one mite. If you want to know who did make everything, from soup to dessert, look around the table, and see if you can guess."

They all obeyed, and each pair of eyes stopped at the young girl's telltale face.

"Dorothy?" asked Charlie, doubtfully.

"Yes—Dorothy," answered Aunt Dorothy; "she's been learning since midsummer. 'Most every afternoon she's been here, and I've taught her how to cook; and I'm not ashamed of my pupil, either."

They were silent for a moment from surprise, then Gus cried out:

"Well, if that don't beat everything! What-ever made you think of it, Dot?"

Dorothy, whose place was beside her mother, slipped her hand into hers, whispering:

"I can help you get breakfast now, mother dear."

"My child!" she exclaimed, her voice a little tremulous. "And I thought you were resting and enjoying yourself of an afternoon."

"So I was," Dorothy answered, with a sudden laugh; "I never had more fun in my life. Auntie's the one to be pitied."

"Nobody praises me," said Frank, in an abused voice. "I knew about it all the time, and helped like a good fellow. Dottie did not want me in the kitchen at first—said she would not have me at any price; but I'm not easily put down, and she soon found that, for beating eggs, grinding spices, and such like necessary

and useful employment, there are not many my equals. Eh, Dotty?"

Dorothy smiled up at him and blushed prettily, but did not speak.

"Didn't you long to tell?" demanded Nellie, finding voice at last.

"Yes, I did; but I wanted to wait till I had something worth telling; and then, auntie thought it would be a nice surprise for mother's birthday."

"But why did you do it?" repeated Gus, whose curiosity was not yet satisfied.

Aunt Dorothy answered: "For what seems to me a most excellent reason; she did it for her mother's sake."

Mrs. Maynard pressed the little hand that rested in hers; Gus looked at Dorothy with a new respect; Nellie regarded her with a species of awe; and there was a suspicious gleam in Charlie's eyes as he rose to his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, in true oratorical style, "I wish to propose a toast, which we will drink in this delicious coffee—it may, perhaps, be a trifle cold by now, but no matter. I drink to my accomplished sister Dotty—let us be respectful on this auspicious occasion—Dorothy—and I wish to state that I solemnly

promise to show, by assisting at the rapid disappearance thereof, that whatever good things she may choose to concoct—isn't that the word?—will be thoroughly appreciated by one member of her family, at least. Good cooking, ladies and gentlemen, adds much to the happiness of man, not to mention boy, for:

'We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.'

So three cheers for Dorothy, the best little keeper of a secret in Christendom, and the queen of cooks. Long may she reign!" And, amid a laughing chorus of "Hear! hear!" and a clapping of hands, Charlie sat down, well satisfied with the effect of his maiden speech.

That evening, as he walked home with her in the starlight, Frank asked Dorothy a question.

"Yes," she answered, clasping both hands about his arm in a pretty caressing way, "some day; but not for a long time, Frank. Mother"—with a happy smile—"would miss me now, you know. So we will wait; won't we, dear?"

"How good you are!" he exclaimed, kissing the little face upraised to his. "Yes, I can wait, my darling, now I know you are mine."

DOROTHY.

BY MINNA IRVING.

He dreamed of the fan in her fingers
And worshiped her tullest curl:
He was Robert, the son of the rector,
She was Dorothy, niece of the earl.
He came, as she stood in the sunlight—
So fair, and so cold, and so sweet—
And lifted his heart as a goblet
And poured out its wine at her feet.

She made to his folly no answer,
Save looks of surprise and disdain,
And swept through the velvet-draped portal
And left him alone in his pain.
He passed from her threshold forever—
And lo! as he went, on the stair,
He found a white virginal rosebud
That Dorothy dropped from her hair.

From the roll and the roar of the cannon,
Where the waves of the battle ran high,
To the white-curtained bed of a cottage,
They brought a young soldier to die.
Oh! deep in his breast was the bullet;
But the hurt in his heart was more deep,
And, ever on Dorothy calling,
He fell, at the twilight, asleep.

Under the shade of the sacred
Dark cedar, they laid him to rest.
A comrade, in kneeling beside him,
Discovered a flower on his breast;
It was soaked with his life's richest crimson,
No longer of purity rare,
But scentless and dead: 'twas the rosebud
That Dorothy dropped from her hair.

As far from the grave by the cedar,
While the snowflakes were falling without,
A battle-scarred leader was telling
Of the fight and the foe put to rout;
He spoke of the sweep of the sabres,
Of the rain of the pitiless lead;
And he showed them the blood-brightened blossom
That he found on the breast of the dead.

The niece of the earl, as she listened,
Had lost all her delicate bloom;
And now she had fainted and fallen,
And they carried her out of the room.
The eyes of his hearers were misty,
And the heart of the flower was laid bare:
For it crumbled to dust in his fingers,
The rosebud from Dorothy's hair.

DEFEATED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CHAPTER I.

THE Odells, a Philadelphia family, in their research for a cheap and picturesque summering-place, discovered, several years ago, the village of Tycho, an airy sunny town, dropped on the side of one of the highest mountains of the Alleghanies. The scenery was fine, the air pure, the fare at the little inn good. For the rest, the Odells were people who gave themselves up to the present moment, and made the best of it.

When the minister's wife hesitated about introducing the village-seamstress to them as a social equal, Mrs. Odell cried, with a wave of her white ringed hands: "Oh, introduce them all my dear: I want to know everybody."

Nothing could be more genial or familiar than the bearing of the whole family, to the Tychoites. They were as intimate with old Job, the blacksmith, as with the doctor and his wife. They had the habit of running in to dinner or to tea to a dozen houses, and, as it was confidently reported that they "dwelt in marble halls" at home, their affability won universal admiration. Job and the doctor each expected, when next they went to Philadelphia, to run for an odd meal familiarly into the "marble halls," in their turn.

The Odells, however, were most frequently to be seen at the large many-galleried house at the end of the village-street where the Barbours lived. There was a tennis-court there, and a wide lawn with hammocks swung under the great trees, and a delightful old orchard. Mrs. Barbour, too, was a famous housewife, and had a way of surprising one with delicious luncheon or tea at unexpected hours. Her cupboards were full of delicate cakes and toothsome jellies and cordials and savory cold-meat. The Odell girls, in their gay saucy way, used to storm these magazines of good things, much to Mrs. Barbour's delight. She was a generous and hospitable young woman, and, at the same time, was quite alive to the advantage which lay in the friendship of these city-folk.

"We are so shut in and hampered here," she said to her husband; "it is such a help to talk to someone who knows about books and music and things in the world."

"The Odells impress me as shallow people,

who know nothing of books or music beyond the magazines and comic opera. There are real scholars and musicians in Tycho."

"Oh, I know. But there is an airy touch-and-go manner about them that we have not. Ned, I was thinking, if they would ask Susy up, next winter, what a good thing it would be for her."

"Nonsense. Susy is happy as she is. I think she and Ben are coming to an understanding. Ben is pure gold."

"With a good deal of earth sticking on it. Well, Ben is your friend and Susy is your sister. If she were mine, I should not be willing to see her marry a rough farmer, with not an idea beyond his cows and crop."

Ned laughed. The town-leaven, he saw, was at work in his wife's healthy brain. But he was a reticent easy-going fellow, and made no comment.

Ned Barbour was editor of the "Tycho Banner," which, as everybody in the village believed, had a national reputation. Had not the great New York dailies copied some of Barbour's jokes, and alluded to it as "our sprightly little contemporary"?

The "Banner" paid well. Ned wrote most of the editorial page, attended to the advertising-business, overlooked the job-printing, and even directed and mailed the papers when the other man or the boy was driven too hard. Besides, he had rented a farm, which he worked with a fair profit.

Mrs. Odell, when Mrs. Barbour called to drive her out, that afternoon, scanned the comfortable carriage and plump Dolly the mare, and said with a sudden burst of frankness:

"I really cannot understand, my dear Mrs. Barbour, why people of means and refined taste, like yourself, should be willing to be buried in this sleepy village. A delightful place—but but asleep, you know."

"We are not people of means," said Mrs. Barbour, with her usual blunt honesty. She was startled. In Tycho, it was considered ill-bred to allude to the pecuniary affairs of one's neighbor. But a fashionable leader like Mrs. Odell must be right. "We have but small means," she repeated. "Our income is not over two thousand a year."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Odell, recalling the large house, carriage, etc., etc. Then, checking herself, she said hastily: "A man with Mr. Barbour's talent would command six times that sum, in town. He is simply effacing himself here."

That evening, Ben Ellicott came to drive Susy out. Chaperones had never been heard of, in Tycho. Some of the happiest hours in Ben's life had been spent in the old buggy, with Susy nestled beside him—driving through the shady lanes, expounding to her his system of rotation in crops contrasted with those of Squire Mills or the Fergusons. Sometimes, Susy was all zeal and enthusiasm for his method; sometimes, she almost yawned in his face. She was an innocent affectionate little creature; but her mind, like a clear mirror, reflected the opinion of the last person before it. Poor Ben never saw this key to her character; and, when he was driven wild by her sudden change of mood, regarded her nature as too profound for him to understand.

She did not care to hear of oats or barley to-night, but interrupted him with:

"Dear Mrs. Odell has been talking to Winny about our moving to the city. Why don't you move to the city, Mr. Ellicott? You could succeed at the law, or a store, or—something. One grows so tired of everlasting corn and oats, and oats and corn, or disputes about Jerseys and Holsteins."

"I am sorry I have bored you, Miss Barbour," said Ben, hotly. At the next cross-road, he turned the horse homeward. When they reached the Barbour house, Ned was lounging at the gate, and waved his hat in welcome.

"You're coming in, Ben?"

Ben's wrath had abated by this time. He wanted to go in. Had he not been at work since long before day, to make time for this long delicious evening with Susy?

He glanced wistfully at her as he lifted her out of the buggy.

"Well, I don't know, Ned," he hesitated.

But there was no smile of welcome on Susy's lovely face. It had the wild-rose cheeks and blue eyes of a doll, and was almost as unmeaning.

"Are the Odell girls here for tea, Ned? Oh, the darlings! Not coming in, Mr. Ellicott? Good-evening."

"No; I'll go home, Ned. I can't make fight against the Odells," said Ben, with a bitter laugh, as he gathered up the reins and drove away.

Mr. Barbour whistled under his breath as he walked up and down the path—his habit when

irritated. He saw quite clearly that Susy was a weak little fool, who was being led away by the far-off glimpse of town-glory. Winny, too, with all her sound sense, was influenced by it. How absurd it all was! He could hardly be civil to the Odells, when he went in. How could women be so weak?

Mrs. Odell, who saw that the man of the house was out of humor, brought her guns to bear upon him: talked of this and that New York editor who had been a poor boy in the West, and hinted to him that nothing but sheer blindness could hinder him from seeing the brilliant career open to him in a city, and the waste of his talent in Tycho.

That night, in a shamefaced hesitating way, unknown to his wife, Ned wrote a letter to a friend who was editor of a Philadelphia paper. "It can do no harm to keep up old friendship," he thought, apologetically, to himself.

CHAPTER II.

THIS was in June. One day, in December, the Odell girls returned from a morning's shopping in a little flutter of alarm.

"Whom do you suppose we met at Homer's, mamma? That Mrs. Barbour and Susy! In the most inconceivable bonnets and cloaks, plumes and bugles, and Rhine-stones in their ears. They have moved to Philadelphia. They are living down in Southwark, in some impossible place, and they gushed wildly over us. Didn't know our number, or would have been here long ago. We 'must come right away.' Now, what is to be done?"

"Nothing. We can leave cards."

"It's your fault, mamma. You persuaded them they were wasted in Tycho."

"My dear, one must be civil. How could I suppose they were idiots?"

Mrs. Odell called, and was very gracious. But she was unfortunately not at home whenever Winny and Susy called, which they did several times. One week after another passed, and no invitation had as yet been received from her. Mrs. Barbour one day read in the society-column of the morning paper that "Mrs. Odell's teas, during December, had been the most brilliant of the season."

"And she did not ask us to one of them, Susy!" she said, the angry tears in her eyes. "I will let the Odells see that I do not need them to help me to make my way in society here."

But this defiance, she felt, was a vain beating of the air. She had been in the city but two months, and she already felt that she was worsted in the fight.

Ned Barbour had secured an inferior position on one of the daily papers. His salary amounted to but little more than his income at Tycho. "But it is sure to increase rapidly as I rise," he said to his wife. "The rates of living in town are higher. We must draw the lines pretty close for a year or two. It will be all right when my salary increases."

"Clothing is cheaper. We shall not find such a difference, after all," she replied.

This was before they moved. When she came up to town and saw the little five-roomed house in a narrow street, which was provided for her, she stood on the threshold, white with chagrin and disappointment.

"It is all we can do, Winny," said Ned, with a brief statement of the cost of rent, provisions, etc.

"And a carriage and horse?"

Ned laughed. "You must take to the street-cars—and not use them too liberally, either. You forget, Winny, that the prices of living were almost nominal in Tycho."

Mrs. Barbour was, at bottom, a woman of sense. She accepted the change with, at least, a cheerful face. "It will only be for a little while. We can make any sacrifice to give you and the children the chance to rise, Ned," she said.

But the chance to rise did not appear immediately in Ned's horizon. He was unused to night-work, unused to the rapid sharp methods of city editors, and, worse than all, unused to subjection. No more leisurely gossip with his cronies over a pipe in his office. "They order me here and there, as if I were a hodcarrier. Half that I write is killed as useless," he said to Susy. Susy cried a little, out of pity. Her tears lay very near the surface, nowadays. Her own fate, she felt, was in the balance.

She had avoided Ben, before they left Tycho, with a good deal of skill. The poor blundering fellow had forgotten her snubs, and, maddened at the thought of losing her, threw himself in her way incessantly. Susy was a kind-hearted girl, and, it may be, had at the bottom of her heart a feeling which made her shrink from giving Ben pain.

"He shall not come to the point of proposing to me," she told Winny.

"You'll never be rid of him until he does. He's very much in earnest. How the Odells used to laugh at him following you! The ox in love, they called him."

"It was excessively impertinent in them," cried Susy, turning scarlet.

She managed, however, to escape Ben, and came up to town without dealing him the mortal

blow she dreaded. After she had been in Philadelphia for a month or two, and had studied the appearance of the young men promenading Walnut Street, she began to feel that honest Ben, with his ill-fitting clothes and talk of crops and cows, was a fair subject for the ridicule of the Odells.

Susy was perhaps the most wretched of the family in their changed life. She was not used to live without admiration; she was one of the typical vine-women who so adorn and comfort the oak when clinging to it. But, when there is no oak, and the vine trails in the mud, it is a dead weight to itself and the world.

She helped Mrs. Barbour to cook the meals—for they kept but one inefficient maid-of-all-work—to sweep, iron the fine clothes, and sew. But she escaped now and then, put on her one pretty dress, and, coming up to Chestnut Street, walked up and down for an hour, envying the pretty girls with their escorts, with bitterness of soul. They were no prettier than she. Why should the men flutter about them like bees about pinks? Sometimes Winny turned her back on kitchen and sewing-machine and joined her. She was almost savage in her bitterness.

"We came here for society, and when are we likely to find it? I have not spoken to a soul for months, but the baker and milkman. These people all are intimate together; why should they not take us in, Susy?"

"Don't be unreasonable, girls," Ned said to them. "We have no introduction. We have neither money nor great ability of any sort to attract notice. Don't be foolish."

"We were the first people in Tycho," said his wife, hotly.

"Yes," Ned assented, with a shrug.

"And here we shall be left completely alone," said Winifred, "unless we visit the butcher and the baker."

The Barbours had taken a pew in a neighboring church. Winny joined the Dorcas society, and chatted pleasantly to two ladies who sat beside her. Meeting her on the street next day, they passed her without a look. She never went back to the society again.

CHAPTER III.

Soon after this, Ned gave Susy a ticket to an exhibition of English water-colors at the Academy of Fine Arts. She was in the hall which is filled with statuary, when Miss Odell came up with a thin fashionably-dressed young man, wearing glasses. She nodded dryly to Susy and swept by, pausing before a flying Mercury. Susy, following them with eager eyes, knew that

the man asked: "Who is that?" He looked across the Mercury, scanning her critically, and she distinctly heard him say: "A sweetbriar blossom of a face!" The face turned from shell-pink to crimson. Was a gentleman admiring her at last? Like Cleopatra's hungry shade in Hades, it "was long since she had seen a man." The old glow of conquest flamed up in her little heart. The young man, however, sauntered on, joining another group, and Miss Odell turned to Susy.

"That is Mr. Volney. Dear me, did you never hear of Willy Volney? A millionaire many times over, and so frightfully fast! The men of his set keep the town in talk with their dreadful scrapes. Oh, here he comes again!" Miss Odell was fluttered by the triumph of being seen attended by the noted "plunger," and blushed and bridled as he lounged up with: "Most remarkable thing of Whistler's in the next room. May I not be introduced to your friend? I wish you both to see it."

Miss Odell knew, and Susy knew, and Mr. Volney was willing that they should know that it was the sweet-briar face, and not Whistler's "Harmony in Yellow," that had brought him back. The introduction was given, and for five ecstatic moments he was by her side, while a hundred curious eyes were fixed on "the pretty girl that Volney had picked up."

Then he left them. Miss Odell brusquely nodded good-bye to her and hurried away—"as if I had the leprosy," the girl said to Winny when she came home.

As she passed out of the academy in the crowd, Mr. Volney—accidentally, as it seemed—met her again, and walked with her a few steps, during which time he managed to find out where she lived. A few days later, as she was ploughing her way along Fitzwater Street through the snow, he dashed past in a little sleigh, gay with red plumes and drawn by black ponies. In an instant, it was turned and beside the curbstone.

"Miss Barbour, you must allow me to rescue you and take you home. There is a blizzard coming that will sweep you away."

Susy had been used to drive alone with Ben. It was the most natural and delightful thing in the world to be tucked into the tiger-skins and whirled through the streets, for Mr. Volney forgot the blizzard, and did not take her home for an hour. His pale eyes rested on her face with a look that drove the blood to her heart. True, his teeth were black and his breath foul; but, in the glory of being worshiped by a millionaire, what are teeth and the scent of rum and tobacco?

He left her, at last, at the door, and she rushed breathless into the house.

"Run, Winny, and you can see him! Such a fur-lined coat; and his hands are as white as a baby's, with a great emerald set in pearls on one finger. And he thinks the Odells vulgar. Think of that! They belong to a third-rate set, he says. And he is coming to call."

"Here?" said Winny.

"Oh, he won't mind that. He is above all such considerations. I suppose he would think the same of me, if I were in the almshouse."

Winny wore her one silk dress and kept the children out of sight for a fortnight. No effort was too great to accomplish this triumph that her prophetic heart foretold. Susy a reigning queen of fashion! Ned backed by his brother's millions, the Odells begging for admission to her balls, and begging in vain.

Mr. Volney did not call, however; but he met Susy whenever she went out. He frequently came, he told her, to that part of the city, on legal business. He came, at last, to take her out sleighing, which attention seemed quite proper to the Barbours, who were used to country-freedom. He came into the little parlor, was very complimentary to Winny, joked with the children, and won the homage of the whole family.

It was nearly dark when they returned. Winny followed Susy into her own room. The girl's face was pale and strained.

"Has he spoken yet, dear?" said the elder woman, eagerly.

"No, no. But he means to—he must mean to." She untied her bonnet with shaking fingers.

"What is it, Susy?"

"He tells me constantly how lovely I am, and how happy he is with me. And oh, Winny, he kissed me! And—I hate him! Ben never dared, much as he loved me," throwing herself down with a burst of tears.

"Ben indeed! I suppose Ben is feeding the stock now. And he'll come in to a big supper, and sit down and pore over the county-paper."

"He's ten times the gentleman that this creature is, even in his barnyard-boots. And I'd en-enjoy the big supper," sobbed Susy.

"I suppose Mr. Volney is going to some great ball, about this time," continued the shrewd Winifred: "dancing with some of those ladies in pink and blue satin and diamonds, that we read of in the society-column."

"He doesn't care for one of them!" Susy sat up, her cheeks burning. "He says I am a queen beside them. He wants to take me among

them, that they may 'wither away like ghosts before the dawn.' He is so ridiculous!" with a delighted giggle.

"Oh, is that the way he talks? He certainly will bring the engagement-ring, next time."

"I have not said I would wear it yet," said Susy, with a toss of her curly head.

"His livery is green and silver," pursued Mrs. Barbour. "I think I see you in your carriage, Sue, with black horses, and the footmen—Great heaven! who is that?" For Ned's voice was heard in the hall below with another, whose deep bass they both recognized. "It is Ben. He has come to bring you to the point. Oh, if you were only engaged to Mr. Volney."

"But I am not."

"Don't go down. I'll say you're tired. I'll arrange it."

"But I don't want it arranged," said Susy, pettishly. She was already at the glass, patting and pulling the soft curls about her face, her eyes kindling. The lisping mild-eyed beauty was as eager for her prey as any beagle on the chase. "I'll see Mr. Ellicott."

"But remember you are in a totally different position from that you held in Tycho."

"Oh, quite!" And so, preening and bridling like a pouter-pigeon, she came down the stairs.

CHAPTER IV.

BUT Ben and Ned were closeted in the little parlor, with the door shut. The young farmer, on entering the house, had stopped involuntarily, in dismay.

"Close quarters, Ned."

"That's not the worst of it. Winny does the work of a scullion; the children play with the scavengers of the street; and, work as I may, I am plunging deeper in debt every week. Don't let Winny know that." And then he shut the door. "Thank God, I have a friend to talk to at last. I came here, Ben, as you know, hoping to make some reputation and a fortune. We have not been able to live on my salary, and, to-day, it is cut down one-third."

"Why is that, Ned?"

"I am an old fogey. I don't know town-methods."

The two men drew their chairs to the stove and fell into a whispered consultation. Susy, for the time, was forgotten. They had been close to each other as brothers since boyhood. Ben was a shrewd man of business, and, in the stress of this difficulty of his friend, he put his love completely out of his head—as men can do, but women never.

"I shall never make my way here," said Ned. "The push and drive, which are life to the other men in the office, bewilder me. I was mad, to come. Worst of all, Ben, Winny and Sue are possessed with the fever to be fashionable, to push their way into gay society. Winny has had some hard rebuffs, but she is not yet driven back. She drudges for days in the kitchen, and then puts on her finery and goes up to parade Chestnut Street. She begins to see that her finery, her manner, her pronunciation are not just 'the thing.' It hurts. If there is any wretch more miserable than a poor woman trying to be fashionable, I don't know it. Sue is worse even than Winny."

"Ah?" Ben roused himself with a start. He had been trying, in vain, to devise some chance of relief for Ned. "So Susy wants to be a leader of fashion—eh?"

"There's a young fellow—Volney, a millionaire many times—who is taken with her. He is very attentive. I don't know how it will end." Now, Ned's intention was to quicken Ben to prompt action in his wooing. But he mistook his man: Ben rose and straightened himself, but asked no questions. He was not minded to find out Susy's feeling in the matter, even through her brother.

"If she's to be bought by his millions, she's not the wife for Ben Ellicott," he said to himself. "I'll keep my eyes open."

He promptly brought up the business-question again; and, when Winny called them to supper, they were still whispering anxiously together. Susy, bent on a flirtation, received him with divers airy tosses and chilly dignity, intended to provoke his jealousy. But Ben, though honestly in love, had a good share of hard sense. If he watched her pretty vagaries with a beating heart, his eye was cool and wary. How different was this meal from the gay plentiful suppers in the sunny dining-room at Tycho! Ned was gloomily silent, and his wife could not hide her irritation that Ben should see the squalor of their surrounding.

The slovenly "help" brought in a package and note which had been left at the door for Susy. She looked at them, blushed hotly, and, muttering an apology, ran up to her own room, whither Winny soon followed her.

"It is from Mr. Volney? He has spoken at last?" cried that impatient matron.

"N—no. He asks me to go out in his sleigh again to-morrow evening. He says we will have supper in a cozy inn on the Wissahickon."

"You shall not go! I do not believe girls in town drive about with young men after night. I'll ask Ned."

"Oh, he must care for me! He calls me 'my darling,' and he sends me this," holding out in her trembling hand a box containing a blazing diamond-pin.

"Oh-h! it's real," cried Winny, in an ecstasy.

"I don't care for it! I—I wish Ben had diamonds to give me!" and Susy's ever-ready tears began to flow.

She soon followed Winifred downstairs, however, with perfectly dry eyes, and treated Ben with a hauteur new to her. The blaze of the diamond gave her strength, though it was hidden under her scarf.

During the evening, she went into the little parlor for her work. Ben deliberately followed her. Mrs. Barbour rose anxiously.

"Sit down," said Ned, sternly. "Let her decide for herself."

"She always decides for the man who is present," said his wife. She glanced from time to time over her needle at Susy, who stood by the table, looking unsteadily up at the resolute kindly face of the man before her. Their voices were inaudible.

Presently Ben turned and came out quickly. Ned, seeing his face, rose and held out his hand. Winny's heart throbbed with triumph. "It is the diamond that has done it!" she thought.

"I will go back to Tycho to-night, Ned," the young man said, quietly. "I shall not come again. What I can do for you, I will."

"Susy—?" hesitated her brother.

"Susy tells me that she considers herself almost engaged to Mr. Volney. I have lost the game," with a bitter laugh.

Ned wrung his hand in silence.

"There goes the happiness of your life," he said, as the door closed behind the stout figure. Susy only cried, as usual, for answer. When she reached her own room, she tore out the diamond and dashed it on the floor, and crept to bed in an agony of remorse.

CHAPTER V.

AT noon of the next day, however, she was to be seen in high spirits on Chestnut Street, attended by Mrs. Barbour. The two ladies wore their plumed hats and beaded wraps. Susy had placed the diamond in full view. They met Ned.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife. "You look the image of woe."

He made no answer, but, turning, walked with them. Winny felt a dead weight fall on her heart, but she shook it off. No doubt Ned was in debt. But, with Susy the wife of a prince of money, what did that matter?

Both ladies made a sudden pause.

"There is Mr. Volney, Ned, coming toward us with two ladies! What distinguished-looking women! Be sure to bow, dear," preparing her own most fascinating smile. Susy, too, quivered and fluttered. He would see his pin! He would present her to his friends, with pride and triumph in her. Now was the time to see them "fade away like ghosts before the rosy dawn."

As Volney approached, something in Susy's expectant air attracted the curious regard of his companions. A slight heat passed over his features, then, looking her deliberately full in the face, he passed her without a sign of recognition.

Ned, who had lifted his hat, muttered an oath. Susy stopped, deadly pale; but Mrs. Barbour dragged them on. She was a shrewd little woman, always equal to the emergency of the moment. She stopped a street-car. None of them spoke until they were again in their own house.

"Take off that diamond," she said, sharply; "we have been two fools! I understand him now!"

"I will take it back," said her husband, quietly. "He will not trouble you again, Susy."

The women never dared to ask what followed. Volney disappeared from Philadelphia that day, and did not return for a couple of months. When Barbour returned home, he was pale and silent, as he always was when greatly excited.

During the evening, he told his wife that he had been discharged from the "Beacon." It was quite just, he made haste to say. "I am not fit for the place. I can edit a country-paper, but I am too old a dog to learn the tricks of town."

"What will you do?"

"I don't know. Anything to keep us from starving."

Ned tried a good many things that winter. He was a bookkeeper, a drummer, a street-car driver. At home, the fire burned low. The "help" was discharged. Winny and Sue took in sewing when it could be had.

The first of March found them with thinner pinched faces, which told of the winter's hardship. "The only reason that we should welcome spring is that we will need less coal," said Winny, as they gathered about the breakfast-table.

"I reckon the lot back of our house in Tycho is ploughed by now," said one of the boys.

No one answered.

"What is wrong, Ned, you don't drink your coffee?" asked Winny. "What is in the paper to worry you?"

"The old story. Forty hands are to be discharged by the company this week. The new men go first. I am a new man."

Susy began to cry. "I believe there is a conspiracy against you, brother!" she sobbed.

"Nonsense! work of all kinds is slack in town this year."

Even the children ate their bread and molasses in silence, after that. Before they had finished, the doorbell rang. Jack ran out and brought back a letter, which he gave to his father. Ned opened it indifferently, and glanced at the few lines written in big black characters, then got up with a choking sound.

"Winny, it is from Ben! Leighton, who took my place on the 'Banner,' is going to New York, to seek his fortune. They want me back, on the same old salary. Our house is vacant still. Ben says, if I choose to rent the farm again on the same terms, he will bring Swift round to consider it. What—what d'y'e say, old woman?"

But the "old woman," who had borne suffering and hunger all winter with a cheerful face, was crying, with her head on Jack's neck.

"We're going home! home!" roared that young gentleman, with a shout that deafened himself.

"Ben says I must report for duty by Monday."

"We'll pack to-day and go to-morrow," cried Winny, starting up.

When they were at work that morning, Susy said energetically: "I shall be so thankful to be out of the town, from those Odells and their fashionable airs! I always did despise fashion! And you know, Winny, I always hated that Volney."

"Do you think that there is any hope that Ben will forgive her?" Mrs. Barbour asked her husband, when they were alone.

"Most men are ready to be fooled by pink cheeks and soft eyes and tears, and Ben is no wiser than the rest of us," he answered.

THANKSGIVING PIES.

BY MARION E. PICKERING.

WHEN anew each beam and rafter
Rings with childhood's merry laughter
And afresh the hearth-fire glow,
Comes a beatific vision
From the realm of youth Elysian—
Huldah, Huldah, dainty Huldah,
Half a century ago.

Wide old farmhouse-kitchen cheery,
Kettle crooning ditty eerie,
Spicy clouds of incense rise,
And fair priestess there abiding,
O'er weird mystic rites presiding—
Huldah, Huldah, witching Huldah,
Making the Thanksgiving pies.

Sleeves tucked up to elbows rosy,
Pearly ears 'mid ringlets cozy,
Slender waist and slippers wee,
I, a bashful swain beseeching,

Stammer, longing arms outreaching:
"Huldah, Huldah, darling Huldah,
Make Thanksgiving pies for me."

Brown eyes flash. "I prithee rise, sir.
Hearts are not exchanged for pies, sir.
Nay, sir, trouble me no more;
Thou must learn a braver wooing
Ere to me for favor suing."
Huldah, Huldah, scornful Huldah,
Flitted through the open door.

Did I follow her, relenting?
Did I read a half-repenting
In the flash of nut-brown eyes?
Comely as in youth, behold her!
Savory vapors still unfold her—
Huldah, Huldah, my wife Huldah,
Making the Thanksgiving pies.

THE QUERY.

BY MAGGIE M'ADAMS.

CAN she come to thee, in affliction's hour,
And comfort thy sad soul, as I have done?
Can her love stay thee when dark clouds lower,
And soothe thee in sorrow, beloved one?

Will she worship thee in the world's despite,
Nor heed its mocking, as I have done?
Will thy presence be, to her, life and light,
As it hath to me ever, beloved one?

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Will her heart grow lighter when thou art nigh?
Will she joy in thy coming, as I have done?
Smile when you smile? Be sad when you sigh?
And true to thee always, beloved one?

If so, cleave to her; be lover, friend;
Naught that can gladden her, leave undone.
But, when this wearisome life finds end,
Again I shall be thy beloved one.

THE BEAUMONTS OF BEACON STREET.

BY FRANK LEE BENELECT.

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CHAPTER IV.

ONE morning, about a week later, Adela and her father were seated in his study. They were both busy over some learned article Mr. Beaumont was writing, to the accomplishment of which Adela's knowledge of the subject and her patience in hunting through dry tiresome records were indispensable to the somewhat indolent dilettante. In fact, as usual in his literary efforts, this essay would be more the fruit of her mind than of his. But Mr. Beaumont was beautifully unconscious that there could be the slightest ground for such a statement, and Adela never admitted it to herself; her father was the one human being whom she really loved, and her loyalty to him knew no bound.

They were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Beaumont. She came in quiet and cold, as usual; but her first words were of a nature to cause both husband and daughter a sudden excitement which they found difficult to conceal, undignified as they considered such emotion, and habituated as they were to self-control.

"Adela," the mother said, in her chill monotonous voice, "Thorpe Hallowell has written to me again; I had not heard from him for several months."

"Thorpe Hallowell?" Mr. Beaumont pronounced, in a tone which expressed disparagement of the owner of the name; but Adela sat silent, her pen suspended in her hand.

"He is on his way home from Nevada," continued Mrs. Beaumont, without noticing the interruption and still looking at her daughter. "He has become very rich through the success of some old mines he had taken in payment of a debt. It is evident that he still wants to marry you. What shall you say?"

Adela dropped the pen and fixedly regarded her mother, turning at once into an image of Pallas at her severest.

"My dear!" Mr. Beaumont sighed, in a tone which expressed horror at his wife's abruptness.

But Mrs. Beaumont was not inclined to be subdued; she had moods in which both husband and child were a little afraid of her, half unconsciously, and she was in one of those phases now, having passed a harassing morning with

business-people and under the strain of pecuniary worry.

"Thorpe is coming back," Mrs. Beaumont continued, quietly as ever. "Adela rejected my advice: I told her Miss Connelton would prove dangerous—"

"Mamma!" cried Adela, with a mien which might have awed a very courageous person—looking wonderfully handsome, too, in her dignified anger.

"Let me finish, please," the erect lady went on, without a change in tone or manner: "As I was driving home, I saw her and Lord Elledon in the street. If ever a man was infatuated with a woman, he is with her; I have been confident of it from the first day he met her here."

"My dear!" again exclaimed her husband, but this time the voice was somewhat querulous from trouble.

"Thorpe is coming back," she continued, perfectly unmoved. "Money must be had. I have failed utterly to make the arrangement we hoped for, and our affairs are in such a state that we cannot go on much longer. I mention these facts, and leave you both to think them over; I have those business-letters to write."

She quitted the room as noiselessly as she had entered, and, for some seconds, the father and daughter sat looking at each other in painful silence.

Even between themselves, any well-formed plan had never been openly and coarsely regarded; they had always carefully dressed their ideas before looking therent, much less before presenting them the one to the other; but it was difficult, at this juncture, to hurry decorous clothing on their wish and desire.

To marry Thorpe Hallowell, after all, was a terrible necessity for Adela to contemplate. He was a second-cousin on her mother's side—a great handsome fellow, scarcely more capable, according to her belief, of esthetic culture than a Newfoundland dog. He had been passionately in love with Adela since the days when they were children; she had refused him three times, and, at last, in desperation, he went off to Nevada, to seek his fortune.

Nobody expected Thorpe to succeed, and, for several years, he did not; but, during the past twelvemonth, there had come rumor that some old mining-shares in his possession were likely to be of worth, and now followed this news of his success and his approaching return.

The necessity of a decision would be forced on Adela. Though the fact was scarcely suspected among their acquaintances, the pecuniary affairs of the Beaumonts had for a good while been in a sad state. Certain stocks had ceased to pay dividends, several companies had failed in which husband and wife held investment, and money locked up in land gave a smaller return of interest—or, in some cases, none at all.

Both father and daughter, while scorning display as a proof of vulgarity, were people who managed to make away with a good deal of money in the necessity they felt to render daily life fitting to the culture and esthetic development of their minds.

Mrs. Beaumont, brought up in luxury, had perhaps been more openly extravagant; but, during the last two years, since the various shocks assailed them, she had taken the administration of matters into her own hands, showing, as she did in whatever she undertook seriously, a great deal of ability and judgment. But, after all, the wife had only been able to stave off disaster, and, when they returned from Europe, Adela and her father both felt so confident that she would be Lady Ellesden before another year went by, that they had paid little heed to Mrs. Beaumont's warning.

But now there were mortgages about to fall due, various heavy expenses to meet, and, unless a considerable sum of money could be raised, open trouble would soon assail them. Mrs. Beaumont had made a good fight, but plan after plan had failed, and it was evident that the only hope of tiding over the storm lay in Adela's marrying either Lord Ellesden or Thorpe Hallowell. And, only a few weeks before, the imperious young woman had considered success certain where the future earl was concerned, and her father, with his usual lack of energy, had rested quite at ease, because he saw her satisfied.

And to fail—fail through the influence of a person whom she had at first despised as unworthy of a second thought, but whom, for the fact that in accomplishments as well as beauty she was her equal, Adela had learned to hate! Adela recognized that she considered Kate Connelton an enemy; yes, in the secrecy of her soul, she employed the word unhesitatingly—an enemy—the most deeply detested she had ever possessed.

Allow that Western girl to win Lord Ellesden? No, no! Adela Beaumont had never done a mean thing in her life until the day when, in her anger, she picked up the note Kate had dropped. The consciousness of its possession had haunted her like some guilty secret, but she was glad now that she had kept it—she would hesitate no longer.

She was roused from her reverie by her father's voice. He had several times glanced toward her, in the hope that she would speak, and now he said slowly:

"Perhaps your mother was clearer-sighted than we thought. That girl may be dangerous—butterfly though Mrs. Emerson calls her."

Adela lifted her eyes and looked at him with a smile which would have better suited an angry Juno than a passionless Minerva.

"A wasp, any poisonous stinging insect, would be a more proper comparison," she answered; "but I think poison and sting need not be feared. Papa, come upstairs, please: I want to show you something. I can't bring it here. Mamma may come in, and I don't want her to know."

He followed her to the pretty sitting-room on the second floor, which was her own special nook. It had, perhaps, rather too much the appearance of a masculine student's chamber, yet its severe simplicity had proved as costly as a fashionable woman's boudoir. There was not a book or an ornament, and the apartment was filled, but was in itself a chef d'œuvre, and Mr. Beaumont had been proud of his daughter's taste, which had designed or selected all the decorations, though just now he could not help remembering what that classic elegance had cost.

Then he caught sight of Adela's face again, and was fairly startled, the fiery anger and fierce resolve were so unlike any look he had ever seen in those cold Grecian features. He sat down and waited in silence, while she unlocked a drawer of her writing-table, opened a little curious inlaid casket, and took out a paper which she held up, saying, in a stern hard tone:

"I found this, some time since; I could not make up my mind to destroy it. There is something here which Mrs. Emerson ought to know, Lord Ellesden also. This note was written to Kate Connelton. I cannot act upon it. Will you?"

Mr. Beaumont read the billet, and remained for a little, thinking deeply. Adela did not interrupt him. She sat down at a table, and, though her fingers trembled till the sketches she was examining shook like leaves, she went on with her task of arranging them in a portfolio.

"My dear," Mr. Beaumont said, at length, in a tone full of dignified gravity, "you have done very right to hand me this paper. That young person ought to be exposed; there is evidently some extraordinary secret, some strange mystery, in her life."

"Perhaps she might be able to explain," Adela said, faintly.

"Perhaps. Indeed, I hope so; but that is her affair." And Mr. Beaumont grew more stately and imposing, as he spoke. "At all events, my duty is plain: I must consult Mrs. Emerson in regard to this young lady, whom we have both received as a friend. My child, your name will not appear; yet I ought to know just the circumstances—"

He did not complete his sentence, nor did the pair look at each other while Adela explained clearly and concisely in regard to finding the note. When she had finished, Mr. Beaumont, who had walked close to the table and begun turning over the drawings, made some commonplace remark about one of the sketches, and left the room.

CHAPTER V.

ALTHOUGH responding in kind to Mrs. Emerson's cordiality, Miss Connelton had scarcely entered her house, except by special invitation, since the day of their conversation in regard to Miss Beaumont and Ellesden.

It seemed to Mrs. Emerson that there had been an unostentatious avoidance of the young Englishman, and this gave the girl increased favor in her eyes. She might have been less well satisfied, had she known that Ellesden also noticed this little change in Miss Connelton, and that it puzzled him exceedingly, turning his thought in her direction oftener than before.

But, this morning, while the Beaumonts were occupying themselves with Kate's affairs, that young lady called on Mrs. Emerson, to consult her in regard to something connected with the philanthropic scheme their mutual friend Mrs. Bowyer had started, and in which they both took a deep interest.

While Miss Connelton was copying certain minutes and notes and Mrs. Emerson writing at another table, Lord Ellesden entered.

"I thought you had gone out," his cousin said.

"No; I have just had a telegram," he began; then, catching sight of the visitor, hastened forward with an expression of such pleasure in his face that Mrs. Emerson could not help feeling alarmed.

"Good-morning," Miss Connelton said, in answer to his eager greeting. She smiled

pleasantly, but only glanced up from her task, adding: "I'm a woman of business—can't talk till I have finished copying these blotted papers."

Mrs. Emerson was afraid that her cousin looked annoyed. She called from where she sat:

"What were you saying about a telegram?"

He walked back to her table and began to explain; but she saw that his eyes were still fixed on the graceful girl, who was again bending diligently over her task.

"Oh, yes," he said. "The Custers and Jack Armytage have just landed in New York; I am going over by the next train."

"You will bring them back with you?" Mrs. Emerson said.

"No. They mean to make straight for Chicago," Ellesden answered. "Armytage is interested in some railway out there. As soon as he finishes his business, they are going on to California, and want me to be of the party."

"Oh, but you won't go—please don't," cried Mrs. Emerson.

"Well, not just yet—later, perhaps," he replied, rather absently, twisting the telegram in his fingers and still looking toward the other table with an earnestness which made Mrs. Emerson wish, with all her soul, that the young lady sitting at it were in California or any remote, even inaccessible, spot.

Presently, Miss Connelton rose, saying:

"That is done. I hope you will be able to decipher my hieroglyphics, Mrs. Emerson."

"I am so glad to find you here," cried Ellesden. "I am called away unexpectedly."

"To England or the North Pole?" she asked merrily.

"Only to New York for a week," he replied, "though I am being badgered to go to California."

"The most delightful trip possible," Kate said. "Then, if you stay till summer, you can go up into the Rockies."

"You banish me indefinitely with great coolness," he grumbled, pulling at his mustache.

"The ingratitude of your sex!" laughed she. "I was devising a plan for your pleasure."

This style of badinage did not please Mrs. Emerson, and glad enough she was to have it speedily interrupted by the appearance of Ellesden's servant.

"My lord," he announced, "you will have to leave at once, if you want to catch this express. It goes an hour earlier than you thought."

"Very well, I am coming," Ellesden replied, but did not stir. Just then, another servant

entered with a message for Mrs. Emerson, which she was obliged to answer; but, while doing it, her ears caught the conversation between the young pair.

"I shall only be gone a week," Ellesden said.

"There is something I have been wanting to ask you—"

"Time and railway-trains wait for no man!" interrupted Kate.

"I must be off, I suppose," he said, dolefully; "at least, you might say you are sorry I am going."

He added some words which escaped Mrs. Emerson, and she lost Kate's answer, too; but, when she could turn round, Ellesden was holding the girl's hand, and there was a look in his eyes which troubled, as much as it angered, his cousin.

Back came Rogers, crying:

"The carriage, my lord; you have barely time."

And, fond as she was of him, Mrs. Emerson was never so glad to see anybody depart. Kate's voice roused her from a score of hurrying thoughts.

"Don't look so wretched, Mrs. Emerson; he will only be gone a week. Good-bye—I must run away; my aunt is waiting for me."

Mrs. Emerson's farewell was much less cordially uttered than her welcoming greeting had been. She sank into a chair and gave herself up to uneasy reflection. Could Ellesden really be deeply interested in the bewitching little creature? It looked like it, and, what was worse, Mrs. Emerson began to fear that the girl was duping her, and her recent liking for Miss Connelton was lost in anger and a dread that, after all, the girl might be the means of foiling her favorite scheme.

And, in the midst of her disturbing reflection, Mr. Beaumont was announced, full of his weighty communication, which could not have found Mrs. Emerson in a better mood to appreciate its importance.

After she had made inquiry for the ladies of his household, she spoke of Ellesden's departure, adding:

"He set off in such haste that there was no time for anything, else I am sure he would have called on dear Adela."

It would have been more correct to say she should have made him call; but, even in her present perturbed state of mind, she would not admit that thought to herself. Yet she had been so sorely fluttered by the parting between the two young people, unimportant as it might have appeared to a casual observer, that her mind was

full enough of Kate Connelton to make her abruptly introduce that young lady's name; though, of her own volition, she certainly would not have done so in a conversation with Mr. Beaumont.

"I had a visit from our bewitching Western heiress this morning," she said, and then, sorry for having mentioned the fact, could not help adding, from a species of desperation: "She is very charming—like somebody in a novel."

Mr. Beaumont, cool and collected as befitted a man of talent and culture, saw his opening and seized upon it.

"Like a woman in a novel?" he queried, smiling, though shaking his head. "Well—yes, she is; and, I fear, in more ways than one."

"I don't understand," Mrs. Emerson said, hesitatingly.

"Why, the typical heroine of romance has always a history and a mystery," Mr. Beaumont replied.

"Do you mean that Kate Connelton has either?" Mrs. Emerson asked, in a surprise which held so much of satisfaction and disappointment, that, between the two sensations, she was utterly bewildered.

"I am compelled to believe that she has both," Mr. Beaumont answered, slowly. "In fact, I came, this morning, on purpose to tell you of something in regard to her which has become known to me in the oddest way. I was at a loss how to act, and so I want to appeal to your great tact and discretion."

"Good gracious! do explain," cried Mrs. Emerson, divided between regret to lose her esteem for the heiress and joy at the thought that anything should put an end to Ellesden's infatuation, if it were possible such existed.

"About a week ago," said Mr. Beaumont, "I was passing your house just as she came out in a state of great agitation. Lord Ellesden was with her."

"I remember," Mrs. Emerson broke in, regardless of politeness, as most of us are when excited. "She and Adela had been here to luncheon; she received a note from her aunt which evidently disturbed her."

Mr. Beaumont bowed and went on:

"As she drove off, Laurence Trent came up, and he and Lord Ellesden walked away together. I dropped some letters and a newspaper that I had in my hand. I had already read the letters, so I put them in my pocket. To-day, for the first time since, I put the coat on. I had forgotten the letters; and, when I took them out, I found this note, which, naturally, I thought was mine, until after I had read it."

He handed the billet to Mrs. Emerson, who perused the page before she realized what she was doing.

"Good heavens!" she cried, as she finished.

"When I saw what it was," Mr. Beaumont slowly continued, "I taxed my memory till I could account for its being in my possession. I remember now noticing that, as she came down the steps, she was twisting a paper in her hands."

"Oh!" Mrs. Emerson could not get beyond that ejaculation.

"So, after I had thought a good while," he said, "I concluded—as I know the young lady so little, though my wife and Adela do quite well and are enthusiastic about her—I concluded to bring the note to you and ask you to decide whether it should be returned or whether the greatest kindness would not be to burn it instead of being forced to let her learn that we have any acquaintance whatever with her secret."

Mrs. Emerson saw that she was being forced into an unpleasant position; she comprehended, too, that Mr. Beaumont wanted to employ his discovery for the destroying of any possibility of Miss Connelton's being dangerous where Lord Ellesden was concerned. Still, she could not blame her old friend for this desire; it coincided with her own views, and she never dreamed of doubting his story in any way. Mr. Beaumont talked very beautifully, and ended by convincing her that their duty seemed clear. It would be useless, for the moment, to humiliate Miss Connelton by restoring the note; it would be folly to burn the same, for circumstances might arise which would render it a duty to friends or society-at-large to produce the condemnatory paper.

CHAPTER VI.

THORPE HALLOWELL arrived the very day Lord Ellesden went over to New York; but, in spite of Mrs. Beaumont's advice, both her husband and daughter were so buoyed up by fresh hope, that Hallowell's reception was scarcely what he might have hoped.

An officious relative speedily told him of the report prevalent that Adela was, or soon would be, engaged to Lord Ellesden, and, altogether, the honest straightforward fellow was in no pleasant state of mind. He could bring Adela to no positive terms; indeed, though cordial to him in her stately fashion, she managed to avoid many tête-à-têtes during the first days, on the plea that she was so much occupied with the work she was doing for her father.

A charming note had come from Ellesden, accompanied by a package of books which he

had promised some time before, and this, together with Mrs. Emerson's still persistently rose-colored views, made Adela determined to keep aloof from any entanglement with Thorpe.

He was clear-sighted enough, once his suspicions were roused, and he soon perceived that she was playing fast and loose with him. He had loved her very dearly, but now he began to see her with different eyes, and a very natural indignation seized him at the idea that she was regarding him simply as a last resort, in case she failed with Ellesden.

Mrs. Beaumont held herself strictly neutral, after a few warnings, which were disregarded—it was her habit. But, only a few days subsequent to Thorpe's arrival, she astounded her husband and daughter by asking at dinner:

"Adela, do you know that Thorpe and Miss Connelton are quite old friends?"

Adela retained her composure with that marvelous faculty she had; but the very quiet of her voice, as she answered in the negative, showed her listeners that she was angry.

"Very odd that Thorpe hasn't spoken of it," Mr. Beaumont said.

"He did not know she was here until to-day," the wife replied. "You know, he has been very busy—has scarcely made a visit. I took him with me, this morning, to Mrs. Anderson's, and Miss Connelton was there, and delighted he was to see her. They had known each other when she visited California."

That very evening, the three went to a reception at Mrs. Emerson's, and Thorpe, according to promise, accompanied them; so Adela had an opportunity to see for herself that her mother was correct, as Miss Connelton was present, and she and Thorpe talked more together than Adela approved.

"I had no idea Mr. Hallowell was a relation of yours," Kate said to Miss Beaumont; "he and I were great allies in California. I was so glad to see him again."

"That girl is the most atrocious flirt I ever knew," was Mrs. Emerson's remark to Mr. Beaumont, and that gentleman regarded the young lady with no pleasant eye as she sat conversing with Hallowell, evidently in regard to some matter in which both felt a deep interest.

When Hallowell sought out his cousin, he was punished for his recreance by a very stately demeanor; but he did not appear to notice it. He seemed absorbed and absent—taking his leave soon afterward—though, before he went, he exchanged more words with Miss Connelton, and Mrs. Beaumont, who was standing near, heard Kate say:

"Well, to-morrow morning, then."

"Nothing shall hinder my coming," he replied.

An appointment! Adela was in a chill rage when she heard of it. Before the next day passed, Mrs. Beaumont had a very annoying discovery forced on her. She went into a florist's to give an order, and was struck by the beauty of a bouquet that had just been made up. The smiling attendant informed her that it was for Miss Connelton, ordered by Lord Ellesden. She related the incident to her daughter with her usual impassiveness, adding:

"Of course, the Western heiress can't take both Ellesden and Thorpe, but she may cause you to lose both."

Instead of a week, Lord Ellesden's absence extended to nearly three, as he found Jack Armytage very ill on his arrival in New York. The two had been intimate friends for years, and Ellesden could not leave him, though more anxious to return to Boston than Mrs. Emerson was aware.

If only Thorpe had not come, Adela could have borne Lord Ellesden's prolonged stay with equanimity. She was afraid to give too much encouragement to her cousin, lest, if a coronet were offered for her acceptance, the young man, in his passion at being thrown over, might make disclosures which could bring her trouble. She was afraid to treat him coldly, from a fear that, in his disappointment, he might get himself hopelessly entangled in the web of that little spider, Kate Connelton. And so, altogether, she was traveling a weary road.

It told so much on her health and spirits, that even her beauty looked a little tired and worn, as Mrs. Beaumont coldly pointed out to her husband, thereby causing him fresh anxiety, which showed itself in a certain captiousness that the undemonstrative lady received with her ordinary impassiveness.

Thorpe Hallowell came daily to the house, but Mrs. Beaumont, with her usual facility for finding out things, discovered that he visited Kate Connelton almost as often. Adela dared not find fault, for fear that it should rouse him into a frame of mind where he would insist upon a decision from herself, and to decide was exactly what she was unable to do until it could be proved whether the golden hope she had cherished since summer must be cast aside.

Her father had been by no means idle. One would hate to assert that he stooped to play the spy on Kate Connelton, but he felt it his duty to see if it were possible to follow up the clue afforded by the note she had dropped.

His conscientious efforts at length met with

their reward, a few days before the time Lord Ellesden had set for his return.

Mr. Beaumont learned that Miss Connelton paid visits to a certain house in a retired street which was scarcely a desirable quarter for a young lady to enter alone. He learned, also, that she went there to see a very mysterious individual who seldom stirred out of doors, and then never except after nightfall.

He made sure of the days and hours of Miss Connelton's visits. At first her aunt accompanied her, but of late she went alone. Having settled these matters, Mr. Beaumont was able to act. He needed Mrs. Emerson's co-operation, but did not choose to confide his secret. He discovered, on a lower floor of the house, a poor sick woman, in whom he interested his enthusiastic friend, and she willingly consented to accompany him there.

Everything fell out as he desired; he knew that Miss Connelton had come, and he contrived to lead Mrs. Emerson into the hall just as the young lady was descending the stairs. As he opened the street-door, the light struck full on Kate's face.

"Miss Connelton!" exclaimed Mrs. Emerson, in genuine surprise; then, almost involuntarily, she added: "Isn't your aunt with you?"

The tone was too full of reproof, and Mr. Beaumont's face too expressive of well-bred horror, not to rouse Kate Connelton's quick temper.

"I am quite alone," she answered, and swept past them with a haughty inclination of her head.

Mr. Beaumont made inquiry in Mrs. Emerson's hearing, and, when the facts were clear, that lady could not help feeling it was indeed time to act; for these visits, taken in connection with the note she had been shown, appeared condemnatory enough.

If the girl could be frightened by dread of exposure into leaving before Ellesden returned: this suggestion, which Mr. Beaumont offered, was eagerly seized on by Mrs. Emerson. There would be a chance of essaying the plan on the ensuing day, as Kate had an appointment at her house which she would be certain to keep, since it concerned matters connected with the Bowyer charity which could not be deferred.

Kate appeared at the hour set, gay and self-possessed as ever, and apparently did not notice the change in Mrs. Emerson's manner, which, though studiously polite, plainly showed the change in her feelings.

They went over the papers and accounts. Miss Connelton produced the check she had

promised, and, as soon as the business was completed, rose to go—still with no sign of perceiving her hostess's chill stateliness.

"Will you wait a little?" Mrs. Emerson said, her heart fluttering, though she kept a bold front. "I want to say something."

"Certainly," Kate replied, pleasantly, and sat down again.

"You must not be offended with me," Mrs. Emerson began.

"I can't fancy you capable of saying anything which would offend me," Kate said, gracious and smiling.

"I think, after our meeting yesterday, you must have some idea of what I want to say," Mrs. Emerson continued.

"Not the slightest," cooed Kate, still smiling, though the great brown eyes which regarded the lady so steadily began to glow and widen.

"Then I must speak plainly," she rejoined, nerving herself to her task. "Miss Connelton, there has been a good deal of vague gossip in regard to you lately—"

"I suppose nobody escapes," Kate interrupted.

"But there are different sorts; and a young girl cannot be too circumspect—"

"Excuse me," Kate again interrupted; "you told me you had something to inform me of—you did not say you wished to offer me advice."

Mrs. Emerson was angry now; this made her task easier.

"I had not believed the gossip," she went on, quickly; "but, when I learned, yesterday, how often you went to that house, the—the person you go to visit, I was shocked, horrified, as was Mr. Beaumont. Beside this, you dropped a note some time since. It was lucky for you it fell into the hands it did—those of Mr. Beaumont. He consulted me. I am forced to tell you that, after yesterday, we do not feel inclined to countenance you further—in short, I think you will be wise to leave Boston without delay. In that case, we shall both be silent."

Miss Connelton did not interrupt by word or gesture. She had grown very pale; and, when the exordium ended, she rose, saying:

"I will go to Mr. Beaumont at once, to get my note."

The girl's effrontery astounded Mrs. Emerson.

"Mr. Beaumont and his daughter are here," she said. "You can see him now."

"I wish to see them both," Kate answered, firmly.

Mrs. Emerson crossed the room and opened the doors into the adjoining apartment, and, at her request, the father and daughter entered. Mr. Beaumont's profound bow was full of con-

demnation; Adela vouchsafed only the merest show of salutation.

Before a word could be spoken, there was a slight bustle in the hall; a moment later, Lord Ellesden appeared in the library. He had just arrived, two days before his time. After a hasty embrace between his cousin and himself, a few quick words to Mr. Beaumont and his daughter, he turned toward Miss Connelton with an undisguised delight which enraged as much as it appalled the three beholders.

"How glad I am to see you," he cried, holding out his hand.

Miss Connelton stepped back a little, and answered coldly:

"Your cousin has just been ordering me out of Boston. Please wait till this matter is settled."

Ellesden stood dumfounded; not one of the other listeners could speak.

"Mr. Beaumont, it seems you found a note addressed to me—I want it," Miss Connelton continued, turning toward that gentleman. In such confusion as he had never before felt, Mr. Beaumont produced the billet.

"Mrs. Emerson has explained to you that I picked it up, one day, as you were leaving the house," he said. "I only discovered it in my pocket a short time since. We thought—"

Kate took the note as his voice died away, looked at it, and said:

"Mrs. Emerson, I threw this note into that grate yonder—the marks of the fire are on it."

"It must have been swept into the street," Mr. Beaumont managed to articulate.

"Between the time I left this room and was shown into my carriage?" Kate asked, then turned suddenly toward Adela. "I left you alone in this room," she said, "after I threw that note into the fire. That is all. No—don't try to speak: I have been insulted, outraged—"

"Miss Connelton!" three voices exclaimed at once, but Adela sat dumb.

"I choose to finish!" Kate exclaimed. "Mrs. Emerson, I pity more than I blame you. You have been deceived. Mr. Beaumont, this note was sent in haste to warn me of a mysterious arrival. It is true, too, that I have paid visits to that house and to that man—your spies have done their work well."

"Miss Connelton—"

"Be still, I said!" and she hurried on: "I have tried hard to save you and yours from mortification—you won't let me—take the consequences! I refuse to explain; your cousin, Mr. Hallowell, can satisfy you on all points." She paused before Adela, and looked at her with overpowering scorn, swept a low bow to her

hostess, and was passing out, when Ellesden darted between her and the door.

"Take my arm," he said, but Kate motioned him back. "Take my hand, then," he cried, with a passion no mortal ever before heard in his voice. "It's an odd time and place—but I must speak! I have loved you from the first moment I ever saw you. I hurried back here solely to ask you to be my wife!"

Three listeners sat in their chairs like people suddenly turned to stone, and Kate Connelton replied in a low firm voice:

"I thank you for the honor you have done me, Lord Ellesden. A good man always honors the woman to whom he offers his name."

"Then—then—" Ellesden began, but could get no further; a gesture of entreaty alone finished his speech.

"No," she said, with a slow strange smile; "I cannot accept your hand—my destiny in life is settled."

Before he could speak, she had left the room.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A DEAD LOVE.

BY M. KATE M'CREARY.

I SAID, last year, when autumn came,
That life can never be the same—
The birds will never sing as sweet,
The Orient sun will never greet
The dewdrops, in the smiling morn,
With golden light, for life is short
Of good. The day can bring but ill,
Nor e'er disperse; for darkness still
Will follow in the wake of day
And oft the mournful sigh betray
That life can never be the same,
Because love died when autumn came.

The birds will leave, the flowers fade,
The forests lose their quiet shade;
The dead leaves, rustling on the ground,
Will fill the air with mournful sound;
And e'en the robin and the jay,
Though ling'ring long, will fly away

When winter, from his frozen throne,
Demands a tribute from our zone.
And, clear and cold, from out the sky,
The snowflakes whisper, with a sigh,
That life can never be the same,
Because love died when autumn came.

Be still, my heart. For what art thou,
That nature at thy grief should bow?
Creation will not shed a tear
Nor dress for aye in garments sore:
New life will spring from out the old,
The brighter still for winter's cold;
Melodious murmurs once again
Be warbled in the leafy glen;
A new love will the brighter be,
Because the old is dead in thee;
And life again will be the same,
E'en though love died when autumn came.

THE GREAT WITNESS.

BY HARRY HAMILTON.

THE earth unto God's Word grand vindication rears—
It is His saintly speech through all the countless years;

An awful monument that offers up a proof
That every man can see, lest he be blind to truth!

Oh! infidel, look up the terraced mount
Whose steps unto the stars thine eyes refuse to count;

Then gaze thou on the deep, that never sinks to sleep,

When all the heavens above in anger shriek and weep;

Or pluck the dewy flower, a-blowing in the dell,
Or note the powdered bee within his golden cell;

Or fellow through the bine the eagle on the wing,
Or in the meadows hark, and hear the brown brook sing;

Or watch the helpless mole, whose home is in the sod.
Then, tell me, infidel, is there—is there a God?

CONTRASTS.

BY M. E. CROWTHER.

FAIR is the morn, and, on the sparkling stream,
The sunlight glances bright;
Amid the leaves, alternate shade and gleam
Flicker with changing light.

Fair is the eve—the gurgling stream flows on,
The trees deep shadows throw;

Anon the moon, with light—pure, sweet, and wan—
Illumes the scene below.

And such is life—the varying dreams of youth
Paint bliss without alloy;
And though, ere long, time shows us their untruth,
Heaven's rising light brings joy.

GETTING RID OF A GOSSIP.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"WHY, good-morning, Mary! I haven't seen you in an age," said plump little Mrs. Wells, as she met her friend Mrs. Holden in an upholstery-ware room, one morning. "Are you looking at the new furniture?"

"No. I want to select a carpet this time," answered Mrs. Holden. "Give me the benefit of your good taste, will you?"

"Oh, certainly; such as it is, you're welcome."

"You see, I've been buying a house since you were over last, and my parlor-carpet won't fit."

"Indeed? You have really found a home to please you, then?"

"I think we have, at last."

"Is it a nice place? But I needn't ask that."

"Well, we are very fully satisfied so far, both with the location and the house itself."

"Where is it, Mary?"

"No. 54 Oak Street."

"Oh, Mary Holden! I hope not. Dear, how odd!" And Mrs. Wells began to laugh.

"Why, what do you know about it?" asked Mrs. Holden, quickly.

"It is the very house we lived in, two years ago."

"There! I remember now. I knew the place looked very familiar, when we went over it. I called on you there: that was it. Is there anything wrong, Cora?"

"Not with the house—oh, no. It is a nice handy place—good water, woodshed, cellar, large pantries, fine ventilation—everything all right, Mary. It wasn't the house that drove us away."

"Well, what then, Cora? The place isn't haunted, is it?" asked Mrs. Holden, laughingly.

"Yes, it is. By the very worst kind of a spirit—a gossiping woman. Mary, the next-door neighbor is a regular nuisance—that is, if she still lives there; and I suppose she does, for they own the property, and wouldn't be likely to leave it."

"Is the name 'Gordon'?"

"Yes."

"Then she's there yet. 'Gordon' is the name on the next house."

"Well, Mary, you know I'm not given to gossip. But I'll tell you this: we moved on that woman's account."

"You did? Come now: you must tell me all about it. 'Forewarned, forearmed,' you know."

"I'll tell you; but, as you have really taken the house, I don't see what good it will do now. In the first place, she is the worst borrower you ever saw. I like to be as neighborly and kind as anybody; but you know that sort of thing can be made a real trouble. And she did ask for the most absurd things! I don't believe I ever had a new bonnet or a new pair of shoes or gloves, that she didn't want the first wear."

"But you surely did not lend her such things?" said Mrs. Holden.

"I often did; because, if I didn't, she would tell such tales. She'll give you the history of the whole square, the first time you see her, and then give yours to them, in her own fashion. Her talking was worse than her borrowing. And the things she borrowed either came home utterly ruined, or never came at all. Groceries and articles of that kind never returned; and, at last, John said he couldn't stand it. It was too expensive to live near her. Then, when we had company, she never failed to pop in for something, just to satisfy her curiosity. Altogether, it was too annoying for us, and we moved. I'm almost ashamed to tell you all this; but you'll soon find out that I haven't told you half."

"I'm very glad you did tell me, Cora. I know now on what ground to meet her. I think I shall be able to manage her."

"I'd like to know how," laughed Cora Wells. "It's more than I could do, I'm sure."

"Oh, I won't tell you just now. But, if I succeed, I'll let you know the result."

"All right. I'll give you a month."

"Well, I'll report. Now, let us look at these carpets." And the two ladies were soon deep in the comparison of Brussels and Wilton, which the obliging clerk displayed to the best advantage.

In due time, Mrs. Holden was cozily settled in her new home. While she was moving, she had several glimpses of Mrs. Gordon at the double pump, on her own side of the fence—a tall sandy-haired woman, with pale-blue eyes, a sharp nose, and a slovenly dress—and heard her scolding in a loud key at three or four sandy-haired children.

Even without Cora's warning, she would have impressed Mrs. Holden as a very undesirable neighbor, and being tormented with her was quite out of the question. But Mary Holden had firm faith in the plan she meant to try if need required.

She had been settled several days, and had already received one or two calls from across the street—her house was a corner one—before Mrs. Gordon came over.

She popped in then by the back-door, just after Harry, Mrs. Holden's son, had finished his supper and gone out.

"How d'ye do?" she began, nodding familiarly. "My name's 'Gordon'; I live next door. I thought I'd just run in, neighborly-like, and see how you like it up here."

"Very much, so far, thank you," returned Mrs. Holden, putting down the plates she was clearing. "Walk into the sitting-room, please, Mrs. Gordon."

"Oh, no," said the visitor, helping herself to a chair. "I'll jest sit right down here a minute. You go on with your work—I didn't come in to hinder."

"But I prefer not to entertain callers in my kitchen," said Mrs. Holden, mildly but firmly. "My work can wait."

"Oh, well, anything to oblige." And the visitor, who had taken a keen glance round the kitchen, jumped up and followed Mrs. Holden into her cozy sitting-room, where her sharp gaze quickly took in every detail, from the figure in the carpet to the neat work-basket: upon which, half open, lay the last number of "Peterson."

Catching it up and turning over the leaves, Mrs. Gordon remarked:

"So you take the magazine, do you?"

"Yes. I consider no lady's home complete without 'Peterson.' Do you take it?" asked Mrs. Holden.

"La! no," replied the caller, laying the book down. "I don't see no use payin' out money for what you can jest as well get without. The last lady that lived here took 'Peterson,' and I always got hers. I was wondering, to-day, if you took it, so's I could go on with the stories. It's a mighty nice book, ain't it?"

"Very nice indeed," returned Mrs. Holden, making a firm resolve that her treasured magazines would not cross the fence, to come back ruined.

"Don't keep no girl, do ye?" asked Mrs. Gordon, setting out on another track.

"No. I don't need help when I am well. There are only two of us."

"Young feller's your son, I reckon?"

"Yes, madam."

"You must be a widow, I s'pose?"

"Yes, these five years."

"Don't do your own washing, do you?" pursued the visitor, calmly.

Mrs. Holden laid down the bit of crochet-work she had picked up, and, looking her caller quietly in the eye, she answered:

"No, madam; nor my ironing, either. I hire part of my sewing done, and do the rest myself. I am fortysix, and Harry is twentytwo. We paid cash for this house, and mean to keep it. We attend the Episcopal Church, and pay our debts promptly. Anything else you would like to know, Mrs. Gordon?"

The woman looked astonished, and answered: "La! no. I never was a hand to ask questions, like some folks. I jest come over a minute to get acquainted. You like to be neighborly, I reckon, Mrs. Holden?"

"Indeed I do, with the right kind of neighbors."

"Yes, to be sure; that's what I mean. I jest run over the back way to be neighborly. I'll go back now, I guess. Do come over soon, Mrs. Holden."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Holden, pleasantly, without accepting the invitation or asking the "neighborly" lady to repeat her own call.

"If there's any little thing you're out of, don't hesitate to send over. I do believe in folks bein' accommodatin'," said Mrs. Gordon, rising to go. "Hain't got much acquainted with Oak Street folks yet, I suppose?"

"No," said Mrs. Holden.

"Well, some of 'em will do, and some won't. I'll run in agin, and give you a few hints, so you won't get took in. But I really must hurry home. Good-night—and do be sociable, Mrs. Holden."

"Good-night," was all the answer Mary Holden made. But she laughed a jolly little laugh, when Mrs. Gordon was gone. And she might have laughed again, had she known that, in spite of her hurry, that lady had "run in" to see two other neighbors, before she went home, and told them that the new lady at No. 54 was "the queerest woman she ever did see!"

Next day, little Johnny Gordon came over, and said "Ma wanted to borrow a drawin' o' tea and three eggs. When she got some, she'd send 'em home."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Holden. She marked the articles down on a paper tacked up by the kitchen-window, and then gave them to Johnny, who looked on with big eyes of wonder.

Encouraged by this success, in the evening

Johnny came back, saying: "Ma wants to borrow two or three o' your last 'Peterson's Magazines.'"

"Tell your mother," said Mrs. Holden, kindly, "that, if she wishes to subscribe to the magazine, I will add her name to my club with pleasure, but my 'Petersons' are too valuable to lend."

Away went Johnny, and Mrs. Holden said, laughingly: "Now I've thrown the first bomb!"

But she heard no dreadful result, nor was she troubled again until the next Monday, when Ella Gordon came over and asked for the loan of Mrs. Holden's Sunday cloak, as "ma was goin' to a lecturer'."

"Tell your mother my cloak fits no one but myself," said Mrs. Holden, calmly. And off ran the child, to repeat the message.

But Tuesday evening brought Johnny, with a plate, asking for a pound of butter.

"Tell her she has not returned the eggs and tea yet," said Mrs. Holden. "You can see them on the paper here. I never lend a second thing until the first one comes back."

Johnny departed. Presently in bounced Mrs. Gordon, red in the face, bringing the eggs and tea.

"Here's your things!" she snapped, setting them on the table. "That little idiot, Johnny, says you mark everything a body borrows down on a paper. But I don't believe it."

"See for yourself," returned Mrs. Holden, calmly, marking off the two articles from the tacked-up paper. "It's the best way to keep things square and avoid trouble, you know," she added, coolly.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon. She turned and bounced out, without another word, and Mrs. Holden hoped she was rid of her for good.

But, in two or three days, Johnny came over for the clothes-line. It was given and set down upon the paper. Early in the evening, Johnny brought it home.

"Scratch it off your measly old paper, now!" said he. "Pa says if ma ever sends over here for another thing he'll lick her, that's what he'll do."

"Your mother is welcome to anything I have, except my clothes. Those I don't lend," said Mrs. Holden.

"Ma says she wouldn't be seen in your old duds!" snapped the retiring Johnny.

Mrs. Holden smiled, and felt sure that she had gained one victory, and her wardrobe would henceforth be undisturbed—as it was.

Several days passed, and some callers dropped in. Hardly were they gone, when Mrs. Gordon appeared—by the back door.

"I thought I saw the Howards and Mr. Neely just leave here," she remarked.

"They were here," said Mrs. Holden.

"Well, if I was you, I wouldn't have much to do with them Howards," said Mrs. Gordon, with an air of mystery.

"Indeed! Is anything wrong about them?"

"Well, folks do say all's not right. Why, Mr. Neely, he just goes and goes there! At all hours, too! And his poor wife alone at home. What he goes for, I can't say; but—"

"I will ask them, when I return the call," said Mrs. Holden, calmly.

"Ask 'em?" and Mrs. Gordon looked startled.

"Certainly. You want to know why Mr. Neely visits them, and I've no doubt they will explain it all."

"Mrs. Holden, you surely don't mean to repeat what I say?"

"I surely do. Of course you won't say what is not true, and, if it is true, you won't object to have it spoken of. I always tell one neighbor just what another says of her, if I tell anything at all, Mrs. Gordon."

"Well, I never did see such a woman. I'll let you alone hereafter, see if I don't!" cried Mrs. Gordon. She bounced out, and this time it was for good.

She told all the neighbors that she believed "that Holden woman was crazy." But they all, quite understanding the case, only smiled, and wished they, too, had known earlier how to get rid of a troublesome neighbor, while Mrs. Holden enjoyed peace and had no more trouble with the people over the fence.

IN THE DARK.

BY PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG.

A CHILD her mother sat beside,
The while the shades more dense did grow.
"Oh, mamma, hold me close," she cried:
"The dark won't 'fraid me so."

Thus would I pray, when gloom of grief
Doth gather round me, deep and drear.

Oh, Father, grant the sweet relief
Of knowing Thou art near!

Thus, too, when in a little fade
The lights of earth in death's dread night,
Dear Lord, strong by Thy presence made,
May I feel no affright!

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-dress, of navy-blue cloth. The skirt is kilted on a foundation of alpaca. The tunic forms a short apron-front; the back

puffed edge of velvet. Velvet bands, standing loops, and a long ostrich-feather—in blue or tan-color—complete the trimming. Eight to nine yards of cloth will be required, twentyfour buttons, and two anchors, for this costume.

No. 2—Is a walking-dress, of elephant-gray



No. 1.

also is short and much puffed. A round waist or short-pointed bodice completes the dress as a house-costume. For the street, the jacket is added. It is double-breasted, slashed on the hips and in the back seam. Gilt buttons ornament the front and sleeves; gilt anchors ornament the collar. The two pockets are on the right side only. Hat of navy-blue felt, with a



No. 2.

camel's-hair or lady's-cloth, braided with black. The front and sides of the underskirt are laid in treble box-plaits, meeting each other. The front

drapery is simply stitched, three rows above the hem, and forms a short full tablier; the back falls long and straight. The jacket-bodice is braided a-la-militaire, with narrow black worsted braid, each point ending with a small crocheted

yards of braid, six dozen buttons, will be required for this costume.

No. 8—Is a stylish walking-suit, of dark-green camel's-hair or serge. The skirt is laid in box-



No. 3.

button. Cuffs and collar to match. Hat of gray felt, trimmed and faced with velvet, either to match or of a good contrasting color: a gray breast and velvet loops finished off by tiny bow of gros-grain ribbon in front. Ten yards of camel's-hair or eight yards of cloth, twelve



No. 4.

plaits all around. The overskirt forms a long full tablier in front. High on the left side, one end is simulated by a jabot-drapery filling in the left panel. The back hangs long and straight.



No. 5.

A plain round waist or short postillion-bodice completes the dress. The over-jacket is of pin-striped Scotch tweed, made double-breasted, buttoning on the left side. The edge is simply

stitched. Pocket-flaps, collar, and cuffs bound with braid, tailor-fashion. High-pointed hat, covered with the material of the jacket. Wings



No. 6.

and velvet loops form the trimming. Ten yards of camel's-hair, double width, for dress, two and a half yards of material for jacket, fiftyfour inches wide, will be required.

No. 4—Is a cloak for a girl of six years, made of striped camel's-hair or cloth. The fronts are plaited as far as the waist and finished off with a velvet band. The sling sleeves, and edge of cloak, also collar and epaulettes, are trimmed with rows of silk galloon to match.

No. 5.—Pelisse for child, of navy-blue or brown plush or velvet. The edge of cape, top of hood, cuffs, and collar are of Irish crocheted lace. The hood is lined with red surah, and the cluster of loops-and-ends is of red and blue or brown corded ribbon.

No. 6—Is a stylish pelisse for a girl of ten to twelve years. It is made of rough gray cloth, and fits tightly in front; the back has a kilted skirt. The shoulder-cape is adjustable. Collar, shoulder-knots, cuffs, bow at the back, are all of black velvet ribbon two inches wide, two rows of which form each cuff. If preferred, velvet cut on the bias can be used and lined with silk.



No. 7.

Large button-molds, covered with velvet, for the front.

No. 7—Is a boy's Norfolk suit of diagonal striped tweed in heather mixed colors. Knickerbocker pants and regular Norfolk jacket, belted at the waist.

BASKET FOR FLOWERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in front of the number, a design for ornamenting a simple round coarse straw basket. Wide ribbon of some pretty bright color, or China silk, which is soft and durable, encircles the

basket and ties in a large bow at one side. A growing plant or an artificial one is placed inside. A deep tin pan, with a hole pierced in it, should hold the living growing plant.

MANTILLA NINON: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, on our Supplement for this month, the pattern complete of the Ninon Mantilla. It consists of four pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT AND SLEEVE COMBINED.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. HALF OF PLAITED FRONT.
4. HALF OF COLLAR.

The notches and letters show how the pieces are joined. It is very simple. It may be made of velvet or heavy corded silk, and lined with the same or a contrasting color of silk or satin. The ornaments of jet beads or of colored beads are powdered all over at intervals. A beaded passementerie edges the whole. The plaited front, which is of soft surah or satin to match, is also powdered with smaller ornaments. A wide beaded or Spanish lace is put on in a full flounce all around. At the waist-line, ribbon-strings are added.

DESIGN FOR SCREEN, END OF SIDEBOARD-COVER, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The colored design in the front of the number may be used for various purposes. It may be worked either in crewel or silk, on cloth, plush, velveteen, or crash. Gray, maroon, or écreu will make the most effective background and bring out the colors of the design to the best advantage. The embroidery can be done in Kensington-stitch or in the full long embroidery-stitch. Our design calls for four colors: olive, olive-green, pale-yellow, and brown. The brown, which is only used for the outlining, veining, etc., etc., we would suggest, should be done in silk, if the other parts of the work are done in crewel. This model will also serve for a scarf table-cover, tidy, etc., done on pongee or China silk with filoselle. This is also a pretty design to be painted on silk. The iris can be done in shades of purple instead of yellow, if preferred.

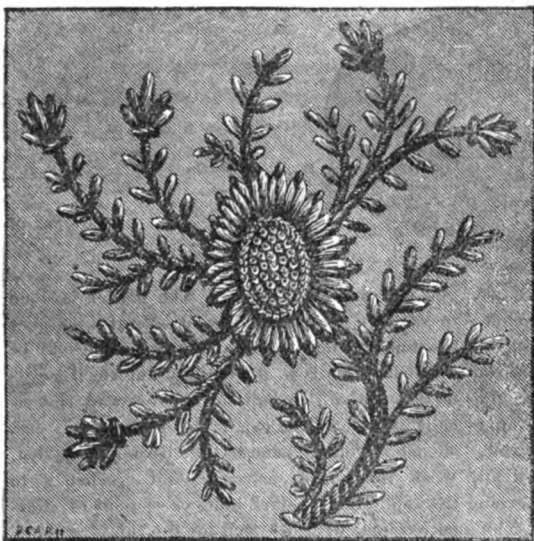
EMBROIDERED STRIPE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pretty design of strawberries, stems, and leaves, to be done in outline-stitch, either in colored linen or for towels. floss, French cotton, or wash-silks. The design is suitable for end of sideboard or dresser cover.

DESIGN FOR COT-QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

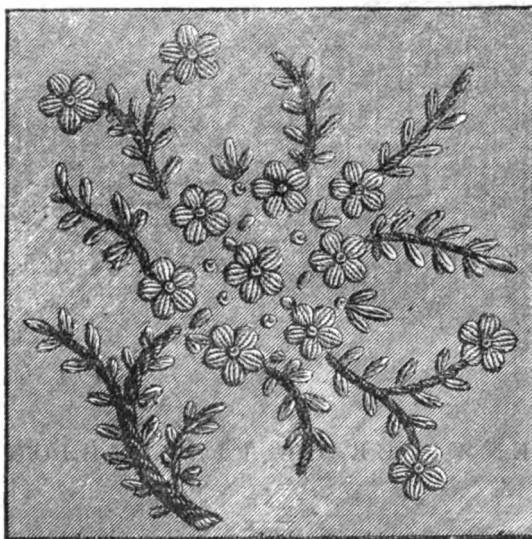


DETAIL OF COT-QUILT, No. 1.

We give, in the front of the number, a design for a cot-quilt made up. It is composed of small embroidered squares, which are joined by lines of herring-bone-stitch. They may be made either in satin, cashmere, butcher's-linen, or oatmeal-cloth. The work is done in silk, colored crewel, or colored cotton, of the natural colors of the flowers, or all in one color, if preferred. A guipure lace edges the quilt.

We give here the details of the cot-quilt illustrated in the front of the number. The first can be done in the colors of a yellow daisy, small sunflower, or marguerite, yellow being employed for the flowers, and shades of the green for the leaves.

In detail No. 2 of the cot-quilt, which suggests forget-me-nots, the flowers should of course be blue, with tiny yellow centres; but, as these flowers are purely conventional, almost any color may be used which suits the fancy.



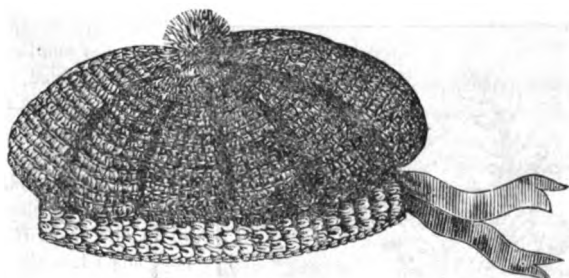
DETAIL OF COT-QUILT, No. 2.

EMBROIDERY IN SILK.

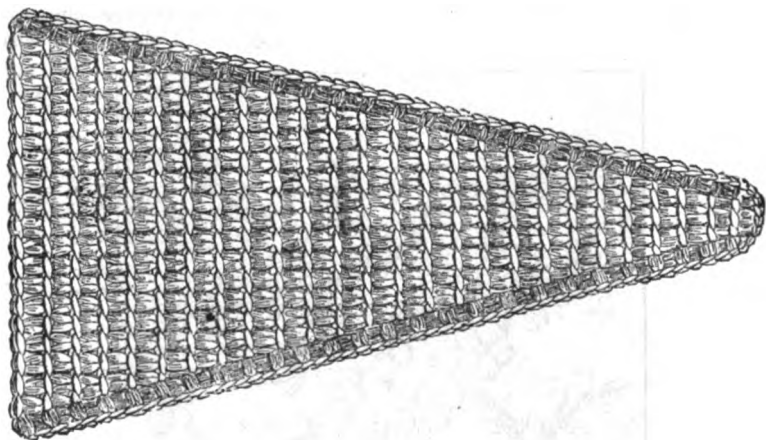
In front of number, we give design for silk embroidery for flannel skirt or baby's blanket.
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CAP FOR BOY: WITH DETAIL OF SECTION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This cap is worked in sections, of which we give one in detail. The work is done in crochet-Tunistan, which is the simple Afghan-stitch of pulling the thread through all the stitches upon the needle every row. Make a chain of twenty stitches, diminish one stitch at the beginning of one row and the end of the alternate row, until you come down to two stitches. Work all round the section one row of crochet, either in the same color or a darker shade, or the color you will make the border. The border is done in loops by wrapping the wool several times over the finger before making the stitch, or it may be knitted. This is so universally known, it needs no description. A ball for the top and ribbon-ends complete the cap. The sections are crocheted together before the border is added. Work the border separate, and crochet it to the top. Red or dark-blue, or sections of alternate colors, will look well for the cap.



PENWIPER OR PINCUSHION.

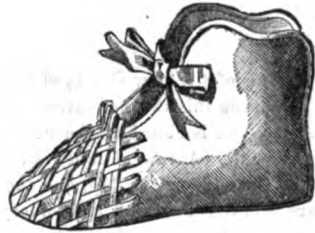
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a design for pincushion or penwiper. Bellows-shaped frame in white wood or stiff cardboard covered with plush, velvet, or satin, with the insertion of a leaf-panel in the centre, displaying a tuft of flowers, painted or embroidered. A small spray also ornaments the handles. The embroidered panel is appliquéd on to the covering, the edges being covered by couching in arrasene, which is done by laying the arrasene down and sewing it at intervals with silk to match. The outside cord is to match, also the pinked-out silk frilling. The inside is filled in either with layers of vandyked cloth or an emery cushion.

BABY'S-BOOT.

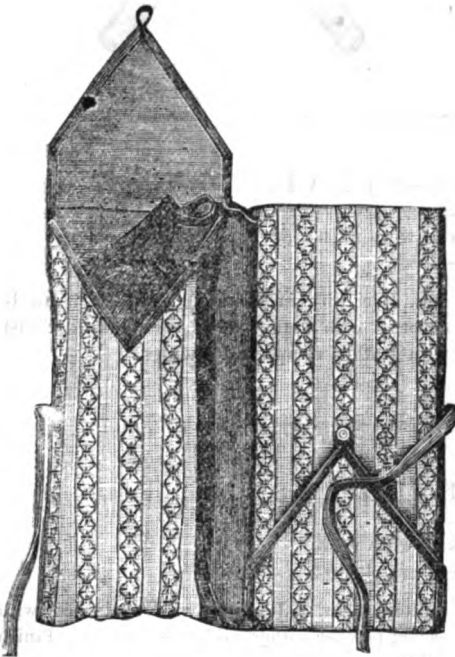
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER

Baby's-boot, of piqué or flannel, is trimmed on the toe with braid—either silk, cotton, or worsted, as the material may require. Interline with flannel or canton-flannel, tie with narrow white corded ribbon.

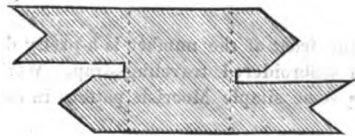


TRAVELING-CASE FOR SHOES: WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This useful case is made of stout brown linen, ornamented outside and inside with long point-de-Russe stitches in red and blue working-cotton or crewel. We give a little model, showing how



the case is cut. The size may be determined by the size of the shoes, somewhat. The edges are bound with worsted skirt-braid. Loops and buttons and strings added.

CORNER FOR PIANO OR TABLE COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, a design for the outline-stitch, but would be most effective if done in crewel on a large piece of work. It can be done in either satin or embroidery stitch or in be done in natural colors, or in one color only.

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LAWN-TENNIS RACQUET-COVER

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Cloth in one of the new shades of green can be used in making this racquet-cover. It is perfect in shape, and is closed at the centre of its lap with ribbons. A row of fancy stitching is made across the edge of the lap, and the initial letters are worked in solid embroidery. The handsome spray decorating the back is also done in solid embroidery, in colors imitating nature. A spray of daisies or any other flowers may be done with outline-stitch or in solid embroidery on the racquet-cover, and, to be effective, the natural colors should be chosen.



TRAVELING-STRAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number is a pretty design : silk, line with stiff buckram, which is to be for an embroidered traveling-strap. Work on covered with satin, velvet, or plush. Finish . canvas some simple Moorish pattern in colored with leather straps and buckles.

HANDKERCHIEF-CASE.

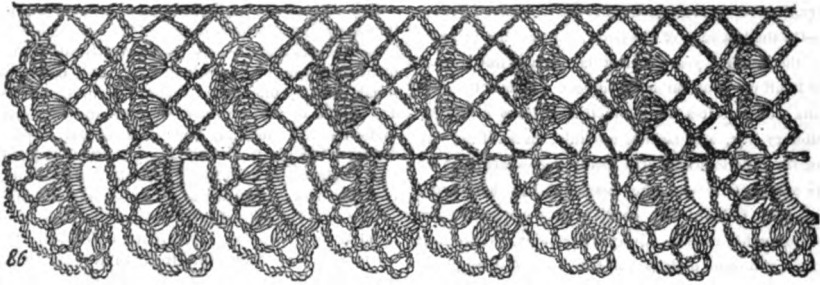
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give on Supplement a pretty design for a handkerchief-case. The embroidery may be done in outline or Kensington stitch—the lettering, of course, in outline. Make the outside of the case of pale-blue or cream-white satin or corded silk. Take a piece ten inches wide by twenty inches long, fold in half and, on the upper half, work the design in the centre. Work the wild roses in several shades of rose-pink, stems and leaves in olive-green, lettering in olive-green. To make up the case, line with

quilted satin, pale-pink, well sprinkled with sachet-powder, either wild-rose or violet. Finish off the edge with a silk cord to match the outside. The case folds like a book, forming a square. After the embroidery is done and the case lined, edges finished, add a full quilling of fringed-out surah, to match on the two sides. A bow of ribbon where the case opens, and a bow at the back where it folds over, complete the whole. If satin is too expensive, a fine cashmere may be used.

CROCHETED LACE.

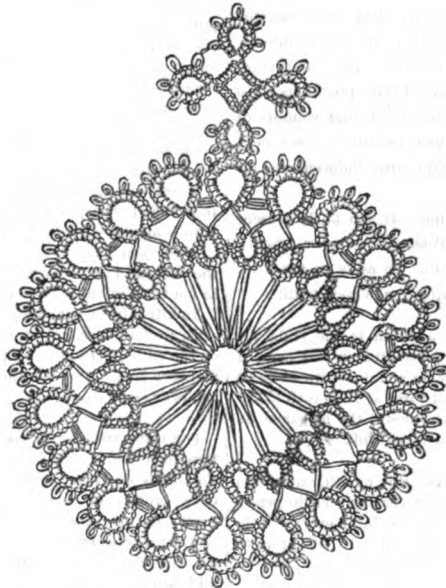
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This model requires no particular description, { working. It can be made of knitting or crochet as it is much easier to follow the pattern as it is cotton of fine Saxony, for edging flannel skirts, illustrated than to give directions as to the sacques, etc., etc.

ROSETTES IN TATTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Any person knowing how to make tatting can { together in a square or oblong, make a very follow this model; and such rosettes, placed { pretty and serviceable antimacassar.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

"PETERSON" FOR 1888—NEW OFFERS—FRESH ATTRACTIONS.—On the last page of the cover, we give the prospectus for the coming year, and it is one we have never equaled in all our long career of success. This is the only magazine which unites the distinctive features of a first-class literary, art, and fashion monthly, thus filling the place of three periodicals. The costly steel-engravings we give are our specialty—no other magazine has them every month. The fashion and needlework departments are always thoroughly reliable, always the newest and prettiest of Parisian and other designs, and the superb fashion-plates are printed from steel and colored by hand. The list of copyright novelets is such as no other magazine can boast, and we have never ourselves given so many or more brilliant than they will prove. That this rapidly-closing year has been a triumph is amply shown, not only by the many private letters of praise and congratulation and the warm commendation of the press throughout the country, but by the constantly-increasing list of subscribers, especially during these later months.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. (See club-terms on cover.) For one kind, the premium is the elegant book of "Choice Gems," or the handsome engraving "The Wreath of Immortelles," whichever is preferred. For another kind, the premium is a copy of the magazine for one year. For still another kind, there are two premiums, the magazine and either "Choice Gems" or the engraving. And, for the fourth kind, we offer all three premiums. We have also made arrangements to offer bound volumes of Mrs. Burnett's and Mrs. Southworth's novels. (See next page.) No other magazine offers such inducements for getting up clubs.

Now is the time to get up clubs. If you fairly present the merit and cheapness of "Peterson" to your friends, you can easily get up a large club. Be early in the field. Specimen copies sent free, if written for in good faith.

TO EARN A FREE COPY.—In addition to the clubs for which a free copy is given—see prospectus on last page of cover—we will send a free copy for a club of two at \$2.00 each (\$4.00 in all), or for a club of three at \$1.75 each (\$5.25 in all). This offer is to those who desire the magazine as a premium, yet cannot get up a large club.

THREE HOME-RULERS.—We give, this month, one of the most charming groups that Kate Greenaway's facile pencil has ever produced. The picture will delight every household, not only for its intrinsic merit, but from its appeal to mothers and sisters held in sweet bondage by "Home-Rulers" of their own.

No MAGAZINE at all comparing with "Peterson" in merit comes anywhere near it in point of cheapness, and in these days everybody wants the best and the cheapest of everything.

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OUR NOVELETS FOR 1888 are such as will stamp an era in American magazine literature. In accordance with the general wish of subscribers, we have discontinued a twelve-month continued story, which will enable us to give eight serials during the year without crowding our columns. The names of the writers are a guarantee of merit of the highest order, and that each of them has surpassed any former effort is a fact which every reader will admit. We shall begin with a novelet by Miss M. G. McClelland, whose recent romances have had so wide a success, and one by the author of "The Second Life," whose charming tales are so familiar to our readers. The eight novelets will offer a variety to suit every taste. One treats of Russian life, another of Continental social habits, and a third gives a brilliant picture of New York and London society. The scenes of the others are laid wholly in America, and are so varied in plot and treatment that together they offer a complete tableau of types and incidents of American life, from New England to the Pacific coast. The single stories which we have already selected will be found of exceptional excellence; and, besides those from established favorites, we have tales from several writers new to our pages, for whom we can safely predict a signal and abiding success.

HOME MILLINERY is by no means so difficult to achieve as many people imagine it to be. With a little practice, taste, and power of observation, extremely good results can be obtained and heavy bills avoided. A few hints may be useful, however.

Having lined the brim of the hat inside, you proceed to put in the head-lining, through the hem of which you have previously run a piece of China ribbon, making a tiny eyelet-hole in the middle of the hem for drawing the ribbon through. You only do this when the hat or bonnet is quite finished. Nothing betrays the amateur so readily as neglecting the finishing-off.

Elastic, if used, should always be fastened under the head-lining.

When working with tulle in hot weather, dip your hands, from time to time, in cold water. Any moisture combined with heat soon destroys the freshness of the tulle.

When you have to sew plush or velvet, keep a piece of the material face downward on the stuff you are sewing, so as not to mark the velvet or plush.

To kilt tulle or net, use a slightly warm iron.

To iron ribbons, velvet, or plush, never put them down on the table; get somebody to hold them up in front of you, and then iron. See that the iron is not too hot. Delicate colors are soon damaged.

FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—We give, in this number, in time to be useful, many pretty suggestions and designs for Christmas offerings, from baby's shoe and cot-quilt, an older brother or sister's crochet cap and tennis-racquet cover, up to shoe-bags, traveling-straps, towel-borders, flower-baskets, etc., etc., for the older members of the family. Then, too, on the Supplement are other designs, all beautiful and useful.

OUR PREMIUMS to persons getting up clubs are unequalled. It would be a pity for any lady not to possess at least one of them, and, by beginning in season, she can easily secure the whole.

OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1888.—On the second page of the cover, we announce our premiums to persons getting up clubs for 1888. We have never offered a more beautiful gift-book than "Choice Gems." It is a collection of the finest steel-plate engravings of pictures by the most celebrated modern artists. It will be very handsomely bound, with gilt edges, and will prove not only an ornamental volume for the centre-table, but a beautiful and valuable work of art.

Another premium will be a large steel-engraving, called "The Wreath of Immortelles," size twentyone by twenty-seven inches; a very lovely thing it is, too, and will make a beautiful ornament for any home. You can get either or both of these handsome premiums by getting up a club for "Peterson," as per terms on second page of cover.

Some persons may prefer an extra copy of the magazine as a premium; but that and one or both of the other premiums can be had by getting up one of the larger clubs.

The premiums for the coming year are finer and richer than ever, and the magazine will possess new attractions to make it more than ever a necessity to every lady and the delight of every household.

Begin now to get up a club for next year; by so doing, you will be able to secure a larger one.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

Having many applications for books to be sent in place of our regular premiums, we have made arrangements with the publishers by which we are enabled to offer bound volumes of the works of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, two of the most popular female writers of America. In place of our premium-book "Choice Gems," we will send any one of the following books by Mrs. Burnett: Kathleen, Theo, Pretty Polly Pemberton, Miss Creepigny, Lindsay's Luck, A Quiet Life, Jarl's Daughter, price \$1.00 each, handsomely bound in cloth, or we will send any one of our former premiums—Golden Gift, Pearl of Price, Forget-Me-Not, or Book of Beauty, instead of "Choice Gems."

For a club of eight, with \$12.00, or for a club of fifteen, with \$21.00, we will send as premiums an extra copy of the magazine, and, instead of "Choice Gems" and engraving, any one of the following books by Mrs. Southworth, the retail price of which is \$1.50 each: Ishmael, Self-Raised, The Phantom Wedding, The Missing Bride, Fair Play, How Ho Won Her, The Two Sisters, The Fortune-Seeker, A Beautiful Fiend, Victor's Triumph, The Family Doom, The Maiden Widow, Vivian, The Changed Brides, The Bride's Fate, India, The Mother-in-Law, Allworth Abbey, The Discarded Daughter, The Haunted Homestead, Cruel as the Grave, Tried for Her Life, The Three Beauties, Lost Heir of Lintithgow, A Noble Lord, The Bridal Eve, The Gipsy's Prophecy, Lady of the Isle, The Widow's Son, The Bride of Llewellyn, Fallen Pride, The Fatal Marriage, The Prince of Darkness, The Mystery of Dark Hollow, The Deserted Wife, The Curse of Clifton, Love's Labor Won, The Lost Heiress, The Artist's Love, The Fatal Secret, The Christmas Guest, Retribution, The Wife's Victory, The Spectre Lover.

These books are not cheap editions, gotten up merely for premiums, but are the publishers' regular editions.

We have never before made such a liberal offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it by getting up a club.

"DID NOT BEGIN IN TIME."—Not a year goes by that we do not receive numerous letters from subscribers regretting that they did not commence earlier to get up clubs. "If we had only begun in season," they say, "we could have doubled our clubs." Don't let anybody make that mistake this year, but begin at the right time—that is now.

WORTH TWO OF ANY OTHER.—A lady writes us: "Your magazine is worth two of any other I ever took at that price, for fancy-work alone."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Samantha at Saratoga. By Josiah Allen's Wife. (Marietta Holley.) Philadelphia: Hubbard Brothers.—To the readers of this magazine, the name of "Josiah Allen's Wife" is a household-word. The earliest of her inimitable efforts were produced in these columns, as has been the greater portion of the long succession of sketches which have made her famous. Delightful and irresistibly amusing as were "Sweet Cicely" and "Samantha at the Centennial," in some respects "Samantha at Saratoga" surpasses both, and will establish more thoroughly the author's claim, not only to a prominent but a strikingly original place among American humorists. Marietta Holley's writings are not confined to mere drollery and caricaturing of men and things—her people are either the types which genuine humor creates or consistent copies of real human eccentricity. She displays a skill in the delineation of character and an ability to invent incident which many professed novelists might envy. Thanks to this varied power, one is never troubled, in reading an entire volume of hers, by that sense of sameness and narrowness of scope which renders the collected works of many of our most popular humorists somewhat wearisome. Her satire is stinging, but always good-natured. Her wildest merriment never savors of indelicacy, and her pathos is so touching that it makes one feel, in regard to her, as one sometimes does in watching certain actors of burlesque and farce: that sentiment or tragedy would have been as much her forte, had she selected either for the full exercise of her talent. The book is very handsomely got up, and is profusely and fittingly illustrated. Typographically, the work will be an ornament to any library-table, and its contents will prove the delight of young, with old in every family it enters.

Ishmael; or, In the Depths. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new edition of perhaps the most popular of Mrs. Southworth's numerous books, and the one which she considers her best. Her opinion has certainly ample support, as the New York Ledger, in which it first appeared as a serial, was called on to reprint it several times, and its sale in book-form has been very great. The present volume is uniform with the library-edition of her works, and contains a fine steel-engraving of the authoress, with her autograph.

Madelon Lemoine. By Mrs. Leith Adams. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The admirers of Mrs. Adams's previous novels will find the present one fully to sustain her hold on their liking. It is a genuine love-story. The hero and heroine are persons in whose joy and sorrow one can feel a warm sympathy; and, after passing through a sea of trouble, they are rewarded by the happiness which they merit. The minor characters are distinct and individual, and the plot so well sustained that the interest is preserved to the close.

Songs of New Sweden and Other Poems. By Arthur Peterson, U.S.N. Philadelphia: E. Stanley Hart & Co.—A volume of very smooth and graceful verse. As the title indicates, the greater portion of the book is taken up with poems commemorative of the days of the early Swedish settlement on the Delaware. Toward the close, however, is a collection of shorter pieces expressive of personal feeling and experience, which perhaps display the writer's poetic ability to even better advantage.

Ether: a Book for Girls. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—An exceedingly bright winning story, in the popular author's pleasantest vein. The narrative is given in autobiographical form, and the heroine, who tells her own story, is a very sweet natural creation. The incidents are numerous and interesting, and the book is calculated to please storyreaders of every age, as well as the class for which it is avowedly written.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.—We give a number of extracts from newspapers in regard to the magazine, because at this season they will be useful to persons getting up clubs, in order to show their friends the general verdict of the press where "Peterson" is concerned. The Elgin (Ill.) Daily News says: "Peterson occupies a place peculiarly its own in periodical literature." The Des Moines (Iowa) Times says: "Peterson's Magazine in any home is an evidence of the refinement of its occupants. The October number, just received, is as captivating as 'a love of a bonnet.' What with its brilliant new fashions, its music, its refined literature, household hints, and other features calculated to instruct and delight, it is a wonder that any lady can live happily without Peterson." The Brownsville (Texas) Banner says: "The magazine, than which none in America is more desirable as a household entertainer. A magazine of art, replete with artistic taste in its latest patterns and designs for embroidery for ladies, which are worth ten times the price of the magazine. It contains the choicest miscellany, and intellectual, moral, and historical stories, which will be enjoyed by all, from the youngest to the oldest reader, male or female." The Athol (Mass.) Chronicle says of a late number: "It is just as good as it can be." The Syracuse (Neb.) Journal says: "Not content with keeping abreast of its neighbors, it ranges ahead in the race, and keeps all the time to the front. Really the most astonishing thing about it is how in the world it can get up so good a magazine for so little money, only \$2.00 per year." The Boston (Mass.) Times says: "Few magazines award premiums that approach the valuable books and engravings 'Peterson' bestows. The attractions for 1888 are numerous—new writers to be added to the staff of favorite old contributors, more costly engravings and woodcuts—in fact, novelty and fresh variety in every department. One can be certain this is not only said, but really meant; for this popular magazine has proved, during nearly half a century, that its promises are always faithfully kept." Each month brings us such scores of similar notices that at the end of a year they would fill a goodly volume, and the private letters received from subscribers would make another equally large. We mean the magazine for 1888 to take even a higher standard than it has ever reached—our prospectus tells that, and we have amply proved that we rather go beyond than fall short in the fulfillment of our promises.

Among all Millais's lovely pictures of children, he has never surpassed the one our steel-engraving reproduces. Nothing could realize more completely one's ideal of that famous

"Little Miss Muffet, who sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey,
When there came a big spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away."

CATARH CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND, at least, would be added to our subscription-list for 1888, if each present subscriber would procure us one more; and nobody could do a friend a greater favor than to induce him or her to invest in the most brilliant magazine of America, which is what "Peterson" will be next year.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS, ETC.

Pot Pourri.—Fry slightly a small piece of veal, and then mince it very fine. Mix then some egg-plant, a few lima beans, a little corn finely cut, a little carrot, mushrooms, tomatoes, potatoes, and parsley chopped with a knife passed through an onion, or a small onion chopped up, pepper, and salt. Mince all together with a little butter. Put it in a skillet and brown it. All the vegetables must be previously cooked. If you have any chicken, sweetbread, or crab, put it in finely minced. It is very nice browned in shells.

Souped Feet.—Take four or eight pigs'-feet, and, after thoroughly scraping and cleaning them, put them on to boil in some salt and water. They should cook very slowly until the meat is perfectly tender. Take out the large bones, cut each foot in four pieces, season with cayenne-pepper and salt. When cold, pour cold vinegar over them. If preferred, some grains of allspice and a sprig or two of mace may be added.

TO COOK POTATOES.

Potato Rissoles.—Mix, with the potato, salt, pepper, and butter to taste and a well-beaten-egg—one large egg is enough for a pint-basinful of mashed vegetable. Make up the mixture into small rolls, cover with a thick layer of egg and breadcrumb, and fry in boiling dripping to a golden brown. Drain well on kitchen-paper before serving.

Another way.—Mix the paste as above, with the addition of an egg, pepper, and savory herbs; roll out to the eighth of an inch in thickness, cut into three-cornered pieces, place minced meat well seasoned on one, lay another on top, and slightly pinch the edges to keep them together; strew bits of vermicelli over, fry each side a nice brown, drain, and serve.

Potato Scallops.—Mince very finely some streaked bacon or tolerably lean ham, a few savory herbs, or, failing these, a little parsley; salt and pepper to taste. Mix with the mashed potato in the proportion of three parts vegetable to one of meat; fill some scallop-shells with the mixture, put a bit of butter on the top of each, and brown in the oven. This makes a pretty breakfast or supper dish, served with poached eggs.

Potato Loaf.—Mix butter, milk, and seasoning with the potatoes, then add breadcrumb till the whole is a moderately stiff paste. Butter a mold, fill it with the mixture, turn it bottom-upward on an old dish or baking-tin, and set it to brown in a quick oven.

DESSERTS.

Roly-poly Jam Pudding.—Take equal quantities of fine flour and suet, remove all skin from the suet, slice it very thin, and then chop it quite fine, mix together, and moisten with cold water; add a very little salt, knead it well, and roll it out quite thin, about one-sixth of an inch. Spread the paste equally over with any kind of jam to within one-half inch of the edge, moisten the edges with water, roll up the pudding, pinch the edges together; put it into a cloth, which must be tied at both ends. Put the pudding into boiling water, and boil about two hours.

Lemon Tart.—Four eggs, well beaten, four ounces of white sugar, in knobs, the sugar rubbed on the rind of a large lemon, to extract the essence, then beat the sugar in a mortar with the strained juice of the lemon, and mix it with four ounces of butter, warmed. Put a puff-paste on a shallow tin dish, ornament the edges, pour the mixture on, and, when baked for three-quarters of an hour, slide the tart on to a china dish.

Custards.—Four eggs, pint and half of milk, three ounces of loaf-sugar, six drops of almond or vanilla flavoring. Beat eggs, milk, and sugar together—strain. Put the cus-

tard into a tin saucepan, and thicken the milk and eggs over a slow fire; if it boils, or nearly so, the custard is spoiled; pour it rapidly from one jug to another till cold; add flavoring, stir well, and fill twelve glasses.

Velvet Cream.—Dissolve one-half ounce of isinglass over the fire in just sufficient water to melt. Let it boil, take it off the fire, add to it a large teacupful of white wine and the juice of a lemon. Strain it through a fine sieve, mix with a pint of cream, stir it well together, sweeten with a large quantity of pounded white sugar added by degrees, and turn it into a china mold.

CAKES.

Genoa Pastry.—Put one-half pound of castor-sugar into a bowl, break seven eggs, one by one, into a cup, and add to the sugar; melt one-quarter pound of butter in a small saucepan over a very gentle fire; put the bowl containing the sugar and eggs on a pan of hot water and whisk twenty minutes, turning the bowl from time to time, or the eggs would partially cook; stir in six ounces of sifted flour and pour in the butter, taking care not to give one more stir than necessary; line a shallow tin with double paper oiled, pour in the mixture, set as quickly as possible into the oven, and bake about three-quarters of an hour; it should rise high and be very light, and may, when served, be sliced and spread with jam between, and arranged in a pyramid, or it makes a pretty dish left whole, and stuck with blanched almonds and pistachio-nuts.

Gingerbread.—Take one and a half pounds of honey, and, having melted it over the fire in a very clean saucepan, pour it out into a basin, which must have been warming during the time. While the honey is quite hot, stir into it nine ounces of moist sugar, six ounces of sweet almonds, blanched and cut into thin slices; one and a half ounces of pounded cinnamon, and three ounces of candied lemon, finely sliced. Stir these well together, and gradually add as much flour as will make it into a stiff paste; roll it out several times until quite smooth and stiff, and about half an inch or less in thickness. With a sharp knife, divide it into cakes, place them on buttered tins, and bake in a moderate oven until they are a pale-brown color.

Rich Plum-Cake.—Two pounds of prepared flour—this is made by mixing two ounces of carbonate of soda, one and one-quarter ounces of tartaric acid, and two ounces of common salt, with one gallon of fine flour—one pound of butter, one pound of white sugar, two pounds of currants, one-quarter pound of mixed candied peel, and six eggs; add any flavoring preferred and half a pint new milk; mix well all the dry ingredients, then add the six yolks and the milk, beat the whites, and add last, mixing them in lightly but thoroughly; line a large tin with oiled paper, and bake in a moderate oven.

SANITARY.

For Chicken-Water, the half of a fowl is recommended. It is to be skinned, then the flesh is to be cut small, the bones broken, and bones and flesh put into a jar with a pint of water. The jar is to be set near the fire for three hours, closely covered all the time. It is not to boil, but must be sufficiently hot to extract nourishment out of the chicken. When strained off, the water is to be flavored with anything suitable, and can be taken warm or cold.

Simple Remedy for Burns.—Common whiting mixed with water to the consistency of a thick cream, spread on linen, forms an excellent local application to burns and scalds. The whole burned surface should be covered, excluding the action of the air. It affords instantaneous ease, and only requires to be kept moist by occasional sprinkling of water.

Linseed Tea.—Take three tablespoonfuls of linseed, about one pint of water, and boil for ten minutes. Strain off the water, put in a jug with two lemons, cut in thin slices; put also some brown sugar. A wineglassful of wine is an improvement. This has been found most nourishing for invalids.

Eurache.—A good-sized linseed-meal poultice, hot, with eight or ten drops of laudanum in the middle, will cure the most severe eurache.

Chilblains.—Rub, every night, with oil or cold cream, and sleep in warm socks or stockings.

HORTICULTURE.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.—The numerous species of the genus *chrysanthemum* (*chrysa*, gold, *anthos*, a flower) are found growing as indigenous plants in widely distant regions, from the extreme northeast of Asia, westward and southward through China and Japan, whence we received most of our cultivated species, to Spain and England. Our own representatives of the family are the ox-eye daisy and the corn marigold. France, Spain, Austria, and Hungary all have their distinct and characteristic indigenous *chrysanthemums* growing in temperatures not very widely different from our own. Northern Africa and Asiatic Turkey increase the list of species, while Kamtschatka has one bearing the appropriate name of *C. arcticum*, and the barren steppes of Siberia have one also. Other countries—indeed, almost every state of Europe, as well as Mexico—help to swell the number of species of this widespread plant.

In England, the *chrysanthemums* of China have been known about two hundred years, and cultivated, in the case of one of them, since 1795. But the ingenious florist of the farthest East cultivated them many centuries previously, and with such ardor that an English resident in China, who felt no special interest in the plant, found that he could not, with impunity, prevent the native gardeners from indulging their proclivity, for they threatened to quit his service unless he allowed them a free hand in the cultivation of the *chrysanthemum*. Chinese extravagance in flower-culture is exhibited in a curious practice of training plants into fantastic forms, and our beautiful "Autumn Queen," as we now call this flower of November, is often fashioned into shapes resembling pagodas, horses, ships, stags, and many others such as good taste and an appreciation of true art would avoid.

In Japan, a favorite floral decoration at fêtes and festivals consists in artificial *chrysanthemum* ladies, made up of thousands of blossoms, and placed in alcoves and summer-houses, which are so situated that they invariably attract numerous admirers. Both Japan and China, to whose talent for gardening we owe the *chrysanthemum*, have employed their best artists and their brightest colors in representing its numerous forms and hues in their illustrated books, their fabrics of silk and other materials, and in their pottery.

AMUSEMENT FOR CHILDREN.

How many an overworked mother is thankful for the slightest suggestion that will keep Rob or Susie quiet while she is filling up a huge hole in the boy's sock or sewing buttons on Susie's pinafore. These little ones are as restless as all young animals are, and brain and fingers must be kept busy doing something—legitimate, if possible—mischievous, if not.

Pricking outlines.—Many a half-hour that would otherwise be weary enough has been made delightful to little children by pricking the outline of a flower or some other object with a blunt needle or a pin. The outlines should be drawn for them on paper, which may be done by those who have no knowledge of drawing by holding the paper against the windowpane, with the drawing to be copied between the glass and the paper, when the outline can be traced with a pencil perfectly. But, for those who have a slight knowledge of drawing, simple outlines can be readily made of all



sorts of familiar things—a teacup and saucer, a wineglass, a waterbottle, and many other easy forms. Children so enjoy working at anything that they have themselves suggested; and, if the mother can comply with the request to “draw me a peg-top, please,” the design is sure to be received with approval. Then the drawing is laid on a pillow or on a soft cushion, and the outline is pricked all round with a pin until the whole drawing is enclosed by pin-pricks; and, when held up to the light, it seems to be made of little stars. Of course, the more regularly the pricks are made, the prettier is the effect.

The illustration shows a spray of jessamine done in this way, the dots showing the pin-pricks.

Cowper speaks of this employment in the lines “On the Receipt of My Mother’s Picture”:

“Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture’s tissue flowers—
The violet, the pink, and jessamine—
I pricked them into paper with a pin.”

He was a delicate fragile child, and, no doubt, took great delight in leaning against his mother’s lap and pricking the flowers of her elaborate brocade “into paper with a pin.” He seems not to have had a drawing on a paper, but appears, from the lines, to have laid his mother’s dress over the paper and pricked around the edge of the flowers woven in it. A bit of chintz or any figured material would serve, in this way, to yield the same amusement that soothed the childhood of one of England’s poets.

Secret writing.—Another amusement—for older children, however—is a secret writing which used to be popular among school boys and girls: Holes are cut at irregular distances in a doubled sheet of paper, and this paper is afterward divided, leaving two sheets exactly similar in their perforation. Each correspondent retains a sheet, and, when desiring to write to the other, lays the cut sheet on a blank sheet of paper and writes the real purport of the epistle in the spaces left by the holes. The blanks are afterward filled up—to make sense, if possible—and the real meaning can at once be deciphered by the possessor of the twin-sheet laying it over the letter, when the words intended to be read will appear through the holes. The drawback to this style of cipher is the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of filling up the blanks with sufficient neatness to escape detection.

Pebbles.—An outdoor game, in which children of all ages can partake—is diverting even to adults. A little heap of pebbles is piled up on a certain spot on the lawn. Each person is led, in turn, to a certain distance from the heap, blindfolded, given a stick, turned around three times, and then told to start off and do his best to beat down the little heap of stones. It is amusing to see the solemn air of some



of the performers and to watch the vigor with which they pound away at nothing, whole yards off the place where the stones are.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE SURAH SILK. The underskirt is laid in wide box-plaits. The overdress is rather full at the waist, and is draped without trimming. The bodice is round, laid in plaits from the shoulders, and opens over a vest of dahlia-colored velvet. This vest is cut low, to show a lace chemisette. Sleeves trimmed with velvet and lace. Large buckle clasps the folds of the bodice.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DULL-GREEN CAMEL’S-HAIR. The petticoat is plain, with a broad band of figured cashmere at the bottom. The overdress opens on the left side, is fully draped, and caught by a gimp ornament of the colors of the cashmere. The pointed bodice has a collar of olive-green velvet and a lappel of the same on the left side. Down the front is a narrow gimp to correspond with the colors of the costume. The full sleeves have deep cuffs of velvet and shoulder-trimming of the cashmere. Olive-colored felt bonnet, trimmed with green ribbon, and bound with olive-colored velvet.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN CLOTH. The overskirt opens over a side-trimming of ball-fringe—green mixed with dull-red. The overskirt is long and untrimmed. Jacket of brown striped cloth, opening over a dull-red embroidered vest. Bonnet of brown felt, trimmed with green velvet ribbon and green wings.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAIN DARK-BLUE WOOLEN and a blue and dark-red striped woollen. The petticoat is of dark-blue velveteen, and is made perfectly plain. The front of the overdress and the drapery at the back are of plain dark woollen. The panels at the sides are of the striped material. The skirt at the back falls with but little drapery. The bodice is round in front, is double-breasted, and ornamented with large buttons. The plastron is of the plain woollen, with collar-braces and pointed ornament of dark-blue velvet. Hat of dark-blue felt, trimmed with dark-blue velvet and plumes.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF TAN-COLORED CLOTH, over an underskirt of striped frizé woollen, which is made plain. The overdress opens at the sides, and is very little draped. The jacket-bodice is long, and has a plastron and trimming around the bottom, of dark-brown velvet. Boa of beaver. Hat like dress, trimmed at back with fawn-colored feathers.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED CAMEL’S-HAIR. The plain skirt has a deep hem of the same material, and is laid in large kilts. The overskirt opens in front, turns

back up to the tournure, where it is looped to form the back-drapery. Bodice pointed front and back. Yoke of velvet, with cape-sleeves which are adjustable. Bonnet of velvet to correspond with the predominant color of the dress, and trimmed with stiff wings of different colors, also corresponding.

FIG. VII.—**BONNET, OF FELT**, faced with velvet, top veiled with lace to match, and large roses with velvet leaves. A jaunty bow of picot-edged ribbon ornaments the inside brim.

FIG. VIII.—**TIPPET-CAPE**. This cape is for outdoor-wear, and should harmonize with the dress. Our model is of black canvas, beaded in gold, and lined with gold satin. Flounce and Jabot Chantilly lace, ribbon gold moiré.

FIG. IX.—**VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK VELVET, FAILLE, AND JET**. The velvet skirt is studded with jet ornaments. The tunic of faille opens at the right side, and is edged with jet drops. Velvet bodice, with low jacket of faille, fastened on the chest with a jet ornament. The cuffs are faille. Hat of faille, brim faced with velvet studded with jet, and trimmed with tufts of ostrich-feathers.

FIG. X.—**TOQUE, OF BROWN VELVET**, gray Astrakhan-border. Bird in gray or brown and gold the only trimming.

FIG. XI.—**SLEEVE, FOR JACKET OR WALKING-DRESS**. The under-cuff is of velvet. The sleeve opens on outside of arm over the under-cuff, and is braided in a simple design.

FIG. XII.—**HOUSE-DRESS, OF ELEPHANT-GRAY CASHMERE**. The skirt has one wide box-plait in front; the sides and back are kilted in wide plaits. The tunic forms a short apron in front, with long drapery in the back. The bodice is pointed in front, with small postillion-back. Coat-sleeves full at the top, cut out in tabs at the wrists, each filled in with a puff of soft silk. High standing collar.

FIG. XIII.—**BONNET, OF VELVET AND LACE**, for a young lady. It is without strings. The face has a full ruching of lace, and the high trimming is composed of standing loops of picot-edged ribbon and bead ornaments.

FIG. XIV.—**RED FLANNEL BODICE**, embroidered in white floeselle. The plastron, of red or white surah, is full, and fastened down the centre with studs. At the waist, the bodice is tied with ribbon-strings to match. Sleeves fullied into small cuffs.

FIG. XV.—**ALMOND-COLORED CLOTH WALKING-DRESS**, with feather-bordering of a deeper shade. The skirt is silk, edged with a narrow kilt-plaiting. The overskirt is stitched above the hem in six rows. Full round tablier, with square puffed tunic. The jacket and sleeves are edged with feather-trimming. Hat of felt, faced with velvet, and trimmed with standing loops of velvet ribbon.

FIG. XVI.—**COAT FOR A GIRL OF SIX YEARS**. Fancy cloth, with bouclé stripes. The bands, cuffs, revers, flaps to pockets, bow-and-revers to hood are plush. The hood is lined with shot-satin.

FIG. XVII.—**BEADED MUFF**, composed of velvet, puffed, and separated with rows of jet passementerie. Wide bands of network in jet beads, lined with velvet, compose the holder and throatlet.

FIG. XVIII.—**WALKING-COSTUME—ULSTER—OF PLAIN WATERPROOF TWEED**. Wide sleeves and adjustable cape with hood, which is lined with some bright-colored silk or satin, either plain or striped. Small capote of felt, trimmed all over with loops of ribbon, rosettes, and wings.

FIG. XIX.—**WALKING-COSTUME—ULSTER—OF CHECKED SCOTCH TWEED**. The make is the same as the preceding one, only observe to line the hood with a plain self-colored sprah. Small bonnet, trimmed with standing bows of ribbon and silk, with small rosettes of velvet ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Jerseys are so useful, that it is not wonderful they remain so long popular; but the new ones show a great variety in trimming, and in shape they are veritable bodices. Some have full vests of soft surah, others have beaded yokes, while yet others are beaded all over, or embroidered in small sprays. Some are trimmed with plain

worsted braid, others in gold and silver braid, à-la-militaire. Every variety of color, quality, and price may be found, to suit the taste and purse of the purchaser.

The Chinese blouse is becoming quite fashionable for morning-dress. It is of soft China silk or fine-striped tennis-flannel, loose in front, and tight in the back; with it, a tin belt is worn. The sleeves, alas, are loose.

Sashes of wide moiré ribbon, or of soft surah, or of the material of the dress, are very much worn both by young and married ladies.

Black satin draped with silk net is the favorite combination for ladies whose hair is prematurely gray, and equally suitable for older women with gray hair, to whom a severe black silk or satin dress is more or less trying.

Belts, bracelets, etc., in silver and oxidized, are very much the rage. The belts have innumerable hanging attachments—such as scent-bottles, thimble-cases, etc., etc.

A useful waist is of velvet, to wear with different skirts. A pretty one for evening-wear is of olive-green velvet, with puffed sleeves and fichu of pale-blue crape. The waist is open at the throat, and the fichu crosses to the left side, and fastens with a large rosette of velvet ribbon to match. Plain velvet waists, pointed back and front, in black and dark self-colors, are very useful for home-costumes with a black silk skirt.

Gouces of plain and plaid or striped cloth combined continue to be very fashionable. Smooth cloth is worn for more dressy suits, while the rough material is used for more common wear. The latter is nearly always figured—in small stripes, zigzags, crossbars, diagonal, checks, etc.

The plainer cloth is generally made tailor-fashion, and is of dark-blue, gray, dull-red, fawn, etc., and is quite simply draped. A jacket is nearly always added, and may be made of any of the material of which the dress is composed.

Veils are still very much worn, and make a pretty variety to the dress.

Stripes are arranged in many ways. The almost plain round skirt, made of velvet-striped fabric, is often cut entirely on the bias. The overdress of plain material is arranged "en jabot," to reveal glimpses of the stripe set on diagonally as a facing, or straight of the goods; and finally, the bodice opens wide over a plastron, on which the stripes are arranged in downward points.

Wraps promise to be as varied in fashion as dresses. Small ones will generally be used for more dressy occasions, while longer ones will be more useful for ordinary wear and for the coming cold winter months. Scarcely two wraps are made alike, but nearly all are rather or quite close-fitting at the back; but the arrangement of the front, sleeves, length, etc., is as varied as possible.

Young girls wear jackets rather than short mantles; but ulsters are much worn for more common use.

Bonnets are still close-fitting and small; and velvet, soft corded silk, and felt are all seen. Gray-blue seems to be a favorite color, though all colors that correspond with the dress or wrap worn will be fashionable. Dull dark-red, or even brighter red, with black dresses, is popular. Black velvet bonnets, trimmed with deep-pink roses, are considered very stylish.

Ostrich-tips, cock's-plumes, and warm-colored flowers are all used with ribbon. Peacock's-plumage is worn with dark-green velvet, and pheasant's-feathers with brown. Pale-gray and white felt bonnets are pretty and new. The former are trimmed with small tufts of ostrich-tips and satin ribbon of the same color, and the latter with ruby, sapphire, or emerald colored velvet.

Hats are worn with lower crowns, often turned up at the back, and having the trimming massed there, though the high-crowned hats are not abandoned.

Lace strings or scarfs, both black and white, are used for many bonnets. These are particularly becoming to all

faces, but especially to those no longer young, as they impart much more softness to the face than the severe ribbon-ties.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The new cloaks of the season are very varied, both as regards shape and material. The newest style presents in itself a combination of the two forms most in vogue during the past winter—namely, the dolman and the paletot. It is a dolman at the back and a paletot in front, and is mostly shown in rich material, such as black velvet or sealskin plush. The long square ends, reaching to the hem of the dress in front, are bordered either with very wide bands of feather-trimming or with narrower bands of fur. The sleeves, formed of a prolongation of the sides of the wrap, are very wide and are trimmed to correspond. A new style of plush, which has been introduced for these wraps, is a sealskin plush with a raised garland of flowers in the same material running through the centre of each breadth. A still richer material is black velvet, stamped at long intervals with narrow lines of gold. For trimming this latter material, wide bands of black feathers, interspersed with the tiny feathers of the breast-plumage of the golden pheasant, are generally employed. *Passenterie* ornaments in gold beads or in colored jet will be much employed on velvet wraps. The favorite form is a cockle-shell, a design that is also to be seen in the braided borders of various fashionable garments. Immensely wide fringes in dead silk are also sparingly used, but their great depth—something over a quarter of a yard—renders it difficult to employ them judiciously. They form an admirable finish, however, to the sides of a short dolman. For less dressy wear, short close-fitting jackets in dark smooth-finished cloth, trimmed with very narrow bands—a mere edging—of Astrakhan, and closed with brandebourgs in black silk or worsted braid, are shown. There is also a new shaggy cloth of a very silky finish, which comes in light brown or beige colors, and which is used for double-breasted jackets, closed with very large carved buttons in beige-colored ivory.

The most noticeable feature about the new dresses of the season is the gradual disappearance of the basque, which is almost wholly replaced by a point in front and by a single point, or three square pieces forming a coat-tail, at the back. Wide sleeves, especially for costumes in soft material, such as cashmere or serge, are gradually making their way into popular favor. They are usually shirred from the shoulder half-way down to the elbow, and from the wrist half-way up to the same point. Corset-bodices—or Swiss waists, as they are sometimes called—are a good deal employed in making up cloth or cashmere dresses. They are always in a much richer material than the dress itself, velvet being the favorite stuff. The velvet must match the dress itself, or some figure or stripe in it. Above the corset-bodice, the dress-material is laid in flat folds to the throat, and is finished by a narrow velvet collar. Velvet, in fact, is much used in combination with cloth or cashmere for demi-toilette costumes. I have seen a very handsome dress in marine-blue cloth, with corset-bodice, collar, and cuffs in velvet. The skirt was made in large flat plaits, with a width of velvet showing under the plaits at either side, and was closed up the front with very large square buttons in *passenterie*. Similar buttons formed the fastening of the velvet bodice. The polonaise has also been revived, and is now shown in cloth or cashmere, looped in full curved folds in front over an underskirt of plush or velvet, and opening at the left side to the waist, the opening being bordered with bands of the same material as the underskirt. The whole costume must match precisely in color, in all its details. Striped material in various styles

is very popular, either in silk and satin in two shades of the same color, or in contrasting colors, for dressy toilettes, or in wide stripes in the latter combination for morning-dresses. For these last, striped flannel in wide alternating black-and-white or blue-and-white stripes is much liked. Very elaborate morning-dresses are now made of plush, with a half-fitting jacket and short draped skirt, the latter caught up at one side with a knotted silk cord and tassels. The jacket has a loose shirt-vest of surah in some contrasting color. This style is pretty in silver-gray plush, with the vest in pale-pink surah or in heliotrope plush, with a cream-white surah vest. Cashmere morning-dresses are cut Princess, with a draped skirt-front and vest, also in cashmere, in a contrasting tint. Those last are very pretty in a white-grounded *mouseline-de-laine* figured with small many-colored flowers, and with the skirt-front and shirt-vest in pale pink or blue cashmere. Two new woollen materials that have just been introduced are the "peau de laine" and the "Amelia serge," the latter being so named in honor of the young Duchess of Braganza. The new colors of the season are burnt-almond red, Louis-XV bronze, and mushroom-color, the last being a delicate shade of mastic.

It is prophesied that the days of high bands around the throat, the so-called "officer's collar," are numbered, and that wide falling lace or linen collars in the Louis-XIII style will replace them. A very charming novelty to wear with low-necked or open corsets is an inch-wide black velvet ribbon to encircle the throat, closed in front or at the back with a small Rhine-stone buckle, and embroidered with a motto in tiny Rhine-stones. The motto is usually one word, such as "Souvenir," "Espérance," or "Charité," but may be expanded at the wearer's pleasure. Ribbon worked with small steel beads and fastened with a buckle in cut steel is less expensive and is very effective. For half-mourning, the embroidery must be in beads of dead jet, with a buckle to correspond.

For gentlemen, there are some new styles signalized. The vest must be made very open, to show the full expanse of the plain shirt-front. Trousers are worn loose, and project slightly over the instep. The coat-sleeve fits the arm closely, and is cut rather short, so as to display the cuff-button in dead-yellow gold. Gloves are once more indispensable for all entertainments except dinner-parties, pearl-gray, stitched on the back with gray or black silk, being in favor for evening-wear, and dog-skin for promenading or driving.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S STREET-COSTUME, OF GRAY BLUE, is a pelisse, made with a kilted skirt. The cape, which is kilted, has yoke, cuffs, collar, and belt of velvet. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with standing loops of gray and red ribbon.

FIG. II.—COSTUME, FOR A GIRL OF TWELVE, is made of plaid surah or woollen, with velvet the shade of the predominating color, which is used for yoke and collar. Hat of soft felt to match, trimmed with large rosette of standing loops of velvet ribbon to match the costume.

FIG. III.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF MARINE-BLUE CLOTH, for a girl of fifteen. Jacket with movable cape, lined with surah, and gathered at the throat. Skirt and tunic to match. Felt hat to match, trimmed with band-and-loops of ribbon to match the silk lining of the cape.

FIG. IV.—SOFT-CROWN BONNET, OF CASHMERE OR SILK, for little girl of four to six years. The edge has a full-quilled border of silk. Loops of ribbon finish the front, inside and outside.

FIG. V.—SEALSKIN TOQUE. This bolero-toque is ornamented with a bow of orange-colored plush.



TOBOGGANING



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.



WALKING-DRESS. MORNING-BODICE. BONNET.



WALKING-DRESS. BONNET. CHILD'S DRESS.



NEW-STYLE MANTLE. TOQUE. COLLARETTE. BODICE.



JACKET. PELERINE. HAT. SLEEVE.

SLEEPER



SLIPPER-CASE.



SLIPPER-CASE.

SOFTLY THE NIGHT IS SLEEPING.

As Published by J. GIB. WINNER, Philadelphia, Pa.

A. T. GARDNER.

Softly.

1. Soft - ly the night is sleep - ing On Bath - lem's peace - ful
2. Day in the east is break - ing; Day o'er the crim - soned

hill; earth! si - lent the the glad shep - herds watch - ing, The Glad

gen - tle flocks are still. But hark! The won - drous
in the Sav - iour's birth! See where the clear star

ritard.

mu - sic Falls from the ope - ning sky;
bend - eth O - ver the the man - ger blest;

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SOFTLY THE NIGHT IS SLEEPING.

a tempo.

f

Val - ley and cliff re - ech - o Glo - ry to God on high,
See where the In - fant Je - sus Smiles up - on Ma - ry's breast!

Chorus.
Spirited.

f

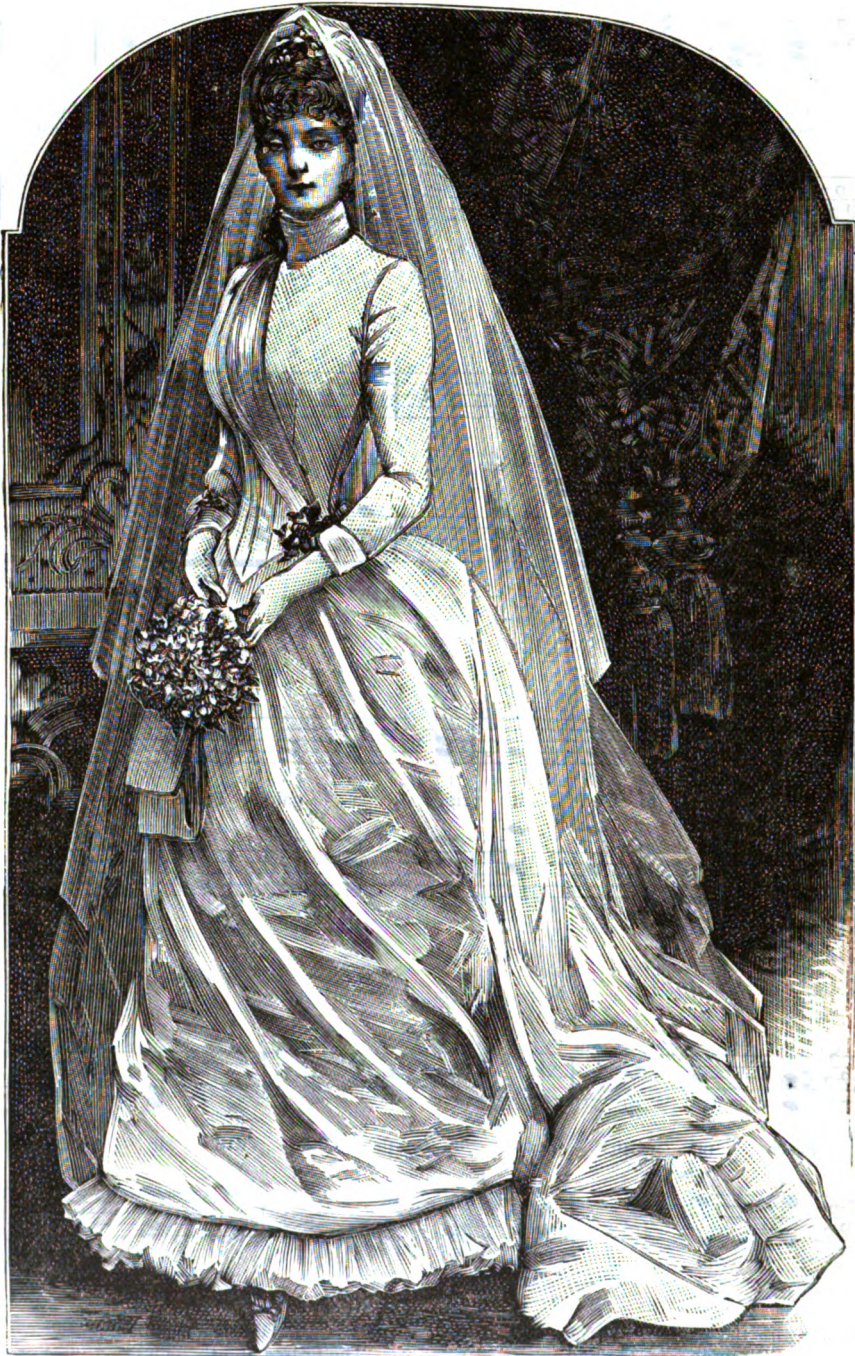
Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God!

Glo - ry to God it rings a - gain, Peace on earth!

Peace on earth! Peace on earth! Good will to men.

3. Come with the gladsome shepherds,
Quick hastening from the fold;
Come with the wise men, pouring
Incense, and myrrh, and gold:
Come to Him, poor and lowly
Around the cradle throng;
Come with your hearts of sunshine
And sing the angels' song.—CHO.

4. Weave ye the wreaths unfading
The fir tree and the pine;
Green from the snows of winter,
To deck the Holy shrine.
Bring ye the happy children!
For this—is Christmas Morn,
Jesus, the sinless Infant,
Jesus, the Lord, is born.—CHO.



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MRS. LEIGH'S GOVERNESS.

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.



IT was a cruel moment, when Grace Courtenay, after her change of fortune, first met her former rival, the rich and haughty Miss Marilton. They had been leading belles, two years before, in society, and rumor had said were competitors for the hand of young Stuyvesant Mortimer, the sole heir of the great banker of that name. But Grace's father had failed, and then died, leaving his family destitute. She was glad, in this emergency, to accept a situation as nursery-governess, in the pretty village of Seaverge, on the shore of Long Island Sound. To go out, in this half-menial condition, in New York, where so many knew her, she felt to be im-

possible; but here, in this quiet and secluded place, she was not likely to meet former acquaintances, she thought. "In time I shall forget," she said to herself, "as I shall be forgotten."

But, the very summer after she went to Seaverge, an enterprising inn-keeper put up a spacious hotel, directly by the water, and laid out around it some fifty acres of ornamental ground. Immediately, Seaverge became not only a fashionable resort, but an aristocratic one as well, for the two are not always

the same. And here, one morning, when out on an errand, Grace came suddenly on her old rival, who was driving along one of the country roads, in a phaeton, behind a pair of handsome ponies, and with a footman, in livery and cockade, in the rumble.

"I wonder if she will speak to me," thought Grace, her first impulse being to turn away. But she had a brave soul; and so, after a moment's hesitation, she looked full at Miss Marilton.

The latter saw Grace, and evidently recognized her, for her face flushed, even through its abundant coat of powder; but she did not bow: on the contrary, she stared as if the two had never met before.

"I might have known it," said Grace, bitterly; "our worlds now are different. But what an insolent stare! I am sure, if she had been a poor governess, and I the heiress, I could not have treated her so."

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Nor could she. This thought dwelt, more and more, in Grace's mind, as she mused, that afternoon, in her favorite nook by the little river back of the Leigh grounds, a spot she always resorted to for quiet and composure when she had been overtaken, or worried, or agitated. Yes, she was, more and more, surprised. For Grace had one of those rare natures that rise above wealth and false position. She had, even in her happier days, liked people for themselves, and not for what they had. If, in some secret corner of her heart, almost unknown to herself, she had cherished a preference for Stuyvesant Mortimer, it was not because of the millions he was expected to inherit, but because of what she supposed to be his generosity of heart and his



inborn nobility of character. Alas! this illusion, like many another, had been dissipated by experience; for, from the day of her father's death, she had never seen young Mortimer, though, before that, he was the most assiduous of lovers.

She had known, always, that Miss Marlton hated her. Nor was the reason far to seek. The latter had "come out" a year earlier than

Grace, and young Mortimer, during that first winter, had been quite attentive. But; when Grace took society by storm, a twelvemonth after, Miss Marlton lost her half-won conquest. "She is having her revenge now," thought Grace, with renewed bitterness. "I don't suppose he ever thinks of me. Ah well, why should he? I am only a poor governess, and, since his father is dead, he is one of the richest

young men, they say, in America." She ended with a sigh, that broke, a moment after, into a half-contemptuous laugh.

"What do you think I heard?" said Mrs. Leigh to her husband, the next day, at luncheon. "It is that young Stuyvesant Mortimer is to marry Miss Marlton."

"What! the daughter of the great railroad operator?" replied Mr. Leigh. "Well, it's a great catch, even for her. Railroad shares, you know, my dear, have a queer habit, often, of becoming next-door to worthless; but the Mortimer fortune, made in railroads, has been transferred to Government bonds and other first-class securities, and is safe as gold itself."

"They say," retorted his wife, "that this young Mortimer is one of the handsomest of men and a great swell."

"Ah," replied her husband. "Well, I don't know him, even in business." In fact, socially, the Mortimers had always moved in a higher sphere than the Leighs. "He's been in Europe, you know, for a year and more—hand in glove. I'm told, with the best people there."

Grace heard this conversation with a beating heart, for she always lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Leigh; their lunch, in fact, was her dinner. She had not heard, before, of her old lover's absence in Europe, and only knew of his father's death from a paragraph in the newspaper. Naturally, she could not help being moved at this news. But her lip curled with contempt as she recalled the fact that he had deserted her the moment she became poor.

She slept but little, that night, naturally. The children were especially trying all day, for the prolonged heat was telling on their tempers. So, after lessons were over, Grace started for a walk, following the little brook, on its shady side, as it wound to the sea. It was a pretty streamlet: widening, at places, to quite a small river, and in places full of water-lilies. Turning a corner, Grace came suddenly on Miss Marlton, sitting in a boat, pretending to fish, but looking up every moment, as if she expected someone.

A pet dog was in the front of the boat. Hearing Grace's step, the pampered plaything sprang up and began to bark furiously at her. At the same instant, Miss Marlton detected our heroine, and, opening her large lazy eyes, stared again, this time even more superciliously than the day before. Grace hurried on as fast as she could, her cheeks hot with mortification and anger. But her haste was not sufficient to carry her out of sight and hearing, before she saw a manly form—which she knew only too well—and heard a voice that made every pulse of her body thrill. It was Stuyvesant Mortimer, who had suddenly appeared from a grove on the other side of the stream, and to whom Miss Marlton called to come and row her home, turning her boat, as she spoke, toward him.



How Grace got back to the house, that afternoon, she never knew. She must have almost frown, for she was out of breath when she arrived. She was glad when night enabled her to escape from the children again. She spent long hours fighting down her misery. "Yes, there was no doubt," she said to herself. "Only the closest intimacy, only an approaching marriage, could explain her tone and manner: it was that of ownership; and his was that of only too willing service." And again she said to herself: "Oh, how I despise him!" And then: "How I despise myself, for being affected by it at all."

The next day broke more sultry than ever. Mrs. Leigh, who was a kind-hearted woman in her way, noticed Grace's exhausted air, and, attributing it to the heat and the confined school-room, suggested that the children should take a holiday.

"They look a little peaked, poor things, themselves," she said. "I have been promising them a picnic, all summer, down on Briery Beach. Suppose you all bundle off together, in the donkey-cart, and spend the day there. I will have a nice lunch put up for you. The road, for most of the way, lies through shady lanes. You will be the better for it, my dear, yourself."

They had gone about a mile, and were slowly climbing a sandy hill, Grace driving, and the two little girls and their brother chattering away in the highest spirits, when suddenly a pedestrian came out from the woods on the right, and, springing nimbly down the bank, was going in the opposite direction, when little May called aloud:

"Don't you know me, Mr.—Mr.—Stranger? I'm the little girl who lost her penny yesterday, in the village, and you were the kind gentleman to find it for me."

Grace would have given the world if the child had not spoken, for she had recognized again, only too well, that tall lithe form and that free swinging step. She said to herself: "He saw me—he was hurrying away, and now this vexatious child has called him back: he will think I whispered to her to do it, and he and his bride will jeer at me all the more."

Stuyvesant Mortimer turned at May's call, and, coming up to the cart, with quick impulsiveness, cried, holding out his hand to the child:

"Why, so it is, absolutely my little fairy, but now disconsolate no longer. We are going on quite an expedition, too, aren't we? A picnic, or something like it?"

Grace's whole body was a quiver of nerves. She sat, with her eyes downcast and her face

half averted, apparently absorbed in studying her right hand, which held the reins.

"Oh, yes," answered May, "on a picnic. And we're going to have such a jolly time. Don't you wish you were coming, too?"

"Of course I do," with a hearty sympathetic laugh. "Jolly times are not so frequent with me, I assure you, that I can afford to miss a chance of one. But will Miss—Miss—I beg pardon for not knowing her name—allow me—Good God! it is Grace herself!"

Up to this moment, he had been so engrossed with the child that he had only a vague idea that there was a governess sitting next to her; but who the governess was, or even if she were pretty, he had no thought. But now, as he looked up, rather expecting to see some sour-visaged middle-aged spinster, he beheld the sweet downcast profile of the only woman who had ever touched his heart, and who was now looking all the more lovely because of her half-mourning dress and the traces of sorrow and suffering on her face. Hence the broken ejaculations with which he checked the request he had been about, half sportively, to proffer.

His hat, too, was off in a moment. He looked so eager, so astonished, so glad, so rapturous, all in succession, that Grace, who had turned to him coldly at first, was herself astonished, and—shall we say it?—stirred also to her inmost heart.

For what could it mean? Was it possible there had been some terrible mistake? Surely that look, the passionate emotion of the voice, were not counterfeit! Her head swam, and she thought she would faint.

"Miss Courtenay," said Mortimer, observing her agitation, and mastering his own emotion with a great effort, "I have been seeking you for months—ever since my return from Europe, indeed. May I?"—and the pleading tones of his voice were eloquence itself—"do in earnest what I proposed just now in jest? May I join your little party? I see that you think hardly of me. Perhaps I deserve it. But oh! give me a chance, at least, to explain. The vilest criminal is allowed that. Afterward, if you say so, I will go away—forever—"

He did not wait for a reply in words. He had always been masterful, and Grace felt the old spell on her. She made no objection, therefore, when he went to the donkey's head, and, muttering something about "helping it up the hill," took it by the bridle and led it to the top of the ascent. Her heart was in such a flutter that she could not have spoken if she had tried.

Of course, he found his opportunity, and that before long. The beach was only a short quarter



of a mile off, on the declivity of the hill below, and, when the children, shoeless and stockingless, and with many a merry shout, were dabbling in the water, he drew Grace's arm within his own, and told his story, as he paced to and fro on the sands, with her by his side.

At first she had been cold, even haughty; for, after her surprise was over, she told herself that there could have been no mistake, that he was false to the core—that he was only, even now, seeking to amuse himself. But, when he drew her arm within his own, when he looked into her eyes with his fearless look of innocence, and when he told his story in his frank, manly, yet

impassioned way, she broke utterly down, and would have fallen into his arms, if it had not been for the children playing so near. As it was, the tears rolled along her cheeks, and her eyes emphasized the low whisper in which she begged forgiveness for having wronged him, even when things seemed so pronounced against him.

"When your father failed and died," he said, for we tell his story in his own words, though less disjointedly by far, "my impulse was to fly to you at once. But, as I was not an accepted lover—as I did not know, indeed, whether I ever would be—your manner now makes me fear I have, and ever have had, but little to hope for—

I had to wait the customary conventional period, before calling on you. Meantime, I thought it my duty to tell my father that I loved you, and that I intended to tell you so, the first moment I saw you. I had expected some opposition. But I was surprised at the extent of it. My father, alas! good as he was to me, worthy as he was in most respects, had that excessive love of money which so many successful bankers acquire. He was desirous that I should marry an heiress. Rumor had once linked my name with that of Miss Marlton, but I had never seriously thought of her. In fact, after I saw you, at that first Patriarchs' ball—oh, shall I ever forget it?—I knew there was but one woman in the whole world that I could ever love. Stay, do not shake your head. Hear me out. I owed something, even you must admit, to my father. I was bound by duty—in some degree, at least. Well, my father, after a stormy interview, proposed a compromise. If I went to you, he said, he would never forgive me. He did not believe in my affection: it was only a youthful fancy, were his words; as for you, he had understood, from your father, that an alliance for you had been settled elsewhere. False, you say? Thank you for the words. They are the first kind ones—do you know?—you have spoken to me. My father, then, had been misinformed. But it staggered me. Ah! you say there was some ground for it, as your father had really wished such a match. And you would have nothing to do with it? Bless you again. Oh, had I only known that! Finally, my father, as I have said, promised that, if I would go abroad for two years, giving my word of honor not to see you or write to you, he would, at the end of that period, consent to my wish, if I still said I loved you. He urged that this was not much for him to ask, as he had always been a good parent to me, which, God knows," with emotion, "he was. Thus entreated—for he fairly begged now, with tears in his eyes—I consented. Perhaps I did wrong. I have often thought I did. No? You never would have married me, you say, against

my father's wish? You would have torn me from your heart first? Does that mean," with a cry of joy, "that you had given me a place there—that you will marry me now? Oh! Grace, if you will only have pity, if you will only realize how much I love you! I went abroad. But my father relented, at the end of the first year, and I was coming home when I heard of his death. Since that time, I have searched everywhere for you. But you had disappeared—lost to your old world completely; no clue to you was left. Yet you say that, three days ago, you met Miss Marlton, and that you are sure she knew you? That she saw you again, yesterday? Why, it was only then, that, for the twentieth time, I was telling her of my anxiety to find you. In love with her? My manner like it? Ah, if you only would believe whom I do love." All this so earnestly that Grace felt she had mistaken his manner, through her own sensitiveness, no doubt; for, after all, could a gentleman refuse an invitation from a lady? And, when he accepted, ought he not to accept graciously? "So you really," he went on, impetuously, catching her eye now, "forgive me all, at last? Oh, dearest!"

The "little romance," as Mrs. Leigh persisted in calling it, of Grace and Mortimer, made a great sensation at Seaverge and in New York. "It was quite like a bit out of a story-book," as the dowager, Mrs. Goldenrod, said. "It is like a fairy-tale," said little May. "Yes, it's better even than Cinderella," added the other sister; and she danced, in irrepressible glee, up and down the school-room. "And he's a bully fellow—he gave me this pocket-knife," chimed in Master Jack, proudly displaying one with something like twenty blades.

Almost the only one who thought or spoke otherwise was Miss Marlton. She had tried in vain to conceal her chagrin, but her efforts to entrap Mortimer had been too public, and, to escape the sarcastic condolence of her "thousand and one" society friends, she was forced to go abroad, departing in time to avoid the wedding-day of Mortimer and Mrs. LEIGH'S GOVERNESS.

THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

From away o'er the mountains, crowned with snow,
A guest is coming whom all of us know:

Listen! the prancing reindeer feet
Are almost here, and the music sweet

Of the chiming sleigh-bells, soft and low,

Comes "over the crest of the beautiful snow."

The "little old driver," with Christmas cheer,
Is surely coming—is almost here,

Bringing for all of us, far and wide,
The beautiful blessing of Christmas-tide.

THE ROOM AT HERONSMERE.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

I FOUND this fragment of an old diary, the other day, among the papers of a deceased artist, that had come into my possession at a sale of his effects. It tells a tale so startling, that I have come to the conclusion it may prove interesting to others beside myself. So, with some necessary alteration, such as a total change of names and localities, I venture to give it to the world.

PARIS, JULY 12th, 188—. How oddly things do turn out! Here was I, anathematizing my stuffy little studio and the hot weather of a Parisian summer, the other day, with slight hope of an escape from either to renew my exhausted vitality. I was pining for a glance at green fields and running streams, to give me some new ideas for my Salon picture of next spring. I had grown so tired of Cabanel's studio, though my good kind master gives me every encouragement—so tired of the long gallery at the Luxembourg, where I have been copying the master's *Francesca da Rimini*—so tired of the little restaurant in the Latin Quarter, where I take my meals. I was craving a change, in fact, without much hope of being able to afford one. And behold! this morning my concierge brought me up the following letter from a good-hearted genial young Englishman, Harold Manistry by name, with whom I became acquainted during a pedestrian-tour that I made in Switzerland some time ago. We struck up a warm friendship then, and have corresponded ever since. So I was in no wise surprised at receiving a letter from him, though very agreeably so at its contents. It ran as follows:

DEAR WILTON:

I hope you are not too busy just now to undertake a piece of work for me; for, indeed, if you refuse, I scarcely know to whom I could entrust it. I have just received a letter from a near relative—he is my father's cousin—James Manistry, who went to Canada long years ago, settled there, married, and has become quite a prominent personage. He wants me to have some of our old family portraits copied for him. Now these portraits are all at the family countryseat, Heronsmere, of which you may have heard me speak. If you can spare the time and are willing to undertake to paint these copies, I think you will find the job a remunerative one, as my cousin is willing to pay handsomely for the work. But

you will be obliged to spend some weeks at least at Heronsmere, which is a rather dreary old place down in Lincolnshire, as my father will on no account consent to the removal of the portraits from the picture-gallery there. You will find the house in good repair and well kept up, as it is inhabited by my great-grandfather, Sir Stephen Manistry, its present owner. He is immensely old—over ninety, I believe—and is quite in his dotage; but he will not trouble you in the least, as he has his own suite of rooms in the west wing, which he seldom or never leaves. If you will go, pray telegraph me your decision at once. I enclose a list of the portraits to be copied, and also a schedule of the prices my cousin is willing to pay. Perhaps I may run down to see you at Heronsmere, if you conclude to accept. Meantime, believe me

Your friend sincerely,

HAROLD MANISTRY.

AUGUST 22d. I have now been at Heronsmere for some weeks, and have grown quite accustomed to my novel surroundings. The place is by no means so dreary as I had been led to suppose. I have a very comfortable room, and the housekeeper—Mrs. Harris—has taken me under her protection, and pets me extensively, in the way of seeing that I have a fire when the days are chill, in sending me up marvelous preserves at breakfast and miraculous pickles at dinner, and in cossetting me in divers other ways too numerous to mention. The house is a rambling old structure, the main building having been erected in the reign of Henry VIII. while the wings were added in the days of Charles I. The picture-gallery dates from the latter epoch. It was originally intended for a ball-room, but is well lighted and serves its present purpose admirably. The series of family portraits is very full and comprises some works of unusually high artistic merit for such a collection. I am now copying the portrait, by Holbein, of Captain John Manistry, who was an officer in Henry VIII's body-guard, and find the task of reproducing it a fine and improving study. I look forward with great pleasure to copying a noble Vandyke and some remarkable Lelys and Knellers that figure on my list. There is one portrait, not included in it, of which I mean to make a sketch for my own private delectation.

It is the head of a young girl, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a dark-eyed peach-cheeked brunette, in a short-waisted and short-sleeved gown of white muslin, with a blush-rose at the breast. I wonder what was the history of this pretty creature? For, with such eyes and such a smile, she must surely have had a history. I mean to ask Mrs. Harris about her, some day. My life here is certainly monotonous; but I find the perfect calm and tranquillity very pleasant, after the turmoil and excitement of Paris. I paint nearly all day, except when I am tempted out by the exceptionally fine weather to take a stroll in the afternoon. In the evening, I explore the treasures of the old library, or else write letters, or, as now, scribble in my diary, which threatens to become dismally uninteresting—something, in fact, like the diary immortalized by Mark Twain, whose daily entries for a week ran as follows: "Got up, breakfasted, dined, took supper, and went to bed." I have not even caught a glimpse of the aged master of the house, Sir Stephen Manistry. I sometimes hear the rumbling of the wheels of his Bath chair in the corridor, when he is taken out for his daily airing, and while I am busied with my work in the picture-gallery. But, as he never leaves his own suite of rooms in the west wing except on such occasions, and as that is just the portion of the day that I devote to my painting, we have never chanced to meet.

SEPTEMBER 30th. Mrs. Harris has just been relating to me a very interesting history. I have found out who the original was, of the dark-eyed beauty immortalized by Sir Thomas Lawrence's pencil: the lovely portrait with which I was so charmed when first I visited the picture-gallery. I knew that there was a story belonging to that fairest face, but I was not quite prepared for one so tragic.

She was Sir Stephen Manistry's wife. Sir Stephen, in his youth and early manhood, was, it appears, one of the fastest men of a very evil epoch. He consorted wholly with men much older than himself, who continued to indulge in the wild ways and coarse dissipation of the Regency, even under the influence of a more decorous period. He was the hardest drinker, the most reckless gambler, the most daring rider, of his day. He surpassed his elders in vice; but, withal, he possessed one good quality: he was as brave as a lion. Being of an irascible nature as well, he did not fail to become engaged in several duels. In one of these, he was so unfortunate as to dangerously wound his adversary, who was no less a personage than the Marquis of Morningsfield, heir to the dukedom of Kingsland.

The life of the marquis was despaired of for some weeks, and Sir Stephen thought it prudent to retire to the Continent, while the result of his adversary's injury was still doubtful.

He went over to Paris, and there he lingered till the weeks grew into months—long, indeed, after Lord Morningsfield had entirely recovered and was once more seen in the clubs and at Almack's as usual. But, when at last Sir Stephen did return, the cause of his prolonged stay was at once apparent. He brought back with him a wife, a very young and very beautiful French lady, who, so rumor whispered, had contributed a handsome dowry to prop the falling fortunes of the Manistry family. With such a face and such a fortune, it was rather to be wondered at that her relatives would consent to so poor a match as that with the spendthrift baronet. But there was a history in the background—a flaw in the pedigree of the French beauty. Cecile de Laurens was the granddaughter of the Regent Philippe d'Orleans. She had been left an orphan whilst still an infant, and her relatives had been only too glad to find for her a husband of undoubted good family and ancient lineage. On the part of Sir Stephen, it seems to have been an undoubted case of very violent love, if not indeed of love at first sight. From what Mrs. Harris told me, I should imagine that his passion was by no means reciprocated. Like most conspicuously immoral men, he was furiously jealous; and, as Lady Manistry was immensely admired whenever she went into society, and was, moreover, an accomplished coquette—as might have been expected from her lineage—abundant cause for discord soon arose between the pair.

"They did quarrel dreadfully," said Mrs. Harris. "I know, for I used to hear all about it from Sir Stephen's valet. I was little more than a child, at the time; but my mother was housekeeper at Heronsmere, as I am now, and of course the servants talked about what was going on. When the son and heir was born, matters mended for a bit; but they soon got worse than ever. For there was a young officer—in the Guards, I think—Captain Clarence St. Maur, who was a noted beau in London society, and who was celebrated as being the handsomest man of his day. He took to paying Lady Manistry marked attention, and everybody soon saw that his attention was by no means unwelcome to her. Up to that time, I do think, from all that I have heard, that there was nothing more than mere flirtation and love of admiration on her part; but this affair was more serious. You see, she had never loved Sir Stephen; and how could she, when he was always

storming at her and fretting her life out, if she so much as danced twice in one evening with the same partner, or thanked a gentleman cordially for bringing her an ice or for putting on her cloak? We were none of us surprised when, just in the height of the London season, word was sent down to get Heronsmere in order as soon as possible, for the family was coming there to pass the remainder of the summer. I was only a little girl at the time, as I said before; but I remember all the bustle and the work there was in the house for some weeks. There was a special suite of rooms on the ground-floor in the west wing, that were to be fitted up expressly for Lady Manistry. She had taken a fancy to those rooms because of their beautiful chimney-pieces in marble, which Sir Robert Manistry, the first baronet, who built that part of the house, had brought with him from Italy, two hundred years before. I would like to show you those rooms, sir; they are called Lady Manistry's apartments to this day. But they are occupied by old Sir Stephen now, and he cannot endure that anybody should set foot in them, except just himself and an old servant or two. And, feeble as he is, he always insists on being present when the garden-room, as her boudoir was called, is dusted and put in order.

"Well," she went on, after a pause, "they all came down to Heronsmere at last—Sir Stephen and his lady and a crowd of guests. The old house was full from garret to cellar, and there were riding-parties and excursions to the sea-shore—which is, you know, only three miles from here—and music and dancing in the evening, and Lady Manistry the leader and head of everything, and looking lovelier than ever. Captain St. Maur was not amongst the guests; he had been left up in London, the servants said, and there were no quarrels between her and Sir Stephen in consequence, though he was in a scowling, sulky state the whole time. My mother used to say that he was always prowling about the house, and peeping and spying everywhere, as though he suspected something and were trying to find out if his suspicion were correct. But nothing came of all his watching—for a good while, at least.

"After a time, Lady Manistry took it into her head that she would give a masquerade-ball at Heronsmere. It was to be a grand affair—the grandest entertainment that had been given there since King Charles the First had honored Heronsmere with a visit, just after the west wing had been finished. Invitations were sent out far and wide. More guests came down from London, and all the gentry in the neighborhood

sent acceptance. There were extra servants, and quantities of artificial flowers, and silk hangings, and sweetmeats, and dainties of all kinds ordered down from town. Sir Stephen opposed the project with all his might; but Lady Manistry would have her own way, and she carried her point at last. And a very magnificent affair it was. I can just remember the picture-gallery, the ball-room in those days, all hung with pale-pink silk and wreaths of roses, and the musicians tuning their instruments in the gallery overhead, and a blaze of wax candles in the cut-glass chandeliers. And I remember Lady Manistry, too, as if it were yesterday. She was in the very highest spirits early in the evening, before she put on her mask. She let my mother bring me into the garden-room, to see her dress before she went out to receive her guests. The west wing was not used at all, that evening, the reception-rooms being all in the main building, while the supper was laid out in the grand state dining-room in the east wing, where the library now is. So there was nobody about to interfere with us. Lady Manistry looked more beautiful than ever. She had on a domino in pink satin, all figured over with silver flowers, and a fancy cap of black velvet at one side of her head, with a pink feather in it clasped with a diamond star. And she had on a set of jewels that had been given to her grandmother, my mother told me, by a great French prince. They were just wonderful: large emeralds and rubies, set alternately and caught together with links of diamonds, necklace, and bracelets, and a great brooch in front of her bodice as large as the palm of my hand, with diamond pendants hanging from it that quivered with light every time she stirred. I never saw anything like those jewels, before or since. Sir Stephen came in to lead her out before I had half done gazing at her. He had on a black velvet court-dress, with a diamond-hilted sword at his side, and lace ruffles and diamond buttons, and all very grand; but he looked crosser and more lowering than ever. So Lady Manistry laughed and said: 'There, little one: stop staring with your great eyes, and be sure you ask one of the men to save you some bonbons from the supper-table.' Then she patted me on the cheek with her fan and swept out of the room. And—will you believe it, Mr. Wilton?—I never saw her again.

"That night," said the housekeeper, in awed tone, after a pause, "she disappeared. She was seen in the ball-room in the early part of the evening, dancing with the gayest. But, when supper was served, she was nowhere to be found;

and, when the ball finally came to an end, Lady Manistry was still missing. It was broad daylight by the time the last guest departed, so Sir Stephen organized a searching-party and looked thoroughly through the grounds. But all in vain. No one has ever heard of her, from that day to this. It leaked out, finally, that Captain St. Maur had been one of the guests bidden to the ball, that he had come down to it from London, and that he, too, was missing. So I suppose there is no doubt but that they eloped together. One of the pages said that he had seen two or three persons go into the garden-room just before suppertime, the night of the ball; but, when the door was tried, it was found to be locked on the outside, and the great iron-barred shutters had been closed and bolted before Lady Manistry left the room. So how could anybody have gotten in or out, anyway? The next day, Sir Stephen locked himself into that room for hours, and came out as pale as a ghost. My mother used to say she never dreamed, before that, of his loving my lady so dearly.

"He closed up the house, for a time, and went abroad. But, somehow, ever since his wife disappeared, it has seemed as though he could never keep long away from Heronsmere. He has always passed the greater part of the year here, and, since he grew old, he has never gone away even on a visit. Now and for twenty years past, he has inhabited the ground-floor suite of rooms in the west wing. And in one respect he is very peculiar: he will never have a fire lighted in the garden-room, though it is so damp and musty it is enough to give one the asthma. And no wonder, since it was kept shut up for over twenty years after the date of that dreadful ball. I must try to show it to you, some day, sir; for the carved marble mantelpiece is well worth seeing."

"And was nothing ever heard of the fate of Lady Manistry and Captain St. Maur?"

"Never a word, sir. But it was thought that they gained the sea-coast and took ship for some distant port, and that the vessel must have gone down with all hands on board; for a terrible storm ravaged our shore for over three days after the date of the ball. At least, that is the only good guess I have ever heard made respecting their total disappearance. Lady Manistry took nothing with her—not even her jewels—excepting, of course, the emeralds and rubies that she wore at the ball. I have thought, sometimes, she might have been traced by those; but no clue to her whereabouts has ever been discovered."

Such was the housekeeper's story—a tale that filled my brain with haunting visions. What had become of the bright young beauty depicted by Sir Thomas Lawrence? Had she indeed found rest and a hiding-place in the depths of ocean? Or was she still living, an aged woman, in some dreary little Continental town, unknown and alone with her shame and her remorse? I set to work at once to copy her portrait, and succeeded beyond my hope in reproducing the peculiar arch charm of the expression and the dainty bloom of the peachlike cheeks and rosy lips.

The masquerade-ball took place over half a century ago. If Lady Manistry is still living, she must be seventy years old. I can hardly realize it, as I look upon her pictured face in its unfading loveliness and eternal youth.

OCTOBER 5th. A very strange incident has just now occurred, which has decidedly troubled the monotony of my existence at Heronsmere, nor can I very well comprehend its entire meaning. Yesterday I had toiled all day at a copy of a beautiful full-length portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, so, to refresh my eyes by a change of work, I brought out this morning my unfinished copy of Cabanel's "*Francesca and Paolo*," now in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. It represents the youthful pair just after the revengeful Lanciotto has slain them both. Francesca has sunk lifeless on the low long couch on which she was seated, while Paolo has fallen prone upon the ground at her feet, and the cruel face of the murderer is seen peering forth with its grin of gratified vengeance from behind the arras. It is a great work, the drawing faultless and the composition and technique equally admirable. I had nearly completed this copy, which is in a reduced size, before leaving Paris, and had brought it with me by mistake, having packed it up among a lot of untouched canvases. So, this morning, I got it out and placed it on my easel, and, whilst elaborating the folds of Francesca's robe, was admiring for the fiftieth time the wonderful foreshortening of Paolo's prostrate form, when I suddenly found that a particular tube of color was wanting. I went in search of it, and, on my return, I perceived to my great surprise that the seat before my easel had been usurped by a most extraordinary-looking figure. Was it a mummy or was it a man? was the first idea that glanced through my brain when I caught sight of the intruder. An old, old man, wrapped in a long dressing-gown of green velvet bordered with fur, with a black velvet skull-cap pulled low upon his brow; so that, between the cap and the fur collar of the robe, there was nothing visible save a pair of small piercing black eyes set in a thousand

yellow wrinkles. Long skinny claw-like hands protruded from the sleeves of the dressing-gown, and he was shaking them up and down as if in pain, and mumbling to himself in a rapid inarticulate tone, gazing at the picture all the while. I realized, as soon as the first shock of my amazement was past, that this strange intruder could be no other than the ninety-year-old occupant and owner of Heronsmere—Sir Stephen Manistry.

He looked around, at the sound of my step on the polished floor, and, on catching sight of me, he got out of the chair with wonderful agility for one so old. I had my palette and mahl-stick still in my hand, so he accosted me at once as the painter who had intruded upon the seclusion of the portrait-gallery. But I could not account for the violent excitement under which the old man seemed to be laboring. His thin weak voice positively rose to a scream, as he cried :

"It was you, then, that painted this picture? And how did you know about it? Only the negroes knew. They watched me all the time, and all the next day, when I was washing the stains off the floor. But they never speak—at least, never to me. Did they speak to you, and tell you the story? But you have got the dresses wrong: hers was pink and silver, and he wore a black satin domino, and I—I—"

And then the old creature broke down completely in something like a fit of screaming hysterics, in the midst of which his attendants—from whom, as I afterward learned, he had slipped away when they thought he was asleep—came in and took charge of him, and literally carried him off, still weeping and shrieking and wringing his hands like a lunatic. Of course, one ought never to pay any attention to the maundering of a feeble old man in his dotage, but some of his phrases recur persistently to my memory.

"Only the negroes knew." What did the negroes know, and who are they, I wonder? I have never seen a negro nor heard of one, at Heronsmere.

OCTOBER 7th. Sir Stephen is, I hear, very ill. Something like a paralytic stroke succeeded to the violent attack of nervous excitement that seized upon him in the picture-gallery.

OCTOBER 9th. Old Sir Stephen died last night. The funeral is fixed for this day week. My friend Harold and his father, the latter now Sir Richard Manistry, will arrive to-morrow. Harold writes me word that I must not think of quitting Heronsmere for another month, at the very least.

OCTOBER 16th. What a magnificent affair a

grand state-funeral is, in the English provinces! The crowd of persons present, the long line of carriages, the elaborate collation that is served to the friends and relatives on the return from the interment, and the consumption of which fills up the entire afternoon, are all elements in a most imposing pageant. Naturally, there was no very poignant grief to be felt at the demise of a man who had outlived his own intellect and bodily vigor for so many years. In fact, his death removes an obstacle to the execution of many plans that Sir Richard has long been anxious to carry into effect, the chief of which are the entire remodeling and refitting of Heronsmere, so as to change it into a pleasant country-residence for the family. He tells me that he means to have the work commenced as soon as possible.

OCTOBER 25th. Never, so long as I live, shall I forget the events of yesterday!

Immediately after breakfast, Harold proposed that we should go on a tour of inspection through the west wing.

I consented gladly. So Harold armed himself with a mighty bunch of keys, and we started on our research. I pass over our discoveries of quaint old furniture and china, faded tapestry, and discolored pictures. But, at last, we entered an apartment more spacious than any we had yet visited, and Harold, unbarring and throwing back one of the massive window-shutters, announced :

"And this, Walter, is the garden-room."

I looked around with keen interest. There was nothing distinctive or characteristic about the furniture, which was all in the formal style of half a century ago. Some pretty delicate pastels of the eighteenth century hung upon the walls, charming if somewhat affected female heads, representing the "Four Seasons." The famous chimney-piece was entirely out of keeping with the rest of the fittings of the room. The wide slab of white marble that formed the shelf was upheld at either end by the figure of a Moor, whose turban, jacket, and short trousers were in white marble, while the face, neck, and bare arms and legs were composed of highly-polished black stone so smooth and lustrous and flawless that it looked as though it had been enameled. The eyes were actually in enamel, and looked singularly bright and lifelike. As soon as I regarded these figures, which recalled to my mind similar statues that I had seen on the tomb of one of the Doges in a church in Venice, the words of Sir Stephen recurred to my mind: "Only the negroes knew." Were these the negroes of which he spoke? And why did my

picture of "Francesca and Paolo" recall the secret that they knew to his mind?

"Jolly old fellows, are they not, those two blackamoors?" said Harold, coming to my side. "And what a huge fireplace! It would take a cord of wood to make a decent blaze in it. No wonder old Sir Stephen never would have any fire lighted here. I say, Walter—let us take a look up this big chimney."

Without any trouble, we made our way into the cold scrupulously clean fireplace, on whose hearth for over half a century no flame had ever been kindled; and, looking up, we uttered a simultaneous exclamation of surprise: for, right above our heads, fitted scientifically into the brickwork, was an iron door. Harold was at once intensely interested in the discovery.

"This is certainly one of the old hiding-places contrived in the wall, that one reads about in history," he said. "Do you remember the Gunpowder-Plot and the two conspirators that were found hidden in just such a place? Here: reach me one of those high chairs, and I'll see if we cannot force the door open."

The door was secured by a massive lock, and a bolt shot across the outside seemed, at first, to defy our efforts. But the crumbling mortar, decayed by damp and by the passage of years, yielded at last, just as Harold was going to summon some of the servants to his aid. With great creaking of rusty hinges, the door swung slowly open, revealing a small chamber—or, rather, closet—cunningly contrived in the thickness of the wall, and receiving light and ventilation by narrow slits in the exterior masonry, which must have been absolutely invisible from the outside. And there, on the floor, lay two shapeless masses, which Harold took, in the dim light, to be two bundles of old clothes, and on which he proceeded to lay hands, recoiling with a cry of horror.

"They are human beings—mummies!" he cried. "How on earth did they ever come here!"

Though withered and dried nearly out of all semblance to humanity, it was impossible to mistake the nature of the two hideous images that we had discovered: the remains were those of a man and of a woman. The first, clad in antiquated moth-eaten garments of the fashion of half a century ago, was enveloped in rotting folds of black satin. A gaping orifice in the shriveled throat showed how life had been extinguished in the stalwart frame. The other form was lying close beside, the long black curled tresses falling in ghastly mockery about the dried blackened skull. The faded silk and satin of the dress were discolored with huge brownish patches, the stains lying broadest around a small round hole in the left side of the bodice.

"Stabbed to the heart!" whispered Harold, breathless with horror. "There has been murder done here, in bygone years. Look at this." And he disentangled from amongst the fragments of silk and satin the diamond-studded hilt of a rapier, whose slender blade, eaten away with rust, dropped in pieces to the ground.

We bore the poor dried figures reverently from their hiding-place. And, amid the rags of the woman's garments, we found a chain and bracelets and a great splendid brooch of emeralds and rubies and diamonds, the gift of the Regent to the grandmother of Cecile de Laurons.

We had solved the mystery of Lady Manistry's fate. Evidently, she had met Captain St. Maur in the garden-room on the night of the ball, had been tracked, and both she and the captain slain by Sir Stephen in an outburst of jealous fury. Perhaps the poor lady was indeed planning an elopement with the captain. Perhaps they were both guiltless, and had only met, that evening, to exchange a last farewell.

I like to fancy this last supposition the true one, and that the lovely creature who smiles upon me in my studio, from my copy of the Lawrence portrait, was as good as she was fair—a second Desdemona, unjustly slain by a baser and more cruel Othello.

WINTER VIOLETS.

BY LUCIEN ARNOLD.

The winter's sun poured down, to-day,
His beams upon a snow-wreathed south-faced bank,
Where, through the summer, stood a gentle rank
Of violets, with their sweet-faced bloom; his ray
Of love, his sighing west-wind's wooing play,
Softly besought the drift, until it sank
In tender tears that earth beneath it drank.

And, when 'twas gone—lo! there a fair array
Of sweet-breathed blooming violets. O heart!
Feel tenderly for those who, chill and cold,
Lie on the hills of life with lot nor part
In aught save winter's winds and sorrows old:
Draw near to such, for one soft word may start
Into new bloom the flower all breasts enfold.

ISAAC WATTS: HIS PSALMS AND HYMNS.

BY J. Q. THROCKMORTON.



DR. ISAAC WATTS.

IT has been said that Sir Walter Scott is more extensively read than any other prose-writer in the English language. Be this as it may, there is one writer, though not a prose one, who is even better known to the general public than Scott. We allude to Dr. Isaac Watts, whose familiar hymns and psalms are sung in all the churches.

It is difficult to value what Watts did, until one has read the psalms and hymns in use before his day. Rugged and halting in metre, it is a wonder how they ever lent themselves to music at all. Before the Reformation, the psalms were always sung in Latin. The first English versification of them appeared in London, A. D. 1549. The book was entitled "All such Psalms of David as Thomas Sternhold, late Groome of the King's Majesty's Robes, did, in his lifetime, drawe into English metre." This was followed by another volume, A. D. 1562, published as "The Whole Book of Psalms, collected into English metre by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and others, compared with the Ebreu, with apt notes to sing them withal." Under this title, it was annexed to the Book of Common Prayer, until superseded by the "New Version" of Tait & Brady, printed A. D. 1696, and the

psalms were sung everywhere in the churches. For, even when the Puritans seceded from the Established Church, they continued to use the Sternhold-Hopkins version, and only gradually did that of Tait & Brady come into favor.

On that December morning when the Pilgrim Fathers, landing at Plymouth Bay, held their first worship there, it was to the rugged verses of Sternhold and Hopkins that the snow-clad hills around resounded.

It seems surprising, at first thought, that Sternhold and Hopkins should have continued popular so long. For a century had made a great difference in the English language, and especially in that language as applied to verse. To say nothing of the mastery of it which Shakespeare exhibited—for there has been nothing since more musical than some of his songs—Milton had proved how flexible it was, in his "Penseroso," and how melodious. It was, however, almost entirely for secular purposes that our mother-tongue was used by the poets. George Herbert and others had written religious verse, but their sacred songs never became popular; and it was not, therefore, until Isaac Watts appeared, that the true "Singer of Israel" arose.

Watts was the eldest son of a family of eight, and was born at Southampton, England, July 17th, 1674. His father was a dissenting clergyman, who had suffered persecution for his opinions, under both Charles II and James II. There is, indeed, an affecting story told of his mother, sitting weeping on a stone near the prison-door, with her first-born in her arms, after her husband had been haled inside. Both she and the elder Watts, tradition says, were eminent for piety. The husband suffered persecution as late as 1683, and was afterward in hiding for two years. But, with the accession of William of Orange, came toleration, and then the fugitive reappeared and took his place again as a leader of the Non-Conformist community.

The young Isaac, amid these troubles, was principally educated by his father. Subsequently, when better times came, and the elder Watts had opened a boarding-school at Southampton, the lad was a pupil in the seminary, afterward going to a then famous dissenting academy in London, kept by the Rev. Thomas



THE BAR-GATE.

Rowe, in order to pursue a course of theology. From his earliest childhood, meantime, he had showed an extraordinary facility in versification—"lispings in numbers," to quote what was said of another poet, "before the numbers came." When he was twenty years old, he had

already written some of his best hymns. He now returned to Southampton, where he remained for two years with his father, at that time a deacon of the church which stood near the old feudal Bar-Gate, on the site of the present "Above-Bar Congregational Church."

At the age of twentytwo, 1696, he left his native city again, to become tutor to the son of Sir John Hartopp, at Stoke Newington. In 1696, he was chosen assistant minister to Rev. Isaac Chauncey, belonging to the Independent connection, and worshiping at Mark Lane, London. Six years after, he succeeded Chauncey as chief pastor, remaining so, nominally, until his death, November 25th, 1748.

He did not, however, continue in active charge of the congregation all this time. He had never been strong, and he had injured his constitution by excessive study, so that, in 1708, he was compelled to seek an assistant and accept an invitation from Sir Thomas Alney to come and live at his countryseat. This visit, originally intended to be only temporary, became gradually prolonged—lasting, in fact, as long as Watts survived.

His muse, all this while, was more or less active. The difference between his versions of the psalms, the easy flow of the language in his hymns, and the facility with which his metres lent themselves to the human voice, made him,



HOUSE WHERE WATTS WAS BORN.

from the first, a favorite in hall and cottage alike. In 1707, he published, at London, his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs." These were followed, in 1719, by his "Psalms of David," imitated in the language of the New Testa-

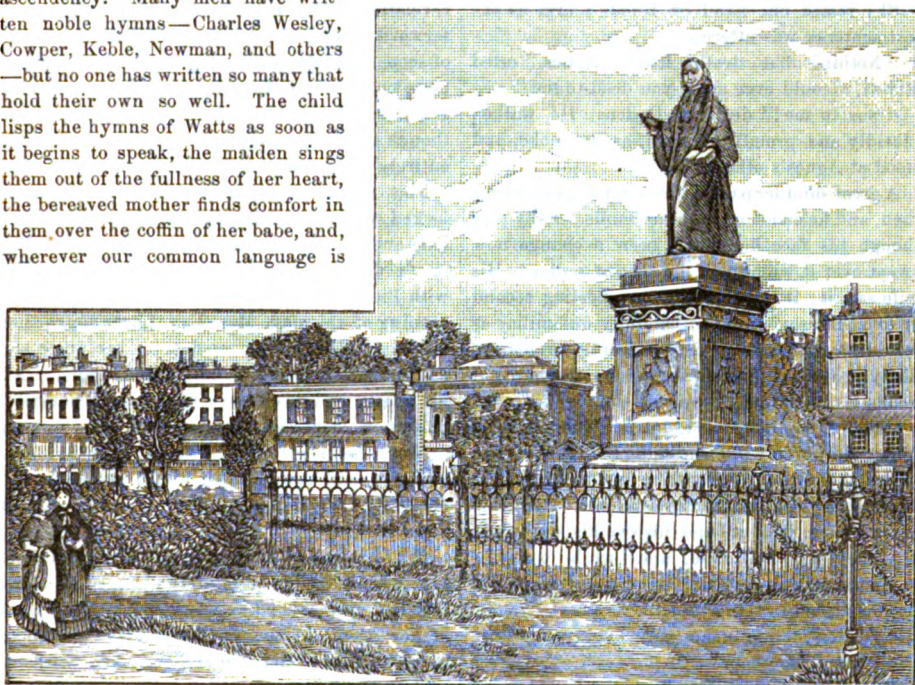
ment," and, in 1726, by his "Divine Songs attempted in the English language for the use

of children." These books soon vindicated their claim to belong to the class that never dies, for hardly a year has passed, since, that has not seen a new edition of them. It is estimated that fifty thousand copies are even yet annually sold.

These hymns and psalms, as we have already said, have been incorporated, to a greater or less degree, in almost every collection used by Protestant denominations. Alike in the stately churches of our wealthy cities, and in the humbler edifices on the frontier, the song of praise goes up, week after week, in the melodious verse of Watts. Nor has any rival arisen, in the two centuries since his birth, to dispute his ascendancy. Many men have written noble hymns—Charles Wesley, Cowper, Keble, Newman, and others—but no one has written so many that hold their own so well. The child lisps the hymns of Watts as soon as it begins to speak, the maiden sings them out of the fullness of her heart, the bereaved mother finds comfort in them, over the coffin of her babe, and, wherever our common language is

spoken, whether in ivy-covered churches in rural England, or on the great prairies of America, or on the isles of the sea, Watts's hymns may be heard, every Sabbath morning, from thousands of worshipers, till the whole wide globe is voiced, as it were, with the praise to which he has given melody.

Dr. Watts, however, was not only a poet: he was a metaphysician of very considerable power. He wrote and published a treatise on "Logic," and one on the "Right Use of Reason"; also an inquiry on "The Improvement of the Mind," founded on Locke's philosophy. He published, in addition, a volume more strictly theological,



STATUE OF DR. WATTS AT SOUTHAMPTON.

"Three Dissertations Relating to the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity." In his day and generation, he was regarded as one of the ablest ministers in his connection, and not merely, as posterity has come to regard him, as "a sweet singer in Israel."

Recently a monument has been erected to him, in his native city of Southampton, to which persons of all denominations and nationalities contributed, the feeling being that, whatever may have been the case with the clergyman Dr. Watts, the poet Watts belongs to no sect or cline. Owing to the subjects chosen by his muse, he left behind him a fame which will be more

enduring than that of hosts of bards whom we must rank infinitely his superiors in all the attributes which make up what we term genius.

Watts has a niche peculiarly his own, and one which, to every lover of religion, becomes fairly a hallowed shrine. Indeed, to any man, however steeped in worldliness, however hopelessly narrowed or hardened, the name of the sweet-voiced singer is a pleasant sound, possessing a potent spell to waken the half-forgotten recollections of his childish days and bring back more vividly than any that holiest memory—his mother's love; and, after all, no human being could gain a more desirable renown.

THE HOUSE IN BOWLING-GREEN.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT, AUTHOR OF "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE," ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 430.

CHAPTER IV.

"I HAVE already made my decision, sir," said Agnes. "I will become Pierre Olivier's wife. But, when you say that I shall, for this reason, become dead to all my family, I deny that such an event can be possible."

She rested one hand on Rhoda's arm as the last sentence was uttered.

"Nothing but death itself, Agnes," cried Rhoda, "could ever make you dead to me."

"Nor to me!" declared Ogden. He walked placidly and proudly forward, as he spoke, and stood at Agnes's other side.

A great shudder passed through Paul Van Duzer then, and he clenched both his hands. Ashy pale though his face had lately been, a change now swept over it which was not that of pallor. His wife saw it; it repelled her for a fleeting second or two, like something as balefully unfamiliar as would have been some sign of deathly premature decay. She saw him raise one hand—the right hand—as he moved toward his son.

"Paul!" she screamed, hurling herself upon him. But, even while she clung to him and tried to drag his arm downward, he struck Ogden.

The blow fell on the lad's temple. He staggered for an instant, and his eyelids quivered; but they did not close, and, while both his mother's arms were being flung about his neck, he was already saying to her:

"Don't, mother!—he may hurt you. Pray don't risk it, mother."

The utter self-forgetfulness of those few quick sentences pierced to the very soul the mother who heard them. In another instant, she had veered round, facing her husband.

"Paul! he is as much mine as yours! He is more mine, for I am his mother. And I forbid you to touch him again!"

Her attitude was one of truly splendid command. Those who had always admired her of old for majesty and "presence" would have been still more strongly impressed with her now. And yet they would have seen her in a mood of this imperative sort for perhaps the last time in her whole life. As her husband, with darkly furious face, strode from the room, she burst into a flood of tears.

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Her children gathered about her in mute surprise. It was so strange. They had never seen her weep before.

Her whole nature seemed changed from that hour. Love, motherhood, seemed to have descended upon her spirit in sacred softening revelation. The impulse that made her dart forward to shield her boy had been like the stroke of some ice-shattering hatchet. She looked upon her own austerity, frigidity, repulsion, assumed grandeur of superiority over her offspring, all as though they were garments once worn, but now entirely cast aside!

That afternoon, while her husband remained locked within his library upstairs, she held a long and deeply earnest talk with Agnes. The result was an interview, on the following day, with Pierre Olivier himself. And then, on the evening of this day, Mrs. Van Duzer sought her husband. He had not spoken to her since she had interfered between himself and Ogden. All his meals had been served to him separately. She knew very well that he considered himself to have been grievously wronged by her own behavior, and that nothing would induce him to notice her until she made him some sort of amends.

But she had no amends to offer. She came to him with a feeling absolutely changed from all that had ever existed between them. He stared at her when she first began to speak, as if he were doubtful of her true sanity. And at last he said:

"Do you positively mean that you approve Agnes's marriage?"

"I would prefer, Paul," she answered, "that our daughter should marry someone whose parentage and position are known to us. But this gentleman is of excellent birth, as far as I can learn, and, although a foreigner—"

"Enough," he broke in. He was searching her face as though anxious to find there something that he had missed. "What is this change?" he questioned.

"Change?" she repeated.

"Yes. You are somehow not as you were, Lydia. Your very voice is different. What does it mean?"

She went toward him and strove to take his hand; but he repulsed her, with a savage frown. And, as he did so, he saw the tears glittering in her eyes.

"Tears?" he murmured. He had never before connected her with any such weakness. To behold it in her now was a source of amazement.

"Yes," she said, unsteadily. "We have been too severe with our children, Paul. Agnes loves this man. Remember what that means. And let me tell you more about him. He has no money, it is true; but he is willing to work—willing to support Agnes. And she must marry him. If she does not, Paul, it may kill her!"

"And you talk to me like this—you?"

"Oh, Paul, I merely talk from my heart. There is no use in trampling upon the very dearest needs of human nature."

But her converse with him was worse than fruitless. He grew more and more astonished as she sought to plead with him. She left him, that evening, with the growing conviction that her own mental and spiritual change had put between himself and her a new and bitter chasm of difference.

A few days later, Agnes left the house, and was quietly married to Pierre Olivier. She did not return home after the ceremony, at which her mother, Ogden, and Rhoda were also present. Pierre was still drawing his salary from the school; and living, in those early New York days, ranked as something almost absurdly inexpensive, beside the same process now. Moreover, Mrs. Van Duzer had promised secretly to aid the young couple, out of her own purse. It was a purse, however, filled by no private individual income; for all that the lady had, her husband gave her. The stately beauty, held by so many to be of such a cold and loveless type, was the only dowry that she had brought him as Lydia Van Vechten.

It must not be thought that Paul Van Duzer's wife witnessed her daughter's marriage without inward discomfiture and pain. Even after the frozen river has been melted beneath the sweet rigor of sunshine, we see the big ice-blocks floating in it here and there. All of Lydia Van Duzer's prejudice and ambition had by no means perished. She would greatly have preferred to see Agnes become the wife of one who belonged amid the girl's native surroundings. Then, too, the profession of Olivier was odious to her, as it so ludicrously is to many educated among the bigotries of caste. But all such real distress made sacrifice and expiation more vivid a demand, and she had become—as, alas, so rarely

happens, even in cases of true remorse—a penitent prepared to shirk no pain of atonement.

All this time, her husband had gone to his office, at the river's edge, in Water Street, every day, though he had failed to return for dinner at one o'clock, as before had been his invariable custom. For some time past, he had dined at a restaurant, and this unprecedented performance filled all Bowling-Green with dismay. Gossip raged as to the "trouble" between Paul Van Duzer and his family. Or was it only between himself and wife? Or had that handsome young Frenchman anything to do with the affair? Then had burst, so to speak, the bomb-shell of Agnes's marriage, proving about as important an event to all the astounded recipients of such intelligence as would be to-day the arrest of some municipal swindler, or perhaps the assassination of some prominent law-maker.

But, before the news of Agnes's marriage became public, Mrs. Van Duzer was forced to let it transpire elsewhere. The ordeal of telling her husband was almost a torture to her; and yet, at last, she determinedly faced it.

He thought, when she knocked at the door of his library, that she had come for the purpose of asking his pardon. But with how vastly different a motive had she really come! He grew white to the lips as his wife at length said:

"Paul, I have felt that Agnes's life would be made forever miserable—that, possibly, it might soon be forever ended, if—"

She paused, and, after he had watched her for a little while with eyes where inquiry and some sort of suppressed dread seemed to meet, he slowly answered her:

"Well, why do you hesitate? If what?"

"If our daughter did not marry the man, Pierre Olivier, whom she so deeply loved."

There was more silence, and then he said: "You speak in the past tense, Lydia. What am I to understand by that?"

The question, as it were, gave her an opportunity. "You may understand, Paul, what I fear that you will pronounce the worst—but yet what I hope with all my soul, as indeed I can't help now believing, will turn out for Agnes the best. Yes, Paul, she is married. She was married this afternoon, to Pierre Olivier."

The tremulous-voiced lady would have said more, but he brushed past her with a horrible shuddering cry and went to his bed-room, locking himself in, and remaining there for several hours. At the end of this time, a letter was put into Mrs. Van Duzer's hands by one of the servants. She read it with a sinking heart. It was from her husband.

CHAPTER V.

HE did not merely cast off his daughter Agnes forever—he declared that it was doubtful if he would ever again dwell beneath the same roof with his wife and his remaining children. The wrong committed against him he held to be unspeakable, unpardonable. There were people living in New York thirty years ago, more or less, who still remembered what went by the name of the “Bowling-Green scandal.” Merchants, who met of a morning along the river-fronting streets or in their dingy ledger-strewn offices, would forget to consult each other on the subject of sugar or coffee, and ask for the latest intelligence concerning Paul Van Duzer and his family. Hot sides were taken among the little community so keenly interested, and in this way old feuds were reawakened, old grudges revived. Paul Van Duzer was in turn a martyr and a villain; his child, Agnes, was now a persecuted saint and now a deplorable ingrate. But, meanwhile, the sombre tragedy of estrangement had fulfilled itself. Van Duzer took apartments away from his family, in a small side-street, sending his wife a certain weekly sum of money—and by no means a large one—for the support of the household. So open had been the rupture, that concealment on his wife’s part was impossible. He permitted none of his acquaintances even to mention the wretched matter in his hearing. He attended to his commercial affairs as regularly as he had before done. But he had evidently made up his mind that, until some sort of concession should be offered him, he would never again cross his own threshold.

What was this required concession? Or was there any concession whatever implied or still more remotely demanded? Mrs. Van Duzer, for days and days, pondered that question. All her old pride had vanished. She was willing to bring her husband back to the home which he had deserted, by almost any means, howsoever self-humiliating, which it might lie within her power to employ.

And at last the means came. One evening, just before nightfall, a figure appeared at the doorway of Paul Van Duzer’s new residence. It was that of his wife. She rang the bell, was admitted, and asked to see Mr. Van Duzer. Shortly afterward, he received her in an upstairs apartment. His face, as he looked at her, was stonily grim.

“Paul,” she said, breaking the silence which had ensued upon her entrance, “I have come to ask that you will return home.”

She waited for his answer. He had turned his back upon her, and was staring at a portrait

which hung on the wall just opposite him. This was the sole reminder of his past residence in the house at Bowling-Green; he had caused it to be removed thence when he himself deserted the mansion. It was a portrait of his father, execrably painted, as nearly all the old American portraits were, and its visage, looming over the highest of high stocks, was molded in even sterner lines than that of the living man below it.

A look of despair crossed Mrs. Van Duzer’s face as she perceived that he meant to treat her question with the scorn of silence. And yet she determined to repeat the inquiry, before making that announcement in whose mournful efficacy now seemed to lie her sole hope. When she had once again addressed him, Van Duzer slowly turned and looked at her.

“Return home?” he now said, with a voice bitter and freezing. “Where, then, is my home?”

“You know, Paul,” she faltered.

“I know? Yes, you are right, in one sense. I do know what you would call my home, Lydia Van Duzer. A house in which I have a wife who plots against my peace, and children who defy my authority.”

“Ogden and Rhoda loved Agnes so well that they could not—”

He waved his hand irately. “I forbid you to mention their names,” he said.

“But I must mention at least one of their names,” she replied. “Ogden is—”

He walked toward the door. As his hand clutched its knob, preparatory to what would have been a most enraged exit, he stood quite still. He was the picture of fierce wrath and of the rebuke that springs from a fiery sense of personal wrong.

“You have already driven me out of my own house,” he cried, “by your unwisely behavior. You will now have the satisfaction of driving me from your presence, after thrusting yourself upon me here, in the seclusion I’ve chosen. I don’t know how much further your disrespect, your insults, will go. Perhaps it is your object, madam, to make me leave the very city itself.”

Mrs. Van Duzer gave an exasperated sigh. “Do you call it insult,” she cried, “for me to come here and tell you that your son Ogden is probably dying?”

He changed color a little, but the intelligence given him thus abruptly did not seem to lessen his displeasure. Still, deep down in his self-contradictory, stubborn, unfortunate nature, was buried a great love for his son. Ogden, with his fine gifts of mind and person, had long been the secret pride and joy of his father.

"If that is the case," he said, harshly, "you come at a late hour to tell me of it."

"Do you mean that I ought to have let you know when he first grew ill?" murmured Mrs. Van Duzer, who fancied that she perceived a relenting sign in these latter words. "But ah, Paul, it was so fearfully sudden to me! Not to him! The poor boy had been struggling against pain and wretchedness for days, and had never let any of us do more than suspect that he was unwell. And then, at last, he was forced to tell us. It—it was his head, Paul. He fainted yesterday, and now there is a raging brain-fever and delirium. I ought not to have left him; but Rhoda and the doctors are with him, and I slipped away because I—I felt that I must tell you. I tried not to let the doctors even suspect the truth; and yet, from something Dr. Forsythe said this morning, I fear he did not believe me that Ogden's trouble was the—the result of an accident."

Van Duzer gave a sudden start. "The result of an accident?" he repeated. "What do you mean? Did you say that the boy had injured his head?"

"Yes."

"You told the doctors this?"

"Yes."

"And why?" It looked as if Van Duzer were forgetting his past impressive indignation with singular speed.

"Because, Paul, I did not want the real cause of his sickness to be known."

"The real cause?"

She gave several quick nods of the head. "Yes. It was the blow you gave Ogden, that day, so near the right temple. Oh, yes, Paul! Don't look doubtful, please. It is true. All the present trouble has been caused by that alone. Ogden himself admitted it to me, just before he grew so violently ill. He knew too well it was true."

"He did?"

Those two short words came from Paul Van Duzer in a dismayed gasp. He staggered away from the door and sank into a chair, while his wife watched the horrified look that had taken possession of his face.

"Is it love," she thought, "that makes him act as he is doing, or is it only fear?"

The next instant, his own lips seemed to answer her silent question.

"My God!" he was murmuring. "If I—I—who so loved that boy—have killed him!"

He had scarcely spoken, before Lydia Van Duzer had rushed toward him. "Oh, Paul—my husband!" she cried. "Thank heaven that I hear that word 'love' fall from your lips. I—

I remember that, in the old days, you now and then spoke it; and, for myself. I realize that I used to speak it—far, far too seldom. Perhaps there is still a chance for Ogden—for our son. Don't let us despair. Come to him—come to his bedside—come with me."

He let her put her arms about him, now; he even, in a certain fashion, returned her embrace; he had almost forgotten that she had not yet sued to him for his august pardon. The news regarding Ogden had set all his nerves tingling with a pain in which horror held no slight share. "Let us go," he soon said to his wife; and presently they were walking arm-in-arm together through the small starlit city toward the house in Bowling-Green.

Ogden did not know his father for days. His illness was a cerebral congestion, brought about by the lesion which his temple had sustained. Gradual at first, and quite without the benefit of any applied remedy, it began to increase with a terrible haste, until the poor youth had not only lost consciousness, but lay at the very threshold of death as well.

Paul Van Duzer, watching with an almost sleepless vigilance at his boy's bedside, was the first to detect a hopeful sign of recovery. It was a very vague sign, but soon the physicians' judgment corresponded with his own half-instinctive decision. Yes, it was finally agreed, Ogden would live. The joy his father felt could not be concealed. It beautified his rugged face as he sat gazing upon that of his son. He had frequently the expression of a man whom some nightmare of trouble has at last mercifully deserted—of one, indeed, from whom the very shadow of a scaffold has withdrawn itself.

"He is so softened, mother," Rhoda whispered, one day, "that I believe we could induce him to see Agnes, and to let her come here."

"I almost doubt it," Mrs. Van Duzer said.

"But think," said Rhoda. "He was furious at me; and yet, when I went up to him and took his hand and kissed it, the first day after his return home, why, he—he let me do so. Don't you remember, mother?"

Poor Rhoda! The best that she could say of her father's humanity and clemency was really a most convicting accusation against them. For this iron domestic despot to have let her kiss his hand without first pouring forth entreaty that he would forgive the sympathy she had shown toward her unhappy sister was to Rhoda a blessed omen of his future leniency!

"As for Pierre," Rhoda presently continued, "I don't believe, mother, that we can hope very greatly in that direction."

"Hope?" echoed her mother. "You might as well hope, Rhoda, to bring the two poles together, as Pierre Olivier and the father of her whom he has married. Do you know," the lady went on, earnestly, "it was only last evening that I had so curious a proof of this bitter dislike?"

"A proof, mother?"

"Yes. Your father had thrown himself on the lounge in the little room adjoining Ogden's. He was very tired with watching, and I knew, as I passed through the chamber, that his sleep was heavy. But, amid the loud breathing, it soon seemed to me as if I could hear certain sentences. I stopped, and, almost in spite of myself, listened. It was the usual jumble of the person who talks in sleep. But here and there I caught words which referred to Pierre Olivier, and which were full of an untold enmity."

Nevertheless, Rhoda and Mrs. Van Duzer counseled Agnes to make an effort toward reconciliation with her father, and to leave the question of his ever noticing Pierre wholly untouched during at least many months hereafter. A most propitious time for such an attempt had arrived. When fortune befriends sovereigns, their subjects, in the hour of their jubilee, seek favors from them. It was very much the same at the house in Bowling-Green.

CHAPTER VI.

Just as Paul Van Duzer had desired, his own face was the first that Ogden's eyes lighted upon when consciousness returned to the invalid. What soon afterward passed between father and son, no one knew—unless, during the days of his early convalescence, Ogden may have whispered certain words to his mother or Rhoda. And perhaps the sick youth may have had something to do with the meeting that afterward took place between Agnes and her father.

She was waiting for him, one evening, as he ascended into his library. With all delicacy and gentleness, it had been hinted to this strange implacable man that she might be there, awaiting his kiss of pardon. And he had gone upstairs and met her. She had kissed him, and he had taken her hand in his. This slight act seemed to cost him a positive struggle; and, as he bowed his head to kiss her in turn, it may have been that he remembered some promise he had made Ogden, who still lay in bed, and whose precious life the least undue excitement might once more fatally endanger.

But now, as Van Duzer bent down to touch with his own the lips of his daughter, a most unforeseen thing happened: from being almost bland in its look, his face suddenly became both

angry and sorrowful. He kissed Agnes; but, immediately after doing so, he started backward.

"To marry like that!" broke from him, in a gruff whisper. "To marry a foreign fellow—a nobody—you, my eldest girl!"

And then Agnes gave a little cry of alarm; for her father appeared like one beset by a sharp vertigo, and nearly fell into the chair whose back he clutched. For at least twenty minutes, he remained in something between a stupor and a swoon. It chanced to be the hour when one of Ogden's physicians had called. This gentleman spoke gravely but noncommittally to Mrs. Van Duzer, as she asked him, later, whether he thought her husband's seizure had resulted from any serious cause. "I cannot feel quite sure yet," the physician had answered. "It may be—mind, I only say that it may be—an organic heart-trouble. I shall hope, if your husband will permit, to make a more careful examination at some future time."

But Paul Van Duzer would permit nothing of the sort. He declared himself thoroughly well on the following day, and those who saw him seated at Ogden's bedside could not but fancy that the favorable symptoms which were so rapidly manifesting themselves in his son had a great deal to do with the father's brightened and seemingly vigorous condition. For a space of one month or thereabout, Van Duzer assiduously devoted himself to what appeared only a silent rejoicing over the slow but sure recovery of Ogden. When the latter could take his first carriage-drive, it was with glistening eyes that his father accompanied him. The period was now late spring, and mild to a degree for which, at that season, our New York climate has never been by any means remarkable. The Van Duzers had never kept their own private carriage. I am very sure that not a single family in New York did so until a good many years later. The simplicity of living, in those early days, would astonish not a few inheritors of just such names as that of Van Duzer. But a carriage could always be hired, though even then some excuse like that of illness was deemed, as in the present case, a necessary defense against the charge of willful extravagance.

Repeatedly, in their vehicle thus secured, Van Duzer and his pale still-enfeebled son would take long pleasant drives out beyond the city-limit. Sometimes they would go quite a distance beyond the region that we now call Canal Street—then a place of open fields, with a kind of canal running through it, from which the present wholly unsuggestive name has been derived. If then, during one of these drives, they could

have witnessed by a sort of gradual and spectacular prevision the marvelous future growth of the city, how incredible it would all have seemed! Great cities, though they do not spring up in a night, still choose their localities with somewhat the same caprice as that shown by fungi, and are far from always being found where we would most expect to meet with them. But, to one who is dispassionately observant, it must, I think, seem doubtful if any city has ever spread a vast network of streets and structures over territory at once as beautiful and as salubrious as that of our river-verged Manhattan. The loveliness of the island must have been a hundredfold more perceptible to Van Duzer and his son, all those years ago, than it is to us now: for, through the leafy arches of many a lane or beyond the velvety level of many a meadow, they must have seen the Hudson and East River sparkling where now neither landscape nor stream is visible.

Ogden's father could not sufficiently show the depth of his love, his gratitude, his penitence. He neglected his commercial affairs, rarely even appearing at his office, and seeming to dread lest some influence of retardment should befall the improving health of his boy, were he away longer than an hour or two from the young invalid. It was pathetic to see the unqualified devotion which he paid Ogden; occasionally, if the lad were weaker than usual, he would raise in his own arms the figure so thinned by illness and bear it to the waiting carriage. No tender service, whether menial in its humility or only considerate and protective, was left unperformed by him. But, at last, Ogden was well enough to require no attention whatever; and then his father began to speak of a trip to Niagara. A trip to Niagara meant a great deal, in those days.

"Before you go," his sister Agnes said to Ogden, "I do so wish that father could be induced to shake hands—just to shake hands, Ogden—with my Pierre. Your power over him, now, seems so great."

Ogden appeared to muse for a moment. "Dear Agnes," he said, presently, taking his sister's hand, "I will use that power—if I can."

He did use it. At first, his attempt was so utterly futile that he said to his mother:

"I am discouraged. We were almost a happy home, and I thought to make us completely one. I wanted to exert what persuasion I could over father, as regards a reconciliation with Pierre Olivier. But, for the first time since my illness has brought us so close together, he has treated me brusquely and left me without a word of reply."

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"My son," said Mrs. Van Duzer, "his prejudice is unconquerable. Its roots are in his very life itself. I fear that all your efforts to dislodge it will only convince you more and more of this melancholy fact."

But Ogden tried again, notwithstanding. His father came to him almost repentantly, in a little while; and, that afternoon, when they took what proved their last drive together, it was plain to Ogden that he might resume the subject, if he so desired. On the morrow, he did resume it. He had been fond of Pierre Olivier before his sister's marriage to the Frenchman, as we know, and the warmth of his friendship lent him a fervor of eloquence which was perhaps all the stronger because of its being unconscious. His father did not once interrupt him. A little later, it occurred to Ogden that he was unwontedly pale, and that his eyes wore a peculiar, wandering, distressed look under their knitted brows.

That evening, Agnes and her husband came to the house in Bowling-Green. Rhoda admitted them, at the preconcerted signal of a little tap on the outside of the door. Mr. Van Duzer was upstairs, in the library. Presently, Ogden came down and joined his mother, Agnes, Rhoda, and Pierre, in the parlor. He was still a little pale, and wore his dressing-gown in the house; otherwise, no trace of the invalid was revealed by him.

"Father will see Pierre and myself in the library," he said.

Agnes's eyes were dancing. "Oh, I am so glad!" she exclaimed. "Now we shall be, indeed, a united family once more." She gave her mother a significant look.

"My dear, I understand you," said Mrs. Van Duzer.

"What do you understand?" asked Agnes, kissing her.

"That I have found out, at too late an hour, the joy of being a really worthy mother."

"You have always been a worthy mother," said Agnes, with a second kiss, "and now you are the dearest of mothers."

"Come," said Ogden to Pierre, meaningly; and they passed upstairs together.

The door was ajar. Ogden pushed it silently forward and entered. A lamp was burning on a central table. Van Duzer was seated just under the rays of this lamp, but his back was turned toward the two newcomers.

"Father," said Ogden, "I have brought Pierre Olivier, your son-in-law, to shake hands with you."

There was no answer. Pierre looked at his companion in astonishment and chagrin. Paul

Van Duzer was not deaf; it was hardly supposable that he slept, just then; and Ogden's tones had been thoroughly audible. What did it mean?

Suddenly Ogden walked round in front of his father. He gave a sharp cry immediately after doing so. There was a kind of flushed darkness on Van Duzer's face, that made it look, with its closed eyes and firm-shut lips, as though somewhat roughly hewn from stone. The large head had fallen against the back of the armchair, but otherwise the attitude was wholly natural. And yet the man himself seemed to express, on every lineament of his visage, denial, refusal, repudiation, and even a certain peaceful scorn as well. But he was quite dead, sitting there in his armchair, and the stroke that sent spirit from body must have been dealt during only the past few minutes.

It was a terrible shock to the little circle, of course. But, in thinking of the whole strange occurrence afterward, you could not but feel that death had come just at the pitifully right moment to one for whom pardon was such keen humiliation!

For years and years, the tale of the grim master of the house in Bowling-Green was told and retold under at least twenty different forms. Old and young alike knew it, and finally the inevitable appendix was given with it that Paul

Van Duzer's ghost constantly haunted the quiet old brick mansion and made it impossible for his descendants to live there. The last clause was quite as true as that concerning the ghost itself; for at length, on the death of his mother, Ogden Van Duzer had gone abroad to live. His brother-in-law, the amiable, clever, and rather lazy Pierre Olivier, had suddenly found himself left rich by the decease of a French relation, and, on his departure for a permanent residence with his wife in foreign parts, Rhoda had accompanied them. All family chronicles of the Van Duzers agree in stating that she made a most brilliant match in Paris, becoming the wife of a French noble, and shining for some time as one of the chief stars at the court of Louis Philippe.

Among all the current stories about Paul Van Duzer's mysterious and fearfully sudden death at his house in Bowling-Green, there was not one version which did not represent him as receiving providentially the penalty of his own cruelty. But Ogden could never endure to think of the death in that light. Those recent weeks of devotion and indulgence from his father prevented him from taking so stern a view of what had occurred. Not a few people declared that, when he went to live in Europe, it was because of that oft-repeated tale alone, and not because of any ghost among the lonely chambers of THE HOUSE IN BOWLING-GREEN.

MORNING.

BY KATE AULD.

Morn, with its wealth of smiles aglow,
In all its magic mystic power,
Lends its bright tints to all below;
The tree, the shrub, the leaf, the flower,
Each glistening with the crystal dew,
Reposes 'neath a sky of blue.

Gay birds are warbling on each tree
Enchanting notes, for life is fair.
Oh that, like them, I might be free,

Roving like them, secure from care!
Gayly their songs are ringing there,
Echoing over the woods afar.

When the dewdrop is glittering bright,
Docking each graceful blushing flower,
Wearing the crystal tears of night,
Beautiful 'neath the sun's first power,
King of the solar system, arise—
Endless thy reign till humanity dies.

TWO LOVES.

HOUSEWIFE.

WHAT does the baby see, looking above?
Fond face of mother dear, shining with love.

What sees the mother with eyes looking down?
Brow of a future king, waiting his crown.

How much is baby-love tender and sweet—
Clapping of dimpled hands, dancing of feet.

Laughing and kissing lips, warm clinging arms,

Running for sheltering help through all alarms!

How great is mother's love, how deep, how strong—
Fathomless as the sea, abiding long,

Faith that endows with good each living germ,
Strength to hold faltering steps with a touch firm!

Child-love is changing as wind or as sea,
Mother-love steadfast holds to eternity.

TWO CHRISTMAS-GIFTS.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.

A FLOOD of dazzling winter sunshine, reflected from the snow-covered street, poured into Mrs. Trevor's nursery, a large cheerful room, filled with evidences of childish occupation.

The golden beams mingled with the sunny curls on top of a little head bent closely over some absorbing employment. Seven-year-old Madge, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked, was so deeply engrossed that she did not hear the nursery-door pushed softly open. Hearing her name spoken, she looked up with a start. In the doorway, smiling pleasantly on her, stood Aunt Clara, furred and cloaked for a winter walk.

"What are you doing, Puss?" inquired the newcomer, giving her niece an ecstatic hug and settling herself comfortably on an ottoman.

"Take off your things, auntie," said Madge, laying her work down and regarding her pretty relative with unqualified pleasure. Then she added, as she resumed her sewing: "It's a great secret, but I'll tell you all about it, if you'll promise not to breathe a word."

Aunt Clara's face instantly grew grave, all but the laughing eyes.

"You may confide in me," she said, solemnly.

Madge raised her eyes from the piece of bright flannel suspended on her needle.

"Can't you guess what it is?" Then, seeing the blank look on her aunt's face, she added: "It's a penwiper, of course."

"What for?" was the next question.

"For a Christmas-present, to be sure. It's only a week off." As she spoke, Madge's face expressed surprise at the query.

"And who is to be the fortunate recipient of your gift?"

For a moment, the child looked puzzled; then said, gravely: "I suppose you mean 'Who is it for?' Well, it is for—Tom Lawrence."

"Tom Lawrence?" echoed Miss Clara. Then she continued, quizzically: "You are beginning soon—to be sending presents to young men already."

"Tom Lawrence isn't a young man," was the indignant rejoinder. "He's nothing but a boy—only fourteen," and Madge stooped to pick up the tiny thimble which had dropped from the chubby finger in her excitement. "I'll tell you all about it, if you'll be serious," as she caught the gleam of mischief in her aunt's eyes.

"Brother Fred and Tom, you know," continued the small maid, gravely, while her listener bent forward with an air of deep interest, "have been awfully kind to Bell Morgan and me, this winter, taking us sled-rides. Of course, I should give Fred a Christmas-present, at any rate; but we both thought it would be nice to give Tom something—he has no sisters, poor boy."

Aunt Clara was silently convulsed at the pitying tone of voice, but she only said, quietly: "You were quite right, my dear. It is a very good idea. When are you going to present it?" stooping down to hide an irrepressible smile.

"Oh! he will be sure to be over, Christmas morning, to see Fred's things," was the prompt answer. "I shall give it to him then. Don't you think he will be pleased, Aunt Clara?"

"Certainly he will, and you have made it very neatly." The young lady rose, as she spoke. "Now I must go and see mamma." "Please don't tell anyone—especially Fred—he is such a tease," was the child's parting injunction.

"I promise eternal secrecy," was the reply; and, with finger on her lip, Miss Clara vanished, leaving Madge to continue her occupation.

Christmas morning dawned, clear and cold, and found the Trevor children in a state of high delight. Madge wore an air of extraordinary importance. In the course of the day, Tom appeared, according to expectation. In the temporary absence of Fred, she hastened to him, and, slipping into his hand her little gift, murmured timidly: "You've been very kind to me, Tom, and—I made you this."

Tom looked down at Madge, surprise mingled with the air of magnificent condescension which boys are apt to display toward little girls.

"Thank you," he said, putting the fateful penwiper in his pocket. "It was very kind of you to think of it."

If Madge was disappointed at his lack of enthusiasm, no one knew it, not even Aunt Clara.

The following autumn, Tom went to college, and, soon after, the Lawrence family moved to another city, so the childish intimacy was broken up completely.

Thirteen years can make great changes in people's lives; they certainly did in the existence of those two children, Tom and Madge. After

four years at college, young Lawrence entered the army, and, at the close of the Civil War, came out "Captain Lawrence," wounded, and covered with glory.

"Little Madge" was now Miss Margaret Trevor. No one ever called her by her childish name, and she almost forgot that it had once belonged to her. Time had changed the golden hair into a chestnut-brown, and the blue eyes were so dark as to be almost black. The pretty sunny-haired child had developed into a lovely woman—the loss of her father and reverses of fortune making her thoughtful beyond her years.

After his return from the army, Fred married and settled in his native city. Receiving, through an uncle, her father's brother, who lived in a large Western town, the offer of a good position as teacher, Margaret and her mother went there to live.

For two years, they were very happy in a cozy little house, not far from Mr. Trevor's elegant mansion. Margaret's uncle was a wealthy widower, with only one child, a daughter, about eighteen. Curiously enough, this new cousin was another Madge Trevor, with hair as golden and eyes as blue as Margaret's had been at seven. She had always kept the pet name. Somehow, it would have seemed unnatural to think of her as anything but "Madge."

Mrs. Trevor often laughed and said to her niece: "My dear, you are the image of Margaret when she was only seven. One might easily think you were she—you have grown up exactly as she promised to. When I look at you, I can almost see my little girl again. Margaret has changed so."

The two girls became very intimate. Margaret petted her pretty namesake, who seemed like her childish self come back, and, in turn, was worshiped by her. Madge would have dragged her cousin, had she not resisted, into all the gayety of the place. Sometimes, however, Margaret yielded, rather against her will; and then she was always the object of much admiration.

One bright day, early in October, Madge ran over to see her cousin. Margaret had just come in from school, and, feeling rather tired, was leaning comfortably back in an easychair. She smiled a welcome to her merry visitor, as she took a stool at her feet.

"Horrid old school! I wish you were as idle as I!" she cried, sympathizingly.

But Margaret, half laughingly, shook her head.

After a great deal of lively chatter, to which Margaret listened in amused attention, she broached the real subject of her visit.

"We are invited to the Tauntons', this evening," she began. "Mrs. Taunton particularly asked me to bring you. In fact, she told me I needn't come without you—and I certainly shan't. There won't be many there—only a few people, all of whom you know and like." Madge slipped her hand insinuatingly into her cousin's, as she spoke, seeing refusal written on her face. "You know your mother said you ought to go out more, on account of your health. I intend to make you, this winter—else I'll stay at home too."

"Little special pleader," laughed Margaret, patting the plump fingers clasped in her more slender hand.

"Besides," Madge went on, eagerly, "their wonderful cousin from the East is to honor the occasion."

"What cousin?"

"Oh, the one that fought and bled and died for his country."

"You mean his ghost, don't you?" interrupted Margaret, laughingly.

"No. A ghostly young man would not be interesting. He was only nearly killed—some wonderful escape."

"You offer me great inducement," began Miss Trevor; "but I think—"

"You don't think anything about it," rising as she spoke: "you are simply going. I won't listen to any refusal. You must meet this remarkable Tom Lawrence," she added.

"Tom Lawrence?" Margaret's face expressed astonishment.

"Yes. That's the cousin."

"O-o-h!" And Margaret settled back into her easychair.

"What's the matter, dear?" queried Madge, struck by the change in her cousin's face; and she seated herself again.

"Nothing, little Miss Curiosity—only I knew a Tom Lawrence ever so long ago, when I was a small girl. He wasn't much of a hero then, so it's probably not the same."

"Very likely it is. Won't that be fun? Tell me all about him." Madge's questioning face expressed great interest.

Margaret laughed, as she pinched her cousin's rosy cheek.

"He went away to college when I was seven or eight, and I never saw him again. So we wouldn't remember each other very well."

"But you will go?" Madge spoke in her most coaxing tone. "You will go now?" she repeated.

"Why now?" was the laughing rejoinder.

"Because I am sure it is your Tom Lawrence."

"And I feel positive it isn't. However, that doesn't matter, dear. Since you plead so hard and wish me to go so much, I will consent. Now are you happy?"

After many protestations of delight, Madge took her departure.

Quite a number of gay young people gathered in Mrs. Taunton's handsome parlors. Among them, eclipsed in beauty by none, were the two cousins—Madge full of curiosity, at which the other was inclined to smile.

Everybody looked at the hero of the evening, as the general introduction was gone through. It was a group of bewilderingly-pretty faces; but, amongst them all, the one that arrested Lawrence's attention was a lovely oval, naturally rather pale, but just a little flushed, large blue-gray eyes, and coils of soft chestnut hair framing the delicate face and enhancing its loveliness. But he did not recognize "little Madge."

As for Margaret, she saw a tall fine-looking soldierly man, but with the same frank brown eyes and close-cropped auburn hair as the boy Tom Lawrence. She felt sure it must be he.

After some general conversation, someone turned to Captain Lawrence and said: "Do tell us about your experience in the war. You were all through it—were you not?"

He admitted that such was the case, and, everybody urging the request, after a little hesitation he complied with it. Modestly but in a very entertaining way, Tom told some stories of camp and battle, to which everyone listened delightedly. The evening was slipping rapidly by, when Mrs. Taunton interrupted him.

"Tell us how you came to escape death in such a strange way," she said. "Your mother wrote me something about it."

The animated attention of his audience induced him to continue, particularly the intently-interested gaze of a pair of dark eyes.

"Well," he began, "it was at the battle of Fair Oaks, in the very fiercest of that bloody fight. We were in close quarters, and were trying to do each other all the damage we could. Amidst the uncertain and confused firing going on around me, someone took unerring aim at me."

Margaret gave a little shudder, and Madge nestled up closer to her.

"It was a perilously certain aim," went on Tom, his voice grown a trifle husky. "Never, as long as I live, shall I forget the instant that elapsed between the flash and the bullet-shock. I never faced death quite so close. The ball struck me right in the heart; or, rather, it would have, had not something hard in my breast-pocket, just over my heart, made it rebound."

"And what was it?" cried a dozen listeners, as Tom stopped for a moment. Margaret leaned eagerly forward with the rest, a look of almost painful anxiety in the beautiful eyes.

Tom put his hand in his pocket, and slowly drew out—while every gaze was turned questioningly on him—a flannel rosette, its once gay colors faded, fastened together in the middle by a large metal button. Margaret recognized it at a glance—the penwiper she had given him, thirteen years ago!

The preservative of Captain Lawrence's life was solemnly passed about for inspection. The company viewed it with feelings of curiosity mingled almost with awe. It seemed very nearly miraculous. For a moment, no one spoke.

Margaret took her gift of long ago, and looked at it with mingled feelings. How strangely Providence had decreed that her childish token should save a life. Unknowingly, she had been of greater use to her old playmate than she had dreamed she could be to any human being. How strange it all seemed. She handed the penwiper back to Tom, and he restored it carefully to its former resting-place.

"This was given to me," he continued, while one, at least, of his auditors listened closely, "thirteen years ago, by a little girl, sister of one of my schoolmates, when I was a boy at home. I used to take her riding on my sled, and I suppose she wished to show her appreciation of my kindness. She little knew what a service she rendered me."

Margaret drew a long breath.

"What is it?" whispered her cousin.

"Nothing, dear. Listen."

Tom was saying: "When I went to college, the next autumn, I took the penwiper with me in my writing-desk, and very useful I found it. How it came to be packed up with the few things I carried with me when I joined the army, I can't imagine; but, strangely enough, it was. Just before the battle of Fair Oaks, I was writing a letter home. I remember thrusting it into my breast-pocket, and smiling to think how that little penwiper had accompanied me in all my travels. I believe I had a sort of superstition about it, even then. Of course, as you may suppose, the feeling is very much stronger now. I would not part with my talisman for worlds. I am sure all my luck would go with it."

Everybody smiled, but Tom looked quite serious.

"But you haven't told us about the little girl yet," cried Madge Trevor. "What is her name, and what became of her? Of course you will marry her, as a reward for saving your life?"

There was a gleam of mischief in the merry blue eyes.

Captain Lawrence smiled.

"She is probably married to someone else by this time," he said. "We moved away from Boston while I was at college, and I lost sight of her altogether." As he spoke, the flush deepened a little on his bronzed face.

"But," persisted Madge, mischievously, unmindful of Miss Trevor's admonitory touch, "you haven't told us her name."

Tom started, suddenly struck by the resemblance of his pretty questioner to his recollection of little Madge.

"If you tell us her name, perhaps we can help you find her," this other Madge was saying. "She may be poor and friendless and in need of your assistance."

"If Captain Lawrence has such serious intention, he probably does not care to tell her name," said Margaret, in her clear voice.

Tom looked from one to the other. Did he wish, could his childhood's friend appear, that she should take the semblance of the last speaker? At any rate, the first was more like his memory of her.

He laughed, saying: "You have teased me so much about it, that I shall not gratify your curiosity," and the subject was dropped.

The remainder of the evening passed pleasantly enough, and soon the guests rose to go. As they were making their laughing adieus, someone spoke Madge Trevor's name. Tom, who was standing near, watching Miss Trevor, turned in astonishment—those blue eyes and golden curls could belong to but one Madge Trevor.

"Great heaven!" he exclaimed, so low that only the two cousins heard him. "Can that be my Madge Trevor?"

As the party walked home in the moonlight together, chatterbox Madge was unusually silent. Everybody, with the exception of the two girls, discussed Captain Lawrence and his adventures. They said nothing.

When they parted from Margaret, at her own door, Madge whispered in her ear, while she shook her finger in mock solemnity: "I've guessed it all now. Isn't it queer?"

Once in her own parlor, Margaret drew her mother down beside her on the sofa, and told her the strange story.

"But," she added, when Mrs. Trevor's astonishment had subsided a little, "he mistook Madge for me, and you must not deceive him. Let him continue to think so, as long as possible." And, with this understanding, Margaret went to bed, too excited to sleep.

On her return from school, the next day, she found her mischievous namesake curled up in an easy-chair by the fire. As she entered, Madge sprang forward in great glee.

"Let me sit down: I am tired to death," was the greeting the visitor received, and Margaret sank contentedly into the vacated seat. Her cousin took her usual place at her feet.

"I see it all now," she went on, eagerly, gazing up into Margaret's face with high delight. "It is just like a romance. You said you knew a Tom Lawrence once, and you lived in Boston when you were a little girl, and you gave him that wonderful penwiper, and—" Here she stopped, for lack of breath.

Margaret put her fingers in her ears, in pretended horror; but her inquisitor would not let her off.

"Come—tell me: am I not right?"

"I suppose I may as well submit," said the persecuted one, smiling. "Since you have guessed it—yes, you are right."

The mischievous blue eyes of her listener danced.

"The best of it is, he thought I was you."

"Yes, and you must contrive to let him still think so," was the unexpected reply.

Madge looked up in amazement.

"It was a very natural mistake," the other continued. "You look so like me—or, rather, so like me when I was a child. I wouldn't deceive him for the world."

"Why not?" asked Madge.

"Oh, because," was the reply. "Don't you think it will be rather a joke? You always enjoy a hoax so much, here is a splendid opportunity for one. Promise me, now, to keep it up. It will be such fun for you, dear."

Madge laughed.

"But how can I do it?" she asked. "I don't think it will be possible."

"Nonsense—with your cleverness! Why, it will be the easiest thing in the world. Just evade direct questions—which, being a woman, you can surely do. The rest will be easy enough. He is so sure of your identity now, that it will not be difficult to confirm his impression." And Margaret stooped, as she spoke, to pick a thread off the carpet.

With all her gentleness, when really determined, Miss Trevor had the stronger will; so, at last, her cousin yielded.

"He can't know very much about me," laughed Margaret; "we have not met since I was seven years old."

Having once promised, mischievous Madge entered thoroughly into the spirit of the jest.

"Will he not recognize your mother?" she asked.

"Mamma has changed almost as much as I, since her hair is gray. So I think we are safe," was the prompt reply.

Having sealed, signed, and delivered the compact, the two conspirators parted.

Meanwhile, Tom Lawrence sat in the solitude of his own room, thinking. In his hand, he held his fortunate Christmas-gift. As he looked at it thoughtfully, he wondered whether the face he had so lately seen was indeed that of the child he had known long ago. He felt sure it must be; and yet, another face rose before him, not so bright, perhaps, but with a womanly thoughtfulness in it that might have made it seem fairer to many.

Strange, if fate had brought them together again. It would certainly be the fulfillment of his dreams; for the one grain of romance in his practical nature had been the hope of some day meeting sunny-haired Madge and winning her for his wife. Perhaps that was what fate meant.

The next two months fled swiftly and pleasantly. Nearly every night, some gayety was afoot, of which Madge was the life and soul. She kept her word about insisting on Margaret's accompanying her everywhere; and, indeed, she had a less difficult task than she had expected. After a little resistance, Margaret yielded gracefully and soon became as great a favorite as her livelier but more thoughtless namesake. As a matter of course, wherever they went, they met Captain Lawrence, who was still staying with Mrs. Taunton. He was quite devoted to Madge; but, as the two cousins were almost inseparable, he saw nearly as much of one as of the other. He and Madge were on such good terms, that some persons said she encouraged him, while Margaret always treated him with a certain reticence. Mr. Trevor's close resemblance to his brother, and the fact that his family had also lived several years in Boston, made it easy for Madge to maintain her assumed character. She contrived to confirm decidedly, though indirectly, Tom's first impression; and, if he was a little disappointed, he hardly knew it himself. Did there ever, athwart his dreams of the golden hair and bright eyes he saw so often, dart the vision of another face quite as familiar? Who shall say?

December had come, and was speeding fast away. It was a regular old-fashioned December, bringing plenty of snow and ice, with all sorts of winter sports in their train.

On her return, one day, from a sleigh-ride she had taken with Captain Lawrence, Madge

"dropped in," as was her custom, to see her cousin.

"If it weren't for that horrid old school, you might have gone too," she pouted.

Margaret frowned slightly, but made no reply.

After expatiating on the pleasure of the drive, she exclaimed gayly, with a smile that showed her pearly teeth:

"It is all very well till he begins to ask me questions about Fred—then he poses me. Please have your brother send me his autobiography, else I shall betray myself most ignominiously."

"What a goose you are!" laughed Margaret. "I wish you knew Fred." And there the conversation ended.

One stormy night, rather more than a week before Christmas, Margaret sat alone in the cozy little room back of the parlor, some embroidery in her hands. For a wonder, there was no festivity in progress, and, Madge being away from home for a day or two, she was left to her own devices. Her mother had gone to bed early, with a headache, and she was anticipating a quiet evening—something she had not enjoyed for a long time. There was nobody to disturb her, and she was glad to have a little leisure to think.

Outside, the heavy snow was falling faster and faster, drifting on pavement and step. A keen north-wind whistled down the chimneys and round the corners of the houses.

Inside, all was warm and bright. The snug little room in which Margaret sat served the purpose of a library, though hardly to be dignified by that name. Bookcases and pictures covered the walls, plants filled the windows, and several easy-chairs stood invitingly around. Margaret, in a bright winter dress, sat close to the little centre-table, on which stood a brass lamp. Through its rosy shade, the light fell in a softened glow over the fair face and white hands. The embroidery lay idle in her lap, for she had fallen into a deep reverie.

A loud ring at the bell roused her.

"Dear me!" was her annoyed exclamation. "I thought I should be free from callers, to-night."

Just then, the small maid announced: "Captain Lawrence," and, immediately after, that gentleman appeared.

Certainly, the scene before him presented a charming contrast to the storm outside. No wonder the intruder lingered a moment to gaze at it.

Margaret stepped forward. A subtle change, first of pleasure, then of something different, passed over her face, deepening slightly the flush in her cheeks.

"Good-evening, Captain Lawrence. Did you snow down? I feared the storm would keep everybody indoors to-night."

"Oh, an old campaigner doesn't mind the weather, you know," was the laughing reply.

"I will light the lamp in the parlor," said Margaret.

"Mayn't I come in here? Don't let me interrupt your work, and I shall be still better pleased." As he spoke, he took possession of an easy-chair on the other side of the table, opposite Margaret, thus gaining an excellent view of the fair face.

She resumed her embroidery, and the two chatted pleasantly for some time. In the course of the conversation, Madge's name was mentioned, and Miss Trevor remarked that she was out-of-town.

"Yes, so her father told me. I met him, to-day," replied Tom.

There was just the slightest compression of the red lips. So this was why she was indebted to him for the pleasure of his society!

A dainty work-basket stood on the table, by the lamp. Tom began, man-fashion, idly to finger its contents; a little worn leather needle-case, the only shabby article in it, attracted his attention. He picked it up and opened it: it was filled with leaves of flannel that had once been bright.

"This has seen wear," he said, smiling and holding it up.

Margaret, intent on her embroidery at that moment, just glanced at the case.

"Yes," she answered, carelessly, "it has. I've had it ever since I was a little girl."

"Did your cousin give it to you?" As Tom spoke, he was struck by the familiar look of the faded leaves.

"Oh, no," said Margaret, her eyes still on the mistake in her work. "I found the material in mamma's scrap-bag, and made it myself." As she finished, it flashed across her what else she had made from the same bits of flannel.

Tom leaned forward; Margaret's face was in full view, and he could see the sudden change that passed over it.

"Tell me," he said, almost excitedly: "how did your cousin get those same pieces to make my penwiper?"

Margaret was silent.

Several things in the past two months came back to him.

"Did you give them to her, Miss Trevor?" he persisted.

Between anger at herself and something more, she could not speak.

"Now I am sure," he cried: "your name is Margaret too. It was Madge once. You saved my life. Can't you guess why I care? Margaret, I love you."

Margaret rose, her slight figure drawn to its full height.

"Thank you, Captain Lawrence, for the honor you do me—but you have made a mistake: it is Madge you are thinking of. You are not bound to marry me because, inadvertently, I saved your life." She spoke slowly and calmly.

"But I thought she was you—I mean, it is you I love," he cried, desperately.

"You are getting hopelessly confused, Captain Lawrence; it is useless to continue the conversation. I have no desire to supplant Madge in your regard. You have been devoted enough to her for the last two months. To-morrow night, she will be home."

Tom rose also.

"But," he began, "let me explain—"

"It is unnecessary, and would be of no use. Pardon me—but I must ask you to excuse me." And, with the grace of a queen, Margaret slowly withdrew.

The following week, everybody was busy preparing for Christmas, so there was nothing going on. In this way, Margaret managed to avoid meeting Captain Lawrence, and, Madge being very much occupied, she saw less of that small personage than usual.

The day before Christmas, Madge brought her work over and settled herself in her usual seat.

"I have come to spend the afternoon and have a long talk," she announced. "I have hardly seen you lately. Do you know you are looking pale?"

Margaret glanced up from her knitting—she could not bear the sight of her embroidery.

"I have a headache—that's all," she said.

"Poor dear, you need petting; but you must wait till you hear my news. Captain Lawrence leaves for home, the day after Christmas. Isn't it unexpected?" As she spoke, she looked innocently up into her cousin's face.

"Rather, I should think; but you probably know best." In spite of herself, Margaret looked a little startled.

"I? What have I to do with Captain Lawrence's going? He isn't in love with me." Madge rose as she spoke, and faced her cousin with a very determined expression of countenance.

Margaret looked up in astonishment.

"It is you who are responsible for his going away," continued the small mentor, sternly.

"You and he have been quarreling, and it's

about me. Don't deny it. He spent an evening with you last week. I know all about it. He has been trying very hard to fancy himself in love with me, but I've seen through it. He talked to me, but he looked at you. He doesn't want me any more than I want him. You saved his life; now take it. Send for him right away and make up, like good children. I shan't speak to you till you do, remember!" And, with this parting injunction, impetuous Madge brought her "afternoon" to an abrupt close.

Left to herself, Margaret felt wretched enough. She realized her own folly, yet what could she do? Was it likely that Tom would ever come back to her? And she—how could she send for him?

The short winter afternoon drew to a close, and Margaret was still sitting by her sewing-table, the picture of despair. Suddenly, she noticed the little needle-case lying open, and a light broke over her face. Seizing her scissors, she ruthlessly severed the leaves. Into the thimble, scarcely larger than the one she had

worn thirteen years ago, she slipped her slender finger, and, taking needle and thread, fashioned a rosette. In the middle, she fastened a large metal button, evolved from the depth of the family button-bag. With trembling fingers, she made a neat package of it and addressed it to "Captain Lawrence." Then she ran out and posted it.

Another Christmas morning dawned, clear and cold, bringing its usual heavy mail to nearly everyone. The Taunton family was no exception. Besides several letters, a small package fell to Tom's share. He looked at it, and, thinking he recognized the handwriting, hurried up to his room to open it. Can you guess what he did then?

Two hours later, when Madge ran over to see whether her aunt and cousin were coming to dinner, she found, to her delight, Tom and Margaret together.

"My second Christmas-gift was better than my first," he had just been saying. "The first gave me life—the second gave me you."

SOME DAY.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

DECEMBER woods are white and cold,
December fields are desolate;
But the new year shall replace the old,
And spring will follow. Darling, wait:
The frost of grief shall melt, some day—
Your heart shall keep its first estate.

Oh, listen, sweet one! 'neath the snow
The bubbling of a hidden spring:
Thus hope's bright spirit, far below
The ice of sorrow, lives to sing,
And peace shall "like a river flow,"
In sunshine after-days shall bring.

While yet across the bare bleak world
The bitter north-wind wildly blows,
The snowdrops, fearless of the cold,
Their dainty waxen buds unclose:
Thus love shall still its flowers unfold,
Life's desert blossom as the rose.

So sweet and sure, I read the sign:
I see the gold above the gray,
The glory of that morning-shine
That soon shall melt the clouds away
For hope and love are gifts divine,
And joy shall crown thee still some day.

A LOVE-SONG.

BY ALFRED DANE.

I HEARD her singing at her work,
As I passed by, one day,
And paused to see the maid who sang
That ballad quaint and gay:
About a brave and handsome knight
Who loved and rode away.

I saw her flitting here and there,
On household-tasks intent,
The while she sang in tender strain
Of how he did relent
And rode full many a weary mile
To gain his love's consent.

But ah! although she sang of love,
Her voice was light and gay,
And well I knew her maiden heart
Had never felt love's sway;
And yet, explain it as you will,
I lost my heart that day.

But now I never stop to hear,
As I pass by that way,
The girl who sang, while at her work,
That ballad quaint and gay,
Because—she sings a sweeter song
In my own home, to-day.

MRS. WIGGINS PAINTS HER HOUSE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I've been as busy as a bee all winter, and it's lucky for me that I've had enuff to keep my blood a-circulating; for, if I'd a-had to set still, I should have froze to death, with the mercury falling down among the zeroes.

I've braided all Reuben's old trousers and coats up into rugs, and I declare! when the poor man got out in the rain the other day, and wet hisself clean through, there warn't enuff every-day clothes in the house for him to shift hisself into, and he had to put on his black trousers and his swaller-tail coat, that he's never made a practice of wearing anywheres except to prayer-meetings, and Sundays. Reuben was mad as a bob-tailed dog in fly-time, and sez he, giving the cat a h'ist out of the rocking-cheer, where she'd got curled up for a nap, sez he:

"Mirandy, you'd ort to be ashamed of yourself, a-cutting up them good clothes of mine. And them gray panterloons warn't wore out at all, except a place on the knees and mebbey they needed to be reseated." Sez he: "It's lucky that I'm put together solid, for you'd braid me into a rug, soul and body, if you could tear me up into strips as you can a pair of panterloons."

And he kicked at that cat agin, jest as she was a-gwine to git back into the cheer. Strange to me that, when men-folks git mad, they always spit out their spite onto the cat or the dog. Jest as if that animal was to blame for my braiding up them britches!

But I was sorry enuff afterward, when Reuben come in from the barn, with his swaller-tail all spattered over with milk; he'd been a-milking, and the cow had took a notion to step into the pail to soak her corns, and the milk had flew all over the coat-tails of the pardner of my joys and sorrows.

It took me two hours, with a sponge and some amomiay, and my eyes and nose watering as if I had the chronical influenza, to scrub that milk off. And then I didn't git it off, for Reuben never could stand still a minnit to have anything done to him, and, as soon as I got a good grab on them tails, and got the sponge sot right to scrub, he'd fetch a whisk, and I'd lose my holt intirely.

Margaret Ann, that is our darter from a city school, has got a pile of new idees brought home with her. Bent's Corner is an old-fashioned place, and the folks don't travel round to any

great extent. And naterally we hain't got ahead so fur as some parts of the world. We still think that it ain't nice and pious for a man to have more than one wife to a time, and we shouldn't be likely to elect an absconding Canada tramp of a bank-cashier to be deacon of our meeting-house—not if we knowed about it; and we still think that it looks better not to go a-fishing Sundays.

Margaret Ann, a'most as soon as she got home, begun to complain about how old-styled our house looked. It needed refurbishing, and repainting, and repapering, and re—almost everything else. "Why, mamma," sez she—she has taken to calling me 'ma' and 'mamma,' jest as if she was a three-year-old—"you have no idee how superanimated our interior looks. There is nothing asthetick or rerashashy about it."

"I should hope not, indeed," sez I. "I shouldn't want anything with such a sounding name as them has got, in my insides, if that is what you mean."

"Ma, how dreadfully vulgar you are! If Arabella De Jones should come to see me, and hear you talk, she would fall into a state of nervous prostration. She is so delicate and refined, that she would faint away if she should be in the room with a pair of those dreadful cowlhide boots that pa wears, and I have known her to have a spasm when she has inhaled the breath of someone who had been eating onions! Oh, she is altogether too ethereal for this mundane spear!"

"Then I should advise her to go to a spear where they don't eat onions," sez I. "Bent's Corner is no place for her."

"But, ma, why can't we fix up the old house?" sez Margaret Ann, a-tipping her head on one side to see how the little topknot of a curl panned out, that she'd been a-winding onto a curling-iron. And full half of the hair in it stuck fast to the iron, and the smell of burnt hair was so strong in the house, that I had to burn some coffee on top of the stove to fumigate the air.

"'Twould cost money," sez I, "and yer father can't spare much, this year, on account of that hoss having the heaves and dying, and milk's going down two cents onto a can."

But Margaret Ann sed that didn't make no difference—we could do the work ourselves. And she talked at me so much and used so many

words that had never been aired sense they was put into Webster on the bridge, that I give in. I could have stood out agin words of two syllables; but, when they come to be shot at me eight and ten syllables long, I went down before 'em like grass before a four-hoss mowing-machine.

She talked the scheme into her pa in much the same way, and got ten dollars out of him and the liberty to do as she was a-mind to.

We harnessed the old mare into waggon and went over to Smithville, and got the painter there to mix us some paint, and we bought some room-paper, and some red curtains, and some prepared glue, and some varnish, and some tacks with brass heads, and other things too numerous to mention.

We begun on the front-room first. We piled all the furniture into the front-entry, and sot a table aginst the door that was loaded down with lots of things, and Grandmarm Sawyer's chany set among 'em. That chany set beat anything I ever seed anywhere in the way of chany, and I sot a farm by it.

Margaret Ann put on an old red petticoat of mine over her dress, and a blouse of her pa's, and she tied her head up in a gingham apron, before she went to business. My uniform was one of Reuben's old calico shirts that I'd kept for him to wear in haying-time—because anybody sweats so, in haying, that it rots a shirt clean to nothing—and I put it on outside of my old delaine skirt that I wear when I'm a-washing.

We had the wash-bench and two barrels with a board over 'em, to stand upon. I had the barrels and Margaret Ann had the bench.

"Now, ma," sez she, dipping her brush into the paint, "you want to dip lightly: give it a little dab aginst the side of the pail, to shake out the superfluent paint, and draw it toward you—so, in this way." And she dabbed, and then she drew—and, my soul and body, the result was amazing! The paint, which was pale-blue, flew and squirted all into Margaret Ann's face and eyes, and she looked like the piece of "spatter-work" that Miss Dinsmore took the premium of twentyfive cents on, at the Smithville cattle-show, last fall. And she grabbed up the tail of that petticoat, which had dipped itself into a pot of black paint that we'd had mixed to stripe off with, and rubbed it over her countenance, and black and blue was about equally mixed.

"Heaven and earth! Margaret Ann," sez I, "you'll never come clean in the world without b'iling out." And I made a rush toward her, to wipe her off with my apron, and I forgot that

I was on them barrels: and the board tilted up, and I made a grab to save myself, and down I went into one of them barrels—feet fust, paint-brush and all—and the barrel fitted me as well as if the cooper had took my measure.

"Murder!" cried Margaret Ann, running to the door and shouting down the road: "Ma has suicided herself! Help! help!"

And, in a minnit, Reuben come running in like mad, and Squire Power, which had come over to swap some setting-hens' eggs—and he come in with him.

"Creation of Adam!" sez Reuben, "now there's another good barrel gone to shucks! And I shall have to buy barrels to put my apple-crop into! Twenty cents on a barrel out! Mirandy," sez he, "it is strange that a woman as old as you are can't keep herself out of scrapes like this."

"I guess it'll be a scrape in airnest afore I git out," sez I, as I squirmed around and the nails on the inside of the pesky barrel begun to plow into my hide.

"Let's pull her out," sez Squire Power, spitting onto his hands and bracing hisself. "You hold onto the barrel, Wiggins, and I'll extract her jest as a dentist takes out a molder."

And Reuben grabbed the barrel, and the Squire grabbed me. He got me right by that shoulder of mine that I've had the rhumatiz into for nigh onto six year, and, for a minnit, I thought I should be made into two Mirandy Wigginses. I struck out with the hand that had the paint-brush in it, and the Squire's mouth was the nearest and most convenient opening—and in the brush went, paint and all, and stuffed him nigh about to death.

"W—o—o—u—gh!" sez the Squire, squirting out what he had inside of his mouth and throat, and firing it right down the back of my neck, where that shirt of Reuben's had a button off. And he let go of me so suddint, that it upshot Reuben, who was a-holding onto the barrel with all his might.

"Ma! ma!" cried Margaret Ann, "can't you kinder screw yourself round and get out?"

"You might try it on yerself," sez I, feeling mad enuff to break something right in two with the poker, "and see how you liked it, with nine hundred and fifty nails a-sticking into your back and stummuk and clawing the in'ards out of ye."

Squire Power was intirely overcome, and he staggered back and fell into a cheer that Reuben had bought at an auction because it was two hundred and twenty year old, and Washington had sot into it. Margaret Ann had jest painted

the back of it with some yaller daisies and a sunflower, and I yelled out as I seed the Squire a-going:

"Don't set into that cheer! It's—"

But the Squire had sot before I got the words out, and the deed was done. And, when he got up, there was that bunch of daisies and that sunflower, fortygraphed onto the back of his coat as slick as you could mark your name onto a soap-box with a stencil-plate.

"I'll empty her out," sez Reuben, seized with a bright idee; "strange that I didn't think of it afore." And he grabbed that barrel and stood me right up on my head, and rocked the barrel round fust one way and then t'other, jest as if I was coal-ashes that had got wet and stuck.

"Reuben Wiggins," sez I, as soon as I could speak, "if ever I git out of here, I'll make you sorry for this You're a-running my brains all out through the top of my head."

"Bu't off the hoops," sez the Squire, coming to the rescue. And he seized a hammer and hit the barrel a lick that sot my rhumaticks off into a tantrum and nigh about blowed off the top of my skull. But the barrel caved, and I was saved.

Jest as I got out, I heerd a terrible wailing kind of a howl from Nero—that's our dog—and I knowed he was in trouble. I went out into the setting-room, where the noise come from—and, I declare, I didn't know whether to laff or cry. Margaret Ann had sot that pot of prepared glue onto the table, and the dog had got up there and upso't it, and the glue had run out, and he'd laid down and got to sleep, and his tail had dried into the glue—and so had my ten-dollar switch of hair that I'd took off afore I begun painting and laid down there!

The table-cloth on that table was one that Mary Ann Simons worked in this 'ere kerosene-work that's so stylish jest now, and we'd either got to cut the cloth off from the tail or cut the tail off from the cloth. It was a question of no table-cloth or a tailless dog. I did not hesertate: I grabbed the scissors, and was a-going to slash right into the cloth, when the dog—seeing, no doubt, how desprit I looked—gave an awful howl and a frantic leap and cleared hisself—cloth, false hair, and all—from the table, and dashed into the front-entry right over that mess of chany and through the winder, and down the road like a streak, with that table-cloth and that ten-dollar switch, warranted not dyed and all long hair, a-trailing after him like the tail to a kite.

And that chany was smashed into kindling, and we all sot off after the dog, a-yelling: "Git out, there! git out!" And the groceryman's clerk come out and fired at Nero, thinking he had the hydrophoby, and killed old Mrs. Mulligan's goat, that was a-lunching off the old hoop-skirts and tomato-cans in Griggs's back-yard. And she's sued him for damidges.

And, jest as Reuben and the Squire and I and Margaret Ann had got to the front-gate, a-pursuing Nero, a carriage driv up, and out stepped Arabella De Jones and Gabriel Van Robinson, her young man.

Imagine, if you can, the tableau!

As they say in the five-volume novels, when they don't feel fit to describe anything, "we draw a curtain over the scene."

P. S.—Nero come back, the next day, with his tail bare of hair mostly; but I've never heern anything from my switch nor the table-cover. And we got Jenkins, the painter, to paint our house, because we thought it would be cheaper

THROUGH MIST AND RAIN.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

He passed out into the darkness,
Out into the mist and the rain,
And I knew not if the morning
Would show me his face again.

So I wrapped a mantle round me
And followed fast and fleet;
But the blinding mist was on me,
And the darkness held my feet.

Then I waited still, in the darkness,
While my heart ran on ahead,
And found him prone by the wayside—
By the wayside, cold and dead.

And tenderly stooped and raised him—
There, alone, in the mist and rain—

And into the white lids and the lips
Kissed the life-blood warm again.

Then I crept back, alone, in the darkness,
With a smile at the silent race;
For now I knew that the morning
Might show me his living face.

We met, and his lips were smiling,
And he never thought or wist
What gave them back their color,
That night, in the rain and mist.

And that I took out with me
And sent to him, through the rain,
Still follows him ever and always,
For it never came back again.

AT PENTECOST MANOR.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

In old colonial days, the time-honored law of primogeniture prevailed in our country, as in England. It was so common a custom that, even where there was no legal entail, a will leaving an immense estate to the oldest son, and little or nothing to younger children, excited slight general surprise or indignation. And such a will as this was read, one day, in the year of grace 1780, at Pentecost Manor, St. Mary's County, in the Province of Maryland.

Old Mr. Geoffrey Pentecost had just been laid away in the earth, with much pomp and ceremony; the bread and wine, which fashion then dictated on such occasions, had been duly eaten and drunk by a crowd of relatives and neighbors; and now all the former were gathered in the manor-house parlor, to hear the reading of the will.

The old gentleman's two orphaned grandsons, Geoffrey and Edgar Pentecost, who had lived with him all their lives, were expected to inherit his landed property—though all the kindred would be remembered by some token, however small, as was then considered necessary. Many were the eyes turned on the two young men, in their deep mourning, and more than one fair maid's heart beat the faster for wondering which would be more favored: Geoffrey, shy and awkward and grave, dreamy book-loving Geoffrey, or handsome, blue-eyed, frolicsome Ned, who, though not named after his grandfather, and given much to idling, fox-hunting, racing, and various pranks, was yet treated equally with the elder brother.

I should like to give the will in full, so devoutly opening, so quaintly worded, so rich in old-time suggestions; but its length forbids. Some of the bequests first read out would now provoke a laugh; but reverence was greater in those days, and folk not above homely details. No one present was forgotten. Half a dozen mourning-rings, two or three snuff-boxes, the deceased's best wig, a tankard, some odd silver spoons, a few books, even some pewter pots and pans, were disposed of and graciously received as keepsakes by nieces, nephews, and consins. They had not expected anything more, and there was no grumbling, even from some to whom was left a shilling each; for this token of goodwill was not unusual or humiliating, in spite of the old saying which

seems to so interpret it. Then came the really important part, concerning the two grandsons and the great Pentecost Manor estate. Every head was bent forward, every eye glistened, as Mr. Quillet, the lawyer, read in a loud clear voice: "To my dear grandson, Edgar Pentecost, I give and bequeath, with my blessing, one hundred pounds, in gold money; also my riding-mare called 'Princess,' with my best saddle and silver-brodered housing; also my gold-mounted hunting-horn; also my negro man, commonly called 'Big Pompey,' to be his body-server: all to him, his heirs and assigns forever."

There was a murmur of astonishment around the room; this was, indeed, a younger brother's inheritance. Edgar Pentecost started violently, flushed red, and then turned deadly pale. Geoffrey also started as if surprised, and frowned. He looked at Ned, and half reached out his hand; but Ned was gazing straight at the floor, and did not see nor heed. Mr. Quillet read on: "To my dear and beloved grandson, Geoffrey Pentecost, I give and bequeath, as to the natural heir of my family honor and chiefest having in goods, all the main body of my fortune and estates, in lands, houses, cattle, and negro slaves, as herein described, to him, his heirs and assigns forever." Then followed at great length the boundaries and dimensions of Pentecost Manor and various other tracts of land, and a full list of properties therewith connected; then came a most piously-worded ending, and the will was done.

"From some speech of Mr. Pentecost to me, not long since, I did think he was minded toward some change in Master Edgar's favor," quoth the lawyer, folding up the parchment. "But, as it hath turned out, I either mistook, or our friend's sudden taking-off in sleep gave him no time for carrying out such intent. This will, written a year ago, is the last and latest that all our seeking can find."

There was a quick rising-up of everyone, much whispered comment, many handshakes and good wishes for the heir—Geoffrey Pentecost, of Pentecost Manor. He went through it all with an absent half-dazed air, motioned aside Mr. Quillet, who would have spoken with him, and looked around for his brother; but Ned had straightway vanished.

Making his way slowly toward the door, Geoffrey met the gaze of his cousin Barbara Earnshaw, the belle of St. Mary's County, the loveliest one of all the Pentecost kindred and connection. Her share in the will had been a book—Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying"; which book she had already taken from a shelf hard by. And now she stood, loosely clasping her legacy: very tall and slender, her arms bare to the elbow, and delicate hands milk-white against the black dress donned for the funeral; her violet eyes strangely bright and eager, her lips breathlessly apart, her face flushed and excited—looking, with a gaze that made him thrill and tingle all over, straight at Geoffrey Pentecost.

Her eyes went down when his own encountered them. "Where is Ned, cousin? Can you tell?" he asked, pausing beside her.

"Nay, how should I know?" she answered, shortly, pettishly, still looking down.

He would fain have said more; but, overcome with shyness, and being far gone in what we would call now a "brown study," he left her and went out across the wide lawn and park-like pleasance, into the open fields beyond. Much given to "brown study" was Geoffrey Pentecost; and this of to-day was all concerning the new possessions, the great and rich heritage that had come unexpectedly to him; not the half, but the whole of it, to him alone. All around, as far as eye could see, the soil was his, ten thousand acres and more. Broad fields of wheat and corn and tobacco covered the river-levels on one hand; and, on the other, swelled grassy upland pastures and wooded hills, almost virgin forests, where the Indian had chased, not fifty years before, the still plentiful deer. In the midst of this landscape, golden with May sunshine, was Pentecost Manor-house, on its gently rising ground; the dark-red English brick of its walls, its immense high sloping roof, dimly showing through noble shade-trees and orchards and gardens, flower-hedged all around. A most pleasant home, most pleasantly situated, and all was his.

The sense of ownership was strong within him, yet not accompanied by any sordid selfish thought. Edgar's lack and disappointment dwelt with him, and herein lay the chief good of possession: that he could divide with his brother. It was his own, Geoffrey's, in fee simple and unentailed; and Ned, who was not a year younger than himself and fully as deserving, however much the old grandfather's love had erred, Ned should have his full half. And, through all his musing, his new-born resolve,

shone Barbara Earnshaw's face: flushed, eager, and beautiful, as he had seen it so lately, when her eyes met his. He had loved her all her life, this sweet Cousin Barbara, in his own shy, dreamy, reverent way, without having yet ventured to tell her so. She was eighteen, and he himself was but twentythree. There had seemed no need for hurry before, but now he would lose no time in laying his heart and fortune at her feet. Surely, she cared for him a little, he thought. She had always been most kind and cousinly, and freer with him than even with saucy Ned. Did not that glance, surprised a while ago, hold more than common interest? As if, perhaps, she guessed how soon his new position might affect her too? The idea filled him with a fresh sweet impatience to know its truth.

It was this same impatience, as well as some wakening sense of duty to his guests, and a wish to find and speak with Edgar, that turned his steps back at last toward the house. He was taking the shortest path through the garden, when, passing an arbor, he heard voices speaking quite loudly and eagerly within: voices that brought him suddenly to a stand. Geoffrey Pentecost was no eavesdropper, but his whole mental and physical being received just then a shock that kept him spell-bound. He could not move or speak to give warning of his presence; he could only stand gazing through the rose-vines into the arbor, at the two people there talking together. At a little table, sat his Cousin Barbara, her eyes moist and red with crying, her lovely mouth quivering, her whole face and air expressive of mingled vexation, pity, and grief. And before her, standing, or rather stamping restlessly about, was his brother Edgar Pentecost. The degree of an eighteenth-century dandy's agitation might have been known by the state of his ruffles. Ned was commonly very dainty and careful of his; but now they were in the last stage of disorder, both at shirt-front and wrists, tumbled and out of crimp. Add to this the hopeless tanglement of his fair curls, and a most hopeless yet angry countenance beneath them, and his whole bearing may be figured.

"Ah, yes, 'twas cruel!—cruellest of aught ever done," spoke Barbara, brokenly like a hurt child. "It doth not surprise me to see you so mad, my dear. You so slighted and shamed—you, that were always a good grandson and dutiful as any—Geoffrey, or who you will. I could cry my eyes out, my own sweetheart, for your sake, let alone my own. Oh, 'tis the pitifullest thing! And you not a word of it afore-

hand. Cousin Pentecost must have been clean out of his wits."

"No, no! not he," half sobbed poor Ned, in answer, yet angrily withal. "He was in sound mind, and meant it so, past doubting. 'Tis well known and of common custom that the oldest son hath lion's-share, and t'others must make shift with little or none. But I was not so raised, as to get mine own living. 'Twas always share and share alike with Geoff and me, and no work but my own choosing—like any young gentleman in the land."

"But Geoffrey will not keep all—surely not," said Barbara; "he hath a kind heart, and will not see thee want, my dear."

"And think you I'd live on his bounty? a hanger-on for favors? Not I, Bab!" cried Ned, more passionately still. "A kind heart, hath he? Ay, and not stingy—there's no denying that, so far; but who knoweth how men will stand trial by high fortune? Folks say she sometimes makes 'em as roundabout and slippery as her own wheel. But that's off the mark. I'll eat no man's meat as a gracious gift, brother or no brother. I'm not twelve months the younger, and 'twas only my lawful right to a reasonable sharing."

"No marrying for us two, on one hundred pounds," she sighed. "But God's my witness I'll have no other, though the king himself come a-courting. I'll be a maid to your bachelor—ay, if 'tis forever and a day! My Bible-oath on that."

"Oh, sweetheart, I believe it! Bless you!" groaned poor Ned. "But no marrying for us—that's too true. A plague on the hundred pounds! I'll not lay hands on't, save to fling into the horse-pond. By the Lord Harry, it doth make me mad. I'll send old Princess to the mischief. What hath a beggar to do on horseback? And a body-server, too—on my life! I'll send Pompey about his business, that I will, and start out with my two hands."

"And what will you—can you—do, dear heart?" asks Bab.

"I'll list for a soldier," cried Ned, in petulant desperation, "and get a French bullet through my skull. I'll go off to fight Injuns, and get scalped and roasted, most like. I'll rob on the highroad, and be hanged for the family credit. I'll off to sea—do anything but stay here like a poor-spirited fool." This last with so doleful an air that Barbara burst out laughing through her tears, and, springing up, flung both arms around his neck.

"Oh, thou foolish dear!" she cried. "Thou poor sweet Ned of my best heart's-love! Hast thou not a fine fortune in me?"

This embrace, returned as it was with interest, was too much for Geoffrey Pentecost's human nature to stand and see. It broke the spell that bound him, into such keen anguish that he started away, unseen and unheard, to another part of the garden. The discovery just now had been something terrible, sudden, undreamed of; and he realized fully how barren and poor his fair heritage would be, if Barbara Earnshaw loved and wedded another. "A poor fool—blind mole-eyed creature—that I was, not to take note of it long ago," he muttered, with quivering lips and clenched hands; now remembering many little signs of the truth, unread before. "Oh, Barbara, sweetheart never of mine, you've clean spoilt my life!"

Geoffrey Pentecost's heart was as good a one as ever beat; but he was jealous and sore, and his late generous intent concerning Ned gave way—not enough for hard-set adverse purpose, but doubtfully tormenting. And then Ned's doubt of his generosity had wounded him sorely.

"Why shouldst thou overstep his expectancy?" said crossed love and angry jealousy to him then. "Why give him wherewithal for marrying her under thy very eyes, so making 'way with thine own chance forever, setting a dagger at thine own heart? Nay: hold fast thine own; let him take his, and go seek his fortune—as is no great hardship, after all. And, if this scatterbrained light-heart forget her that's left behind, then thy true deep love may have its way at last."

Thus lower nature spoke; but higher nature, with brotherly kindness and honor, would also have somewhat to say. Nor was the struggle aught like ended when, a full hour later, Geoffrey started slowly again toward the house. Whom should he meet, running down a walk as if seeking somebody, but his little cousin Peggy Earnshaw, Barbara's sister; a lass of fourteen summers or so, as sweet and fresh as half-blown rose. Her stuff frock, of apple-green color, was as long in the skirt and short in the waist as those of her grown-up elders; her neckerchief as primly crossed and pinned on her still childish bosom; but her long yellow curls, not yet promoted to crimping-pins and powder, floated free around her as she came.

"Oh, cousin, I'm so glad 'tis you at last," she said, her rosy lips parting in a smile at sight of him. "They are seeking you everywhere, high and low. 'Most all the folks have gone away; but my father and Mr. Quillet and Dr. Lance and parson want speech with you, they say, and they seem right vexed. So, make haste. Why, cousin, how pale you are! And I am sorry. Is

it for Grandpapa Pentecost, laid in the ground to-day? But they say he's in heaven now—so 'tis no use a-grieving. Parson says the best and wickedest on earth must all the same die."

Geoffrey forced a smile in answer, and said: "Right, Peggy; 'tis not death, but life, that's best worth our grieving."

They walked on together, Peggy primly keeping step, and proud of his company. For the little maiden had her own private and very high opinion of Cousin Geoffrey, and liked him vastly better than Ned, who teased her sadly and tied knots in her curls.

"Ned is vexed," she prattled on, directly, "that you are left so rich and he so poor; and Bab, who always taketh his part, is vexed too. But I am glad that you come first and best; and then my father says, and 'most all the others, that 'twill be the same, since you are so generous: you'll be sure to give him half."

Geoffrey laughed then—in a strange way, Peggy thought—and said: "Generous, am I? We'll see about that, Peggy. I am not sure."

Into the house they went, where the new master found all waiting to show him honor. Barbara was there, and Ned; apart now, and talking to others with seeming cheerfulness, but still showing traces of that recent scene in the arbor. And, thinking of it as he saw them thus again, Geoffrey Pentecost's heart, in spite of the deference around him, was like a stone in his breast.

CHAPTER II.

THE various friends and neighbors who had predicted that Geoffrey Pentecost would surely divide his great estate with Edgar were disappointed, as weeks and even months passed by and he gave no sign of any such intent. They wondered greatly thereat, and also at the change in Geoffrey. He had always been shy and grave; but was now silent, moody, did not take common interest in his new possessions, and spent most of his time walking or riding dolefully alone.

Ned staid on at Pentecost Manor, by life-custom and Geoffrey's somewhat formal invitation. He did accept the hundred pounds, spite of his vowing to the contrary; he rode on Princess, too, and did not disdain Pompey's services; but he was discontented and sore-hearted none the less. Feeling the estrangement from Geoffrey, he yet never guessed, stupid fellow that he was, the real reason for it, only thought how shrewdly he had foretold the effect of sudden riches.

But, before very long, Ned's wish to go away

—anyhow, anywhere, only far away—met a chance of fulfillment. Certain young men of the county—idle some of them, adventurous and reckless all—these roving spirits made up a party for exploration and settlement somewhere in the then forest wilderness, now perhaps Northwest Pennsylvania. They invited Ned to join them; and he, nothing loth, consented.

The struggle in Geoffrey Pentecost's breast raged now more fiercely than ever. He knew that Ned was unfit to endure hardship and privation; he was daring, energetic, but not strong; not half so strong as Geoffrey himself, who would stay behind at ease. Sometimes the impulse came over him to give up all, the whole vast hateful estate, to Ned, and go away himself forever. But he knew that would be a coward's part, after all; that justice and honor demanded a division of the wealth so far beyond his own need. But, having thus divided, to see his brother marry Barbara and settle down as his next-door neighbor, their happiness always before his longing eyes—ah, surely this would be too much!

Well, he suffered, and the weeks went by, bringing the eve of Ned's departure. The party was to meet overnight at the Black Ordinary, the inn of the neighborhood, and start from thence at dawn, setting off on horseback on the expedition. Ned was to ride Princess, taking with him also Pompey and the hundred pounds; to which Geoffrey added another hundred as the brothers parted, rather coldly, though half promising to meet again later at the inn.

After the farewell to his boyhood's home, came that harder and tenderer parting from Barbara. It was in the elm-tree avenue in front of her own home, with soft yellow autumnal light about them and soft breezes whispering around, that he clasped her close to his passionate young breast, and kissed her again and again 'good-bye.

"Nay, sweetheart, Bab—my own girl, cry not so hard and dreadfully. 'Tis not like 'good-bye' forever. I'll come back to claim thee for mine own wife, God speed the day. And you will be true?"

"True? Ay, forever. It needs no oath, nor even a promise for certain—such as papa and mamma will not hear of my giving. I must obey their say-so, but this I'd take Bible-oath on—I'll wait for thee a hundred years, and have no other under heaven. If that is disobedience—why, there! But ah, Ned! Ned! if you never come back?"

"I will," cried Ned, almost fiercely, hot love

defying death and evil chance. "I will, and bring you fortune with the best of 'em. Listen, sweetheart: they say there hath been found riches in the great woods. There are hills made up of gold and silver, and ancient burial-mounds wherein are heathenish idols of gold, bestuck with diamonds—marvelous treasures—and bones of Indian kings that died, heaven knoweth how many hundred years ago. All this for the finding, Bab, and trust me for seeking well."

"Ay," she sobbed, clinging still piteously to him. "but the dark, dark woods, where red men lurk to stab thee from behind, and tear off thy pretty curls—all horrible and bloody! And there are hungry wolves a-howling night and day, and the swift deep rivers to be crossed, wherein folk drowned are never heard of more. Oh, 'tis cruellest danger for thee to dare. I am afraid for thee, my dear, my dear!"

Ned, though fit to weep himself, made great show of stout heart, and, after many passionate embraces, took leave at last; vowing to come again someday, safe and sound, with golden curls and scalp still on his head, rich and triumphant, to claim his own dear bride. He mounted Princess and rode away bravely, looking ever back till out of sight.

Barbara's tears fell thick and fast as she lingered still where they parted, dreading to go in and meet Peggy's childish questions and her mother's disapproving looks. Not a half-hour after Ned had gone, there came a sound of horse's feet—at first a mere echo, then nearer, clearer, swift and loud, approaching up the avenue. She listened with wildly-beating heart. Who was it? Could it be Ned coming back? Had anything happened to him, and was Princess returning riderless? Love and fear flashed out these questions, and meanwhile nearer came the quick sharp trot, and from under the hazy gray tree-shadows, right up the avenue toward her, rode—not Edgar, but Geoffrey Pentecost.

He started, at sight of her, and drew rein suddenly. "What, Barbara, you here?" he cried, and she noticed that his voice was curiously strained, his face haggard and white. There were both triumph and despair on it, mingled joy, sorrow, and dread; which she saw, but knew not then the meaning of.

"You here, cousin, alone? Where is Ned?"

"Gone!" she answered. "He hath left me this long, long while, and must be at the Black Ordinary ere now. He's gone, and my heart with him, that loves him better than all others in heaven or earth, and not 'shamed to tell it, high nor low."

Bab spoke recklessly; she felt very bitter
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against Geoffrey just then. He looked in her pale face and flashing eyes, his own features steadfastly set.

"Barbara," he said, "Ned shall not go. If any words of mine can turn him—though late for speaking, to my shame, I know—if any prayers, or aught of mine put to his use, will stay him here, he shall not go."

"Oh, thou laggard in kindness! So slow of heart and speech! Too late—too late!" she cried. "Shame, shame! Not to say it a month—a week—ago! And now he hath gone."

"Nay, not yet," he said. "I'll go to him straight at the Black Ordinary."

He turned his horse, with one long look at Barbara, so tragically beautiful in her misery. "I will bring Ned back—perhaps you will forgive me then," he added, and rode swiftly away.

The road was smooth, the horse a brisk stepper, and soon the Black Ordinary—so called from its first owner's name—came in sight. Through the open doors, came sounds of bustling life; loud voices talking, singing, calling to each other. Outside, were horses and carts standing about, hostlers running between house and stable, dogs barking at every new arrival—a scene of cheerfulest confusion. The host came forward most deferentially, to greet the lord of Pentecost Manor, showed him into a private room, and went to call Mr. Edgar.

In the banqueting-hall, grandly so called, where the county-balls were held and speeches made on the king's and governor's birthdays, Ned's traveling-comrades were eating a farewell meal with relatives and friends. They were laughing, toasting each other's luck, all making show of mirth, though some sad-faced withal. And of these last was Ned, who rose at the landlord's whispered message and went into the other room.

"What, Geoffrey!" he exclaimed. "Is't you, after all? Well, all the welcomer for that I misdoubted your coming to bid me God-speed."

"Nay," said Geoffrey, laying his hand on his brother's arm and speaking almost sternly, "thou must not go."

"Eh, sir? 'Must' not?" spoke Ned, frowning haughtily. "Who made you master of my coming and going, my Lord Geoffrey? Thou'rt 'leven months older than I, and a deal richer of late, from that same chance; but I swear—"

"Listen," broke in Geoffrey, slow and clear: "I want thee to take thy half of the Pentecost inheritance, as is thy natural right, and we both brought up to look for. I'll settle it by deed of gift, in fee simple, on thee and thine forever, if thou'lt but stay."

"Kindness at the eleventh hour, 'pon my honor," said Ned, bitterly. "More haste, more thanks—for thy grace. All's said and done now. I'll not shift, weathercock-fashion, to any man's humor."

"I know 'tis late speaking," said his brother. "You've set me down for a stingy dog, and hard-hearted too, I reckon. I vow 'twas neither, nor yet for lack of will. But, somehow—I cannot now tell thee whyfore—I did find it mighty hard—there be things one cannot explain, even to oneself."

But it needed no telling; for Ned, that very moment, as by a lightning-flash, from Geoffrey's look and tone, divined the truth. "Bless thee, dear old Geoff!" he said, huskily. "No stingy bone in your body—that's certain. And, betwixt us three, the backwoods hath small liking for me, being raised to a genteel Christian way of life. But my word is out, my resolve fixed—we must bide the outcome of it, good luck or bad—there's no more to say."

"And so, for pride's sake and man's word to man, you'll break a woman's heart?" cried Geoffrey. "Shame on you! with all your talk of loving! You shall not—I swear it! Master Ned, I can soon console them for the loss of your company, never fear. Better stay where you are most wanted, say I, and I will set straight the matter of your going, without the loss of a single moment."

He started to leave the room.

"Wait one moment," cried Edgar, springing forward to stop him; and, as he did so, the wide shallow pocket of his long-skirted coat, made after the most approved mode of the day, struck against a chairback, and from it fell a book. It was the copy of Taylor's "Holy Living," which Barbara had given Ned among other parting tokens more welcome than this, which the young gentleman had been somewhat slow to accept. He snatched it up now in a great hurry. But his eyes caught sight of some writing on a fly-leaf shaken open by the fall. He gazed at it, startled, carried it to the window, and looked again closely, then exclaimed:

"Geoffrey, come here! Look at this, I say—look at this!"

It was nothing more or less than a memorandum scrawled with a marking-pencil, in old Mr. Geoffrey Pentecost's hand, and dated a few days before his death; but it settled the question of Ned's staying, and likewise any scruples as to accepting Geoffrey's bounty. The words were these: "Whereas my two grandsons, Geoffrey and Edgar Pentecost, are both alike well-mannered, loving, and duteous to me, also in equal

measure decent lads in all gentlemanly behavior, and the difference in age betwixt them none so great, I am purposed to change 'fore long—God willing me time therefor—my last will and testament as now writ and signed: leaving them share and share alike, or to Ned his use and holding all that part of my estate called Vale-of-Contentment tract, and houses thereon situate. This matter to be settled to-morrow morn, or in few days at the least. Tempus edax verum."

The brothers read, and looked deep into each other's eyes; then their hands met in a long earnest grasp, which seemed to draw their two hearts close.

"God bless thee, Ned! I'm glad from the middle of my heart, before God I am," said Geoffrey. "'Tis as much a will to us as if wrote by a lawyer and witnessed and signed 'fore all the county. But I'm right glad I came to you ere the finding of it, and, I'll warrant me, thou'rt as glad as I."

The two rode back together, saying little from full hearts, but that little in kindest speech and tone. They arrived at the entrance to Barbara's home, and Ned caught sight of his love hurrying down the avenue. He dismounted quickly, flung his bridle to Geoffrey with some broken words of excuse, and rushed away up the broad alley.

Geoffrey tied the two horses to the gate-post and slowly followed, meaning at least to have the happiness, bitter-sweet, of reading Barbara's gratitude in her beautiful eyes.

But, as he reached a turn in the avenue, he paused suddenly and stepped back. He saw the two lovers in front of him, framed in by the great trees, and, in the background, a glimpse of the miniature lake which made the glory of the place. Ned's right hand clasped Barbara's, the other had crept about her waist. She held her hat in her hand; her sweet face was lifted to catch the look of love with which he bent toward her, both forgetful of the whole world, save their two selves. "The old, old story," the blessed old story which shall always be new while human hearts beat and youth makes the world beautiful.

Geoffrey watched with thoughts half painful, half serene, but once more at peace with the claims of kinship and high honor—able already to feel that no selfish happiness could compensate for that lack.

And, as he watched, timid steps came stealing up, and a hand was laid gently on his arm: the hand which, in days to come, would heal for him this love-wound, however seemingly incurable now—the little trembling white hand of Peggy.

"THE MAID WHO HESITATES."

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN.

"TEN minutes for refreshments!"

As, in response to the familiar cry, the hungry weary crowd swarmed from the cars out on the platform, Charlie Maxwell touched his sister's arm, and, with a sudden movement, directed her attention to a girl who, with light springy step and graceful motion, preceded them.

"Pretty girl, Belle?"

"Humph! How do you know?"

"Turn of the head and easy gait; no ugly woman would carry herself like that."

"Indisputable proof. You're a keen observer, Charlie."

The tone was languid, and the speaker evidently fatigued, and no wonder. A long journey in the dust and heat of midsummer is not conducive to an equable condition of either mind or body. The lady's blonde beauty was decidedly marred by the cloud of—ill-temper, we should call it in a lesser person—weariness, her admirers would denominate it, that settled down upon the regular finely-chisled features.

In the face turned to them, as they approached the refreshment-counter to procure a cup of iced tea, there was neither regularity of feature, nor peevishness, nor fatigue; but there was youth, health, happiness, and—yes, Charlie Maxwell had divined aright—beauty. The somewhat oddly-shaped and outré straw bonnet rested on crisp chestnut locks, which the rays of the sun touched here and there into gold. A short curly fringe lay on the smooth white forehead, and, underneath, two dark-blue eyes looked trustfully out upon the world with friendly challenge. The one thing that the weary lady noted with envy was the exquisite coloring whose tender tint the overpowering heat had only deepened into a becoming flush. Conscious of her own burning face and crimpless locks, she could not restrain her annoyance when her brother exclaimed:

"By Jove! she's a beauty, Belle."

"A beauty? Charlie, you're mad. Look at the cut of her clothes and her figure—too tall, by some inches."

"I don't want to look at her clothes when I can see her face; and, as to her figure, she's your height exactly—only, my dear, you're feeling a little wilted. Ah, allow me!"

In paying for the articles she had purchased,

the girl had dropped some silver; and now, as it rolled hither and thither about the platform, Maxwell found an unexpected and wholly courteous opportunity, made to his hand, of assisting and addressing the object of his admiration. She thanked him as he gathered up and returned the errant coins, and the merry humorous smile that accompanied her words rendered him strangely careless of his sister's creature-comforts, as his thoughts followed speculatively the slender unmodishly-clad figure, as it wended its way first to the paper-stall and then back through the throng of hurrying passengers, until it was lost to view in the crowd.

Doris Hayden pondered on the good-looking and eminently well-bred man who had rendered her such eager if trifling service, and from him her thought rapidly transferred itself to his companion—the delicate weary girl, whose fashionable and well-fitting gown clung so perfectly to the lines and curves of her lithe slender form. Even the memory of the plain but stylish and becoming traveling-hat lingered in her mind, as an illustration of the magic touch of fashion's deft handmaidens, and she heaved a little sigh at the thought of her own unmistakably country-made bonnet, which had seemed, until the wide experience of half a day's journey had taught her quick apprehension more correct ideas, "a thing of beauty."

However, her happy holiday was not to be shadowed in its very morning by even the suggestion of dissatisfaction, and soon the recently-purchased novel was absorbing all her attention to the extent that, when, a few minutes later, a tall, well-knit, and altogether comely young fellow passed through the car, with an investigating expression on his handsome countenance, the object of his search failed to catch the satisfied look of pleasure that stole into his eyes as they rested upon her. She had become so interested in the thrilling adventures of her hero and heroine, being an ardent novel-reader, that she almost missed her destination, and had only time to swing herself clear of the car as the puffing and panting engine again bore it on its way.

There were many carts, carriages, 'busses, conveyances of all kinds and descriptions, at the station; for Echo Beach was a favorite

watering-place, and the season was at its height. Doris had expected her friend and hostess, Leslie Parker, to meet her, and stood glancing in bewilderment and indecision at the various vehicles which, one after another, received their loads of living freight and whirled gayly away. At last, a small groom in dark-blue livery approached, and, touching his hat, asked doubtfully if she were Miss Hayden.

Receiving an affirmative, to his great surprise—"for," as he afterward told his fellow-servants, "she wasn't in just the toggery the usual visitors to Sandybanks wore"—Jenkins politely requested her to follow him; and, taking from her the single check that was the equivalent for her luggage, motioned her respectfully into the wagonette and disappeared to discover the trunk. Returning quickly, in another moment they were rolling rapidly over the dry dusty beach-road. Arrived at Sandybanks, Doris was ushered into a deliciously-cool and dusky library—where, in a few moments, Leslie Parker gave her cordial and affectionate welcome.

"So sorry not to have been able to meet you, dear," she said, holding the small gloved hands of her friend in her own shapely ones and looking lovingly into the sweet blue eyes. "Oh, Doris, how good it seems to see you again! Just fancy—eight whole months! Do not they seem an age?"

"Longer to me than to you, Leslie," she replied. "You, with your many gayeties, cannot begin to have missed me as I have you. I suppose you would have been amused if you had had any idea how I have longed to see you and looked forward to my visit. Positively, I grew nervous as the time drew near, for fear something would happen to prevent it. And now, dear, I am more nervous than ever, lest, in my country-clothes, I shall do you discredit." The glance which she bestowed on her friend's dainty lace-trimmed lawn pointed her remark.

Leslie looked at the beautiful serious face and smiled.

"What! afraid, with all that wealth of finery, of which you wrote, reposing in your trunk? Nonsense!"

Doris shook her head. "I did think the results of grandfather's generosity fairly magnificent in Darley; but my mind begins to misgive me as to their beauty."

"Absurd and impossible!" her friend exclaimed. "I am convinced that you are destined to cut us all out, and that Miss Hayden's gowns and furbals are to set the fashion for Echo Beach. Away with such foolish fancy! You must commence your triumphal progress to-night,

for there is to be a grand "hop" at the Ocean House; and, as it is late now and you must be tired to death, you shall have a cup of tea, and not appear until you feel quite rested. The house is full of guests, and it will be a needless exertion for you to face them all at dinner. Come now to your room."

With her arm laid lovingly about Doris's waist, she led the way through the cool wide hall and up a broad staircase to a charming chintz-hung chamber, whose delicate tints and dainty luxury gave a cheery tempting welcome to the heated cinder-stained traveler. Already her trunk had been deposited here, as she satisfied herself by a glance at the unpretentious box that stood unstrapped in one corner; and, too tired to begin the business of unpacking, she threw herself on the bed, as her hostess left the room, and was soon wrapped in refreshing slumber.

She had slept for some time when a knock on the door aroused her. It heralded the entrance of a servant, bearing a tray on which was disposed a most delicious little supper: great crimson strawberries; white creamy rolls and golden butter; delicate slices of tender chicken and a wedge or two of tempting cake; a tiny silver pot of odd shape, from whose curious spout issued a cloud of the steaming incense most dear to jaded femininity. A considerable inroad was made on the welcome repast by the healthy young appetite, after which a glance at the clock informed Doris that it was time preparations were begun for the forthcoming event, which was of the greatest moment to her as signaling her entrance into a realm with which she had only made acquaintance through the medium of others' participation.

Before opening her trunk, she stood a few moments in perplexity. The solemn question had arisen: which of the gowns prepared for such occasions should she wear? She ran them over in her mind. There were four, similar in texture and equally appropriate in fashion, and, to her inexperience, all models of taste and beauty. At last, thinking that she could better decide after actually viewing them, she knelt before the trunk and applied the key. It seemed a little unfitted to the lock, but, by dint of some pushing and working, it was made to perform its office and the lid was lifted. Strangely unfamiliar appeared the interior. Doris rubbed her eyes as if believing that she still dreamed, then leaned forward and raised the cloth that covered the contents. Surely some fairy had touched her garments with a magic wand!

There, before her, lay a dress of diaphanous material, blue as the tender morning sky and fragile as the warp of a cobweb. Gently her

pretty fingers raised it and disclosed its fitting accompaniments—long delicately-tinted gloves, and slippers to match the gown. A thrill of pleasure at the lovely things ran over the girl as she knelt there, scarce wondering at the strangeness of their presence, in admiration of their beauty. Tenderly she touched the pretty robe and lifted it from its bed, holding it before her own figure in dreamy contemplation; then, with eager fingers, not stopping to consider her right in the matter, she donned the fine garb, laced the small low-cut waist, and patted into place the rare lace ruffles that clung to the white neck and dimpled arms as though fain to nestle close to and glorify their beauty. Then, tricked out in her rich and novel finery, with her ruddy-tressed head unconsciously held more proudly erect than was its wont, and one hand raising the shimmering train, she stepped with all the dignity of a court-lady to the long cheval-glass and bestowed a deep and graceful courtesy on the radiant image which confronted her.

Until this moment, her thought—if, indeed, in the ecstasy of her admiration, she had really accorded the matter any consideration—her unformed intention, I might say, had been merely to try on the gown and then replace it in its shrine, and, as it was evident her own trunk had miscarried in exchange for this, abandon all thought of the coming festivity. But now temptation, in the form of her own image, assailed her. She looked at the label on the box—Mrs. Marquand, New York. The trunk had stopped short of its destination, while hers had been carried on, nearly a day's journey. Would this Mrs. Marquand ever be the wiser that her lovely garment had already graced one ball-room? And, if so, would it not be impossible for her to discover the culprit?

I am not sure that any of these considerations and consequences actually occurred to Doris Hayden. She was indeed, I think, a little intoxicated with her own fairness as she stood before the mirror. The gown fitted her slim supple young form as if made for it; not a wrinkle or crease marred its perfection. A glow of satisfied vanity—inherent in the least self-conscious of Eve's daughters—made the depth of her eyes radiantly unfathomable; a lovely pink flush suffused the perfect oval of her smiling face, and the chestnut hair threw out new glints of gold under the ardent advances of the gas-jets.

She was still wavering in uncertainty, as a butterfly poises itself above the flower he longs to sip, when a soft gentle knock made itself audible. For an instant, confusion, indecision,

regret, and embarrassment overwhelmed her—then a cold calm self-possession took their place. Fate had decided for her, and left no time or opportunity for withdrawal. The summons came again; crossing the room with a firm step, she threw open the door and confronted Leslie Parker. A cry of admiration broke from the latter:

“Doris, dearest! How beautiful you are!”

A quick tide of color crimsoned the fair face and hid itself in the white bosom.

“Am I?” she asked, a little quivering.

“Are you? You know you are the loveliest thing imaginable. And what a gown! This, then, is the result of ‘grandfather's generosity’? Ah, hypocrite! hypocrite!” With true feminine appreciation, she examined, upon all sides, the dainty apparel. “It is a gem. You will, indeed, cut us all out. But I am insane, to stop here spoiling you by flattery when so much remains to be done; I haven't started to dress yet, but in half an hour I will come for you.”

She printed a quick kiss upon her friend's lips and hurried off. Left to herself, Doris made a thorough inspection of the trunk. Certain articles were yet lacking to complete her toilet—a cloak of some kind she must have, also a scarf for her head. Rigid search disclosed two more dresses, almost equal to the first in beauty, which she forbore disarranging, only taking little covetous peeps at them as she reverently handled their delicate shapes. She had almost despaired of the cloak, when, hidden under the folds of one of the dresses, she discovered something of irregular and strange shape; drawing it carefully out, she found the very article she sought, a short thin wrap of white stuff, trimmed with fluffy marabout.

Half an hour later, a group of young ladies and men was awaiting, in the wide hall, the signal for departure, when a gentleman in irreplaceable evening-dress, which well became his comely good-looks, descending the stairs leisurely, came to a full pause as his glance fell on one figure in the group.

“By Jove!” he muttered to himself, “the same girl! What luck!”

Crossing the polished floor to his hostess's side, he bent and whispered a request to be introduced to her beautiful guest, and Doris, turning at the sound of her friend's voice, found herself confronting the man who had rendered her the small service at the buffet of the railroad-station. She smiled in recognition, and that smile, disclosing her beautiful teeth and setting dimples in the pretty cheeks, finished Charlie Maxwell's conquest.

What a night that was for the young country-girl, and how perfectly she carried her honors! Leslie Parker, coming up to her late in the evening, shook her fan threateningly in her face.

"My whole time has been spent in answering questions about you. I am tired of your very name, and ineffably weary of repeating the story of how I met you last Thanksgiving when I was visiting in Darley. Some men have actually had the rudeness to imply my mendacity when I asserted that you were only an innocent little country-girl. Marion Darwin—you know him, Charlie, he knows as much of women's toilettes as a modiste—presumed to sneer incredulously, when I affirmed the fact, and exclaim: 'Really, Miss Parker, you can't expect us to believe the ingenious fable in the face of the evidence of that air and dress.' I congratulate you, my love, upon being the undoubted belle to-night."

"May I add my felicitations also, Miss Hayden?" asked Maxwell, looking admiringly at the fair blushing face.

"I should have had little chance, if your wife had been present," Doris said, laughingly.

The man stared at her in perplexity, while Leslie looked her astonishment.

"My wife?"

"Yes. Was it not she who was with you, at the station: that elegant beautifully-dressed woman, who surely could not fail to eclipse everyone else, had she come to-night?"

Maxwell and Miss Parker burst into a laugh, and the former replied:

"I am not yet a Benedict, Miss Hayden; that was my sister whom you saw with me. She is coming later—isn't she, Leslie?"

Miss Parker nodded assent, as she moved away on the arm of a cavalier; and, as Doris left the heated rooms to seek the cooler piazza with Maxwell, her heart seemed even lighter and more joyful than before. They had a long talk there in the moonlight, which lit the sweet face into a more tender delicacy of expression, and caused the pulses of the man to throb a little faster than was their wont.

"Where is she, this wonderful beauty?"

Doris, traversing the ball-room, heard the words, and, the low sweet drawl of the tone seeming strangely familiar, she turned her head to see whence it proceeded. At a short distance, stood the languid figure of the woman whom she now knew as Maxwell's sister. She was standing beside Leslie Parker.

"Who is that girl?" she asked, quickly.

"Ah, even you are roused into admiration," laughed her friend. "That is she—Doris Hayden. Is she not beautiful?"

"I never knew anything so curious in my life," the other returned, in evident bewilderment. "Present me to your friend."

"Certainly; but on your head be Charlie's wrath. He has been Doris's shadow to-night, and looks daggers at anyone who interferes with his monopoly."

Slowly they advanced toward the little group that surrounded Doris. At their near approach, the men drew aside, to permit Leslie and her friend an opportunity to address the radiant sparkling young creature who was the centre of their attraction. She was, naturally, a little elated at her triumph, and stood in the midst of her miniature court, with the ravishing blue gown trailing away from her lissom gracious form, her eyes flashing with excitement, and her whole manner the very incarnation of joyousness. Suddenly, on the ears that even now were vibrating with the ring of unaccustomed flattery, fell her hostess's voice:

"Doris dear, my friend wishes to be introduced to you. Miss Hayden—Mrs. Marquand."

As we sometimes see, on a summer's day, a charming sunny landscape suddenly overshadowed by a heavy ugly cloud, so did they, who watched the bright young face, see a terrible change overspread it. She remained tongue-tied and helpless, unable to recover her self-possession.

"So glad to meet you, Miss Hayden. I remember now that we were fellow-travelers, this afternoon. A wretched journey—was it not? I trust you were more fortunate in the matter of luggage than I. Even with my brother to look after my belongings, one of my packing-boxes went provokingly astray. A most annoying bit of carelessness—was it not?"

The girl did not reply, as the calm languid tone applied its refined torture; but, suddenly remembering the kind and constant services of Maxwell, who had, throughout the entire evening, done his utmost for her enjoyment, like a deer at bay, she hastily turned her head from her persecutor and flashed on the man a glance of such appeal, that, quite unconscious of its cause, yet divining its significance, he muttered a few words of apology to his sister, placed in his arm Doris's cold unresisting little hand and led her out, away from the curious inquisitive eyes which followed her, to the dusky corridor.

Scarcely had they reached it than the unaccustomed self-control gave way. Bursting into a flood of bitter tears, Doris, unstaid by the unobtrusive presence of Maxwell, sobbed as perhaps never, in her careless girlhood, had she wept before.

Quite at a loss to understand the pitiable change in her, Maxwell slipped away, and in a moment returned with Leslie, wondering and alarmed at her friend's hysterical condition. Throwing her arms lovingly about the drooping figure, she vainly besought an explanation.

The night was hours older when—the revelers having all returned and dispersed to their various chambers—a slim dark form issued from one of the dainty nests and stole silently along the dim corridor, until it reached a certain door; there it paused, clasped its hands for a moment nervously together, drew a short spasmodic breath, and knocked. There had been a subdued conversation going on in the room, which, in her abstraction, the intruder had not noticed; it ceased abruptly at the summons, and, in response to the drawing “Come in,” Doris gently opened the door and stood, pale but firm, in the presence of the brother and sister. Seeing Maxwell, a faint touch of color crept into her face; but, as he made a motion to withdraw, she staid him with a gesture.

Mrs. Marquand had risen and—for she was by no means a hard nature, only a little selfish and calloused by long contact with worldliness—made a deprecating movement as she went swiftly toward the girl and seized her trembling hands.

“Miss Hayden, I cannot say that I am glad to see you, for I fear you have come to perform a self-imposed torture, which, however, I cannot permit. I want you to know that I am quite prepared to understand and believe that the matter which has so troubled you was entirely a mistake, and I pray you to make no further reference to it.”

Doris Hayden cast a grateful glance at the speaker, but shook her head, first touching the fragile fingers extended to her, with her lips.

“I thank you,” she said, “for wishing to spare me, but there was no mistake at all in the matter. My trunk had miscarried, and fate seemed to have sent yours in its place. The

temptation of trying on your beautiful dress, so much more beautiful than anything I had ever seen, was too great for me. I yielded; and, once on, I could not take it off. I hesitated; and my unpardonable vanity conquered. There is absolutely no ground for the excuse your kindness would make for me. I was deservedly punished, and I can only trust that my humiliation will seem to you an equivalent for my audacity.”

She looked so pretty, so altogether fair and sweet, as she stood thus drooping before them, that both her hearers were greatly touched. One of the natural impulses which sometimes came to Belle Marquand moved her now. With a quick gesture, she threw an arm about the slight waist and drew the young culprit down beside her.

“There is but one way in which you can earn forgiveness, my dear,” she said, smiling, “and that is, to leave the whole matter in my hands and allow me to make all the explanation necessary. My brother here has just been convincing me how much better you graced the gown than I could, therefore I am your debtor for the christening it owes you. Not another word! What, tears? Charlie, Miss Hayden—no, ‘Doris’ it shall be—is fairly worn out with the dancing you have made her submit to, to-night. You shall escort her safely to her own door, and perhaps your continual training may at last serve some purpose, if it will enable you to rid Doris’s room of the encumbrance of that wretched trunk. Good-night, my dear—be sure you sleep.”

Perhaps never in her life had Belle Marquand done a more unselfish thing than when, the following morning, she rose at an unusually-early hour to smooth away all difficulty of interrogation from the path of Doris, before she should descend. No wonder an ardent friendship was formed between the two—a friendship which, if in after-years it became a closer relationship, lost none of its grateful element in the heart of Doris Hayden.

THE MYSTERY.

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN.

’Tis not that thou art fair,
Nor others may be fair as thou;
Thy beauty is a blessing rare,
And yet ’tis not to that I bow.

’Tis not thy subtle mind,
Though that may well my homage claim—

Pure intellect is wisely blind,
And of itself is proudly lame.

Nor is it yet thy soul,
Though that is pure and true;
’Tis not these as a whole
That stir my love for you.

THE BEAUMONTS OF BEACON STREET.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 459.

CHAPTER VII.

As the door closed behind Kate Connelton, Lord Ellesden made a movement to follow her, but stopped short—that it would be an impertinence to her, was his first thought.

Then he remembered the trio silently watching, and his next reflection was one which would be natural to any young American or Englishman of this generation—he must not make a fool of himself. He did not feel that he had done so in offering his hand to Miss Connelton before them all. Had a prophet foretold that he would ever do a thing of the sort, he would have scouted the prediction as absurd—he, one of the shyest, most sensitive of men; but he was glad and proud of behaving as he had. What had happened before his entrance, he only vaguely comprehended from the passionate words Kate had spoken; but one thing was clear: she had been brought to trial in some way and condemned by this conclave—his action proved that he trusted and honored her.

Absence had taught him that he loved Miss Connelton—real earnest love, which must either crown his life with happiness, or leave the last of his youth barren and desolate. He had told himself this even during the brief hours of the journey which he had been forced to undertake without being able to speak a word to her apart from witnesses. During the long days and nights spent by the bedside of his sick friend, the image of the beautiful girl, so unlike the stereotyped pattern of young ladies, yet in her originality preserving every requisite of the received type of gentlewoman, had more and more filled his mind; and now, when he had learned how necessary she was to his life, circumstances had forced him abruptly to put his hope to the proof, and he had lost. As he paused, while these thoughts flashed with lightning-like swiftmess through his mind, Mrs. Emerson, rousing herself from her trance of bewilderment and fright, remembered that it was her duty to save him from the wiles of the wicked enchantress; for even yet she had not sufficiently taken in the import of Kate's words to shake her confidence in the Beaumonts.

"Ellesden!" she called, afraid to stop him, yet horrified at the idea of his following the girl.

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Lord Ellesden turned and confronted the three. Mrs. Emerson knew well the signs of deep-seated anger and relentless determination in any man among the Montfort tribe: she recognized them in the white set features and the unnatural calmness of her cousin as he looked back at her utterance of his name.

Adela, with the quickness of a clever woman, comprehended too; but Mr. Beaumont, man-like, seized fast the idea that he could say something which would be serviceable in the emergency, and he began in his most mellifluous tones:

"It is very unfortunate—"

Lord Ellesden's fiery eyes struck him dumb.

"'Unfortunate' is not the word," said the young man, looking full at Mrs. Emerson. "It is inconceivable that, in my cousin's house, the lady whom I love and honor above all her sex should have been subjected to insult."

Before he could get further or either of his listeners utter a word, even had they been able, the footman announced:

"Mr. Hallowell."

Thorpe appeared in a state of excitement so strong, that it was evident no effort could have subdued it; equally plain, too, that he was far past any attempt to make such.

Mrs. Emerson, dazed and lost as she was, rose in accordance with her training as a woman of the world, mechanically uttering some courteous phrases of welcome. Adela, from sheer desperation, roused herself out of her trance of mortification and despair, and found strength to act. She knew that she had irrevocably lost the last hope where Lord Ellesden was concerned—she must cling to her hold on Thorpe. Surely, nothing could so thoroughly convince him that her recent hesitation and reticence meant love as a sudden proof of affection in the presence of the man of whom he had been jealous.

She rose and moved forward—stately and Pallas-like still, even in her haste—saying in a low voice, carefully modulated to be heard by all:

"How good of you to come! I told mamma to be sure and let you know where we were, if you called. I have an errand to do, and I want you to go with me."

But the face that met hers was more to be dreaded than the indignation with which Ellesden's eyes had overwhelmed her.

Thorpe bowed, and turned toward Mrs. Emerson.

"Mr. Hollowell," that lady gasped, hardly knowing what she said, mechanically obeying the habit of long teaching, "I think you and my cousin have never met; let me make you acquainted with Lord Ellesden."

The two men exchanged bows, then Hollowell said quickly:

"Mrs. Emerson, I have just met Miss Connelton; she told me something of the outrageous insult to which she has been subjected by Mr. Beaumont—"

"Sir!" broke in that gentleman, trying his best to look dignified, and signally failing, perhaps for the first time in his life.

Thorpe did not even deign him a glance, but went on in a voice which, low as it was, rang hard as iron striking against iron:

"I wish to explain matters—Miss Connelton could not condescend to do it; but I should be the meanest hound on earth if, for half a moment, I allowed the best, bravest, most generous girl I ever knew to suffer for a kind act—"

"Thorpe!" Adela interrupted, in a whisper—speaking actually against her will, but so frenzied by a sudden fear of having lost him also that to keep silence was impossible.

"One moment," he said, making no movement to take the hand she half involuntarily extended. "Mrs. Emerson, the man whom Miss Connelton has been helping—'hiding' is the word—for the last fortnight, is merely a connection of her own; but he is a relative of mine, a cousin of Mr. Beaumont's, and a relation of your husband's."

Mr. Beaumont dropped back into his chair helpless as a person stricken with paralysis, Mrs. Emerson burst into frightened tears, and Adela stood like a statue: while, with one incoherent exclamation, Ellesden started forward to quit the room.

"Don't go yet, Lord Ellesden," said Hollowell; "I want you to hear the rest. Miss Connelton was insulted in your presence; it is only justice to her that you should hear her full vindication."

"I thank you," cried Ellesden, seizing Hollowell's hand and wringing it with a fervor which might have been expected in some member of the excitable Latin race, but was odd to see in a conventionally-trained Englishman.

"I think it likely," Thorpe continued, "that Mrs. Emerson never heard of Charles Morgenson, in spite of his being her husband's distant rela-

tive, for the two men never met; but, years ago, Mr. Beaumont knew the unfortunate fellow very well. Morgenson married a step-sister of Miss Connelton's mother—the only person connected with her ever in trade or business, brewer's daughter as it has pleased Beacon Street to call her."

He paused for an instant, and Adela, between rage and despair, could not keep silence, though even yet she was able to control herself sufficiently to preserve something of her ordinary dignity in voice and manner.

"Thorpe," she said, "you must know that both Mrs. Emerson and my father meant to act for the best—they felt it their duty to warn Miss Connelton. They would not have hurt her for the world; they only feared that, in her inexperience, she was doing things which must expose her to comment and evil-speaking."

Another low exclamation escaped Ellesden; between the effect of that and the stern face of Hollowell, Adela's voice died away.

"That was our motive," Mr. Beaumont managed to say, struggling up in his chair and essaying to resume his dignity.

Thorpe paid no attention to either speaker; he looked at Ellesden now, and went on in that deep-toned voice:

"Morgenson, for a long while, has been going from bad to worse. For her dead step-aunt's sake, Miss Connelton has helped him in every way. A short time since, he came on here to tell her that certain shady transactions had made him liable to arrest; he feared that the detectives were on his track—"

"Thorpe," broke in Adela, "if you have no pity on my father, you ought to remember Mrs. Emerson."

"I remember only my duty to an outraged woman," Hollowell exclaimed, "and I will fulfill it."

"If I had known—if I could have assisted the unfortunate man," Mr. Beaumont gasped, but could get no further.

"Miss Connelton, with her aunt's consent, shielded the poor wretch," continued Thorpe, still looking at Lord Ellesden. "The only thing to be done was to hide him till she could send to St. Louis and settle the matter; it took some time. Fortunately, I got here, and was able to be of some use. Morgenson has been ill; we have both visited him. The other day, when Miss Connelton was seen at his house, I was upstairs. Miss Connelton's goodness alone kept up his courage and hindered him from committing suicide."

"Oh, let me go to that brave girl!" cried Mrs.

Emerson, so near hysterics that Ellesden had to put his arm about her and force her back into her chair.

"That one should be dragged into such disgrace by a wretch so base!" Mr. Beaumont moaned.

"Sir," said Thorpe, turning fiercely toward him, "years ago that man helped you when you were in a pecuniary strait—remember it, and judge him gently."

"Thorpe," pleaded Adela, in a whisper, "for my sake, be merciful." But the eyes which met hers told only too surely that her power was at an end, at least temporarily. That she could really have lost her hold upon his heart, she would not believe. This dreadful scene over, she should be able to right herself in his esteem—to regain her old influence; that thought preserved her courage.

"Only this morning," pursued Thorpe, "I got a telegram to say that our efforts had succeeded. Miss Connelton had offered money enough to persuade the company not to prosecute. I wanted to pay the sum needed, but she would not let me. I went to her house, to tell her the news; her aunt said she was here, and I came on. You may imagine what I felt when I met her—when she told me of the insult which—

which—"

He paused, choked by emotion; made a furious movement toward Mr. Beaumont, but stopped short. Lord Ellesden again seized Hallowell's hand, then darted out of the room, so utterly beside himself that he forgot to give so much as a glance toward the others.

"Ellesden!" moaned Mrs. Emerson, but he did not even hear.

"Better let him go," Thorpe said, with a bitter smile.

"Oh, he will never forgive me, never!" sobbed Mrs. Emerson. "I know he never will—and I meant to do right."

"I believe you did," Thorpe said, more gently.

"You cannot doubt that she did, and my father too," Adela exclaimed, but Hallowell did not answer.

"I think that my whole life ought to convince anyone who knows me, of the uprightness of my motives," Mr. Beaumont said, but the quivering attempt at justification was very different from the usual smooth flow of his facile speech.

Still Hallowell remained silent.

"Thorpe," cried Adela, "how can you be so hard—so cruel? Why don't you speak?"

"I have nothing more to say," he replied, coldly. "I have done my errand—I can go now. Mrs. Emerson, I will bid you good-day."

Adela forgot stateliness, pride, everything but the awful consideration that, if she let him depart in his present mood, she risked losing him forever—would lose, too, her last hope of saving her father from pecuniary ruin and her own future from shipwreck. And, at this moment, he looked so noble, so grand even, that she was ready to forget her worldly disappointment where Ellesden was concerned, and admit that such feeling as she was capable of had, in spite of vigorous repression, gone out more tenderly toward the boy lover of her childish days, the ardent suitor of her early youth, than it had ever done toward any man in the world.

"Don't go, Thorpe—you mustn't go!" she cried. "I want to speak to you; come into the other room. I must speak to you—alone—just a moment."

Mrs. Emerson was still struggling against incipient hysterics; Mr. Beaumont sat collapsed—gray, faded, looking fully ten years older than he had done an hour before—unable to speak, even to think clearly, but regarding his daughter with beseeching eyes which told her that his only hope lay in her.

"What do you want, Adela?" demanded Hallowell, only half pausing in the movement he had made to depart.

"Come here," she pleaded, laying her hand on his arm; "don't refuse me—you can't—you must not! Don't go—just hear what I want to say."

"If it is so very urgent; but I am rather in a hurry," he answered, stopping, with a face as cold and unsympathetic as that of a sphinx.

"It is urgent—come!"

He resisted no longer, but let her lead him into the adjacent apartment and close the door.

"What is it?" he asked, as she stood, for an instant, trying to collect her scattered senses sufficiently to select words most likely to touch him.

"Oh, Thorpe, how can you treat me in this way?" she moaned, and the sudden revulsion of feeling toward him rendered the appeal perfectly sincere. "You are angry now—you don't reflect. It is no wonder you are. But, when you stop to think, you will see that papa and Mrs. Emerson both meant to act for the best; they only wanted to warn Miss Connelton—"

"I have heard that already," he interrupted, "and I told Mrs. Emerson that I believed her. So I do. I know, all the same, though, that she would not have behaved as she has, if she had not been afraid Ellesden would marry Kate Connelton."

"No, Thorpe; she—"

"Hush, Adela!" he broke in. "Mrs. Emerson wanted him to marry you, and you—"

"Remembered my cousin," she whispered, quickly.

"A little late, I think," he replied. "Adela, I am not a clever man; I'm slow—dull, maybe—but, when I do get at the bottom of things and motives, I see pretty clearly."

"Oh; this is that girl's work!" cried Adela, giving way to one of the chill spasms of rage which sometimes overpowered even her self-control and blinded her perception. "Kate Connelton has been abusing me to you—and you could listen!"

"Stop, Adela!" he said. "Miss Connelton never mentioned your name to me except in kindness."

"She has!" cried Adela, with a vehemence startling from its unlikeness to her usual self. "She accused me of having taken the note which papa picked up in the street—"

"There was no time; we scarcely exchanged a dozen words," Thorpe broke in. "She told me she dropped the note here— Ah, now I think I understand."

"Sir!" flashed Adela, "do you mean to accuse me?"

"I mean to accuse nobody," he said. "Adela, I don't want to talk any more, just now—let me go."

"And—and you said you loved me," Adela murmured, as if speaking to herself, rather than to him.

"I said it over and over for years," returned Thorpe. "I came back rich, thinking your parents' opposition would be removed by that—"

"Thorpe!"

"And you would not let me speak," he continued, unheeding. "Do you think I was blind? Do you think I was not told—that I couldn't put two and two together?"

"Are you mad, Thorpe?"

"I have been, but I am sane now," he said. "Adela, you have taught me a bitter lesson."

"Oh, Thorpe," she cried, "after all these years, did you understand me so little? Could you not comprehend that, to a woman like me, it is difficult to give up her self-sovereignty—to own to a man that he is her master? I have been capricious, I have avoided an explanation: don't you know enough of women to understand why?"

"I do know enough now, and you have taught me," he replied, with a face as hard as a rock and a voice like the low monotonous stroke of a hammer on flint. "You waited because, if you could win Lord Ellesden, you meant to do

so, while keeping a sufficient hold on me to have a reserve in case your plans failed."

"Thorpe Hallowell!"

"Yes; it sounds harsh," he groaned. "God forgive me for speaking so to a woman, but you force me."

"You do it because you have lost your head over Kate Connelton, and you accuse me in order to make an excuse for yourself in your own eyes!" she fairly shrieked.

"Since Miss Connelton will undoubtedly marry Lord Ellesden, don't you think that remark uncalled-for?" he asked, with a cold little laugh.

"You know she refused him, this morning—before us all!" Adela exclaimed, in her rage and despair losing as completely all power to employ her talent as the weakest-minded of her sex could have done, in a fit of jealousy. "There's a chance for you; perhaps you'd better try your luck."

"Perhaps your advice is worth thinking of," he retorted; and, before she could speak, he left the room.

Adela stood for a moment, so utterly confounded that she could not stir. She heard the outer door clang: Thorpe Hallowell was gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADELA BEAUMONT sat there alone—living through moments which seemed endless in their horrible pain. For the first time in her life, she was face-to-face with utter failure, and the physical torture of the rack would have been more endurable to the imperious woman than the sense of defeat, with all the mortification it involved.

Even yet she was not blaming herself; it was doubtful whether she ever would, so completely blinded was she by her arrogant belief in the sovereignty due to her talent, in which she had always felt a pride so great that even her beauty seemed a slight matter in comparison.

She had never learned, and perhaps never would learn, that to cultivate the intellect at the expense of the heart must always leave the character imperfectly developed and render life barren even in the midst of success—make it an arid desert when trouble overtakes the soul.

But she suffered—suffered untold agony, and it seemed to her that, if for a space she could get away from every human eye, it would be the greatest solace destiny could offer.

At length she struggled up, found somewhere in her overweening pride sufficient strength to go back to the library and meet her father and her friend. But, when Adela entered, Mr.

Beaumont was sitting alone; as soon as the two young persons left the room, Mrs. Emerson's nerves had so completely given way that she could only falter some broken words of excuse and take refuge in her own chamber.

The return home was bitter enough to father and daughter, but they were at least sufficiently wise to refrain from adding to their mortification and disappointment by the mutual reproach in which so many foiled schemers would have indulged under similar circumstances.

If the entire business could be kept from Mrs. Beaumont, at least for a time, was a prominent thought in the minds of both, though, even in this dreadful collapse of pride and assurance, Mr. Beaumont managed to put the wish into decorous garb. It would be useless to trouble dear mamma just now, when she had all those tiresome business-matters on her hands. Mr. Beaumont, like many other cultured people, had a way of remembering the person who stood between him and the coarse necessities of daily life, whenever his personal comfort was likely to be impaired if he failed to take this safeguard into consideration.

Mrs. Beaumont was out when they reached home, and did not meet either until dinner. Her first words, as the three sat down at table, were:

"Did I tell you I met Thorpe?"

Husband and daughter comprehended, from the very sound of her voice, low and indifferent as it was, that she had been made acquainted with the occurrences of the morning.

Conversation, as near as possible like its usual course, went on with such ease as Mr. Beaumont and Adela could bring forward for that necessity, and Mrs. Beaumont aided their efforts with perfect composure, as if utterly unaware that either was oppressed by any secret care.

But, when the dessert was put on the table and the servant left the room, she said—not abruptly—but as if continuing the speech she had made while busy with the soup: "I may be able to do something with Thorpe a little later—I will do what I can; but, if I am to help in this strait, neither of you must attempt to act on your own responsibility."

She rose, took her pocket-handkerchief and fan, and passed out of the room with her customary chill dignified air, leaving father and daughter alone. Mr. Beaumont rang the bell and told the servant he would have his coffee in his study, throwing in a remark to Adela that he was anxious to finish some work he had on hand. As for Adela herself, she took refuge in her own chamber, and, when friends called later

in the evening, Mrs. Beaumont, who had seen neither husband nor child since she left the dining-room, smilingly received the guests and regretted with a sincerity quite touching that Mr. Beaumont was busy with an article for the London "Fortnightly," and Adela, dear girl, was copying some manuscript to save him trouble.

When Ellesden left his cousin's house, he started straight for Kate Connelton's residence. Miss Oram was the one to receive him; Kate must be excused—she was lying down, quite done up by a nervous headache.

Then, before he knew it, Ellesden poured out the story of his love, and the little Dresden-china shepherdess was touched thereby; but she could only repeat vaguely what Kate had said—the girl's destiny was settled.

"You mean that she is engaged?" cried Ellesden.

"According to her idea, as irrevocably bound as if she were married," Miss Oram answered, through a sudden burst of tears.

Ellesden rose, saying hoarsely:

"Tell her that I love and honor her as I never can any other woman—that I wish her every happiness. Good-bye."

He left the house and went home, to learn that he had been sent for in every direction, and to find Mrs. Emerson in a state of wild agitation over telegrams which had arrived from England. There were two messages for her, and one for Ellesden, which she was begged to forward without delay, if he had left Boston.

The old Earl of Montfort had had a stroke of apoplexy, and Ellesden's immediate return was imperative.

A steamer would leave New York early the next morning, and Ellesden took the evening train, refusing Mrs. Emerson's wish to accompany him. One comfort the poor woman had: the haste of his departure prevented any mention of the disastrous occurrences of the day.

The next morning's papers informed Boston that Lord Ellesden had been unexpectedly called back to England, owing to the hopeless illness of his grandfather.

At the breakfast-table, Mrs. Beaumont read the paragraph aloud in her most indifferent tone, and Adela at once rose and left the room in silence.

"My dear," Mr. Beaumont said, with dignified melancholy, "you need not have done that."

His spouse apparently failed to catch the words; she continued the perusal of her newspaper till Mr. Beaumont was forced to leave the table, afraid lest her impassibility should torment him into some violent speech unworthy a man of thorough culture and esthetic attainment.

"I beg your pardon for detaining you," Mrs. Beaumont said, as he got on his feet and was collecting his letters, "but I shall really be obliged to ask you to talk about business-matters for a little."

Mr. Beaumont gasped and sat helplessly down again. His wife quietly folded her journal, leaned her elbow on the table, and looked at him with an absent air. She was a patient woman, but in this moment was affording herself a very pleasant vengeance for long years of repression.

Mr. Beaumont waited for her to speak, until he grew so troubled by her silence and the absent expression of her clear gray eyes that he was forced to break the silence.

"You wanted to say—" he began, and stopped short.

Mrs. Beaumont laid the folded paper on the table, with an apparent effort brought her eyes back to a line of vision which included her husband, and said quietly:

"I wanted to say that Adela has failed—utterly, ignominiously! The weakest, most frivolous girl could not have more effectually destroyed her own prospects by some act of folly, than Adela has done by her carefully-concocted plans and the assistance of her intellect and culture."

Harsh and contemptuous as the words were, there was no severity in Mrs. Beaumont's voice; she spoke in the cool matter-of-fact tone of a person stating some general and wholly indisputable truth.

"My dear," Mr. Beaumont managed to falter, but he could get no further, though not owing to any interruption on his wife's part. She waited courteously for him to continue, her grave eyes fixed on his face with a half-wondering, half-questioning expression which helped as much as the confusion of his own mind to reduce him to silence.

The room was so still that the ticking of the clock sounded as loud as a bell in Mr. Beaumont's ears; he would have given the world to summon resolution enough to escape the thrall-dom of those gray eyes, but he had neither sufficient mental nor physical strength left to assert himself in any way. She would sit there till doomsday, he thought, with a petulance foreign to his character, unless he spoke, and, as he could find no words, he made a slight gesture to invite her to proceed.

"Well?" she asked, in her deliberate fashion. "I was waiting—I thought you began to speak."

Mr. Beaumont only shook his head, and his wife went on:

"You are ruined—it is useless to attempt to

disguise that fact any longer—the position must be faced."

Even the humiliation he had suffered at the hands of Miss Connelton and Thorpe Hallowell had not been so keen as the suffering of this moment. He struggled up in his chair, and succeeded in flinging back a faint retort.

"The pronoun would seem to separate you from me and my affairs," he sneered.

"When you have said 'we,' it has always meant Adela and yourself," was her calm answer, which held the concealed bitterness of years.

"Oh!" he managed to ejaculate, but that was all—he did not attempt to speak again.

His wife explained matters at considerable length, and ended with these words:

"I shall be obliged to ask Thorpe to help us: I can persuade him to do so, I think, but don't build any hope for Adela on that—he will never marry her."

And Mrs. Beaumont left the wretched man to his solitude.

CHAPTER IX.

A YEAR and more went by; Lord Ellesden had been for months the Earl of Montfort, and Mrs. Emerson was again visiting Europe.

Mrs. Beaumont had died suddenly of heart-disease, in regard to which malady she had been so true to her native reticence that neither her husband nor daughter had the least suspicion that she was a sufferer therefrom.

Most of her personal fortune had belonged to her only for life, owing to the will of a capricious old relative. Thorpe Hallowell had, at her request, given substantial aid to Mr. Beaumont; but that gentleman's affairs were in such a state that to straighten them out was an impossibility, and his wife's death still further complicated matters.

By Thorpe's assistance, all debts were paid, a tolerable income secured, and Mr. Beaumont and Adela went over to Dresden to live; and there was now a reason for turning their culture and talent to material use, unless they were willing to live to a great extent on Thorpe's bounty.

It was in June of the succeeding year that the American papers announced the return of the Earl of Montfort, adding that he had at the first opportunity come back to finish the trip which he had commenced while Lord Ellesden, and throwing out various reasons and hints for this return, each one of which directly contradicted the other.

As for the young gentleman himself, he paid very little attention to what friends, strangers,

or newspapers thought or reported in regard to his proceedings.

Two days before this second setting forth for America, he had no more idea of it than of going out in search of the North Pole. He was a man whose feelings were intense; he loved Kate Connelton, and the eighteen months which had passed since their parting had only convinced him the more strongly that, in losing the chance of winning her, he had lost the one woman whose love could have crowned his life.

And, just as he was preparing to leave town, at the end of June, he met Thorpe Hallowell, who had come to England on some business. The earl invited his American acquaintance to dine with him at his club, and, at last, managed to bring in the name of the woman of whom his sore heart yearned for tidings.

"And your friend Miss Connelton," he said, with a very awkward attempt at unpremeditated speech: "married months ago, I suppose—since she was engaged."

"Engaged? She? Oh, no," Thorpe said, quietly, though his eyes studied his companion with covert keenness, as he sipped his claret. "It was an odd story. Didn't you know?"

"Story? No," Ellesden faltered.

"Oh, well, it's worth hearing," said Hallowell, refilling his glass. "When she was about fifteen, the cousin whom her father wished her to marry was attacked with a horrible spual disease; she promised him that she would never marry while he lived—"

"Oh!" gasped Montfort.

"She devoted her life to him," Thorpe went on, as if he had not caught the ejaculation, "and the only reason she happened to be in Boston last year was because poor Charles Lathrop was so bad mentally that he had to be under the charge of a physician, who insisted that Kate should absent herself for a time."

"What an awful waste of her life!" groaned his listener.

"Yes; but poor Charley died some six months since," said Thorpe. "I had a letter, yesterday, from Miss Connelton; she and her aunt are spending the summer at Newport."

So the one person not surprised at Montfort's sudden return to America was Thorpe Hallowell.

"He will win her," Thorpe said to himself.

"Well, he deserves her."

He smiled and sighed, and went away to attend to his business. He paid Adela a visit in Dresden; he is very kind and good to her, as he is to all people; but I think Thorpe Hallowell will never marry.

It was at the close of a lovely summer day that Kate Connelton stood in the garden of her Newport villa, looking out across the sea, which was gorgeous still with the hues of the dying sunset.

Suddenly, she heard a step on the turf, turned quickly, and found herself face-to-face with Ellesden.

"I have come back," he said, softly. "Will you send me away again, heart-broken and alone?"

She smiled through quick-gathering tears, and he was content with that answer.

DOWN THE TIDE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

WHILE life's summertime goes by,
It will bring us many a dream;
Hearts with love and hope beat high,
Drifting swiftly down the stream.
Many a dream will not come true,
Many a hope of ours will die;
But the clouds let sunshine through,
As the days go drifting by.
Drifting by, yes, drifting by,
Like the leaves upon a stream:
Down the ebbing tide of time,
Life is fading like a dream.

While life's summertime goes by,
Dark with clouds or bright with sun,
We've a mission, you and I;
Let us see it bravely done.
There are loving words to speak;
There are burdens we may bear

For the weary and the weak—
Work is waiting everywhere,
Drifting by, yes, drifting by,
Like the leaves upon a stream:
Down the ebbing tide of time,
Life is fading like a dream.

As life's summertime goes by,
Sing a little hopeful song;
It may brighten many an eye,
It may make some weak heart strong.
Sing of rest that shall be ours
When life's summer-work is done,
If, in all these passing hours,
Good is wrought and vict'ries won.
Drifting by, yes, drifting by,
Like the leaves upon a stream:
Down the ebbing tide of time,
Life is fading like a dream.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, styled "the Egmont." It is made of gray serge, which will be very popular for street-costumes, this

of black velvet. The ribbon is of gray moiré, and is arranged on the right side in one long loop and two ends. Buttons are carved mother-of-pearl. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with black velvet and gray ostrich-plumes. Muff of gray Astrakhan. Ten to twelve yards of fifty-two-inch goods, one dozen buttons, three yards of moiré



No. 1.

season. The skirt is kilted in very wide kilts on to a foundation-underskirt of gray alpaca, edged with a narrow plaiting of the serge. The back-drapery is short and slightly puffed over the tournure. The bodice is a simple round waist, with a kilted ruffle forming the basque. Plain coat-sleeves. Cuffs, collar, and waistband



No. 2.

ribbon, half a yard of black velvet cut on the bias, will be required.

No. 2—Is a new mourning-costume. It is (567)

made of lustreless black silk and crêpe. On one side of the skirt are two panels of crêpe, outlining a group of kilt-plaits, on the other one plain panel of crêpe and one large box-plait of silk. The front between the panels is fulled



No. 3.

into the waist, plain at the bottom of the skirt. The back-drapery falls in straight folds from waist to hem. The bodice is pointed in front, short postillion at the back. The front has a full vest of silk, with revers of crêpe outlining the vest. Collar and cuffs of crêpe. Plain coat-sleeves. Bonnet of crêpe, with trimming and veil of the same. Twenty yards of silk and four yards of English crêpe will be required. Henrietta-cloth or cashmere may be substituted for silk, if preferred.

No. 3—Is a walking-suit, of striped vigonia-cloth in two shades of brown. The underskirt

is plain, and edged with a band of Astrakhan-cloth, mottled light and dark brown. This mottling gives a peculiarly soft and varied appearance to this still-popular trimming. The band is continued up the left side. The over-drapery forms a pointed tunic in front, edged with a similar band of Astrakhan. The back-drapery is short and full. The bodice is pointed in front, short on the hips, with postillion-back. One side of the bodice is trimmed with a pointed revers of the Astrakhan. Collar and cuffs of the same. Toque of Astrakhan, trimmed with loops of striped brown velvet ribbon. Eight to ten yards of fortysix-inch cloth, three-quarters of a yard



No. 4.

of Astrakhan-cloth, or one yard including the toque.

No. 4—Is a walking-costume, of Scotch plaid for the skirt, and plain ribbed cloth for the jacket. The underskirt of the gown is plain, with apron-front. The arrangement of the back-drapery is given so perfectly in the illustration,

it needs no description. For house-wear, the gown may have a plain short basque of self-colored serge or velvet matching the prevailing color in the plaid. For the street, the jacket is of self-colored diagonal or ribbed cloth, finished in tailor-style. The basque of the jacket is slashed, and the edges bound with braid. Large fancy buttons are used for these jackets, which may be worn with any other gown. Hat of felt, faced with velvet, turned up at the back, trimmed

back. Plaid woolen may be used for the skirt and trimming, in place of the velvet, if a less expensive costume be desired. Hat of felt, faced



No. 5.

with loops of ribbon and wings to correspond. Six to eight yards of plain material, forty-six inches wide, two yards of plain for house-basque, one and a half to two yards of cloth for outside jacket, will be required.

No. 5—Is a pretty costume for a girl of eight years, of checked velvet and prune cashmere. The skirt is of velvet, likewise the plastron, deep cuffs, and collar. The cashmere overdress is vandyked at the edge, and forms a puff at the

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No. 6.—A.

with velvet and trimmed with standing loops of silk or ribbon and gilt pins.

No. 6.—We give the back and front view of



No. 6.—B.

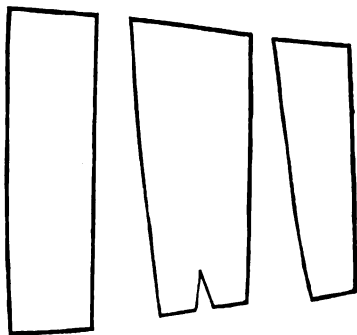
the Siberian cloak, for a little girl of six to eight years. It is made of cloth or velvet, and trimmed with beaver-fur. The hood is lined with soft



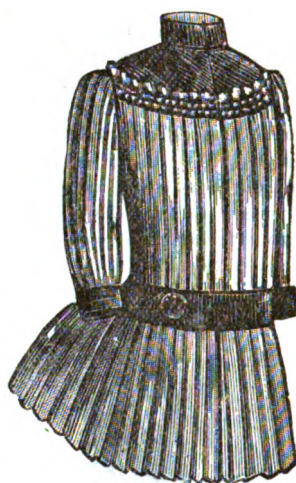
No. 7.

surah or satin to match. Brown, dark-green, and marine-blue are the most fashionable colors for children, this season.

No. 7—Is a stylish Russian coat, in dark-green cloth and Astrakhan fur or cloth. The coat is plaited back and front, and the fur borders the right side and forms collar and cuffs. Hat of



No. 8.



No. 9.

felt, faced with velvet and trimmed with ostrich-tips.



No. 10.—A.

No. 8.—We give here the diagram for the new method of cutting the foundation-skirt of



No. 10.—B.

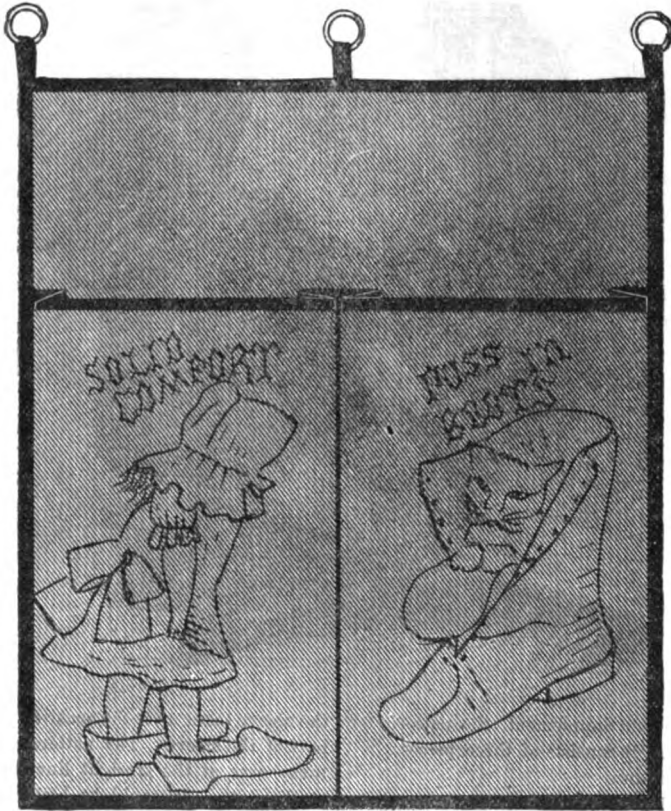
dress, the peculiarity of which consists in the rounded shape of the back-breadth, which insures a perfectly well-setting back. The gore on the top at the side is also new and most excellent. Of course, any description of drapery can be arranged upon this foundation. The amount of material required is about three and a half yards.

No. 9.—Is a blouse for a boy of three years. It is plaited back and front. Yoke, collar, waistband, and cuffs are of velvet, the blouse of cashmere or serge.

No. 10.—Pants, vest, and jacket, for a boy of five to six years, made of flannel or cloth, edged with several rows of narrow braid.

SLIPPER-CASE.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.



We here give the design, as made up, of a novel slipper-case, the full-size ornamentation of which appears in the front of the number. It is made of gray linen, bound with brown braid, and the figures outlined with the same color. For the back, you will require a piece ten inches by fourteen, and, for the pockets, a strip nine by twenty inches. The figures are transferred on the linen with the aid of transfer-paper. This is laid on the linen dark side down, the figure over it, and every part gone over with knitting-needle or slate-pencil. After the figures are worked, bind this piece across the top with the braid, baste it on the back, a plait an inch and a half deep on each side of the pockets, bind it all around, and sew loops of the braid, with brass rings slipped on them, on the back. A row of stitching divides the pockets.

GIRL'S CLOAK: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, on our Supplement, the pattern for a Girl's Cloak. It consists of three pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK, TO THE WAIST.
3. HALF OF CAPE AND SLING SLEEVE COMBINED.

The letters show how the pieces are joined. The back of the skirt, which we do not give, is simply a straight width, one yard wide, which is kilt-plaited into the back—or box-plaited, if preferred.

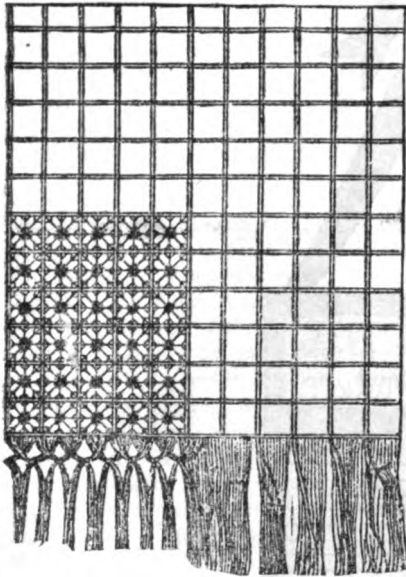
The sling sleeve and cape combined is laid so as to form three narrow box-plaits at the back; the remainder is gathered at the neck. At E,

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the sleeve turns up to the neck, forming the under part of the sleeve. The pattern of back, which turns over at the straight line, continues to F, at the neck. It would be better to cut out the garment in muslin—and fit—before cutting into the cloth, as all of these cape-and-sleeve combinations, while exceedingly stylish, require more or less careful fitting and adjusting. Trim with bands of Astrakhan-cloth. The cloak entire may be lined with silk or farmer's-satin. Our model is made in the new ribbed cloth. Turban hat of the cloth, trimmed with a band of the Astrakhan, completes this stylish costume.

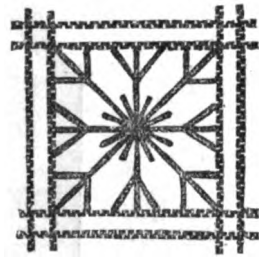
A NEW ANTIMACASSAR: WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



There seems to be no end to the varied material now in use for antimacassars. The newest and most useful for everyday wear-and-tear are made of the red or blue barred linen used for glass-towels. They are worked all over with red—

or red and blue together—French working-cotton in the manner shown in illustration. We give one worked section in its natural size, to give a correct idea of the manner of working. Of course, one's taste will suggest other patterns. When done, draw out the threads at the ends and make a knotted fringe. Tie in the centre with a wide full bow of ribbon, of the color or



colors of the cotton used for the embroidery. Bands of this kind of embroidery are very much used on children's dresses and aprons, the dresses being made of the glass-linen. The yoke and cuffs are embroidered to match. These dresses are very stylish and serviceable for summer wash-dresses, and the embroidery can be easily and quickly done at odd times during the winter months.

PAINTED TERRA-COTTA VASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in the appropriate colors, a design for a water or flower vase, of terra-cotta, to be painted. This kind of art-work is now very fashionable, and therefore we insert this costly and elegant embellishment, offering it to our subscribers as a Christmas-gift for 1887. The design, which is of poppies, wheat, etc., may be used for embroidery, by those who do not wish a painted vase. The illustration, therefore, has a twofold value.

These vases—if you wish to paint a vase—are to be purchased almost everywhere. The neck, in our design, is left the original color, that of the terra-cotta itself. But it is always necessary to paint the lower part of the vase, as, if this were

not done, the water would ooze through it. The green color is made of Brunswick-green and flake-white—oil-color in tubes—and on this, when perfectly dry and smooth, the design is painted. For the poppies, vermilion and dark-red are used; chrome-yellow, mixed slightly with bistre, for the wheat and oats; and two tints of dark-green and one of brown for the leaves and stems.

To paint on terra-cotta, first size it, and mix with the water-color some Chinese-white; after the painting is finished, varnish.

If you do not care to use the design on a vase, but in embroidery, then work in outline-stitch and in Kensington-stitch proper. For a screen, etc., this design would be very pretty.

SHAVING-PAPER.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.



A novel idea for a cover for shaving-paper is to use a toy washboard for this purpose.

The frame is stained to imitate cherry, the middle gilded, and a strip of satin glued in where

the soap generally rests; this has on it, in fancy letters, "Custom is a second Nature." It is suspended with satin ribbon. The shaving-paper is tacked on the back.

DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, several new designs for embroidery. The birds are intended for a sofa-cushion or a footstool. The thistles are for the back of a portfolio, or a blotting-book, or a book-cover for manuscript. The bulrushes will answer admirably for a chair-stripe or for a

curtain-border. All of these designs may be done in outline, in one color or of the colors of nature, and either working-cotton, wash-silk, or filoselle may be used; or satin-stitch may be employed, if desired. These varied patterns may be put to innumerable uses, and done in many ways.

HANGING PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME.

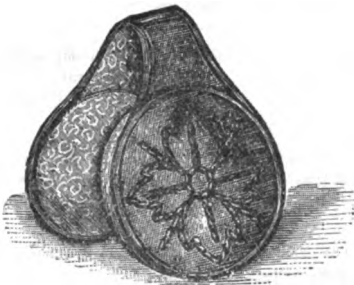
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A long narrow strip of satin or canvas is used for the foundation. It is divided in sections, into the pockets of which the cartes-de-visite are slipped. The lower square or pocket is decorated with a spray of flowers, tied with a lover's-knot, either done in embroidery or painted. The middle pocket is of plain plush. The top one is also embroidered or painted, and has a central medallion in plush, with the interlaced initials embroidered in gold thread. The whole is surrounded with a thick gold cord, which is twisted in a trefoil, to form the loop by which the frame can be suspended near the mantel or bed.



SPECTACLE-RUBBER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The cardboard foundation is covered on the outside with prepared leather, punctured for embroidery, on which a simple pattern is worked in red chenille. The lining must be of soft wash-leather, between which and the outside of the two rounds a little wadding is placed. The whole is bound with a narrow silk braid.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR ATTRACTIONS AND OFFERS FOR 1888, as we were certain would be the case, are already exciting great attention from the public press and from hosts of old and new subscribers. As we look back on the year now so near its close, we have ample reason for feeling pride in our success, and fresh encouragement for the coming twelvemonth. The magazine has never received such praise as it has in 1887, and the unexampled increase of our immense subscription-list affords the most satisfactory proof of the firm basis there has been for this commendation.

We can only repeat that neither pains nor expense will be spared to give the magazine an even greater success in 1888 than it has had during its long course of popularity. We can safely assert that no magazine at anything like the same price will be able to approach "Peterson," either from a literary, artistic, or general-utility standpoint; our writers and artists are all people of established first-class reputation, and each and all of them are determined that their work for 1888 shall be the best they have ever done.

Read again the list of premiums that we offer—the exquisite engraving, the volume of artistic treasures, the works of several of America's most popular novelists, the extra subscriptions to the magazine—and every candid person must admit that no periodical in this or any other country holds out such inducement for getting up clubs. As for the merits of "Peterson," they speak for themselves—they require neither repetition nor praise from us. What magazine, even at double the price, can surpass this number, regarded from a literary point of view, or what illustrated periodical can lay claim to engravings and illustrations superior to those we present?

CANNOT BE TOO HIGHLY PRAISED.—The Gilbert Manufacturing Company, of New York, has announced its intention of devoting, for six months, the entire profit on one of its best and most popular makes of women's dress-linings to the Grant Monument Fund. Too high commendation cannot be bestowed on this patriotic proposition. These goods will be known as the "Grant Memorial Twill," and sold at the low price of twenty-five cents per yard—hitherto the figure at which they were disposed of by the case. Ladies will have not only an opportunity to get their dress-linings much under value, but to feel that they are aiding in a noble work, which ought to appeal to every woman in the land.

HEALTH AND WEALTH.—There is this difference between these two temporal blessings, health and money—money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied. This superiority of health is more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.

"ALL LOVE PETERSON."—A lady writes: "I am the daughter of one of your oldest subscribers. We all love 'Peterson,' and will keep it in the family as long as it is published."

WHEN IT IS MISSED.—"Missing one of the numbers of 'Peterson,'" writes a lady, "is like being out of the world for six months."

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OUR SHORT STORIES FOR 1888 will be unequaled in their freshness and novelty. Beside contributors like Lucy H. Hooper, the author of "The Second Life," Edgar Fawcett, Frank Lee Benedict, and others of acknowledged reputation, we shall present several new writers whom we feel sure will speedily win a strong hold on the public. No magazine in America has presented more aspirants for favor than "Peterson," and none can claim a longer list of those who have gained a wide and enduring popularity. Our stories are copied each month not only into American papers, but English magazines; and it has been no uncommon thing for them to be translated into French, German, and Italian periodicals. Our Christmas-story in this month's issue we consider one of the best tales for the season that we have published in a long time, and the illustrated story for January, also written by a new contributor, will be found exceedingly novel in plot and artistic in treatment. The other illustrated article in the January number will be a sketch of the famous divine and author, Charles Kingsley. It is the production of a warm personal friend, a fact which will give an additional interest to the admirably-written paper.

FOR THE COMING SEASON, checked woollens of faded tones will be worn, also narrow stripes on medium grounds; likewise shot woollens and poplins, plain and striped, with both velvet and plush. Cloth will be fashionable in many new colors—copper-red, dark-heliotrope, Suede, fawn, etc. The bonnets will have low crowns and high trimmings. The Directoire form will dominate, but the demi-saison millinery will commence with dressy black lace toques, trimmed with knife-shaped feathers in jet, and a large pink, blue, or cream faillé Alsatian bow. It is rumored that dresses will also be in the Directoire style, without drapery. But the draped skirt is far from going out.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?" has become of late years one of the leading questions with restless thinkers of a certain school. If, instead of debating the subject so loudly and vehemently, each would try to make his own existence of value to those with whom he is brought into contact, he would discover that the question would never have been asked.

JUST WHAT IT IS MEANT TO BE.—A subscriber of comparatively recent date writes that "now she cannot get on without 'Peterson'—that beloved household-friend." And there are few friends to be found whose counsel in every direction can be so thoroughly trusted.

TO THOSE OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS who contemplate binding this year's numbers, we offer to furnish a neat and substantial cloth cover, price 25 cents, with 10 cents for postage—35 cents in all.

TO REMEMBER IN TIME.—The season for holiday gifts to sisters and female friends is approaching: no more valuable present can be offered than a year's subscription to 'Peterson.'

FEW ARE OPEN TO CONVICTION; but the majority are open to persuasion.

OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1888.—We have never offered a more beautiful gift-book than "Choice Gems." It is a collection of the finest steel-plate engravings of pictures by the most celebrated modern artists. It will be very handsomely bound, with gilt edges, and will prove not only an ornamental volume, but a beautiful and valuable work of art.

Another premium will be a large steel-engraving, called "The Wreath of Immortelles," size twentyone by twenty-seven inches; a very lovely thing it is, too, and will make a beautiful ornament for any home. You can get either or both of these handsome premiums by getting up a club for "Peterson," as per terms on second page of cover.

Some persons may prefer an extra copy of the magazine as a premium; but that and one or both of the other premiums can be had by getting up one of the larger clubs.

The premiums for the coming year are finer and richer than ever, and the magazine will possess new attractions to make it more than ever a necessity to every lady and the delight of every household.

Begin now to get up a club for next year; by so doing, you will be able to secure a larger one.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

Having many applications for books to be sent in place of our regular premiums, we have made arrangements with the publishers by which we are enabled to offer bound volumes of the works of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, one of the most popular female writers of America. In place of our premium-book "Choice Gems," we will send any one of the following books by Mrs. Burnett: Kathleen, Theo, Pretty Polly Pemberton, Miss Crepsigny, Lindsay's Luck, A Quiet Life, Jarl's Daughter, price \$1.00 each, handsomely bound in cloth, or any one of the following useful and interesting books, bound in cloth, price \$1.00 each: Cyclopaedia of Natural History, comprising descriptions of animal-life—mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, etc.—with five hundred illustrations. What Everyone Should Know: a cyclopaedia of practical information—a very useful book for reference. The National Standard Dictionary: a book of over six hundred pages, containing about forty thousand words correctly spelled, properly pronounced, and exactly defined. Boys' Useful Pastimes: a book for boys, describing pleasant and profitable amusement for spare hours. Burt's Selected Gems of Song: a choice collection of favorite songs, with accompaniment for piano or organ. Or we will send any one of our former premiums—Golden Gift, Pearl of Price, Forget-Me-Not, or Book of Beauty, instead of "Choice Gems."

For a club of eight, with \$12.00, or for a club of fifteen, with \$21.00, we will send as premiums an extra copy of the magazine, and, instead of "Choice Gems" and engraving, any one of the following books by Mrs. Southworth, the retail price of which is \$1.50 each: Ishmael, Self-Raised, The Phantom Wedding, The Missing Bride, How He Won Her, A Beautiful Fiend, The Family Doom, The Maiden Widow, The Changed Brides, The Mother-in-Law, The Discarded Daughter, The Haunted Homestead, Lost Heir of Linlithgow, A Noble Lord, The Bridal Eve, The Gipsy's Prophecy, The Widow's Son, The Bride of Llewellyn, The Prince of Darkness, The Mystery of Dark Hollow, The Deserted Wife, The Curse of Clifton, Love's Labor Won, The Lost Heiress, The Artist's Love, The Christmas Guest, Retribution, The Wife's Victory.

These books are not cheap editions, gotten up merely for premiums, but are the publishers' regular editions.

We have never before made such a liberal offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it by getting up a club.

A LADY WRITES: "'Peterson' gets better with every number. I do not see how I could be contented without it."

THE BEST.—The Dover (Del.) Delawarean says: "Peterson's Magazine is the best one published."

A LADY WRITES: "I shall hope to make renewed effort toward enlarging your already stupendous list of subscribers, thereby securing the best of lady's-magazines to all my friends."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

"The Duchess." By the Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—Another of those bright charming tales which this writer pours out with such astonishing facility, and which have gained for her a popularity so wide in this country and in England. Again she has laid the scene of her novel in Ireland, and she is never happier than in her delineation of Irish landscape and character. It is a good deal to say for a book, that there is not a dull page in it; but this can safely be asserted for the story in question, and, witty and delightful as this writer's conversations always are, she has surpassed herself in her present effort. A good portrait of the authoress will give the novel an additional interest in the eyes of her admirers, and, considering its cheapness, the volume is wonderfully well got up. The same house sends us: "Vendetta; or, the Story of One Forgotten," by Mairo Corelli. The book deals with life in Naples, and is powerfully written, its autobiographical form adding to its reality and dramatic effect.

Ready About; or, Sailing the Boat. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.—This story finishes the tales called "The Boat-Builders Series," which have proved so popular to juvenile readers during the last six years. It is only necessary to say of it, that it fully equals in interest the volumes which have gone before it, and the author is perfectly justified in saying, as he does, in the preface: "More than its predecessors in the series, since the first volume, this book is a story of adventure. In this portion, its tendency is to inculcate courage without rashness, and to show that a young man of high principles is not necessarily a coward and milksop."

A Speculator in Pellic coats. By Hector Malot. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A very interesting story by the famous French author, replete with incident and a marvel of skill in its character-drawing. The title of the book gives the clue to its general purport, and would, of itself, attract any novel-reader. Malot's great reputation is a guarantee that any work of his will amply repay perusal, and the subject of this is one which is certain to render it highly popular among the hosts of readers who have found such enjoyment in his previous novels.

Lee and Shepard, of Boston, are issuing a variety of handsomely-bound and valuable books at very moderate prices; among them is a volume called "Golden Miniatures," which is a collection of some of the finest modern poems and hymns. They are also bringing out an edition of Scott's poem "The Bridal of Triermain," beautifully illustrated by Percy Macquoid; and, besides these, are several other works whose literary merit and fine illustrations will make them eagerly sought after as the Christmas-season approaches.

Brother Against Brother: a Story of the Great Rebellion. By John R. Musick. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.—A stirring tale, written without display of partisan spirit. The contrast of character between the two brothers, the likeness in their very unlikeness, is well drawn. Effective use is made of a variety of romantic incidents, and the dialogue helps on the action and aids in the development of the plot.

Country Luck. By John Habberton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is a story by the author of "Helen's Babies," but entirely unlike that popular book, either in plot or treatment. It is really a very pretty old-fashioned love-story; and that kind of story, when well done, will always meet with favor.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE PRESS CONTINUES TO SAY.—Each month, the flattering notices of this magazine increase, till we are absolutely at a loss which to quote, from the mass of favorable criticism. The Philadelphia (Pa.) Evening Call says: "One noticeable thing about this ever-progressive magazine is the fact that it has, each month, some new and progressive feature." The Philadelphia (Pa.) Daily Bulletin says: "Its excellent household, fashion, and needlework articles, and literary matter, are altogether superior in quantity and quality to that generally found in magazines for ladies." The Mitchell (Iowa) Index says of "Peterson": "There is ample choice for every taste, and a certainty of pleasing the most fastidious." The Topeka (Kan.) Democrat says: "'Peterson' fully sustains its high reputation as the foremost magazine for ladies, in the country; it should be a visitor to every household." The Alvarado (Texas) Signal says: "Peterson's interesting stories, work-table designs, recipes for cooking, and other articles, together with its fashion-plates and steel-engravings, make it one of the cheapest and best of lady's-magazines." The Philadelphia (Pa.) Record says: "'Peterson' is a welcome guest to the household." The Albion (Ind.) New Era repeats the often-written verdict, that "'Peterson' is as bright and sparkling as ever; it is the queen of the lady's-magazines." The Wallingford (Conn.) Farm and Household says: "'Peterson' is pre-eminently the magazine for ladies, and none can afford to be without it. We hope our lady readers will subscribe at once, for we believe the magazine is indispensable to the fair sex." The Goldsboro (N. C.) Southern Critic says: "'Peterson's' has now taken rank with the best illustrated magazines; its engravings are by the best artists and done in the best manner; no cultured home can do without it."

ABOUT ten years ago, Pyle's Pearline first came to the relief of overworked women. It had many prejudices to live down, but to-day it stands prominently among the American labor-saving inventions. Many millions of packages of Pearline are consumed annually by an economical class of women, who have found by experience that it will do all that is claimed for it. Our readers will do well to give this article a fair trial.

OPIMUM AND MORPHINE HABITS CURED.—Honest investigators, anxious to be cured at home, without pain, nervousness, loss of sleep, or interference with business, should write at once to Dr. H. W. Comstock, President of the H. R. Co., Lafayette, Ind., for full information. Correspondence strictly private. All mail-matter securely sealed. Terms low. Treatment sent on trial, and no pay asked until benefited.

CATARH CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE Lexington (S. C.) Despatch says: "'Peterson' is ahead of all its contemporaries. We have not space to notice half the good things in the way of reading, but everything that a woman can wish for in a magazine is to be found in 'Peterson.'" The Tunnelton (W. Va.) Garner's Gleaser says of "Peterson": "Every family of refinement should have this magazine on its table."

THE most unique and beautiful building-blocks that we have ever seen are the "Anchor Stone Blocks," advertised by F. Ad. Richter Co., of 310 Broadway, N. Y. See their

announcement in our advertising-pages, and send your address to them for their catalogue and price-list. You will find their blocks afford a wonderful amount of attractive entertainment for old as well as young.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, the singer, does not believe in sending American girls abroad for a musical education. She gives her reasons in an article which will appear in the Youth's Companion.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.
NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAHAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. 8.—DIARRHŒA, THE NURSING-BOTTLE, ETC.

In the previous number, we endeavored to give a few palpable hints to mothers, to show them that summer-complaint is apt to ensue from too-frequent nursing, as well as from too-frequent feeding. Both habits are injurious, as the overloading of their little stomachs causes fermentation of food, followed by pain (colic), flatulency, and indigestion. The writer has ever maintained, in the weary round of over forty years' practice—and both observation and experience convince him of the fact or truth of the assertion—that all mothers of ordinary health might have good healthful babies if properly attended to, or if proper attention were paid to certain conditions. These embrace washing, dressing, cleanliness, proper clothing, nursing, and suitable food after the period of nursing or the use of the bottle has passed. Let me premise the further consideration of the subject with the remark that all patent nostrums or baby-medicines—such as paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, Winslow's or any other soothing-syrup, as well as the old nurse's catnip or root tea—should be entirely discarded. In the first place, if the babe is properly cared for, such medicine will never be required; and secondly, if apparently called for, it should be remembered that it will only give temporary relief without removing the cause, and with subsequent bad results. Washing and dressing the infant are important matters. The babe should always be washed in a room of an even temperature—of eighty degrees, at least—not before a hot fire in a cold room, as is often the case; for this does not prevent the "sniffles" or catarrh, as the cold livid hands and feet declare the danger of congestion somewhere. Many mothers and nurses seem to think that, if they sit before a blazing fire on hearth or in stove, it is all right to strip the child, though the temperature of the room be down to sixty or fifty degrees—a degree of cold quite uncomfortable to themselves, if treated in like manner. When called to a case of diarrhœa, we ask the mother: "Do you nurse him?" If the answer is in the affirmative, we ask: "How often?" Or, if he uses the bottle: "How often does he have it?" The number of times in either case through the day cannot be told. But this nursing or feeding the child every time it cries—from discomfort already produced by the act—is one of the most common sources of cross babies and the most frequent cause of persistent diarrhœa: a source of trouble that cannot be relieved, if the fact is overlooked by the physician or unheeded by the mother or nurse in charge. But why does the bottle receive so much blame? Or why is "the bringing-up by hand" so fault? It arises mainly from carelessness in not keeping the bottle and tube clean. Two should always be in use: as soon as one is emptied, it should be well washed in hot water, rinsed, and refilled with warm water in which a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. When required for use, empty it, and rinse well again. As for the long flexible nursing-

tubes, they are simply abominations—sour, uncleanly, and nests for pestiferous germs. An ordinary rubber nip or tube, placed over the mouth of a bottle, should only be employed, and, when unused, it should lay in weak soda-water. Attention alone to the bottle and fittings, the use of pure milk or lactated food, given at regular intervals of three or four hours, according to age of infant, with sunshine, fresh air, and a rest given to the stomach, will cure most diarrhoea—in fact, avoid it; while lactopeptine or some one of Reed & Carnrick's nice preparations or combinations of lactopeptine will soon restore tone to the digestive organs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HAIR-DRESSING.—Hair-dressing is becoming higher, and causes consternation and astonishment as to where it will stop. A general description would be a flat coil pinned to the summit of the crown, from which springs a protuberance which it would be difficult to explain—Vesuvius crowned with smoke is one of the similes applied to it. It resembles the coiffure à-la-girafe worn by our great-grandmothers. For the country, where it is hidden under a hat, it is made simpler. For evening, it is ornamented with pins of various kinds—crescents, stars, horseshoes, and others—many of them in straw. The hair is drawn very high from the neck. A fringe or ringlets on the forehead are still considered indispensable. Irregularity is the rule for the hair, as well as for dress in general; the right side must differ from the left, and, if a comb or diadem is used, it must be placed toward one side and slanting.

HOW TO MANAGE SERVANTS.—Servants are more likely to be praised into good conduct than scolded out of bad, so always commend them when they do right. To cherish a desire of pleasing in them, you must show them that you are pleased.

"Be to their faults a little blind,
And to their virtues very kind."

By such conduct, ordinary servants will often be converted into good ones. Few are so hardened as not to feel gratified when they are kindly and liberally treated.

HUMAN NATURE is full of absurdities, we all admit—of course, reserving as few as possible for our personal share. About the most ridiculous thing in the world is to hear two persons dispute violently over the correct pronunciation of a word, while neither of them ever thinks to settle the discussion by consulting a dictionary, though Walker, Webster, and all the rest of the huge lexicons may lie within reach.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

DESSERTS.

Christmas Plum-Pudding.—One and a half pounds of suet, same quantity of raisins, same of currants, all chopped very fine; two pounds of stale breadcrumb, half-pound of flour, half-pound of sugar, a little finely-chopped citron, and some pounded cloves and ginger; mix them well together, then beat five eggs, add to them half-pint of ale, which pour in and well mix. Do not put more liquid, though it may seem very dry; press it firmly into the basins, tie over, and put into boiling water; keep them boiling five hours; they can then be hung up till required, but should be boiled another five hours the day they are served; if well made, will eat dry, like rich cake. Suet one and a half pounds, raisins one and a half pounds, currants one and a half pounds, sugar one-half pound, bread two

pounds, flour one pound, eggs five, ale half a pint, will make three puddings.

Another Plum-Pudding.—An old family recipe that will keep a year: Two pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, quarter-pound of candied peel, three pounds of beef-suet, two pounds of breadcrumb, half-pound of flour, twelve eggs, two lemons grated, pinch of salt, quarter-pint of brandy, ditto port wine, two ounces of almonds. Mix the dry ingredients, then add the eggs. Divide into puddings, four or six, and steam or boil four hours. Sauce for the same: One wineglassful of brandy, one of sherry, quarter-pound of butter, quarter-pound of brown sugar. Melted together, and pour slowly into the yolks of four eggs. Stir over the steamer or fire one minute.

Boiled Rice-Pudding.—Boil a quarter-pound of rice in water till soft, then drain on a hair-sieve and beat it in a mortar with the yolks of three eggs, two ounces of butter, four of sugar, and a flavoring of nutmeg; work well together, then put in two ounces of Smyrna raisins, tie up in a buttered cloth, and boil an hour. N. B.—Ground rice would answer as well for this, and save the trouble of beating in a mortar.

Boiled Bread-Pudding.—Take the inside of a penny loaf, grate it fine, add to it two ounces of butter; take a pint and a half of new milk, and boil it with a stick of cinnamon, pour over the bread, and cover it close till cold. Then beat up three eggs in a tablespoonful of rosewater, mix with the pudding, sweeten to taste, and boil an hour.

Flour Pudding.—Mix three tablespoonfuls of fine flour with a little cold milk, then pour on it a pint of milk boiling hot; beat together for a few minutes, and stir in an egg and sugar to taste, with a little grated ginger. Tie up close in a buttered basin, and boil an hour. Turn out carefully, and serve with sweet butter-sauce.

Panada.—Grate the crumb of a penny loaf, and boil it in a pint of water with one large onion, a little salt, and a few peppercorns, till it is quite thick and soft, then put in two ounces of butter and half a pint of new milk or cream. Keep stirring till it is like a smooth custard, and pour it into a soup-plate and serve.

CAKES.

Scones Made with Sour Milk.—Mix a pinch of salt, a heaped teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and the same of cream-tartar, with a pound and a half of flour. Add a pint of sour milk to make a light paste, knead the dough, lightly roll it till it is the third of an inch thick, divide it into rounds about six inches in diameter, cut these across twice to form triangular pieces, put the scones on a floured tin, and bake in a quick oven. Scones may also be made with baking-powder (a dessertspoonful), a pound of flour, a pinch of salt, and four ounces of butter. Make into a rather stiff paste with milk, and bake as before.

Scotch Cake.—Two pounds of flour, one of butter, and one pound of finely-sifted sugar. Dry the flour in the oven, and then mix in one dessertspoonful of baking-powder, then the sugar, and rub in the butter until you have a smooth dough. Press the dough with your hand until it is about a quarter of an inch thick, then place it in your tins on buttered paper, pinch round the edges with your finger and thumb, and ornament the top with comfits or lemon-peel cut in small pieces. Bake in a moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes.

Flannel-Cakes.—One cupful of Indian meal, two of flour, three of boiling milk, quarter of a cupful of liquid yeast (or barm), one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, two of butter. Have the milk boiling, and pour it on the meal and butter. When cool, add the flour, salt, sugar, and yeast, which have been dissolved in four tablespoonfuls of cold water. Let the mixture rise overnight, and fry on a hot griddle.

To Make Bread Quickly and Easily.—Weigh two pounds of the best flour, and rub in one teaspoonful of salt, then mix

gradually a pennyworth of German yeast with a pint and a half of lukewarm water; work this into the flour, and let it stand for a couple of hours to rise, after which you can slightly knead and make up into loaves, place in your tins, and bake in a quick oven. The above quantity will make four good loaves.

Sponge-Cakes.—Make a pan a little warm, put nine eggs in, and add one pound of loaf-dust sugar, and beat all together with a whisk till the mass is a little thick; then add one pound of flour, sifted, mix it lightly with your hand, put paper round and at bottom of the tins, with a few currants or citron on the paper at the bottom of the tins, add the mixture, and put in the oven as soon as possible.

Cream Waffles.—Sifted flour, four cupfuls; soda, cream-tartar, and salt, one teaspoonful of each; eggs, three; cream, two cupfuls. Mix the soda and cream-tartar and salt with the dry flour; mix the beaten yolks with the cream, and make a smooth batter. Add the whites of the eggs, beaten to a froth. Butter the waffle-irons, and fill three-quarters full. Bake a light-brown.

Jumbles.—Quarter-pound of flour, three ounces of butter beaten to a cream, two ounces of castor-sugar; mix the sugar and flour by degrees with the butter; break in one small egg, or half a large one. Turn out on a slightly-floured board, cut into pieces, and roll out with the hands into lengths; twist each of these into a knot, toss it in castor-sugar, and bake about ten minutes.

Bock Cakes.—Half-pound of flour, quarter-pound of sifted sugar, two ounces of candied peel, two ounces of currants, quarter-pound of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, little flavoring, two eggs; stir all together. It must be very stiff. Make into little cakes on a floured tin, piling them as high and rough as possible with two forks. Bake half an hour.

Doughnuts.—Six ounces of flour, two ounces of castor-sugar, one ounce of butter melted, one-third teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a few drops of boiling water, little more than one gill of sour milk (kept for two or three days), half an egg; mix these to a light paste, roll out half-inch thick, cut out into small rounds, fry in hot lard.

Gingerbread.—Rub quarter-pound of butter into one pound of flour, then add half-ounce (or less, if liked) of ground ginger and quarter-pound of moist sugar; then stir in three-quarters of a pound of treacle, and a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in as much milk as will make the mixture rather stiff.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE-RECIPTS.

Cheese-Toast.—Grate some rich cheese, add pepper to taste, a beaten egg, and sufficient milk to make it of the consistency of thick cream. Warm the mixture on the fire, and, when quite hot, pour it over some slices of hot buttered toast; serve immediately.

Potato-Cakes.—The following is an old country recipe for potato-cakes: One pound of mashed potatoes, two ounces of butter, one pound of flour, half a tea-cupful of cream, a pinch of salt, and one egg; roll out the cakes thin, and bake in a quick oven.

SANITARY.

Boiled-Flour Gruel.—Where the illness has been long and tedious, and the strength reduced, the following will be found very useful: To prepare the flour, put into a basin as much as it will hold, pressed tightly down. Then tie a cloth over it, and allow it to boil for six hours. Then take off the cloth, and let the flour stand in the basin till next day, when remove the crust which will have formed, and put the remainder away in a covered jar. For use, mix four tablespoonfuls of the flour smoothly into a paste, then pour on it half a pint of boiling milk or water, and boil for ten minutes, constantly stirring to avoid lumps. Brandy, sherry, lemon-juice, or cream may be added, according to taste. Gruel may also be made from baked flour, but it is not so easy of digestion.

Beef-Tea.—Cut a pound of gravy-beef into tiny dice, rejecting all skin and fat. Place the pieces in a brown jar with a close-fitting lid, and over them pour a tablespoonful of cold water into which a little salt has been thrown. Place the jar in a good baking-oven for an hour, and the beef-tea will be ready for use. It can be thickened by boiled flour. The idea of boiling beef-tea a long time is an exploded one, as the nourishment, as well as the aroma, is lost by this process. The meat from a shin is not so serviceable for invalid beef-tea as the neck, the latter containing less gelatinous substance, but more nutritive matter.

Chicken Broth.—The younger and fatter the birds are for this, the better. It is made by immersing the legs, neck, and trunk of a fowl into just as much water as will cover them, and boiling gently for an hour. The white meat makes a delicious entrée if cut up finely and treated as a veal-mince.

Falls.—Rub the part affected with a piece of fresh butter, and it will prevent a bruise or any discoloring of the skin.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN CLOTH. The skirt is trimmed around the bottom and up the right side with a band of gray fur. The side-panel is ornamented with large square brown buttons. Full pointed drapery in front, slight drapery at the back. The double-breasted jacket is ornamented with the square buttons and a band of gray fur around the bottom and down the right side. Collar of the fur. Hat of brown cloth, with fur brim.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF VIOLET VELVET. The back has scarcely any drapery. The front is of silk of a slightly lighter shade, with embroidered revers. The bodice has revers opening over a vest of the silk, also embroidered. The sleeves have puffs of the silk, let in between pieces of embroidery. Muff to correspond with the dress. Hat of violet velvet, trimmed with beads to correspond, the lighter silk, and dull-yellow bow.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH. The bottom and side-panel are of dark-green velvet, and the overdress is trimmed with a band of Astrakhan around the bottom and where it opens over the velvet. Wrap short at the back, opening in front over a pointed piece, and trimmed around the bottom with Astrakhan. The sleeves and the long collar, opening over a full vest, are also of this fur. Hat of dark-green velvet, with red wing.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-RED SICILIENNE. The skirt is plain, with plaited side-panels striped with a darker shade of red. The cuirass-bodice opens in front over a vest of the striped material. Bows of red ribbon on the shoulders and sleeves. Bounet of red sicilienne, with bird nestled in the loops.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF OLIVE-GREEN CLOTH. The underskirt is perfectly plain. The overdress is long, very little draped, and quite untrimmed. The sealskin wrap is short at the back, with long ends gathered in points in the front, and finished with passementerie ornaments. The sleeves and collar are of brown fox-fur. Hat of green felt, trimmed with green corded silk.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PRUNE-COLORED CASHMERE. The underskirt is laid in large box-plaits. The overdress is put on diagonally, and meets on the right side a side-panel of dark-red diagonal cloth, striped with moss-green ribbed plush. The bodice is made of this plush, with sleeves and a full vest of the prune-colored cashmere. Hat of prune-colored velvet, trimmed with ribbon and feathers of the color of the bodice.

FIG. VII.—BLOUSE-BODICE, FOR MORNING-WEAR, MADE OF DARK-RED FLANNETTE, SPOTTED WITH CREAM-COLOR. The cuffs and collar are of a darker shade of velvet.

FIG. VIII.—**BONNET FOR A MIDDLE-AGED LADY.** It is made of black lace, and has broad lace strings, which fasten under the chin with a small fancy pin. The bows in front are of rich violet-colored satin ribbon.

FIG. IX.—**WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH.** The back is laid in broad plaits, which fall without any drapery. The front and sides have plaiting of a dark-red, green, and dull-yellow woolen fabric inserted between panels of the green cloth. The jacket-bodice is of the green cloth, with vest and high collar of the plaid. Dark-green velvet hat, trimmed with surah plaided in the colors of the vest.

FIG. X.—**BONNET, OF GOLDEN-BROWN VELVET,** with a fluted diadem-brim. The upstanding ribbon-loops are of ottoman ribbon, of the color of the velvet, and the bonnet is finished with a large spray of light-yellow roses.

FIG. XI.—**LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK, OF DARK-BLUE CASHMERE.** The skirt is made of tucked flounces, the lower one embroidered in feather-stitch. The blouse-bodice is ornamented back and front and on the shoulders with pointed bands, done in feather-stitch. The loose sleeves have cuffs finished in the same way.

FIG. XII.—**NEW-STYLE MANTLE, OF BROWN CLOTH.** It is quite short at the back, and has long pointed ends in front. The sleeves are formed by the turning-under of the bottom of the mantle. It is trimmed with velvet of a darker shade of brown, and with ornaments of iridescent beads of the two shades of brown. Dress of gray cashmere. Bonnet of brown plush, trimmed with brown lace.

FIG. XIII.—**TOQUE, OF THICK SEAL-BROWN PLUSH,** with soft indented crown, and trimmed with brown beads and feathers.

FIG. XIV.—**BODICE, OF BROWN TWEED,** close-fitting and adorned with coat-facing. The straight collar, pointed cuffs, and draped epaulets are of brown silk, striped with heliotrope velvet. Buckle in enameled metal secures the crossed revers over the left hip.

FIG. XV.—**BODICE, OF CASHMERE,** trimmed with striped silk, which is put on bias and forms a coat-trimming, narrowing toward the waist, where it crosses and is finished with a buckle on the left side. The vest-front is in plastron-style, and is fastened under the silk trimming. The sleeves are slightly draped with the silk at the top of the arms, and the high collar and pointed cuffs are also of the silk.

FIG. XVI.—**COLLARETTE, OF ASTRAKHAN-FUR.** The lining is cream satin. The bow in front is of satin to correspond with the prominent color of the dress. A collarette of sealskin or beaver may be made in the same way.

FIG. XVII.—**JACKET, LOUIS-XV STYLE,** made of biscuit-colored and brown frisé cheviot, and trimmed with fur collarette, pockets, and cuffs. A brown velvet band defines the vest-pocket. Large metal buttons. Lining of striped silk.

FIG. XVIII.—**PELERINE, OF SEALSKIN,** with a hood lined with dark-brown satin.

FIG. XIX.—**HAT, OF BLACK FELT,** with band of black Astrakhan, and trimmed with balls of plush.

FIG. XX.—**SLEEVE, OF BROCADED SILK,** trimmed with lace and a bow of ribbon to correspond with the color of the dress.

FIG. XXI.—**WEDDING-DRESS, OF SOFT WHITE SILK.** The bottom is trimmed with ruching of tulle and silk. The front has tulle draped diagonally over the plain front. The train is of silk, as is also the bodice, with tulle collar and drapery of tulle from the right to the left side of the waist, where it is fastened with a small spray of orange-blossoms. Tiny bunches of orange-blossoms are on the wrists and at the right side of the throat. Wreath of orange-blossoms in the hair, under a long tulle veil.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Figured woolen or cloth with large flowers in velvet or plush is now sometimes used, not as a part of the trimming or vest, but to form the dress itself. Of course, these goods must be cut differently from

the plainer material employed for the severe tailor-made gowns.

The new silk is "shot," and the two changeable colors woven together produce marvelous effect under artificial light. Velvet or plush stripes on silk are also much worn.

Fur is much used for trimming outdoor dresses, and the feather-trimming which so much resembles fur and is so light to wear is very popular.

Skirts have undergone but little change, except that the drapery is more and more scanty and drawn back in front, and also straighter and fuller in the back; the folds falling straight from the top and forming what are called "Bedouin folds," because they fall like the well-known cloaks which were used some years ago; the hood hanging down loosely at the back. If the tendency to contract the fullness of the skirts should go on, they will become ugly and ungraceful. In dress-improvers, however, the tendency is to grow smaller; and, if they look puffy, it may often be put down to the material of the dress, and not to steels or pads. The dresses are a little shorter in the skirt, this year, and are more comfortable for walking, in consequence; but, for evening-dress, there is a decided movement in favor of a slightly-trained skirt, which is considered to give more dignity to the appearance of stout and elderly people.

Vests of all kinds are still popular, plain and narrowing to the waist for full figures, full and broader for slight ones.

Bodices are made in so many different styles, that it is quite impossible to describe them particularly: our fashion-plates are the best guide. There seems to be a tendency to increasing plainness at the back, and many are made with plain leaf-ends. All-round basques increase in popularity with slender people; but they, like jackets and blouses, remain short, and indicate no sign of lengthening over the hips.

Sleeves show more change; and, on ordinary house-dresses, those made after the style of shirt-sleeves are very much worn. There is a new sleeve, which has one seam only from the wrist to the elbow, made on the outside of the arm, which is gathered into a long straight wristband. Thus, it will be seen that the taste for full sleeves is increasing.

In mourning-dresses, bishop-sleeves are worn; but plain on the shoulders, the fullness being confined to the wrists.

Another pretty sleeve is a straight coat-sleeve, but opened at the back from the shoulder to the wrist, and a puffing of lace, satin, or any other material let into the opening. Tight sleeves are, however, not out of fashion.

"Jersey bodice" is the generic title for all makes of woven stockinet-waists. These have various shapes, designated by particular names; but fashion has finally declared in favor of the Normandy jacket. A trim belt encircles the waist, which is slipped beneath the plaits on either side, but buckles over the centre one. Some of the waist-clasps attached are very handsome, Norwegian silver and gold forming the most expensive patterns.

Collars are still made high and stiff.

Odd combination is the chief element in the present fashion, whether of two or three colors of the same fabric or of two or three different materials—one figured, one plain, another striped—the one in sharp contrast, yet harmonizing with the other two. Red, for instance, in the hands of a skilled needlewoman, is made to appear and disappear, to gleam forth and then be lost again—thus proving, with spare use, a charming and effective addition.

Wraps are as varied as dresses—though, whether long or short, tight or loose, they closely follow the lines of the figure at the back. For young people, the short garment will be the most popular, except for stormy weather, and have a much more dressy appearance than the longer ones for persons of all ages.

Bonnets show a tendency to be rather lower and a trifle wider, though the old shapes are by no means abandoned. Felt is most popular for ordinary wear. Velvet, for dress-

occasions, is frequently embroidered in gold or silver thread or in colors, and shot-velvet is a new and beautiful material.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

A good many innovations in the fashions of the past few years are to be signalized during the present season. For instance, sleeves, departing from the plain coat-sleeve that has so long been worn, are now shown in all sorts of shapes and styles. One reproduces the leg-of-mutton sleeve so dear to the hearts of our grandmothers, only in less exaggerated dimensions. Another is the medieval sleeve: a full round plaited structure from the shoulder to the elbow, with a coat-sleeve from the elbow to the wrist. This is especially suitable to a toilette made in two materials, the one plain and the other figured, the plain stuff forming the top of the sleeve and the figured being employed for the lower part. Coat-sleeves formed of lace set around the arm, each two rows of lace having a narrow bias band of the silk or satin of which the dress is composed set between them, are much used for demi-toilette. They may be either lined or unlined, as suits the wearer's fancy. The old fashion of having sleeves made of a different material from the corsage has been revived, but only for dresses composed of two kinds of stuff, the one figured and the other plain. In such cases, the corsage may be composed of the plain material, and the sleeves of the figured. The close coat-sleeve is still in vogue for walking-dresses.

As to the corsage, the plain tight-fitting waist finished with a short basque is still worn, being the only style that is suitable for stout figures. But plaited waists are a good deal worn in cashmere and cloth dresses. The plaiting is arranged so as to simulate a vest, and the two sides of the vest are sometimes prolonged into two long ends, each finished with a bow or a tassel, that fall over the skirt-front. A handsome style for demi-toilette is to have the corsage made with a plastron and sleeves in some heavy lace—such as guipure, Duchesse, old point, or Irish lace—the sleeves being lined throughout. For evening-wear, the cut of the corsage is now very graceful. It is made open, in a V-shape, in front and at the back, each side of the opening being bordered with folds of tulle or lace or gauze laid flat, after the fashion of a *fichu*. Then there are tight-fitting plain corsages, made with round or pointed waists, and finished with girdles in jet *passementerie*; but this style is only becoming to very slender wearers.

For full-dress wraps, colored plush and changeable velvet are greatly liked. These elegant mantles are usually of the short dolman-shape, with long pointed ends in front. Magnificent ornaments in *passementerie*, in black silk and jet beads, adorn the shoulders or the sleeves, and are set up the centre of the back. Wide bands of fur or of feather-trimming imitating fur are used to border the wrap. The prettiest pattern for the *passementerie* is a long group of orange-leaves. This style is made in sapphire-blue plush. The changeable-velvet wraps are shown mostly in tones of bronze and brilliant green. They are made more diminutive than the plush wraps, and are trimmed with very elegant *passementerie* in dead metallic tones matching the material. In fact, these *passementerie* ornaments are richer and more tasteful than have ever been produced during any preceding season. The most marked peculiarity about the wraps of the present season is the introduction of sleeves, which are, fortunately, made wide enough to admit of their being easily put on. The long *palotots* and *redingotes* have not yet made their appearance in the heavy winter materials, but are now shown in cloth or cashmere or French faille lined with satin, the faille being usually black or seal-brown, and the lining in a brilliant gold-color. Short braided

jackets and dolmans are shown in dark heavy cloth. A long-napped silky plush-finished cloth, in light colors, is employed for jackets for young ladies, the jacket being sometimes adorned with cuffs and collar in chestnut-brown velvet, braided with gold.

Fashion has decreed that dinner-dresses are to be made short, and so a lady who orders a handsome velvet suit for visiting has only to supply herself with an open corsage to match, to be provided with a dinner-toilette as well. Worth is making some extremely handsome velvet dresses, this season. One, intended for the Queen of Wurtemberg, is in dark-hellotrope velvet, the skirt gracefully draped, and the draping held in place by a series of *passementerie* ornaments in amethyst amber and gold beads, a row of these ornaments crossing the front transversely. A dress in rich black faille, for the same royal lady, is made with a gored front, the breadths sloping upward to the top of the skirt, with a piping of black satin between each pair of them. They part at the knee, so as to suffer the escape of plaited fan-shaped under-widths of satin. The back of the skirt falls in long straight folds. The materials of this dress are of the richest that are manufactured. Worth is employing very superb brocades, both for street and evening dresses. In the former case, they are used in combination with velvet, and are in dark solid colors, while they form the frontage or underskirts of ball-dresses, the trains being in velvet or in satin. One of the most beautiful of the new designs has the groundwork in white satin, the pattern being bouquets of daffodile in their natural colors scattered over the ground at wide intervals. Satins in pale yellow or pink, figured with small black roses, are made up with ruffles of black lace on the corsage and skirt-front, and are trimmed with loops-and-ends of narrow black velvet ribbon.

Embroidered slippers are no longer worn, either in kid or satin, for full-dress. The plain ones that replace them are cut very low, and are simply ornamented with a bow with double loops of narrow watered ribbon. The silk stockings to be worn with a handsome ball-toilette may be embroidered by hand, on the instep, with a cluster of flowers matching those on the dress. Bead and jet embroidery on stockings are no longer in fashion. For gentlemen's wear, silk socks in bright chestnut-brown are figured with narrow pin-stripes in dark blue or red going around the foot. Socks in dark red or blue silk are worked with gold-colored dots or with very minute flowers. Ladies' garters are now shown with the historical motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," engraved on the clasp, the garter itself being in white silk elastic, brocaded with pink roses.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

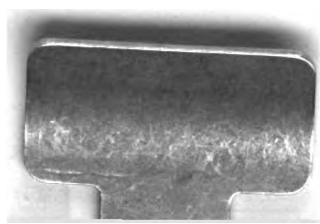
FIG. I.—BOY'S OVERCOAT, OF GRAY ASTRAKHAN-CLOTH. Cuffs, collar, and cap of Astrakhan. The leggings are of gray cloth.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COAT, OF OTTER-COLORED CHEVIOT CLOTH, trimmed with cuffs, turndown collar, and single facing of brown raccoon. Leather belt, fastened with antique silver buckle to correspond with that on the breast. Brown felt hat.

FIG. III.—SKIRT AND GARIBALDI BODICE IN TWEED, striped blue, brown, and red, with muff, cuffs, pockets, and vest in blue velvet. The skirt is mounted in broad plaits, and the whole is fastened with embossed buttons.

FIG. IV.—HAT IN GRAY PLUSH, bordered with a band of gray Astrakhan, and finished with an ornament of oxidized silver.

FIG. V.—TOQUE, FOR A SMALL BOY. The band is of dark-blue plush, and the top of dark-figured cashmere.



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